

The Sower, January, 1895.



THE LATE WILLIAM NUNN, M.A.,

Twenty-three years Minister of St. Clement's, Manchester.

Taken in the year 1823.



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.

VOL. XVII., NEW SERIES.

1895.



LONDON :

HOULSTON AND SONS, 7, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS;
AND E. WILMSHURST, BOOKSELLER, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE,
148 AND 149, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

I N D E X.

	PAGE
Answer to Inquiry	63, 83
“Behold, I am Vile”	279
“Be of Good Cheer; It is I; be not Afraid”	167
Brief Notice of the late J. Kershaw	27
Call to the Ministry, The	161, 183
Christ our Example	168
Clouds God’s Chariots, The	81
Conyers, Dr. R., Memoir of	243
Copy of a Letter by Mr. Philpot... ..	272
Covell, Francis, The Late	51, 75, 106, 130, 150, 175, 201, 223, 247, 267
Church’s Mission, The	208
Divine Sovereignty	276
Doxology, The	182
Dying Words	16
Editor’s Closing Words for 1895, The	283
Editor’s New Year’s Address, The	3
Encouragement for the Faint and Weary	174
“Ever with the Lord”	117
Extract from Brookes’ Closet Prayer	113
Faithful Letter from the late Mr. Philpot	261
Faith	149
Francis, James, The Late	195
George Whitefield	99
“God be Merciful to Me a Sinner”	129
Godly Sorrow	192

	PAGE
“Goodness and Mercy hath Followed Me”	135
Good Man’s Steps Ordered, The	136
Heart-sins	188
He is Altogether Lovely	37
“His Banner over Me was Love”	87
Immutable Basis of a Sinner’s Hope, The	31
In Memoriam	96
In Memoriam. — Mr. John Frohock	256
“I know their Sorrows”	258
I Rejoice at Thy Word... ..	111
Letters for the Young	24, 72, 95, 144, 163, 191, 215, 238, 264
Lines on the Death of Mr. John Gurr, Sen.	14
“Looking unto Jesus”	182
Lord’s Supper, The	47
Memory of the Just is Blessed, The	228
Midmer, Frances, Memoir of	127
Ministerial Addresses to the Unconverted	273
More Light. A Prayer	69
Mote, Mr. Edward, Death of	30
“No Condemnation Now”	181
Nunn, William, M.A., The Late	6, 32, 57
Obituary of Lucy Jane Ann Bennett	38
Oil in the Lamp	48

	PAGE		PAGE
Peaceful Departure, A ...	82	So He Bringeth Them to their	
Pierce, Samuel Eyles ...	123	Desired Haven ...	155, 205,
Poetical Epistle for the Young	222		232, 251
Poetical Letter for the Young	48	"Streams in the Desert" ...	246
		Supply System, The ...	19, 41,
			65, 88, 93, 114
Reflection on Practical Expe-		Sweet Hymn Writer, A ...	147
rience, A	15		
Remedy, The	141	To an Anxious Inquirer ...	190
Review	192, 282	To Disappointment	56
Romaine on the Ministry ...	212		
		"Walk about Zion"	23
Safely Landed	17	Warburtons, Father and Son,	
Seeker's Corner, The ...	22, 46,	The	120
70, 118, 139, 159, 189, 216,		We See Jesus	112
240, 263, 278		William Mason	219
Singing in the Service of God,		William Romaine	171
214, 231, 259, 280		Word on the Times, A ...	105

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BELOVED READERS,—Through the continued goodness and tender mercy of our ever-gracious God, we are spared and privileged to once more address you at the commencement of another year; and what shall we say to the thousands of our readers? Well, first let us ask each one an all-important question, "Is it well with thee?" What can you answer, as before God, respecting the safety of your soul? Are you in Christ? (See 2 Cor. v. 17.) We do not ask the question as relating to God's sovereign decree, but as to your standing in faith. Our calling is not made known to us by our reading the decree, but our interest in the decree is made known to us by our being made partakers of the heavenly calling. Therefore, we ask, have you heard the call of God, as a sinner? Has it made you feel your sin, and brought you out of the world, with repentance, to the feet of Christ, seeking and suing for mercy? Have you, through faith in His atoning blood, felt your sins taken away and the peace of God come home to your heart? Do you build upon Him as the Rock prepared by God for sinners? Do you hang upon Him, hope in Him, look to Him, lean upon Him, and think upon His name, as all you desire for time and eternity? If so, we rejoice in hope concerning you, because this is how the called ones are "led by the Spirit of God," and their sonship is thus proved (See Romans viii. 14), and then your election may be proved, by your being called (See Rom. viii. 30; and 2 Tim. i. 9). For God having blessed you with this grace to desire to believe in His dear Son unto salvation, is a proof of His having blessed you in Him before the foundation of the world, and of His having predestinated you unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ (See Eph. i. 3-6). We pray that you may "give diligence to make your calling and election sure" (2 Peter i. 10), by seeking grace to fructify your hearts in the fruits of the Spirit, and thereby "obtain witness that you are righteous" (Heb. xi. 4), through believing in Jesus (Rom. iv. 5). For "by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses (Acts xiii. 39). And these are they who "have peace with God" (Rom. v. 1). And a solid, enduring peace it is; since Jesus made it, "through the blood of His cross" (See Col. i. 20; Eph. ii. 13-18), and all believers are reconciled to God in and by Him. Thus, dear readers, if you are resting on Christ alone for pardon and acceptance, "it is well" with you, since "this Man shall be the peace" of all such, for they are "made nigh unto God by His blood." Yes, 'tis well with them, for—

" The Mediator made the peace,
And signed it with His blood."

"Is it well with thee?" dear tried one, are you proving that God abides faithful to His promise? Do you find strength and grace supplied according to your day? and is it by His help you continue to run the race and to fight the good fight of faith? Oh, how much better we prove the Lord to be to us than our fears. How often, when we have been filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, have we said, "All these things are against me," and yet we have proved them to "work together for our good," and have confessed that, "He hath done all things well." May we not sing with the poet—

" O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail " ?

May He help us ever to "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." For, surely, "It shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him." There is much to cause sorrow of heart among the true lovers of Zion, as they observe the wordliness and carnal policy manifested by many professors, to the grieving of the Holy Spirit, whose gracious teachings are very different from the dry profession of abstract doctrinalists, who ignore the responsibility of hearers of the Word, and manifest a sad indifference as to the salvation of souls, while Sunday-school teaching and any effort to spread the Gospel, are denounced as schemes for making hypocrites. What would Paul and other of the Apostles say to such spirits as these? Their labours and their writings give the answer. We wish these objectors would carefully read and study them, till their spirits relented with contrition and their hearts melted in pity and love; then we might hope that the strong holds of fatalism would give way, and that the Spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem, and of His servants who longed and laboured for the salvation of souls, would once more be realized by hearts imbued with divine "humility and love" (See Luke xix. 41, 42; Rom. ix. 1-3; x. 1, &c., &c.).

We are thankful to hear and know of the moving of the waters here and there, and we trust it may increase and spread abroad, until the power of the Holy Ghost shall predominate over every contrary spirit, and love, unity, peace and good will be supreme in the midst of the brethren of Christ. Lord, hasten the day, is the prayer of our heart. Reader, do you grieve for the affliction of Joseph? Do tears run down from your eyes over Zion's desolations? Do you sigh and cry for the abominations that are

done in the land? If so, it is well with you, for the Lord has commanded His mark to be put on all such (See Ezek. ix. 4). And of those who fear the Lord and think upon His name, He says, "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels" (Mal. iii. 16, 17). May we ever be found of that number who pray for and seek the peace of Zion. Her God has said, "They shall prosper that love her" (See Psalm cxxii.).

The state of things, too, outside Zion, causes sadness in those who love and fear God. Society is in a state of constant ferment. Our rulers have forsaken God, and are almost at the mercy of disaffected factions, each side bidding for the support of those who are ready to pull them to pieces, unless they do their bidding. And so-called religious preachers are trying to find an antidote for social evils in a gospel of social charity and reform, to the setting aside of the Gospel of Christ, which contains every element needed to remedy the woes of men; while others are turning their places of worship into temples for idols, and bow down to a bit of bread or a wafer, first adoring and then eating it. All these things fill us with shame and pity, and we wonder what our children are born to see and undergo. Oh, that they may be kept from the coils of the tempter. We dread fatalism, which produces hardness, callousness, and carelessness, as to the case of our children and others, and we know that Arminian works and projects are but a vain trust; therefore we desire, with prayer and faith, to diligently use the means God has ordained, depending on Him for the blessing which alone can make them successful. There is no rock like our God. Brethren, "Come over and help us." Let us have an interest in your prayers, and try to give us good encouragement in our labours for the good of others. Oh, that the Lord may pour out His Spirit upon us, and bless us each with a blessing which shall make the New Year a truly happy one, is the prayer of yours in Him, THE EDITOR.

"THY TESTIMONIES ARE MY MEDITATION."

(PSALM cxix. 99; 1 TIMOTHY iv. 15.)

THEY usually thrive best who meditate most. Meditation is a soul-fattening duty; it is a grace-strengthening duty; it is a duty-crowning duty. Gerson calls meditation the nurse of prayer; Jerome calls it his paradise; Basil calls it the treasure where all the graces are locked up. Theophylact calls it the very gate and portal by which we enter into glory. You may read much and hear much, yet without meditation you will never be excellent, you will never be eminent Christians.—*Thomas Brookes*. 1659.

THE LATE WILLIAM NUNN, M.A.,

OF ST. CLEMENT'S, MANCHESTER.

AMONG the faithful men in the Church of England who have not shunned to declare the distinguishing doctrines of sovereign grace may well be mentioned the late Mr. William Nunn. He was one of that remarkable trio with which the town of Manchester was favoured in the early part of the present century viz., William Gadsby, William Nunn, and William Roby, men whose ministerial labours were greatly owned and blessed by the Lord. Though differing from each other in their communion, they were one in mind and heart upon those gracious verities which make for the everlasting peace of heaven-born souls. Mr. Nunn was born at Colchester, in Essex, on May 13th, 1786. For the first two or three years of his life he was so afflicted that it was frequently thought he was dead or dying; but as he grew older his constitution became stronger and more robust. He was brought up at his father's home with three brothers and three sisters (the only survivors of a family of thirteen children) until he was nine years of age. For a time he was instructed, with an elder brother, in Latin, taking lessons of a French refugee; but after a twelvemonth's trial he left his master, being too careless to make any progress. He then attended a day-school for several years, the latter part of his time there taking the charge during the master's occasional absence. Leaving school entirely, he assisted his father, who was a wine and spirit merchant; this trade not being according to Mr. Nunn's taste, he often wished to follow his desire to be with an uncle, a bookseller and publisher.* The uncle, however, requiring a premium, which his parents were unable to pay, he had to remain with his father for a time. The family were not allowed to imbibe idle habits; therefore, as his father's business did not furnish employment for the whole of his time, he was often occupied in attending to the affairs of a small farm in the outskirts of the town, and working in his father's garden; he also served as a volunteer in a regiment stationed in the town, and afterwards had an ensigncy in the local militia.

Mr. Nunn, with the rest of the family, was brought up with the greatest strictness. All were sent regularly to church twice on the Sabbath, and in the evening the whole seven were placed in a row, and made to repeat the Church Catechism and Pope's Universal Prayer! Mr. Nunn (then in an unregenerate state) found Sunday a day of weariness to him. How anxious he was that the duties of the day might be speedily over, the services were

* This Mr. Nunn carried on an extensive business in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

so tiresome and irksome to him. He writes, years after, of that time, saying, "There seemed something desirable in the Gospel, but my carnal mind was averse to reflect upon what that something was. My heart neither could nor [would receive the important truths I heard." The set time was not come.

At the close of the year 1807, Mr. Nunn's father died, after a severe illness. His eldest brother (John), then a curate at Shrewsbury, came over to the funeral, and, staying a few days, introduced family prayer among them; this was entirely new to all. Mr. Nunn says, "I saw the propriety of it, but I did not like it!" When his brother was leaving to return to Shrewsbury, the latter advised the continuance of this practice, and appointed his youngest brother, Preston (who had long been a seeking soul), to carry on this service; but William often took part with him. The brother at length leaving home to reside with an uncle, the whole service fell on Mr. Nunn. This service consisted in reading a chapter from the Bible and one of Jenk's prayers. To the subject of this memoir it was weary work, and he loathed the service, yet dared not to omit it. Thus Mr. Nunn was brought up in a form of godliness without the power. He attended classes held at the church, and was confirmed by Bishop Porteus. The impression made by this service was, however, as "the morning cloud, and as the early dew when it passeth away." He experienced at times some convictions, but all this time was as spiritually ignorant as though he had received no religious instruction whatever.

But the time came when God's wonder-working hand was to be seen in bringing him to a knowledge of himself and his own ruined state before God. One day when actively employed in assisting his second brother in getting in the harvest, as they were taking their repast in the barn, William said, "Joshua, I intend taking a walk to Shrewsbury to see our brother John." Joshua tried to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but all to no avail. Mr. Nunn had been reading a book of travels in England and Wales, and was filled with a desire to see some of the places he had read of: The motive itself could not be considered of sufficient importance to induce such an undertaking. But he afterwards saw the wonder-working hand of God in leading him from home, and both causing and enabling him to accomplish *on foot* a journey of eight hundred miles. On that journey it pleased God to bring him to a knowledge of his lost and undone condition by nature, and afford him a blessed manifestation of acceptance into His favour, through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. Having drawn out maps from Carey's Atlas of the different counties through which he intended to pass, and fitted up a knapsack

sufficiently large to carry his linen and other necessary articles, he provided himself with a stout iron-heeled pair of shoes and a staff, and with sixteen guineas in his pocket, he commenced his excursion, at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, September 7th, 1808. It was his wish to have as a companion an old school-fellow, Martin Taylor, brother to the authoress of "Original Poems," &c.; Taylor's parents, however, were unwilling he should go.

On the first part of the journey he was much fatigued; incessantly walking at the rate of thirty miles a-day, he found the journey a toil rather than a pleasure. The weather, too, was unfavourable, and the frequent rains had made it bad walking. It appears that on Sunday he heard two sermons, and in his journal he noted some of the impressions formed on those occasions, for he had a sort of veneration for the preaching of the Gospel. He was once forcibly impressed with a word he saw on a sign-post, "To You'lgreave," which led to some serious reflections upon his sinnership; it seemed to indicate that he would one day know what repentance meant. His route lay through Cambridge and Derby. After seeing the caverns and travelling over the Peak of Derbyshire, he took the road by way of Buxton, and reached his brother's lodgings in Shrewsbury on Saturday at noon, having walked about three hundred miles in ten days. On the following day he accompanied his brother into the country to the place where he preached. "It should be observed," notes Mr. Nunn, "that I was at this time a moral young man, without any pretensions to the character of a religious person. Yet I held my brother's preaching in high estimation, having heard him once or twice in our native town. On the present occasion I thought there was something peculiar in his dwelling so much in his sermon upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. I could not understand what he meant. On the following day after we had dined, I was led involuntarily to open my lips and ask my brother some questions on religious subjects; I was led on to unfold to him what I thought of myself, and our conversation became more important as we proceeded. What he said to me was, I firmly believe, the appointed means eternally designed by the Lord for bringing me unto Himself by the regenerating and enlightening operations of the Spirit on my soul. I have a distinct recollection of the effect which his answers to my questions produced upon me. Tears dropped from my eyes, and I, naturally hard in mind, was brought down under the conviction then wrought in me of the unmerited grace of God set forth in what my brother said to me. I was angry with myself that I wept, accounting it a weakness which the pride of my heart would have suppressed. From that hour I became a new creature.

Happy period! The mercy then manifested must all be traced to the everlasting union of my soul to Him in 'whom I was chosen before the foundation of the world to the possession of all spiritual blessings' " (Eph. i. 3-6).

Mr. Nunn remained with his brother about ten days ere he proceeded on his journey. From Shrewsbury, he bent his steps through North Wales. The season, however, was so far advanced and so much rain fell, that, what with clouds and fogs he was unable to distinguish Snowdon from the other hills; after traversing a distance of two hundred miles he reached Brecon on a Sunday; attended church, but thought that what he heard was not the Gospel. Returning home through the forest of Dean, he missed his road and wandered far out of his way. On the morning of that day he passed through the town of Coleford, where six years afterwards he preached his first sermon; and at a chapel on the forest, near where he missed his way, he preached many times during his first curacy; on this journey, too, he had passed the parish of Foleshill, which was his second curacy. Sheltering in a cottage on the forest during the rain, he took from his pocket a book which his brother had given him ("Mason's Believer's Pocket Companion"), and for the first time in his life read a religious book with interest and pleasure, and his heart was much refreshed with what he read. While passing through Wales he was favoured with much time for private meditation, for he met very few persons with whom he was able to converse. The same day he reached Gloucester, where he heard a sermon from Romans xiii. 11. So anxious was he to reach home, that although he had walked thirty-seven miles on the Saturday, yet on the following day, the last of his journey, he walked forty miles and attended divine service at Dunmow, and at Braintree. "In the morning," he notes, "I heard a discourse upon the providence of God in landing the children of Israel safely over Jordan, and could but trace the appropriation of the subject to myself, the Lord having manifested His special kindness, not only in my preservation through the journey, but in bestowing a new and fervent desire to enjoy the blessings of His spiritual kingdom. In the afternoon, the sermon was upon the duties of ministers and hearers. Little did I then think that I should ever be called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. The evening being fine, I reached home at nine o'clock by the light of a clear sky, brightened up by the soft and cheerful light of a full moon. Once more, after an absence of five weeks, I found myself in our family circle, happy, and almost insensible of any fatigue."

The following morning at family worship his youngest brother prayed extempore; he was surprised and, in the pride of his

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN GURR, SEN.,
 WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, AUGUST 14TH, 1894, AGED
 EIGHTY-TWO YEARS.

Not long ago we wrote of Jane,*
 Whose memory still is dear;
 And now her John has passed to heaven,
 To meet his dear one there.

Not destined long to be apart,
 Death did not sever long,
 And now they take a glorious part
 In that celestial song.

Oh, happy ones! dear John and Jane,
 How happy is your state;
 On earth you loved to sound His fame
 Whose mercies are so great.

A happy spot the cottage was
 Where we with you did meet;
 Though in affliction's maze you trod,
 Your memory still is sweet

Now, like a shock of corn that's ripe,
 Dear John is gathered home;
 He longed to die to be with Christ,
 No more from Him to roam.

He felt his home was not on earth,
 His treasure was on high;
 And now he's left the wilderness
 To sing beyond the sky.

Oh, happy thought! Not lost, but gone
 A little while before;
 May we with thee in heaven meet
 Where partings are no more—

Where not a wave of trouble rolls
 'Mid that celestial throng,
 But joy and peace for ever reign,
 And Christ is all their song.

A YOUNG FRIEND.

GOD gives His children *selves*, with wishes and choices,
 that they may have the true offering to lay upon the true altar,
 for on that altar nothing will burn but *selves*.

* See SOWER for January, 1894.

A REFLECTION ON PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

MAN is mortal ! a few days, months, or years put a final period to all his activity, and the pleasures and sorrows of mortality : but his soul is immortal ! and, as soon as the body dies, the spirit wings its way to an eternal state, a fixed abode. The short space of a few years is given us for improvement ; and an account must be given how that time has been employed. Love to God and our neighbour, is the express command of Jehovah ; for the exercise of which sufficient directions are given in the Scriptures of eternal truth.

But, O my soul ! what use hast thou made of thy past years ? What hast thou done in the cause of God ? To what purpose have thy hours been devoted ? Alas ! I stand accused and condemned by my own conscience ! I must plead guilty before God.

The body, which is the vehicle of the soul, and its members, which it employs in active exertions, is bounded by circumstances ; but the spirit, ever in motion, traverses through creation, where a succession of events appear, some affording pleasure and others pain ; and all combine to condemn every species of indifference and inactivity.

God, with penetrating eye, beholds all space, all beings, and all the secret motions of every soul ! Angels, those ministering spirits, are witnesses to the transactions of men. Men view each other's conduct, and approve or condemn as their actions seem to deserve. Men that are made acquainted with themselves will find sufficient cause for humility on the discovery of their defects ; men who are strangers to themselves and slaves to their lusts, claim the pity and the prayers of others.

Ministers, sent of God, stand as so many intercessors for their congregations and mankind at large, and also as God's messengers, to declare His will to them in return. As a minister, have I been faithful in this important office ? (Acts xx. 26, 27.) Have I been zealous in my Master's cause ? Have I the testimony of a good conscience in my favour ? As a disciple of Jesus, have I been attentive to His voice, cheerfully walked in His ways, submitted to His authority, been patient under sufferings, unattached to the world, less self-dependent ? In fine, Have I, as I have prayed I might, "grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ" ? and has my conduct and general deportment in the sphere in which Providence has placed me borne testimony that this is the case ? Alas ! I blush at my visible defectiveness and my secret sins. Oh ! may pardoning love be revealed and sanctifying grace be experienced, and my soul be quickened to a more

diligent, zealous, faithful, and useful discharge of those duties which are incumbent on me.

I see and hear of the vigorous exertions of ministers and godly men in propagating Gospel truth and supporting the cause of Christ in various methods. O my soul, arise from the dust, mingle thy exertions, employ thy talents, unite thy prayers, extend thy good wishes, and hope for success.

I see and hear of multitudes, some of whom are contented with a mere form of religion, and build their hopes of salvation upon this shadow; while others are rushing headlong to destruction, regardless of their soul's eternal concerns, inattentive to the voice of God in His Word or alarming providences. Shall men thus lie deceived or run madly to destruction, and I see the danger and sit mute? Oh, let a sacred concern for the honour of God and bleeding pity for perishing sinners awake my drowsy powers to activity; and may God pour out His Spirit upon His ministers and congregations, and bless every effort that is made to do good with great success, that millions of sinners may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and let all the people say, Amen.

Gornal, 1802.

J. W.

DYING WORDS.

MY DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER,—We should both have been glad to have met, but under all the circumstances I am glad you have not come. But oh, my dear mother, when nature is low, what a blessing to feel that God is our everlasting Portion! I feel that the firm reliance of faith upon Jesus, His precious atonement and righteousness, by which all the holy attributes of God are harmonized in the salvation of a guilty sinner, is a firm foothold for solid faith; and I have felt when I thought I was near the point of death, that solid resting on Christ as my Rock on which I was secured for ever; and I believe whenever He takes me, that will be my blessed experience. Beloved mother, if the Lord should take me, what a blessed hope we have that we shall meet in that holy inheritance!

With warmest love, your affectionate son,

JOSEPH.

Hastings, February 22nd, 1894.

[The above letter was dictated by the late Mr. Joseph Freeman the day previous to his death.—ED.]

THE Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once.

SAFELY LANDED.

DEAR MR. WILMSHURST,—I feel disappointed in not having been able to have met you on Wednesday, at the funeral of our dear old friend, Mr. Ayling. He is safely landed, and, as far as the all-important matter of the soul is concerned, I can say, "May my last end be like his." He was one of the few who carried his religion with him; he was not ashamed of it. His manner of life and conversation was manifest to all who knew him.

I first met with him myself in the autumn of 1880, and have felt a close union to him from that time. About six years ago he had a very heavy illness, from which none who saw him thought he could survive; but the appointed time was not yet come. He was raised up, and the affliction was truly sanctified to his soul, although it was a great disappointment to him, as he quite thought the Lord was going to take him home. The vision of Jacob's ladder, &c., was much blessed to him, especially these words, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven" (Gen. xxviii. 17). He spoke so sweetly of his body being the house of God—His dwelling-place, the temple of the Holy Ghost, and of Christ being in him the hope of glory and the gate of heaven to his soul, that I found it to be really good to go to the house of affliction from time to time. From that time he was very sensitive indeed to any withdrawing of the Lord's gracious presence from his soul; and when this has been the case, he has grieved exceedingly and been greatly distressed; he seemed to want to live in His embrace.

On the Monday evening before his death I was with him for some time, and he was then favoured with a little rest from his bodily sufferings. I read the first chapter in the first Epistle of Peter, and prayed with him, and I believe we both found it to be a good time, the Lord's presence being with us. He said, "How wonderful that you should read that chapter; I have been thinking about it through the day—that blessed inheritance." I said, "Yes, you will soon enter into it. Have you any message for your Croydon friends?" He replied, "Give my love to them, and tell them I have a good hope through grace."

The evening before he died I sat with him for some time. He was very weak, and suffered much pain at times. I asked him how he felt in respect of the better things. To which he replied, "It is well. I feel such a satisfaction as I have never felt before. It won't be long. Oh, dear Lord, why are the wheels of Thy chariot so long in coming? Do come." I said, "These are deep waters; what would you do without Christ now?" He replied, "He is my All. What wonderful love that He should so suffer for such a sinner as I am. Wonderful love!" I then

read the twenty-third Psalm, and prayed with him. He thanked me, and we parted, never to see each other any more in this vale of tears, for in about twenty-four hours after this he quietly passed away, and, I believe, as Kent says—

“Fearless he entered Jordan’s flood,
At peace with heaven he closed his eyes;
His only hope was Jesus’ blood,
In sure and certain hope to rise.”

I feel the Church has lost a godly, praying man, one who really prayed for Zion’s peace and prosperity. It was Mr. Ayling’s wish that the 466th and 468th hymns in Gadsby’s Selection should be sung. So you will kindly let his wish be carried out by singing them on Lord’s Day.

Now, dear friend, you will pardon the liberty I have taken. I thought you would like to know a little as to the state of our dear friend’s mind at the last. May the Lord be with you, and bless and prosper you in all your undertakings in His name, is the desire and prayer of yours sincerely in the truth,

Carshalton, August 30th, 1894.

S. CURTIS.

MEMORIALS OF JAMES BOORNE.

A REVIEW.

WE have great pleasure in commending this excellent work to our readers, feeling sure that those who were intimate with Mr. Boorne will highly appreciate it; and those who were not intimate with him may hereby know what he was, as a true, solid, spiritual, and savoury Christian and minister. As we read the book it seems as though we were once again listening to the voice of our dear friend, from whose lips and pen we have in former days received many sympathetic, encouraging, and heart-strengthening words. We hope numerous readers may be similarly favoured in reading the Memorials of him who is no longer with us below, but whom we hope to meet above. The arrangement of the work is excellent, the Autobiography, Notes from Diary, and Letters being aptly interspersed, gives a nice varied and enlivening tone to the whole. There is a nice portrait of our late dear friend, and the get-up of the book as a whole does credit to all concerned in the work. The paper and type are very good, and we can heartily commend it as a valuable and cheap volume.

EDITOR.

TAKE up all duties in point of performance, and lay them down in point of dependence. Duty can never have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence.—*Dyer.*

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow me a brief space for a word of explanation ?

1st. My remarks on the Supply System in November SOWER related entirely to its *abuse*, and not its use.* There are, of course, many places which must necessarily depend on supplies for preaching, and there are many godly, gracious men among those who are supplying, some of them not being fit for pastors. This does not alter the fact of the grievous evils connected with the system.

2nd. Correspondents complain of *no remedy* having been suggested. But, until the evil is seen, repented of, and turned from, it is vain to look for a remedy. Indeed, till this is the case, it is evident *no remedy is really wanted*. When by God's grace the Churches are roused to seek and pray for a remedy, God will reveal it—*only He can*. At present, too many are sitting down in fatalistic sloth, quite content with things as they are.† This especially applies to many deacons, *with whom the matter rests to a very large extent*.

3rd. One correspondent alludes to unsuitable pastors. This is another subject, about which much might be said. Certainly, better by far have supplies. The Lord, however, may sometimes permit an unsuitable man to be settled over a people for a time, *by way of chastisement to that people*.

Yours faithfully, VIGILANS.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—We are unknown in the flesh, but I hope not strangers in spirit. I have read with interest the article on the Supply System, which you print in November SOWER. It is a system of which much may be said for and against. However, my purpose is not to criticise, but to point to an omission.

Of late I have felt very much grieved at the amount of *Sunday travelling*. Nearly every Sunday I see a heavily-laden excursion train steaming back to London, and for aught I know, some of the professed servants of God may be among them. This seems to me one of the greatest of present evils in our Churches. It is a matter, too, not by any means confined to ministers, either

* All honest readers will surely regard them in this light.—ED.

† We hope that these papers may be so used and blessed by God that a gracious concern may be begotten among the Churches for a satisfactory reformation.—ED.

pastors or supplies, but many private Christians do not hesitate to travel long distances by rail on Sunday, often with no other object than to see a relative, or to hear some special minister.

In fact, according to present appearances, it will not be matter for surprise if our good old Sunday do not slip through the fingers of the next generation. If it be so and we relapse into an unhallowed Sabbath, upon the ministers and members of the Strict Baptist causes will rest an awful responsibility—the one part for profaning, the other for refraining to reprove for the profanation of God's holy day.

May be, sir, that your pen might point out the fearful issues men are so lightly handling when they turn the liberty of the Gospel into licence, and seek their own pleasure, regardless of the labour they impose upon others.

I remain, dear Mr. Hull, yours faithfully,

November 3rd, 1894.

J. W. R.

[We hope that all who fear God will lay these appropriate remarks to heart, and avoid unnecessary travelling on the Lord's day.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—The warmest thanks of the Church of God are due to the writer of the article on the Supply System which appeared in the SOWER for November, and to yourself for inserting it in your Magazine. This admirably written piece deals a heavy blow at the pernicious evils which have developed to such a great extent of late years, and it is to be earnestly hoped that all concerned may take its timely warnings to heart. The magnitude of the evil has long been felt by all who have the welfare of the Church at heart, and the time has surely now arrived when a very serious effort, in dependence upon the Lord, should be made, if not to abolish it, at least as far as possible to curtail its bad effects.

In the first place, I would suggest that Churches without pastors should make it a matter of fervent prayer to the Lord to provide them with under-shepherds, and should follow up their prayers by suitable and consistent efforts to attain the object prayed for in dependence upon Divine guidance. This should not be (except in exceptional cases where the hand of the Lord is clearly seen) by trying to induce some settled minister to leave his flock, by holding out the temptation of a higher salary and a more influential sphere of labour, which things, when they occur, usually work grievous injury to the Church of God at large and open the mouths of the ungodly. Hence such Churches should

avoid as far as possible seeking the services of noted ministers as supplies, which often has an unsettling effect all round, but rather engage men who have not these ties, with a view to choosing one of their number to fill the vacant pulpit. Where almost all the supplies are pastors of other Churches, it is not at all surprising that causes adopting such a system continue in their widowed condition many years, without any prospect of being delivered from it. And in the choice of a minister, let his grace, his spirit, and his life and conversation, be considered infinitely before his gifts. Better by far for a Church to have settled over her a man of small gifts with a good measure of grace, a loving spirit, and of a godly, upright walk, than one possessing great gifts but to a great extent destitute of the before-mentioned qualifications.

Secondly, it would be well for Churches, where the Supply System, for good reasons, cannot be entirely dispensed with, to much curtail the number of different ministers engaged. This remark also applies to ministers limiting, to a great degree, the number of causes they serve. It would be a good plan in the country for two or three causes which cannot individually support a pastor to unite together and have one between them, who should visit them in rotation, preaching in the week as well, the vacant Sabbaths in each cause being filled up by reading services.

Finally, the practice of some pastors leaving their people so frequently should be at once abandoned. It acts most injuriously both upon minister and people. It tends to destroy love and confidence between them, and makes the people feel that the minister has not really their welfare at heart, and is only making a convenience of them. How can the blessing of the Lord be expected upon a man's labours under such circumstances?

If I have trespassed too much upon your space, I trust the importance of the subject may be accepted as a sufficient excuse. I hope that others of your readers may take the matter up, and that it may not be allowed to rest till a considerable change for the better is brought about. With best wishes,

Yours in the truth,

November 7th, 1894.

C. J. F.

[We have a number of letters in hand on this subject, but our space is limited.—ED.]

THE Gospel is a box of most precious ointment; by preaching it, the box is broken, and the fragrance diffused.—*Romaine*.

THY deserts are hell, wrath, rejection: Christ's deserts are life, pardon, acceptation. If God hath shown thee the former, He will give thee the latter.—*Wilcox*.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Often it has been on my mind to write to you again, but have not done so, for the "Seekers' Corner," and now I sit down to make the attempt, one feels like a well with no water, dry, barren, and empty, and a voice says within, "What is the use of writing when feeling like that?" But we are not saved by feelings; no, something more stable and lasting; but how apt we are to live on them, and to begin to despair when we do not realize any warmth. Often in the darkest paths we learn the most. Temporal affairs may be smooth; it is not always by these that God teaches us what is in the heart of man, but there is the inward strife, and each heart knoweth its own bitterness; others little know what is going on within, none but God can tell what passes in the dark recess of our troubled hearts. He does know, and He can understand. Instead of growing better, I feel to grow worse. I used to think that as time went on I should feel more like Jesus, and be able to talk of Him, and live on Him, and always feel near Him, but how different things are. There seems so much to learn, and constantly some hidden evil arises to which we had been blind; seeing and feeling all this, it makes us loathe ourselves, and sometimes wish to be away from every one, so that we should not make so many mistakes.

In the morning the desire is to be some help to some one in any little way, but at night how the day seems wasted; you can't see how others have been cheered, or one burden made lighter by some deed or word, but it is so encouraging sometimes to feel that others feel like this, and especially when ministers speak as if they are passing through the same, for it makes us exclaim, "This is the way the fathers trod." God has said that grace must be tried, and yet when the trial comes we feel amazed. Oh, for faith to trust our Saviour, and rest on His promises. We do not absolutely doubt the truth of His promises, or His faithfulness to perform them, but we question their application to us. Yet He has described our character, and presented us with examples as much like ourselves as possible; but unbelief is so strong, Satan is so active, and time things have such influence, that we do not believe God. May He convince us of the sin of unbelief, and send His Spirit to work faith in our hearts. Jesus tells us to "Be not faithless but believing"; and is not the cry of one of old still the cry of every child of God, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief"? He has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you," and if we ask for

faith, will He not give it? But we want to ask believing He will hear us. We want to

"Learn in every state
To make His will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone."

You will, dear sir, soon begin a New Year in your labour of love; the Lord still help you, and give you strength, which He has promised to do, *day by day*.

December 4th, 1894.

HOPE.

"WALK ABOUT ZION."

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth even for ever."—PSALM CXXV. 2.

ZION stands by hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favoured lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

Zion's Friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do;
His is love that never falters,
Always to its object true.
Happy Zion!
Crowned with mercies ever new.

If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save and not destroy;
If He punish, 'tis in measure,
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient,
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—May the God of all consolation be with you and bless your ministry continually. I do feel it sweet to me daily. At home last Sunday, I was favoured with much of the dear Lord's presence, and sweet communion with Him. Many sweet things which I have heard from your lips were brought to my remembrance; it was quite a feeding on the past; and in reading Huntington's "Justification of a Sinner by Faith," that was much blessed to me, and I was led to bless the Lord afresh for sending that friend amongst us who put it into my hands. My path seems very mysterious to me at times, for it is ups and downs, ins and outs, bitters and sweets, woundings and healings; but oh, the precious healings make all right. I feel such sweetness in these words, "All things work together for good to them that love God: to them that are the called according to His purpose." That little word *all* is so vast, and to know that we are of that very number, oh, what an unspeakable mercy! Oh, the precious blood of our Jesus! What is all the world compared with it? It is nothing. I have had some sweet moments since I saw you, at His blessed feet, with joy and sorrow sweetly mingling. I could say in my affliction, "My Jesus has done all things well." Oh, what great things He has done for me; I often think He has done more for me than for others, for I am so very unworthy of the least mercy. A good-for-nothing, proud pharisee, to think of getting to heaven by my own works, and rob that dear Lamb of His glory, when He has suffered so much for us. What could be worse? It shocks me to think of it. Oh, what a miracle to open such blind eyes as mine! Oh, what a debtor to mercy I am! Bless and praise the Lord with me for what He has done for us, and may He look in mercy upon all that are near and dear to us, if it be His blessed will. I hope I shall be able to walk to chapel next Lord's Day, for I long to make one of that number.

"The Lord's our Helper and Support,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
He bears our fainting spirits up,
And will our souls defend.

Bless His holy name.

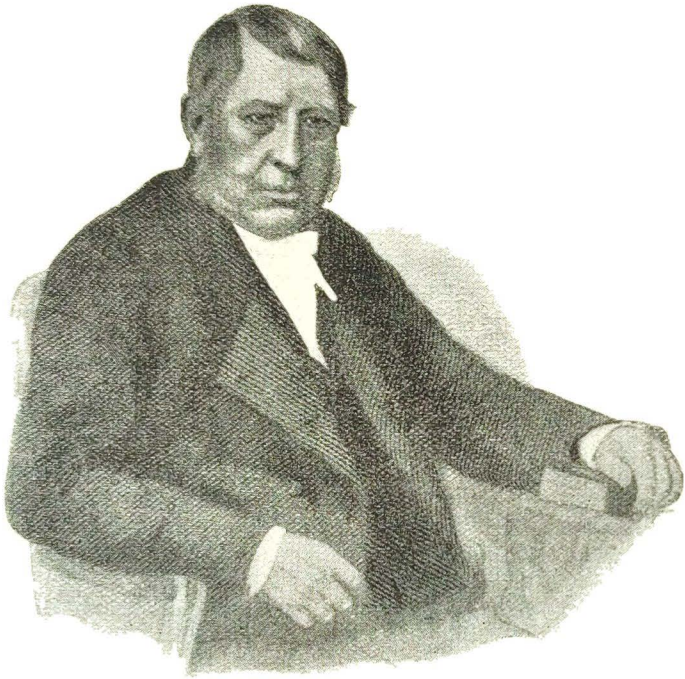
Yours in Christ Jesus,

February 26th, 1866.

MRS. G.

SEE Christ and you see all. Keep your eye steadily fixed on His blood and righteousness, and only look at your graces in the second place, else every blast of temptation will shake you.—*Wilcox.*

The Sower, February, 1895.



THE LATE J. KERSHAW.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE LATE J. KERSHAW.

JOHN KERSHAW was born in Lancashire, August 25th, 1792. His autobiography gives an interesting account of his early life, call by grace and to the ministry; also of his fifty-two years' pastorate at Hope Chapel, Rochdale, and the Jubilee meeting, 1867, when handsome presents were made to Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw, by their loving and beloved friends. After speaking of his early convictions Mr. Kershaw says:—

“I was for a time shut up as in despair, wishing I had never been born,—shut up to the faith in Christ, or, as the Apostle hath it, ‘unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed’ (Gal. iii. 23).

“In this perplexed state of mind I went to Bacup, and heard Mr. Hurst preach from Isaiah xlv. 22: ‘Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.’ Under this sermon I was led to see the ability of Christ to save unto the uttermost the chief of sinners; that the law of God they had broken He had fulfilled for them; that He had ‘redeemed them from the curse of the law, being made a curse for them,’ and finished the work His Father gave Him to do”; and that there was everything done by Him, and treasured up in Him, that I stood in need of. As I sat and heard these things opened up, there was such light, life, and power attended the Word that I said within myself, ‘I shall never forget what I have heard this day.’ I went home rejoicing that there was a new and living way, whereby God could be just and save poor guilty sinners. The name, blood, and righteousness of Jesus Christ became precious to my soul; so that I could not forbear saying, ‘This is the Christ and the salvation my soul stands in need of.’ It did my soul good to see that the whole work was finished by Christ upon the cross, and that there was nothing left for me to do, as the ground of my acceptance with God. I had proved that I could do nothing but add sin to sin, and make the rent worse.

“My soul now began to hunger and thirst after Christ and His finished, free-grace salvation. I read my Bible as with new eyes, and heard preaching as with new ears. I had a confidence wrought in me that Christ was able to save me; but the question arose in my mind, ‘Is He willing to save me?’ I could now say with the poor leper, ‘Thou canst, if Thou wilt, make me clean.’

“In this state I was held for months, growingly persuaded of the ability and all-sufficiency of Christ Jesus, but waiting, longing, and praying for a manifestation of my personal interest in His

salvation by the remission of sins. Under preaching, when the minister described the feelings of a truly convinced, sensible sinner, who was a mourner in Zion, and a hungerer and thirster after Christ and His righteousness, my soul was encouraged. I felt a great love to the brethren; the tabernacles of the Lord were amiable to my soul, my Bible was my chief companion; a throne of grace was often resorted to, where I had sometimes a little encouragement, while at other times I was shut up in my soul, and could not come forth, but in soul-pantings and breathings, with sighs and groans. I could not keep from the prayer-meetings that were held at different friends' houses in various parts of the neighbourhood; dark nights and dirty lanes did not prevent me from going. When I had no company, I went by myself. My heart and soul were following hard after God, the living God, even the God of salvation."

After describing many deep exercises of soul, as a seeker, he speaks of Romans vii. 24, coming home to his heart as though spoken by an audible voice, and such was the effect that he hastened home to read their connection, when the subject of the whole chapter was so opened to him that he felt, as he had never felt before, the sweet comfort of the truths contained therein, and he says: "So pleased and blest [was I] in my soul that I began to read the next chapter, commencing thus: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.' As I read these precious words, their blessed contents were brought into my soul with power and glory. I saw and felt that I was in Christ Jesus, saved with an everlasting salvation. The burden of sin was removed, my conscience cleansed by an application of the precious blood of Jesus Christ. I felt the sealing testimony of the Holy Spirit of God that I stood complete and accepted in the Beloved. I read the chapter through with a joy I cannot describe. I now knew my election of God, and that no charge could ever be brought against me, because Christ had died for my sins, and was raised again from the dead for my justification; that He ever lived to make intercession for me, and would receive me into His kingdom of glory. The love of Christ was shed abroad in my heart; I saw and felt that nothing could separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. How precious and glorious were the truths contained in this chapter to my soul on that memorable evening; and often, in reading and preaching, when I have cited portions of it, I have felt a little of the same sweetness and savour. Thanking the Lord for the great deliverance He had wrought for me and in me with the joy of salvation in my soul, I retired for the night, but so ravished was I with the beauty and glory of Christ

as my Saviour and Redeemer that sleep departed from me. Many restless nights had I previously endured with a guilty conscience, a broken law, an evil heart, a tempting devil, crowds of doubts and fears and carnal reasonings; but all had now departed. The year of jubilee was come, the prisoner was brought out of the dungeon into the banqueting house, and the banner over him was love. I well remember this question passing across my mind: 'Where are all my sins, that have so long been a burden and plague to my soul?' I saw by faith that a precious Christ had put them all away by the sacrifice of Himself, and made an end of sin; as it is written: 'In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none, and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve' (Jer. l. 20). My sins had appeared as scarlet and crimson, but were all washed away in the blood of atonement. As I stood in Christ, I was white as snow or as wool. Such was the joy of my heart in the dead of the night, the family asleep around me, that I sang in my soul-feelings—

“ See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace:
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

“ It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can *ne'er* be found.

“ Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,' &c.

Bless the Lord, this song has been sweet and precious to my soul many times since the memorable night of my deliverance, and I hope will be until I join the everlasting song, 'Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'”

[Mr. Kershaw began to fail after his return from London in May, 1869. He was enabled to preach a few times, and was much favoured in doing so, but felt his work was well-nigh done. During his illness he was greatly blessed of the Lord, and triumphantly rejoiced in Christ whom he had so long loved to preach. And a little while after, after saying, "God is faithful," he calmly breathed out his spirit to Him who loved, and bought him with His own blood, January 11th, 1870, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The funeral was largely attended by

loving friends from many parts. We well remember hearing Mr. Kershaw preach, at Coventry, soon after his Jubilee meeting. His text was Mark xvi. 20. He very sweetly described how the Lord prepared, called, and sent forth His ministers into the work; what and how they preached—Christ Jesus the Lord, and how the Lord worked with them, and honoured them by confirming the Word with signs following, by which testimony our heart was greatly strengthened. The Lord having, after several years' exercise, sent us forth into the work, some little time previously, we felt as though we were taken by the hand by a father in Israel, whose pleasure it was to give us confirming words and weighty yet encouraging counsel. Often, as we think of that evening, the circumstances, the surroundings, and the sweet savour that attended that sermon, and the kindly, tender words spoken to us by this aged ambassador for Christ, as he grasped our hand and bid us adieu for the last time, the whole comes so fresh to our mind that we can hardly think they are among the things that are past.—ED.]

DEATH OF MRS. EDWARD MOTE.

WIDOW OF THE AUTHOR OF A WELL-KNOWN HYMN.

DIED at Brighton, on the 11th January, 1895, in her eighty-second year, Jane, widow of the late Edward Mote, formerly minister of the Gospel at Horsham, in Sussex. Mrs. Mote was latterly a constant attendant at "Galeed," Brighton, on the ministry of Mr. Popham, who witnessed her departure from this world of sin and sorrow, and spoke of her to his people as not a great talker, but a praying woman, one whose loss to them was, he firmly believed, her everlasting gain. A few days before she died she repeated to Mrs. C—— the precious words contained in Psalm lxii. 7. Her remains were interred near those of her husband, at Horsham, by Mr. Popham, on the 15th of January. Mr. Mote was the author of that well-known hymn, the refrain of which is—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

These words flowed into his mind one morning as he was walking up Holborn Hill, London, on his way to business, about the year 1825. Four verses of the hymn were soon written, and the remaining two the following Sunday. Encouraged by the circumstance of the verses being of immediate use in affording comfort to a dying friend, he had a thousand copies printed. These being without name or initials, found their way into various collections under other signatures. Mr. Mote, however, vindicated his claim in the *Gospel Herald*.

Mr. Mote was born in Upper Thames Street, London, January 21st, 1797. His parents, destitute of the fear of God, sent him to a school where the Bible was not allowed to be read. In 1813, being totally ignorant of the Word of God, he one morning entered Tottenham Court Road Chapel, London, and while listening to the preaching of John Hyatt, the Holy Ghost powerfully applied the law to his conscience. After being held in its bondage for two years, he was set at liberty under a sermon by Mr. Bennett, of Birmingham—who was on a visit to London—one Good Friday morning, from, “The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all”; and from that auspicious hour, redeeming love and blood was his never-dying theme. He died at Horsham, about twenty years ago.

The above hymn, as it appeared in 1853, in the third edition of his own selection of hymns, is as follows:—

THE IMMUTABLE BASIS OF A SINNER’S HOPE.

Nor earth, nor hell, my soul can move,
I rest upon unchanging love;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus’ name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness;
’Midst all the hell I feel within,
On His completed work I lean.

On Christ, &c.

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

On Christ, &c.

His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay,

On Christ, &c.

I trust His righteous character,
His counsel, promise, and His power;
His honour and His name’s at stake,
To save me from the burning lake.

On Christ, &c.

When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
Oh may I then be found in Him;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the Throne.

On Christ, &c.

B. H. N.

THE LATE WILLIAM NUNN, M.A.,

OF ST. CLEMENT'S, MANCHESTER.

(Continued from page 13.)

WHEN the time drew near for Mr. Nunn to leave Newland, he wrote to Mr. Gurney, of London, about a curacy. In a day or two Mr. Gurney replied, "The same postman who brought me your letter brought me also another from the Rev. Mr. Howlett, of Foleshill, near Coventry, inquiring after a curate. As the two letters came together, I think it is a token in providence that you should apply for his curacy." Mr. Nunn did so, and was invited by the Vicar of Foleshill to come and see the place, or at once to agree with him and accept the situation. Mr. Nunn preferred the latter, and remained at Newland as long as he could, loath to lose the enjoyment of associating with many whose affectionate kindness had no small hold upon him. But at last, having preached a farewell sermon in each of the hamlets where he had officiated, he left, and taking the coach at Monmouth, crossed the Malvern Hills, and passed through Birmingham direct to Coventry, then walked on to Foleshill, a straggling village about two miles and a-half from that city. Here he found the Vicar, an old man nearly eighty-four, incapable of duty, a small church, and a population of nearly five thousand people. The Vicar had also another small living, about ten miles off, which he occasionally served. Mr. Nunn was, of course, to take all the duty of this populous parish, and a new order of proceedings, with extempore sermons, immediately took place. It was soon found that the church was not large enough, and the Sunday School began to increase greatly. He set to work therefore, and in three weeks had about three hundred subscribers to a fund for taking down one side of the church, so as to make it contain nine hundred people instead of five hundred. In nine months he collected £900, which was sufficient to pay for the improvement, leaving a surplus of nearly £200 for building a schoolroom. During the pulling down and rebuilding of the church, he procured the use of one or two churches in the neighbourhood for the congregation at Foleshill; a matter of no little difficulty, owing to the enmity of the clergymen against the preaching of the doctrine of salvation by sovereign grace. Much good seemed to be going on in the parish at this time. A storm, however, was brewing. The Vicar's wife, a bitter enemy to the truth, was exceedingly displeased at the change which had taken place, and used to tease her husband perpetually because he retained Mr. Nunn as his curate. Mr. Nunn heard of her hostility from the old Vicar himself, and dreaded the conse-

quences. At length she succeeded so far, that she prevailed upon her husband to write to the Bishop, requesting him to withdraw Mr. Nunn's licence. Mr. Nunn managed to obtain a sight of the bishop's reply, which ran thus :—

“REV. SIR,—It is not so easy to withdraw Mr. Nunn's licence as you imagine. If you are dissatisfied with him you must take the duties yourself. I am,” &c.

After no small disquietude of mind respecting these matters, Mr. Nunn received a formal notice from the Vicar to leave at midsummer. The information came home to his heart very keenly, for he had begun to hope that he might settle down among the people who had flocked around him, and, by the blessing of God, enjoy the comforts of domestic life. Here he remarks, “How short-sighted we are, and must be, concerning the dispensations of the Lord!” Other curacies were now named to him; but some impediment or other prevented his obtaining them. The people still hoped he might remain. They drew up a petition, and with two hundred signatures presented it to the Vicar, requesting him to allow Mr. Nunn to remain. They also offered to raise £40 a-year towards his salary. He went with two or three of the parishioners and talked the matter over with the Vicar; the interview lasted more than three hours, but the latter would not comply with the petition. It seems the principal objection he had against Mr. Nunn arose through the erroneous notions which he entertained of that Gospel which Mr. Nunn preached, ascribing it to everything that was bad.

Again Mr. Nunn remarks, “During all these proceedings, and the agitation of mind at the determination of the Vicar to remove me, I was not a little tried, yet in a great measure upheld. The Lord seemed to say to me, ‘Mind what you have to do for Me, I will think of you by-and-by.’ We shall find, of no providence can it be said, *this* comes too soon, or *that* too late. The road we sometimes have to travel may appear wrong because we never travelled it before; we have only to proceed further on, and the way will prove the right one. I believed it needful that the furnace be heated, and am upheld by the consideration, that heated more than enough it could not be.”

During the excitement at the prospect of the Vicar sending him away, Mr. Nunn preached a pacific discourse from Rom. xii. 19. On Tuesday evening, June 10th, he preached a farewell sermon from Acts xx. 32. The church was filled to excess, and he had scarcely commenced preaching when the whole congregation were in tears. Of this circumstance he remarks, “Much as my feelings were entirely cut up by this expression of regard on the

part of the people, they had been very powerfully wrought on a few days before, although in a different manner; for I received the very handsome sum of £80, presented with a very kind letter, signed on behalf of the donors, expressing their thanks for my services, and deep regret at my being obliged to leave them."

After Mr. Nunn's engagements were ended, he stayed a day or two in Foleshill, and one evening ere his final departure, met and drank tea at a cottage with the twenty-seven members he had formed into a little Church, and had been accustomed to meet separately from the congregation. The evening was spent in singing, expounding, and prayer. It was, it appears, a season of refreshment, but saddened by the reflection that it was the last they should have together during their earthly pilgrimage.

We now come to a remarkable period in Mr. Nunn's history. He was one day at the house of a friend in Coventry, and there saw in the *Christian Observer* for June, a singular advertisement; it ran thus, "Two churches to be sold in Manchester, and if not sold, a curate wanted. Address, post paid, the Rev. E. Smyth, Chorlton Hall, Manchester." Mr. Nunn wrote Mr. Smyth, and before he left Foleshill received the following reply:—

"REV. SIR,—Your letter promises well, but I assure you, that if you are a Calvinist, you will neither suit me, nor the Bishop, nor my people. But you had better come and see the place yourself; and there being no one to take the duty at one of the churches (St. Luke's) on the 15th, you may as well come for that."

The commencement of the letter made Mr. Nunn smile. "Well," he thought, "that is the place to which I would go; the people want surely what they have never had, truth unmixed with Arminian error."

On the Friday after he had preached his farewell sermon he set off for Manchester. The following day he waited upon Mr. Smyth, who gave him full particulars of his two churches. For St. Clement's; built in 1793, he wanted £1,000, and for St. Luke's, a smaller church, built in 1804, he wanted £2,000; the difference consisting in the mode of letting and the value of the pew rents, and in certain proprietary rights. Mr. Nunn's attention was directed to St. Clement's, but even if he had thought it right in the sight of God to purchase the church for himself, he had little more than the £80 presented to him by his kind friends at Foleshill. Perceiving Mr. Smyth to be a rigid Arminian, he looked therefore upon his journey to Manchester as a fruitless one; the more so as he felt himself ill-qualified for so large a place as Manchester, But the ways of God are mysterious. The

day he preached at St. Luke's he dined with Mr. Smyth and his family. In the afternoon, after service, he was introduced to Mr. William Townend, a great promoter of Sunday Schools, who invited him to his house, where he slept that night. Wishing to leave Manchester as soon as he could, he rose early the following morning, Mr. Townend did the same, and before they parted, they had a great deal of conversation respecting St. Clement's, which ended in Mr. Townend suggesting Mr. Nunn's return to Manchester, and trying whether subscriptions could be raised for purchasing the church from Mr. Smyth and vesting it in the hands of trustees. This suggestion surprised Mr. Nunn, he did not believe it ever could be realized, but eventually it was.

During his last visit to Foleshill, a lady presented Mr. Nunn with a £20 note, in order that he might go to Cambridge and take his M.A. degree, which he readily undertook. He then went home to see his relatives, and from thence paid a visit to the old clergyman at Debenham. The latter would have him preach there twice. He returned to Colchester, where he found a letter from Mr. Smyth, urging the expediency of his return to Manchester; and to Manchester he returned. Subscriptions were raised, and he was formally accepted as the minister of St. Clement's. Then he had to procure a licence from the Bishop, a matter in which for a long time he was unsuccessful. In a letter, dated September 26th, he wrote: "The short account you sent me of yourself and my old friends was exceedingly welcome. Of my enemies I would say but little. May some who would cut me off from the list of our Master's servants see, ere it be too late, whether they have any proper evidence of their belonging to 'the household of faith.' God, in His gracious providence, appears to be paving the way for my continuance here. May our Immanuel establish a camp among us. I very much fear that there are immense quantities of human rubbish blocking up the fair path of the Gospel among us. May the chariot wheels of our Immanuel grind their legal rights to powder, and the breath of the Spirit drive the dust of the same to the pit from whence they originated."

In another, dated October 23rd, "I have had an interview with the Bishop. He is doubtless sincere, but what is sincerity unless it arises from spiritual union with Him who alone can give solid principles, and ability to act upon them! May I be enabled to speak becomingly, and leave the event with God. 'See,' said a friend the other day, 'see what your Calvinism costs you!' 'Be it so!' said I; the precious mysteries of God's especial and eternal love are, when rightly understood, of more value than ten thousand worlds; and the anxieties and trials they have occasioned me are sweet, compared to that legal

bondage under which neutralized professors and lofty Gospel-mongers are doomed to labour.'"

On the 24th October, the Bishop again replied to Mr. Nunn, refusing his licence. The following Sunday Mr. Nunn thought it best not to do duty at St. Clement's, so he preached at St. Luke's instead. When the cause of the change was ascertained, there was no small stir among the congregation. Desirous to show that he was determined not to proceed in the duties of St. Clement's without a regular licence, he left the town, went to Halifax, and preached there on November 2nd, St. Clement's being closed on that day! This decided action seems to have wrought a change in the mind of the Bishop, for on November 7th the latter wrote Mr. Nunn, ". . . . I am ready to license you at St. Clement's for a year, from a hope and belief that if you have offended, you will offend no more.* I wish, however, to see you at Chester, in order to have your assurance that you will preach no doctrines during the year but such as are agreeable to the Word of God and the Articles of our Church." At the desired interview, a singular and animated conversation took place between the Bishop and Mr. Nunn. It is too long for these pages, but the following is a sample:—

BISHOP.—"Do you believe, sir, that any may be said absolutely to be saved?"

MR. NUNN.—"Yes, my lord, and the evidence of that salvation is their keeping the commandments of God."

B.—"And do you believe, sir, that it is impossible for a person to lose salvation after once being brought into a state of salvation?"

N.—"I believe, my lord, that such persons will persevere to the end, but the belief of their salvation can only be *enjoyed* as they are seeking and serving God."

B.—"Well, sir, but about this sentence, 'Who were before of old, &c.'"

N.—"My lord, I hardly know whether it becomes me to answer your lordship upon the passage. The persons spoken of had resisted the Gospel and were judicially hardened and left to the commission of iniquity."

B.—"Well, sir, but do you not see the words that follow, 'Ungodly men'? Certainly they were first ungodly and then ordained to this condemnation."†

N.—"Excuse me, my lord, read the words, and you will find the ordination comes first and the ungodliness afterwards."

B.—"But before I have done with you sir, let me urge you to

* The only charge was that Mr. Nunn preached a man might get to heaven without any regard to his moral character, which he wholly disavowed!

† The ungodliness was foreknown, and they were given up to it; sin is the alone cause of the curse (Rom. vi, 23).

be on your guard. I do not want to advert to the nick-names of Calvinism, &c., but to your poor and illiterate congregation some truths are as well omitted."

N.—"Pardon me, my lord, the congregation at St. Clement's is now a very respectable one indeed."

B.—"Well, but I mean the people in the aisles; and how is it, sir, you burn all your sermons? I can't tell what you do preach."

N.—"My lord, I have no sermons to burn. I assure your lordship, that however some persons may have misrepresented some detached sentences of my preaching, that no person dare say that any of my sermons, considered as a whole, can be objectionable in any way whatsoever as to doctrine. Am I to be made an offender for a word?"

B.—"Well, sir, it may be so. . . . But I have now heard you explain yourself, and hope I shall have no occasion to alter my mind towards you. I was rather surprised at Mr. Smyth recommending you for St. Clement's."

N.—"But, my lord, Mr. Smyth will receive £1,000 by my appointment to St. Clement's; he may well recommend me."

B.—"Well, sir, of what college were you?"

N.—"St. John's, Cambridge, my lord."

B.—"Well, sir, I will grant you the licence, and hope matters will go on comfortably."

(To be continued.)

"HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

LORD JESUS, Thou art lovely quite,
Who can with Thee compare?
Of tens of thousands Thou art chief,
And fairest of the fair.

No human tongue can speak Thy worth,
Nor half Thy glories tell;
'Twould all fall short of what Thou art,
Thou blest Immanuel.

The brightness of ten thousand stars,
And angels' shining light,
Must fade away before Thy face,
Thy beauty is so bright.

The glory of Thy presence, Lord,
Brings peace without alloy;
With just one word or look from Thee
There's ecstasy of joy.

There's only one thing, dearest Lord,
Will satisfy me quite—
To see Thy face in Paradise,
And walk with Thee in white.

P. INSKIPP.

OBITUARY OF LUCY JANE ANN BENNETT.

ON March 27th, 1894, aged thirty-three years, Lucy Jane Ann Bennett, of Tonbridge, formerly of Eastbourne, but a member of Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings, fell asleep in Jesus. I am sorry to have nothing in my dear departed sister's own hand-writing, but I trust I may be enabled to write from memory a little that I know of her as a God-fearing, humble Christian. She was very reserved, and although we were very much attached to each other, we seldom conversed much about spiritual things. She was the subject of many fears, and was very anxious lest she should be deceived; but she manifested a special regard for the Lord's dear people and His house, especially for the Church with which she was united as a member. I believe she went forward, at the time she joined the Church, with much fear and trembling. From what I can gather, she was convinced of her state as a sinner before a just and holy God, when she was about seventeen or eighteen years of age. It was one Saturday evening, we had a terrible thunder storm, which, I believe, was the means of bringing her to consider her eternal state, and she felt she should be lost. I well remember that she was so afraid she swooned away. She thought the end was come and she was not prepared to meet God. This was the beginning of her soul trouble. How long she was in this soul trouble I do not know; but one Sunday she went to Hastings, a perfect stranger amongst strangers, and it pleased the Lord to speak through His dear servant, Mr. Hull, to the comfort and consolation of her troubled soul, and that wrought such an attachment to the place and the Lord's people there, that she always longed for the time to come to go among them, which desire she manifested to the last. She had a special regard for Mr. Hull, and often spoke to me of having a desire to live in Hastings, which not coming to pass, was, I believe, a source of grief to her. I feel persuaded my dear sister knew both sides of true religion. If asked to choose a hymn, it generally was—

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

This was quite a favourite hymn of hers. In the order of Providence she was married in January, 1893, and removed to Tonbridge. This caused her many sighs and groans at the throne of grace, that the Lord would make a way for her that she might be removed to the place she so much loved; but the Lord never saw fit to grant her her request in that particular matter, but He

saw fit to take her from the Church militant, to join the Church triumphant above, there for ever to praise the dear Lord, whom she so much desired to love and serve here below.

I received a letter from her after she was married, saying, she went to Southboro' one Friday evening, to hear Mr. Smith, of Tunbridge Wells. His text was Hebrews iv. 11, 12. She said, "I do hope that, if I am not deceived, I did feel it good to be there. I have no great things to speak of, yet I did hope that I really did know some of the things Mr. Smith spoke of, so that I felt raised to a hope that I was one of those that there remaineth a rest for." Little did she think she would so soon enter into that rest, which I believe she has, without a doubt.

After she had been married fourteen months she gave birth to a dear child, which resulted in her death on the ninth day afterwards. The mother was taken and the child spared.

Now I come to her last days. We were sent for in haste, and when we arrived we did not think her end was so near, thus it was a terrible blow to us. She said to me, "We are a mass of corruption and pollution; we are all on a level by nature, but some of us have been called out, and what a mercy that is." She said, "I have something to tell you now; I could not open my mind to you before. As I lay on my bed the other night, I was in such distress; I was afraid I should die and go to hell; I was obliged to beg for mercy aloud." But the Lord graciously appeared for her and blessed her. I now come to the last day. She was very dark in her mind and full of fears, so that it was painful at times to witness her distress. The enemy of souls was permitted to harass her severely, and she had such a combat with him that she became quite exhausted; but the Lord gave her conquering faith, and about eight o'clock in the evening, just before she died, I saw such a blessed change come over her—her countenance shone, and she called me to come close to her. She said, "I have something to tell you now, this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." She said, "I believe I shall be spared to my dear little daughter, for the Lord has told me I shall live and not die."

I could perceive she was going fast. I said to her, "No, Lucy, I believe the Lord is preparing you for glory." She said, "Do you think so?" I replied, "Yes." She did not shrink at death, but the enemy was again permitted to harass her severely. After this she said, "The just shall live by faith, but I am afraid I do not live by faith." I said, "But you do love the dear people of God, and that is an evidence that you are one of them." She broke out praying, and oh, what sincerity there was in it! it seemed as though every word came from her heart.

She prayed for every one, and in such a manner that the sick room was a sacred place. Then she said—

“All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.”

I replied, “You do feel Christ precious, don't you?” She said, “I do: precious Lord Jesus Christ!” Then she broke out praising and blessing the Lord with all her heart, and she called for all that had breath to praise Him, who is worthy to be praised. It was a blessed favour to be with her there. I cannot remember half what she said; but once she said, “Nothing but the precious blood of Jesus can wash away my sins.” “Victory!” She became unconscious after this, but she kept repeating, “Precious Lord Jesus Christ.” At last she held her hand up with such firmness and looked as though she saw something beautiful, and was grasping for it; her countenance shone, and her last words were, “Never leave me, Lord, land me.” And thus she passed away from a world of sin and sorrow, to be for ever with the Lord, to praise Him for ever and ever.

I have lost a dear affectionate sister, one to whom I felt a union of spirit. Oh, may my last end be like hers.

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

Just before my dear sister died, these words dropped with some sweetness upon my mind, “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” Our loss is her eternal gain. What an unspeakable mercy to have a religion that will do to live with, and, above all things, do to die with. I do believe my dear sister's religion shone brightest during the last few hours of her life. How very different it is with the mere professor; his so-called religion leaves him when he comes on a dying-bed, and he passes out of this world to a never-ending eternity of darkness; but with the dear saints of God they enter into eternal rest, there to behold a precious Christ whom they so much desire to love and fear upon earth, but are often afraid they do not love or fear Him aright.

I bring this short account to a close, hoping it may be made a blessing to some poor tempted and tried child of God.

SARAH GURR.

I KNOW Christ and I shall never be even; I shall die in His debt.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—We are very glad of your "Supply" articles. I dare not pen what I think of the miseries connected with the abuse of the system. Could you suggest that deacons of a vacant Church should call the members together at frequent intervals, to inquire if any one of the supplies seems eligible for a pastor? * And please quote this text, "Set them to judge who are least esteemed in the Church." C.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading in the SOWER about the Supply System. We quite agree with your remarks thereon on the cover (January SOWER). The right use of anything and the abuse of it are widely different. I have long seen this and other things in the Churches, and lamented them. Among the trees of righteousness are to be found deadly creepers, which cling and twine and choke bud, blossom, and fruit. And this has gone on too long to admit of any effectual remedy but this—"His fan is in His hand; He will thoroughly purge His floor." How many are there who boldly and unflinchingly declare the whole counsel of God? Very few. How many there are to whom it might well be said, "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition." Well may you bear witness against fatalism. When I fell into that snare, my feet were almost gone. Indeed, how many even of God's children are tainted with it. When God's vineyard brings forth so many wild grapes, He will deal with it Himself. Then, indeed, there is overturning work. David said, "I give myself unto prayer"; and I have proved that—

"Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates."

Yours in love,

January 8th, 1895.

J.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is necessary that the *facts* of the case in relation to the Supply System at present carried on should be clearly stated. Let all hearers note the following:—

1. In many places supplies are engaged chiefly on the ground of convenience in getting backwards and forwards on the Sabbath by train. Hence the railway travelling rightly com-

* An excellent suggestion; we hope deacons and Churches will act upon it.—Ed.

plained of by "J. W. R." It is done to a lamentable extent in some parts of the country. For this purpose, also, services are held morning and afternoon only, in many instances, where it is very detrimental to the welfare of the cause to have no evening preaching on the Lord's Day.* Is *this* right?

2. Supplies occupied all the week in labour or business, and away from home every Sunday, hardly ever can have time for desirable intercourse with their families, who are sometimes neglected to a sad degree. Is *this* right?

3. Much mischief arises throughout the Churches by supplies interfering in Church matters. It is astonishing how unwise some deacons are in allowing the affairs of their Church to be controlled by visiting ministers. Is *this* right?

4. It would throw much painful light on the present subject if deacons were to testify of those supplies whose letters would show are in the habit of *inviting themselves*. Is *this* right?

5. Frequently where supplies are obtained because they "come cheap," objectors are told they must not look at men, that God can bless by one as well as by another, &c. Is *this* right?

6. Supplying encourages the most lamentable ambition in too many to live entirely by their preaching. Is *this* right.

I would say to the readers of the SOWER, let these several and diversified facts be deeply pondered by you as in the sight of God.

Yours faithfully,

VIGILANS.

The above extracts will show the widely prevailing feeling on the subject of the abuse of the Supply System among our Churches. We have many such letters, which are too lengthy for the small space we can devote to this very important subject; and while some have so misunderstood the articles on the subject, that we wonder how they have read them, or if they have read them at all, as reasonable persons, we must acknowledge that the truth as to facts mentioned respecting the evils existing, is almost unanimously conceded by those who have written, or spoken to us, on the subject. We now subjoin the testimony of one whose praise is in all our Churches, and if things were bad when he wrote of them what would he think now?

At the close of an article by the late Mr. A. B. Taylor, on "Lay hands suddenly on no man," Mr. Philpot very wisely wrote:—

"We fully concur in the views and feelings expressed above by our friend, A. B. T., especially in his remarks about Churches

* Sad fact! There is certainly a heavy responsibility rests upon those who follow this practice, with respect to its influence upon the rising race. Where do they go?

sanctioning the preaching of members who profess to be called to the work of the ministry. Most desirable indeed it is, as the old labourers who have borne the heat and burden of the day are called home to their eternal rest, that there should be fresh labourers raised up and sent into the harvest; but the furnishing and equipping of these labourers must be by the Lord of the harvest; and of these there is, for the most part, little doubt or question, for their credentials are generally pretty plain and clear. But we believe that pride in some cases, and delusion in others, has more to do with these professed calls than is generally supposed. The 'preaching fever,' as our departed friend, J. M. K., used to call it, is a prevailing epidemic in some Churches, and is easily caught by members who have some little gift in prayer in the people's estimation, and a great one in their own. But where this epidemic prevails, farewell to peace; for of all discontented members, the man who is determined to preach is the worst. He is about the worst of hearers, for there is only one man whom he cares to hear—himself; and if there be any doubt in the Church of his call to the work, he will do all he can to make a party to back him up. If he be a good man, and God has not called him to the work, he cannot feed the Church of God; and thus he will always be a trial to the people, and they a trial to him. Disappointment and mortification will attend all his steps. He will perhaps neglect his business, or throw it up, believing that God will support him from the altar, and thus only plunge himself and his family into debt and distress and tie a yoke round his shoulders he will never get off. Honoured and useful, simple and humble, as a private Christian, he soon gets puffed up with parsonic pride, and is spoiled for life. He has no evidence of usefulness, or of the blessing of God accompanying the word. This sometimes grieves and sometimes mortifies him. He cannot give up and he can hardly go on; his own soul is as lean as he makes the souls of his hearers; the little water that once was in the well appears now dried up, and his ministry is as dry and formal, cold and barren, as the rocks of Sinai.

"But if all this be the miserable case of a gracious man who runs without being sent, what shall we say of a graceless man? Why, the less the better.

"The prevailing system, if the *Standard* wrapper be an evidence, we fear, a growing one, of carrying on the work of God by supplies, both feeds and is fed by this preaching fever. To be a pastor of a Church requires a measure of gifts and grace, knowledge and experience, wisdom and judgment, which does not seem required in a supply, who, like a wayfaring man, carries only for a night. Half a dozen texts and sermons will go a good way, and will serve at least for six-and-thirty times; so the

system well suits the supply. And as it throws nearly all the power into the hands of the deacons, and most men naturally love power, it suits them. When the Church has sunk into a low, dead state—and we believe much of the present state of the Churches is owing to the supply system—it suits the careless and disorderly members, for there is no one to look them up; and the better ones put up with much that they really disapprove of, with, ‘It is only for one Lord’s Day, and he is only a supply, so there is no need of my saying anything about it, and causing a disturbance.’ Thus, in this gradual way, matters get worse and worse, till the Churches sink into carnality and death.

“There are, of course, cases in which it is almost indispensable to carry on the cause by supplies, the Church being too poor to maintain a pastor, or waiting on the Lord in prayer or supplication to send them one.

“If we know our own heart, we would not breathe a single word against any good man, however small his gift or limited his sphere, who has any real evidence of being called to the work of the ministry. The Lord will send whom He will send, and will bless whom He will bless; and a simple-hearted, humble, God-fearing man may be useful to a scattered handful and to a destitute few, who is utterly unfit for a larger field.

“Our remarks, therefore, are not meant to be personal, nor are they aimed against godly men who are helps in the Churches, though from various causes unqualified for pastors, but at aspiring, ambitious pretenders to the ministry, who seek the priest’s office for a morsel of bread, or to feed their pride. Nor, in our remarks against the system of supplies, do we aim our shafts against Churches which would gladly have a pastor, but cannot obtain one, but against the system as deliberately preferred for carnal reasons, and carried out for carnal ends in a worldly spirit, in opposition to the scriptural mode.”

[We heartily endorse these very pertinent remarks from such an able authority, and we feel our hands are strengthened, and our conscience confirmed, as to the right of the course we have taken in bringing this subject before our readers. May Churches, deacons, and supplies take to heart the counsel thus given, is our prayer.—ED.]

The following note was given on the cover of January SOWER, and we now insert it here, in order that it may be a standing evidence, by which any of our readers who have been misled by false representations, may judge of the truth of the case by what we have written or inserted in the SOWER, instead of by what opponents say. We do not expect to please all; but we rejoice

to know that the Lord's people generally, and many of the supplies, approve the course we have taken, and, most of all, that we have the answer of a good conscience toward God. We hope that Churches and deacons will weigh the subject as in His sight :—

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.—Since the material for January SOWER was set in type, we have received two letters on the Supply System, which, while breathing a very amiable and Christian spirit, contain some mistakes which we believe the writers will acknowledge when we point them out. They are as foreign to our thoughts and feelings as they are to those of the writers, who, we feel sure, have no desire to misconstrue the words, or misrepresent the meaning of either editor or correspondents. Therefore we will try and explain that, First.—It is the *evils* of the Supply System we deal with. Not a word has been said against gracious men supplying needy Churches ; but the necessity there is for such is admitted. In proof of this, see page 256, eleventh line from top, November SOWER ; last line, &c., page 276, December SOWER, with foot note marked *. Also reply to A. E. R., page 3 of cover. Second.—The same portions clearly prove that it is *not* the *whole* body of supplies we complain of, but only those the Churches would be better without. Third.—We have *not* said the Supply System is one of carnal policy ; but that it is to be feared some who have substituted carnal policy in place of the gracious rule of the Holy Spirit, have encouraged, among some supplies, the evils complained of, for the sake of advantage ; see page 256, fifth and five following lines from the top, November SOWER. Fourth.—It is only the *unnecessary* multiplication of small causes, through jealousies, strifes, and divisions, which is complained of ; see page 257, fifteenth line from the bottom, and foot-note, November SOWER. We know too many worthy little causes, and gracious souls connected therewith, which we would rather help than say a word of them slightly, and we believe our friends T. S. and S. F. M. will credit us with having a desire to speak the truth (and nothing but the truth) in love ; and that to the glory of our Covenant Lord, and for the good of His beloved Zion, whose welfare we seek.—ED.

A MAN may have the blossoms of profession in his bosom, without having the root of the matter in his heart.

ALL our stability, and the strength of our salvation, is anchored and fastened upon free grace ; and I am sure Christ hath by His blood and death, casten^d the knot so {fast, that all the fingers of the devil hill-fulls of sin cannot loose it.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—For days past I have wanted to write you a few lines, and have felt very guilty in keeping back what the Lord has lately done for me, though knowing it would encourage you. You will recollect speaking from Psalm cvii., of those who were bound in affliction and iron; I came to chapel that evening feeling truly to be in that case, knowing full well I had grieved the dear Lord by my base backslidings and heart departures from Him. I was truly sensible of this, and felt if I only got a reproof that evening, it was more than I could hope for, for I felt my heart too hard for anything to penetrate it; and while on my way, under a sense of feeling His frown, I felt I could not live in this wretched world without Him, and to die in such a state was terrible to think of.

“ Oh, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That could from Jesus thus depart;
And after trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.”

The solemn reproof you were enabled to administer broke my rocky heart, and I felt the hymn was given out on purpose for me, for I could indeed use the words—

“ Lord, bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to Thy footstool let me come.”

Oh, what a sorrowful walk home I had! never shall I forget it, trying to get near the Lord, while those words were ringing in my ears, “Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?” Oh, sir, I cannot tell you how I felt; I never expected a smile from Him again; but He brought my wretched heart down by showing me again, so plainly, the way He had led me, and the great things He had done for me—and then to think I should so wander from Him; but it was not until Friday I could get any sense of reconciliation, and when I did, it completely broke my proud spirit down to be met with such forgiving love.

I came to His table on Sunday evening, feeling just like a straying sheep brought back to the fold, and I seemed to hear His sweet voice saying, “Welcome, thou poor wandering one.” He has so greatly blessed me during the past week, that at times I have felt I must go among His dear people, and tell to all around what a dear forgiving Saviour I had found. Neglecting His Word and prayer was the cause of all this distress. Truly, it brings barrenness and death into the soul. Where I should have drifted to I know not, had not the Lord interposed, for I

felt gone too far for recovery in my feelings, and your solemn reproofs that evening were made the means of bringing me out of that sad state. I feel you will be glad to know this, though Satan has tried hard to make me withhold these things from you. I often wonder at myself, writing so freely, but feel compelled to tell of the Lord's dealings from time to time. I feel quite sure no other but He could know how to manage a heart like mine. I feel this is the way I am to learn Him. I do dread getting into a dried-up state, as you so often speak of; but I also feel sure I am asking for trials when desiring to be preserved from it, for when things go smoothly I soon get very carnal and earthbound. May the Lord still help you to speak faithfully. He does make you often as His mouth to me, and I find when He bestows a spirit of prayer for His dear servants, it is then I generally get a blessing.

I remain, your affectionate young friend,

A. H.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(1 CORINTHIANS xi. 24, 25.)

PREPARE thyself, O my soul, for the important ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Trim up thy lamp, and go to God for new supplies of grace. Get anointed from above with fresh and refreshing oil. Old grace will not serve thee for new duties. Search thy heart and life, review thy sins and graces, look to thy principles and motives in these approaches to God. Above all, awake my faith towards a crucified Saviour. Consider who He is that suffered, and for whom; it was the innocent for the guilty, the just for the unjust, the mighty God for the weak man. O my soul, bring all thy sins, and lay them on this scapegoat; bring all thy wounds to this Physician; bring all thy doubts to this Counsellor. What dost thou want or desire that is not to be had in abundance here? The streams are sweet, but what is the spring? The means are good, but what is the end?—*Oliver Heywood, 1668.*

OF sinners I am the chief, of saints I am the least. I know I am nothing; but by the grace of God I am what I am.

LEGALITY, or the hope of justification by works, whether in whole or in part, is far, very far from promoting the interest of holiness, and from erecting a barrier against licentiousness; it rather acts as a remora on the keel, and as a contrary wind in the sails.

A POETICAL LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

GOD'S CUSTOM.

OH, not to be a sinner; oh, to be satisfied
 That though I be a sinner, I need not turn aside
 To everlasting anguish, for all the saints, I see,
 Are sinners, only sinners, and sinners much like me.

But oh to be a sinner with sense of sin forgiven,
 To have these clouds of terror and helpless misery riven!
 To hide, with blessed tremor of restfulness, beneath
 The God-appointed refuge of a Redeemer's death!

Answer me, ye who know Him, and tell me if I may,
 For, oh, He may be coming, and I so far away!
 I see ten thousand glories in His sweet words of grace,
 And shudder lest I never should see Him face to face.

Oh, broken-hearted mourner, I cannot give you rest,
 But in the heart of Jesus is balm for souls distressed
 Whene'er His Spirit leadeth the soul His aid to crave,
 It is His blessed *custom* to look, and love, and save.

He waiteth to be gracious, wait thou, O weary soul,
 And on His word of promise let thy life's burden roll;
 Tell Him thou needest mercy, tell Him His love is sweet,
 And ask Him for His name's sake to bind thy bleeding feet.

And He—as 'tis His custom—in His own time shall be
 A Succourer, a Solace, a Saviour unto thee;
 Shall we not raise our voices, and shout with all our powers,
 "Where is a Friend like Jesus? where is a God like ours?"

To-morrow—aye, to-morrow—at most a little while,
 And Christ shall bear the glory of all His bitter toil;
 The "many mansions" crowded with wrecks like you and I,
 And God for ever blessing, as in the days gone by.

Galleywood, Chelmsford.

M. A. CHAPLIN.

OIL IN THE LAMP.

(LEVITICUS xxiv. 2.)

WHEREFORE, O thou professor! thou lamp carrier! have a care
 and look to thyself; content not thyself with that only that will
 maintain thee in a profession, for that may be done without
 saving grace. But I advise thee to go to Aaron, to Christ, the
 trimmer of our lamps, and beg thy vessel full of oil of Him—
 that is, grace—for the seasoning of thy heart, that thou mayest
 have wherewith not only to bear thee up now, but at the day of
 the Bridegroom's coming, when many a lamp will go out, and
 many a professor be left in the dark; for that will to such be a
 woful day.—*John Bunyan, 1667.*

The Sower, March, 1898.



THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL

Pastor of Providence Chapel, Croydon.

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

THE late beloved Francis Covell still lives in the affections of thousands of the Lord's family to whom his ministry was made a blessing. Although his work was chiefly confined to Croydon, yet the influence of his ministry extended far beyond his native town, in which he preached for over thirty-five years. His printed sermons, which were published monthly, have long been out of print, and any stray copies that can still be obtained are always eagerly welcomed by lovers of experimental truth, both for public and private reading. But to read Mr. Covell's sermons gives only a faint impression of what it was to hear them delivered; the whole man seemed to speak, and none who heard him could fail to realize his tremendous earnestness in seeking the welfare of his hearers' souls. In the course of his discourse he would introduce some pithy sentence, full of gracious originality, which words, clinging like burrs, would often stick to the hearer's memory through life. Then with what a burst of natural eloquence would he describe the history of some Bible saint, interspersed with many choice lessons drawn from their lives, delivered in such a forcible manner that some have felt in hearing him that such passages could scarcely be surpassed in eloquence by those who are counted orators by the world; and we have thought with astonishment, Can this be the man who, when called to preach, stammered and stuttered? truly we may say, "What hath God wrought!" But the power of the Holy Spirit that rested upon the preacher was the secret of his usefulness. Most forcible, too, was the way in which he traced out the exercises of the Lord's people, so as to bring them into a corner, with a, "Thou art the man!" and then he would say, "Dost thou not feel this, poor sinner? thou knowest thou dost"; and then how appropriately hymns and scriptures would be quoted for their encouragement, so that they were compelled to hope against hope.

If Mr. Covell was great as a preacher, he was equally great in prayer. Who ever had such pleading with heaven! It was indeed like Elijah on Carmel, pulling down the blessing, and like Jacob wrestling with the Angel, "I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me." But he was also a true pastor. How many are the loving, generous actions that he did! Many who received them have passed away, but there are still those living who gratefully call to mind their pastor's words of warning, counsel, and comfort, and the generous gifts that always supplemented his words. How his people must miss such a pastor, pleader, and preacher, and find it difficult to choose one to follow him! They

will not find another Francis Covell, for God does not make duplicates. But though God does not send a Moses or Elijah, may He not a Joshua, or an Elisha—different men, but each suitable for the day and the work that the Lord has for them to do?

On the evening of the day Mr. Covell was buried, a well-known minister lectured at a Baptist College to the young men, students training for the ministry, and took Mr. Covell, in his life and ministry, as the model from which to draw lessons for their instruction. No better example could be placed before them, but no human system can ever train such men as Francis Covell for the ministry; what he was, he was by the grace of God. Might it please the great Head of the Church to fill our pulpits with such faithful men, endowed with similar gifts and grace, as the subject of this memoir.

There are some good men, long gone to their rest, that we have often wished that we could have heard them preach, such as Whitfield, Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, Sen., and others; but we always feel thankful that there are some that we have heard, and with pleasure and profit sat at their feet, and amongst the foremost of this number is Francis Covell; and truly heartfelt was our sorrow on hearing of his death, to feel that we should never again hear the Gospel from his lips, as he sought to gather out the stumbling block and cast up the way for the people: and if a felt loss to us, only an occasional hearer, how much greater to those who for years had had the bread of life broken unto them continually by this faithful minister of God.

The brief memoir of Mr. Covell published after his death has been long out of print, and we feel sure that a brief record of this eminent servant of the Lord will be interesting to our readers, and we thank Mr. W. G. Covell for so kindly giving us permission to reprint any of the particulars concerning his late beloved father, but these particulars are only brief. Mr. Covell destroyed, some time before his death, an account of himself that he had previously written; doubtless he felt that few men could write an honest account of themselves. He would say, "While they might be willing to expose many blemishes, yet in most men's lives there were black spots they do not wish to appear in print, and which it would not be prudent to publish"; these feelings might have influenced him, as he was tender in the fear of God, although few who knew him believed there were any such blemishes in his life. Neither would Mr. Covell in any way seek the applause of men; his only anxiety was to "Show himself approved unto God." He would often say, at the close of his discourse, "We have done our best, we would have done better if we could."

Francis Covell was born December 8th, 1808, at Croydon in Surrey, in which parish his ancestors had lived for upwards of two hundred years. His father carried on the business of tinman and brazier in the High Street. Francis, rather singular to relate, was sent to a school the playground of which formed part of the ground upon which Providence Chapel (the scene of his ministerial labours) was afterwards erected:

Mr. Covell, in an address, thus refers to this period of his life:—

“When I consider His great goodness towards me in the helpless days of my infancy, in giving a kind and tender mother to nurse me, to succour and take care of me, and a kind and good father to provide for me, and support me when unable to take care of myself; I might have been thrown out a helpless babe, without friends, neglected, despised, unknown, and uncared for;—when I think of His good hand towards me during my boyish days, correcting me for many evils, checking me in my conscience, and thus keeping me from lying and swearing and many other things that I might have done, but for His restraining power in smiting my conscience; He also brought me through various sicknesses until I arrived at youth and manhood;—oh, the forbearance and long-suffering of God! how He followed me, guarding me by day and preserving me by night, as I lay unmindful of that Eye that was upon me, that Heart that was toward me.

His father was a very hospitable man, and fond of company, which, as Francis grew up, he much enjoyed, and became an eager follower of so-called innocent amusements. He was especially fond of dancing, and in this he became so proficient that others were glad to receive instruction from him, which he willingly gave them, not for remuneration, but from that kindness of disposition which was through life such a marked feature of his character.

When a boy at school, he was the subject of convictions for sin, and when conscience accused he would seek some secret place to pray, and would vow never to do the like again, but only soon to become once more entangled. But his convictions becoming stronger, he became very strict in his attendance at the parish church, watched over his words, gave money to the poor, and set about a general reformation; but in these he found no salvation, and he used to say, “That he was glad to part with a better righteousness than many hoped to be saved by.” His anxiety of mind at this time was so great that he would stand during the sermon, that he might hear better, and he at length believed that his religion was so pleasing to God, that if only two persons in Croydon went to heaven he should be one of them

It was his custom at set times to retire to his bedroom to say a set number of prayers. Accordingly one Sunday he retired as usual, and began to read his prayers. He had not read far before the Spirit of God opened his heart, and he was filled with horror at the evil he felt within. Terrors seized upon his mind, so that he feared the boards would crack asunder and let him drop straight into hell. As all his secret sins passed in review before him, he cried and groaned for mercy. He now used to wander in the fields and lonely places, praying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and shedding thousands of tears of sorrow. He had none to teach him and take him by the hand, but the Lord was leading him in a way that he knew not, and bestowed upon him many tokens that encouraged him still to seek after Him.

About this time, in order to improve himself in the knowledge of his father's business, he went into a large manufactory in London. One day, feeling himself a lost and ruined sinner, he fell down at the foot of his bed in the apartments where he lived, feeling if God did not have mercy upon him he was lost for ever. But the time of love was come, and the Lord made such a discovery of the Lord Jesus to his soul that he was filled with joy and peace in believing; and in this sweet enjoyment he walked for some months.

The Lord having now delivered his soul, he found the preaching at the parish church did not suit him. This brought him into great trouble, for his father thought it unpardonable that he should think that he knew better than the parson, and as all the family were Church people, he would not allow him to continue to come to his home as formerly, unless he would conform to family custom. This was a bitter trial, for he loved his parents dearly, but, like Moses of old, "He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

But if Mr. Covell found it impossible to get on at the Church, he also found it difficult to find anyone to understand his feelings amongst Nonconformists. He went one Sunday morning to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting at the Congregational Church, Croydon, and told some of the people there, that God had pardoned his sins and saved his soul; but they told him that he was an Antinomian. What that meant he could not tell, any more than he could understand Arabic; but nothing could strip him of the hope of salvation God had given him.

At this time he often had to be satisfied with a very scanty meal, his dinner frequently being made from a few dried sprats and bread; but such was his enjoyment of the Lord's presence, that he would walk about the City of London, and feel his

portion was infinitely better than all the possessions of merchant princes.

But this season of estrangement, through his father's displeasure, was brought to a close in an unexpected manner, for his father's health began to fail, and his affection again ran towards his son, and he therefore sent for him to come home to assist in the business. His father was shortly afterwards removed by death, and by his will left the house and business to his son Francis, who a few months afterwards married his cousin, Elizabeth Turner, who proved a true help meet to him for nearly forty years, and during the whole of that period she never slept away from home a single night.

Mr. Covell had five children, two of whom died in infancy, and two still survive. The eldest son, who was afflicted from the age of two years, was a source of great trial and anxiety, and it was Mr. Covell's prayer for years, that, if it was the Lord's will, he might see the end of his afflicted son, and God graciously answered his petitions, by taking the son to Himself a few weeks before his father.

Mr. Covell never heard a clear Gospel sermon until after his marriage. He was one day talking to a friend of his wife's about the way the Lord had led him, when this friend observed, "There is a man comes to preach in London sometimes that I think would suit you; when he comes next, I will let you know." He did so. It was at Gower Street Chapel, and the minister was the late William Gadsby: his text on that occasion was, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). When Mr. Gadsby came to describe what sinners are called from and what they are called to, Mr. Covell found great difficulty in restraining himself from calling out in the chapel, "I am called! I am called!" After this he sought opportunities of hearing such ministers as Gadsby, Warburton, Cowper, &c., as often as he could, and tried hard to get the people with whom he worshipped at Croydon to have such men to preach, but in vain. He therefore left the chapel, and met with his wife in their own house for reading and prayer, and in the course of four or five years they were joined by ten or twelve others.

Mr. Covell had long been exercised in his mind respecting the ministry, feeling such a desire to tell of that Jesus who had saved him from the burning pit, and such was his anxiety that, for seven or eight years, his mind was full of tossings up and down respecting this great work, both night and day, but the great obstacle in his way was an impediment in his speech, causing him to stammer and stutter. Oh, how he cried to the Lord with tears to loose his tongue! At length the Lord operated

so powerfully on his heart that he felt, unless he did say something of the Lord's mercy and goodness, he should be cut down as useless. Therefore, with fear and trembling, he determined to make the attempt, feeling a secret persuasion the Lord would remove the impediment in his speech. On July 18, 1844, when the few friends who met at his house had concluded their meeting for prayer, he felt he could not let them part without repeating the text which had been impressed upon his mind (Titus iii. 3-6, "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient," &c. Upon these words he began to make some remarks, and immediately his tongue was loosed; lo, the impediment was gone, and he spoke to the friends for fully an hour, and from that time he never failed or faltered in his speech. The next Sabbath evening, when the friends met for reading and prayer, one of them said, "You have not finished your subject of last Sabbath," so he preached again from the same words, and continued it also on the following Sabbath.

(To be continued.)

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

THOUGH disappointment blight my fondest hopes,
 And rob me of the friend in whom I trust,
 Yet, precious Jesus, still Thou lovest me,
 And wilt not cast this troubled heart from Thee.

O earthly joy, no more this heart divide,
 But keep me Thine, O God, whate'er betide;
 In sickness, health, in poverty or woe,
 O blessed Spirit, do not let me go!

Why art thou, foolish heart, so prone to trust
 In faithless man, frail offspring of the dust?
 They may forsake and leave thee mournfully,
 But, saith the Lord, "I will remember thee."

Oh, 'tis a mercy Thou canst read the heart,
 And, when afflicted, kindly bear a part;
 For Thou our nature took—that human frame,
 For which, dear Jesus, we would bless Thy name.

Oh, fix this wandering heart on Thee alone,
 Who didst for all my grievous sins atone;
 No love like Thine (though pure soe'er it be),
 Unchangeable it flows—a boundless sea.

Thou know'st my spirit longs for Thine embrace,
 In righteousness to dwell before Thy face:
 Oh, let me soon Thy spotless glory see,
 For earth affords no resting place for me.

E. E. T.

THE LATE WILLIAM NUNN, M.A.,
OF ST. CLEMENT'S, MANCHESTER.

(Continued from page 37.)

MR. NUNN waited upon the Registrar for the licence, and returned to Manchester the following day. Mr. Smyth received his £1,000, and in March, 1818, the whole property was assigned over to the trustees. A meeting was held, the nomination was freely given to Mr. Nunn, and the church was thronged every Sabbath Day. But he did not continue long without experiencing the ill effects of the envy and jealousy of some of the local clergy, and his mind was frequently agitated respecting his continuance at Manchester. It was evident he had some of the Bishop's spies about him, and further unpleasant correspondence took place between him and his lordship. Eventually, however, St. Clement's was duly consecrated. In June, 1819, Mr. Nunn married Miss Vaughan, to whom he was first introduced when at Newland. Having taken a new house, he opened his parlour every Friday evening for a prayer-meeting. In addition to his duties at church on the Sabbath and Wednesday evenings, there was a Sunday School of about two thousand children connected with St. Clement's. The trustees of the school having commenced building a new one, at a cost of £2,000, requested Mr. Nunn to become secretary to their building fund. This found him much occupation in keeping the accounts, besides visiting the school every Sabbath. The school, however, was conducted by persons of Arminian principles; and, unknown to himself, from the commencement of his coming among them, there was a hidden dislike to him, because of the doctrines he was accustomed to preach, concerning the peculiar, electing love of God to the chosen in Christ. Thus matters went on for some years; his visits to the school became less and less acceptable; at last a plot was laid. A special general meeting of the committee and subscribers was called, at which the following resolution was carried by a large majority: "That the Bennett Street Sunday School be separated from St. Clement's Church forthwith, on account of certain differences existing between the Rev. William Nunn and the active trustees of the said school, and that it be attached to some other church." Mr. Nunn was present, but seeing it would be in vain to oppose the tide of opinion rolling against him, he merely alluded to the groundless dissatisfaction existing against his own movements. To be deprived at once of a Sunday School of 2,000 children, and that through the overbearing hatred of man against the Word of God, was no small trial to Mr. Nunn and some of the teachers, who had, through the blessing of God, received the knowledge of truth under his labours. "Specially

grievous it was," says Mr. Nunn, "in that by a diligent endeavour on my part during the seven years I had been in the school, I had materially assisted in raising £1,800 towards its erection. But they were now nearly out of debt; and so, needing the pilot no longer, they threw him overboard."

No time however was lost. Mr. Nunn and his friends commenced raising subscriptions for the building of another school immediately. While the building was erecting, a room was hired for the new school; about one hundred scholars, and several teachers who were attached to his ministry, followed him from Bennett Street School. Concerning this trial he wrote: "This event occurred in July, 1824, a few weeks previous to the birth of our third child, Joshua. Happy in domestic enjoyment, our Church members increasing, and our new school prospering, the grief I endured by the recent conduct of my opposers gradually subsided. The new school being very much nearer to our residence, and the Lord blessing my labours in it, I had eventually great cause for thankfulness. The event tended to humble me; I began to ascertain more clearly who were and who were not advocates for the truth. It also gave me a clearer insight into the hollow profession of men, who, while professing to believe the whole counsel of God, were nevertheless in heart opposed to the revelation of eternal truth."

Mr. Nunn's biographer also thus wrote: "While Mr. Nunn was gifted by his God with a commanding natural eloquence, and attractive manner in the pulpit; while his deep insight into the glorious mysteries of the Gospel, his full, bold, energetic, and perspicuous declaration of them fitted him, as the ambassador of Christ, for preaching His Gospel to a large and experienced congregation; he was no less fitted by his heavenly Master for gaining the attention, winning the affections, and conveying scriptural instruction to the minds of the children of a Sunday School." Many whose faces God turned Zionward have borne similar testimony. One of these says, "He frequently exhorted the children to punctuality in their attendance upon the means of grace, either at the school or church." But on such occasions of addressing himself to the children, no Arminian exhortations ever escaped his lips; he would commence such an exhortation by calling out, "Boys, I want you to answer me a question; it is this: Suppose two boys were sitting on one side of a great river, and were desirous of crossing over to the other, when there was no bridge. One says to the other, 'I shall get up and go on by the river side, for I might as well be walking on as sitting still here; perhaps I may come to a bridge.' 'I shall stay where I am,' says the other; 'for if we are to go over we shall.' Which do you think was the wiser of these two boys?" "The

boy that walked on," replied the scholars. "Well then," said Mr. Nunn, "do you follow the example of the boy that walked on. Persevere to go to the house of God, and it may be that you may find the bridge that God has made for all the ransomed of the Lord to pass over. Never pay heed to the persons who tell you that if you are elected you are sure to go to heaven, whether you attend church or not. You must not be like the lazy boy who sat still by the river side, but like the one that walked on."

While at Cambridge, Mr. Nunn had occasional journeys to and through London; his greatest pleasure was to go and hear sermons wherever he could. Once he heard Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, from Jude, 21. Mr. Nunn says, "That sermon was particularly blest to me, it was accompanied with such a sweet unction of the Spirit from on high, that the impression wrought upon my heart remained for a long time." Shortly after, Mr. Nunn opened up a correspondence with the doctor, and invited him to Manchester. To which the doctor replied, "However much it would gratify me to see you at Manchester, I do not think this will ever take place; the distance is so great, and my age so advanced, it would not be thought advisable, perhaps, to be so far away from home, for Charles Church hath many endearments to me." Mr. Nunn, however, in June, 1825, went to see the doctor at Plymouth. "Never before or since had I," says Mr. Nunn, "such an exchange of mutual fellowship and communion with any one of the Lord's family."

For twenty-three years Mr. Nunn laboured with zeal and fidelity in the Sunday School, church, and congregation of St. Clement's, Manchester. In his memoirs, more than one hundred octavo pages are devoted to a most interesting account of his labours in that place, as well as to a review of his spiritual and experimental correspondence with his numerous friends. The above account concludes with several gracious testimonies to the special blessing which attended his labours. To the Sunday School he was ever particularly attached; and as a parent he was exceedingly fond of his nine children. It was therefore in a most sensitive spot that the Lord touched him, when He took away from him, without any previous notice or warning, his eldest son, at the time a most promising youth, in the full vigour of perfect health, and just growing up into manhood. This melancholy event occurred in the summer of 1838. St. Clement's church being closed for a few Sundays for repairs, Mr. Nunn went with Mrs. Nunn and their children to sojourn by the seaside at Rhyl, near St. Asaph. On the morning of the 17th July, the dear youth, when bathing in the sea, was seized (it is supposed) with cramp and a determination of blood to the head, when he sank to rise no more. In a letter penned three days afterwards

Mr. Nunn writes : " We have not long returned from depositing the remains of our dear William in the quiet and sequestered spot of Rhydland churchyard ; and have consigned them in humble trust that He who has often heard our prayers on the behalf of the heritage and gift of the children lent unto us—for what have we but as a loan ?—has answered them on his behalf. I have no doubt the prayers of our Church have been answered to our own souls. Could I explain to you the height of our fond expectations, often indulged respecting him, and the measure of consolation we have had in the spirit of resignation we have experienced under the afflictive stroke, you could enter into our feelings, even as ourselves. But how true the expression, ' The heart knoweth its own bitterness, ' "

Mr. Nunn's health had been in a declining state for at least three years previous to this sad affliction, under which his outward frame sank very much. So incessant had been his labours day by day, year after year, from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night, and that in a situation inseparable from incessant mental anxiety and constant spiritual warfare, that it was no surprise to see the human frame of a once stout and hale man giving way ere he had attained to the age of fifty. Doubtless, too, his constitution suffered from those long journeys on foot which he took in his early days, and from which, when occasion presented, he never desisted till his health began to decline. That which first excited the fears and anxieties of his loving people was a most distressing asthma, which came upon him annually as the winter months approached, and everything that could be done for his ease and comfort they did. They proposed that he should exchange his residence for one in a more airy situation, to which he replied, " Oh ! the smoke will never kill me ; I have got used to it, and I should not feel happy in a fine house if my people were put to any further charge on that account. No ; I must be conveniently situated for my church and people—especially the poor—so as to be able to attend upon all the means of grace with you." His people also spoke to him of the necessity of his having a curate. His reply was, " Where am I to get a curate in these days that will so preach God's truth as to feed the souls of my people ? "

Mr. Nunn ended his labour in the Sunday School the first Sunday in March, 1840, and on the following Wednesday evening in St. Clement's Church he preached his last sermon, from Hebrews x. 15, and that apparently with much pleasure and spiritual enjoyment. The following morning he was taken violently ill and seized with excruciating pain. It was agreed by his three medical advisers that there was no hope of relieving their patient or of preserving his life under his complaint (an

internal rupture) but by having recourse to an operation. The fortitude bestowed during the trying ordeal was equal to the extreme need. The result was comparative ease; but he sank, however, more and more, under the exhaustion. His sufferings during the few remaining days of his life were so severe and incessant, that little escaped his lips beyond expressions of pain, but not once was he heard to murmur. It being said to him, "There is but a step between you and death," he replied, "Oh, I shall recover yet, but whichever way it turns, I am resigned, either for life or death. From the first my only feeling has been to be ruled; I would have no wish but the will of God in all things. I can trace His hand in all His dealings." Once he was heard to say with peculiar emphasis, "Sweet mercy! sweetest mercy!" It being said, "You mean the mercy of God," he rejoined, "I know of no other mercy." At intervals he also spoke sweetly of the preciousness of Christ, the rich consolations with which he was favoured, and the delightful prospect of the glory that awaited him. When the change came his weeping family surrounded the bed in sorrowing suspense waiting for the parting breath. Not a pang, not a struggle interrupted the departure of his redeemed soul from its way-worn tenement. The bereaved wife repeated a stanza expressive of adoring participation in the happiness of her dying husband. The weeping children exclaimed, "Oh, who can grieve? Look how happy he is!" At a quarter past eleven in the evening of March 9th, after a slight movement and smile, that seemed to say to attendant angels, "I am coming!" the happy spirit was released. Among the concluding remarks in his memoirs are the following: "How great is the goodness of God to His Church, when He raises up such instruments as these from out of the ruins of His fallen people; calls, endows, and sends them forth with His presence, in strength needful to their day—wisdom suited to their calling—His counsel directing, His arm upholding, and His Spirit influencing them; so that by the grace of God they are what they are. How great is the goodness of God in all this! Let us, then, praise God for our dear brother, as a very remarkable instance of the power and effect of divine grace."

Thus a mourning widow and eight children were left to deplore their loss, and the congregation at St. Clement's were bereft of their beloved minister. His remains were followed by sixteen of the local clergy, the congregation and Sunday School at St. Clement's, and an immense concourse of the citizens, to their resting-place in the graveyard of All Saints', Manchester. On the following Sunday evening, Mr. Alfred Hewlett preached a funeral sermon at St. Clement's, from 1 Corinthians xv. 10. Immediately after Mr. Nunn's removal, a marble tablet was placed

in St. Clement's church, commemorative of his energetic and faithful labours in the ministry, which were owned and blessed of God with such extraordinary success. In response to an appeal to the congregation of St. Clement's, and many others, made on behalf of the bereaved family, upwards of £2,700 was raised and invested for their benefit. And in sending forth the memoirs of Mr. Nunn to the Church of God, it was distinctly enjoined of his biographer—the late Robert Pym, Rector of Elmley, near Wakefield—by Mrs. Nunn and the family, that such memoirs should contain a distinct record and acknowledgment of this the great goodness of the Lord.

It is a remarkable fact, that on the first Sunday in March, 1840—the last Sunday on which Mr. Nunn preached at St. Clement's—another Boanerges (Mr. William Parkes) preached his first sermon at Openshaw, two and a-half miles only from Manchester. Mr. Nunn laboured at St. Clement's, Manchester, for twenty-three years; Mr. Parkes at Openshaw for twenty-four. Mr. Nunn was called home at the age of fifty-four; Mr. Parkes when nearly fifty-eight. Mr. Parkes was a well-taught, deeply experimental divine. His "Notes of Sermons," A Treatise upon the Five Cardinal Points of the Doctrines of Sovereign Grace, and several other works, are still read and valued by large numbers of the household of faith. B. H. N.

[To us, the incidents mentioned in February SOWER, connected with Mr. Nunn's curacy at Foleshill, are of deep interest. We were born in that parish, and for many years lived only a short distance from the church. Our beloved mother heard him preach there frequently, and has often told us of the furious opposition of the regular church-going people to the faithful ministry of this good man. They used to call him "The Calvinist Bear," and locked their pews up against the large numbers who resorted to the church to hear him preach. Nevertheless the Lord honoured him in giving many seals to his ministry, some of whom we ourselves were conversant with, who were compelled to leave the church after the ejection of Mr. Nunn, but whose lives were a standing testimony to the good results of his labours. A friend, J. B., writes to say that Newland, where Mr. Nunn once laboured, as named in January SOWER, is nearer forty miles than four from Bristol.—ED.]

IF sin prevents not holy thoughts springing up in the mind, nor spiritual desires in the will, neither a tendency towards what is heavenly in the affections, it hath lost its dominion, notwithstanding its continued subsistence in the soul.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To N. B.

WE have often wished that some professed lovers of truth, and even some preachers, were more careful in speaking of important points of doctrine and experience, to weigh well and compare with the whole Word of God what they utter, so as to be satisfied that their statements do not clash with the plain teaching of the Word and Spirit of God. Some who are afraid lest people should satisfy themselves with a mere assent and consent to the letter of truth, void of the power of the Holy Ghost, condemn all the gentle, sweet, and gracious efforts of faith to hold fast the sure testimonies of God in the promises, as being only of the flesh, and, as you say, call it "rubbish," contending that only when the Word is applied with power can we realize spiritual benefit therefrom. This is a very one-sided and short-reaching view of the subject. For the Word is used in a variety of ways and degrees by the Blessed Spirit, according to the circumstances of the believer and the end to be attained. That He does apply it with power, we know full well; for we have so felt it, and the very expressions used descriptive of it, when thus applied, are ample proof of the same. For instance, it is called a hammer, a fire, a sword, &c. ; but do we not also read of it dropping as the rain, as the small rain, and distilling as the dew? also it is said to be a lamp and a light, and its entrance giveth light. Thus, as there may be the gracious power and operations of the Holy Ghost, without the sound of a rushing mighty wind, the opening of the heart without an earthquake, and the subjecting of an enemy of Christ without the powerful voice being heard from heaven; so the Word may come as the rain, the dew, or the light, and though different in the manifestation, yet be quite as effectual as the hammer, fire, or sword. These may be different in form and degree, but they do not contradict each other. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all" (1 Cor. xii. 6). The moth can spoil a garment by eating it, as effectually as a lion by rending it. The Lord uses His Word as He sees best, and the chief question is as to the effect produced, not as to the manner how. So it is as to resting on the Word, the question is, what is the effect wrought? If that is good, then the manner is right.

Some who talk of very wonderful applications of the Word, do not live as though their hearts and consciences had been made tender thereby; while others, who are but weaklings in faith, and cannot speak of any powerful application of the Word to their hearts, have been so imbued with the spirit and grace of it,

that their very manner and walk testify they are the subjects of Divine teaching. The divine dew has so distilled upon their hearts that they have drunk into the spirit of it, the result being, they so love the Word of the Lord that they reverence it, have respect unto it, and desire to keep it, by walking according to it in a way well pleasing to the Lord. These will receive nothing save what accords with the Word; but what agrees with that they will hold fast, because of the anointing which they have received, by which they try every word, work, and spirit of men. These are desirous of substance rather than of talk and show, and though they often grieve and complain because they feel so small and so far behind others, yet they cleave to the Word and testimonies of the Lord, in hope of realizing the fulfilment of them. Such will at times take up a promise in which they see something suitable and desirable for themselves, and, as hope springs up in their heart, they will lay it before the Lord as a Word on which they desire to lean, and wait the Lord's time for the performing of it. It is receiving the thing which faith sees promised in the Word that hope waits for with longing expectation. In such a case, though there may not have been any special application of the Word, faith sees the thing promised, and embraces it in the declaration God has made, "Counting Him faithful who has promised," and He has said, "they *shall not* be ashamed." Instead of calling such a taking and holding fast of the promises of God, "rubbish," we would say to every such struggling one, "Cast not away your confidence," but continue, "Looking unto Jesus." "Holding fast the faithful Word." Satan would like to drive such from their foothold in the Word, that he might drag them into darkness and fill them with despair; but "the Lord shall help them and deliver them: He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in Him."

The Lord give to His Church more such children, who take fast hold of His Word and cleave to it, whose roots strike downward, for they bear fruit upward. They cannot say so much about what they have received, as about what they see there is to receive, and the need they feel of the fulness which is in Christ Jesus. They are following after, like Paul, with a desire so to know Christ, that they may come to the stature of a man in Him, for, "The work of God's Spirit it is," and far excels the big words and dry doctrines of ready, bold, and slashing talkers, who do not understand the way of the Spirit. May the Lord bless the "Standfasts." Like you, we dare not call this "rubbish."

THE EDITOR.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow a few more words respecting the *evils* of the Supply System?

1. It produces, in many places, *strife*, such as is referred to in 1 Corinthians i. 11, 12. Now, it is notorious that strife blights the wheat, as well as forces the growth of tares. This accounts for much that is wrong.

2. The Supply System has resulted in the prevalence of very *low views* of the importance of a "call" to the ministry. It is quite common to hear people say of a man anxious to preach, "If he can do any good, let him go and try." This is a miserably light and loose way of regarding so solemn and important a matter. Such persons seem oblivious of the fact, that unsent ministers often do *much harm*; sometimes to the ruin of causes of truth.

3. An old Supply of very many years' experience once told the writer that there were strong reasons why some deacons opposed a settled ministry so bitterly, and a pastor would soon know too much of them. Is this the case now?

4. The Supply System has led, in some parts of the country, to the establishment of cliques or combinations of ministers—generally third-rate Supplies, who are the tools of others who use them—whose sole object is to push one another to the front by *any* means, and to disparage as much as possible the real labourers in the Lord's vineyard, who grieve over such paltry conduct.

May God have mercy upon His Israel, and pour upon her the spirit of grace and supplication, that the prayer of Moses may once more be heard in the midst of our congregations. (Numbers xxvii. 16, 17.)

Yours faithfully,

VIGILANS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was glad to see the remarks of "Vigilans," also "Ooserver," in the SOWER, respecting the evils of the Supply System, much of which I quite endorse. There are other matters yet not referred to. One is, deacons paying too great deference to the opinions of those outside of the Church, while there are plenty of those who freely express their opinions on matters they know but little of. Very recently a person (not a member) gave a deacon two names of Supplies, and the number of Sabbaths they were to be engaged for the year. The New Testament gives the Church the power and authority to do her own business (Matt. xviii. 17), not the congregation to assist.

I say this from no want of respect to the congregation ; only those who wish to have a voice in strictly Church matters should come within to do so, as in many instances those from without prefer those Supplies who prophesy smooth things ; hence the standard of the Gospel is very much lowered, and the present abuse of the Supply System is rapidly doing this. People often get into Churches in this way on very superficial evidence, and when this is the case they use their influence to have men to preach to *please them*, not to please God or profit His people.

Another great fault with some deacons is, they make but very little inquiry as to the character of a fresh Supply, not even writing to the Church from which he professes to come, as to whether he is a member of any Church or not. I have known instances where deacons have engaged men even after they have become acquainted with their ungodly conduct. How can the Lord bless such disorderly proceedings ? "Let all things be done decently and in order," is nearly out of date with many. It is true that some small places cannot support a pastor, but there are some that could in part. Suppose there is a godly man living in the locality of a medium-sized Church and the Lord has blessed him with grace and abilities above his brethren, so as in some measure to make him acceptable to them, and he is engaged in some lawful employment, why should he not continue in his employment and assist the Church ? for in so doing they might become a help to each other. Would not this be a much more honourable course than for men to be about for days and weeks together, expecting the Lord's people (who are mostly poor) to keep them in comparative idleness ? Did Paul set such an example ? (See Acts xx. 33-35.) Again, why may not two Churches unite in engaging a pastor ? as in the case of Mr. Philpot ; that is, where they are within a reasonable distance of each other. But where are the deacons and Churches that really want pastors ? I expect they are but few. Is the want of pastors a burden on the minds of God's saints ? If so, how is it we rarely ever hear it mentioned at the prayer-meeting ? Cannot the Lord of heaven and earth find faithful men, and support them now as in days gone past ? Does He not see the apathy of His people in this matter ? Has not the Lord promised to hear the cry of His people ? Is anything too hard for the Lord ? One great lack in the Churches is spiritual discernment in these matters : it is to be feared that fresh faces and novelty are much sought for in the present day. A spirit of prayer in this important matter of Supplies would be a blessed sign of future good.

I have sent you these few remarks, which you may insert or not,

as you think proper. I have included a pamphlet, that you may see Mr. Philpot's and Mr. Taylor's remarks on the same subject.

A SUPPLY.

[We thank our friend for sending the reprint of "Lay Hands Suddenly on No Man." It is very timely, and comes home to the subject in a forcible way.—ED.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been rather interested in the letters which have appeared of late in your magazine, the SOWER, with regard to the Supply System, and more especially with J. W. R.'s, relative to Sunday travelling; hence taking up my pen in the endeavour to say something as, perhaps, might be thought in opposition to J. W. R.'s remarks. I would give him the full credit of being grieved at the amount of Sunday railway travelling, and would join him in his grief and distress at seeing so much profanation of God's holy day, but perhaps your correspondent J. W. R. has the very high privilege of living near to a place of truth; and if so, it ought to make him feel charitably disposed to his less-favoured brethren. Not that I would license Sunday travelling, but I happen to be from the nearest place of truth about five miles, and eight miles from the place I mostly frequent. Of course, I don't say either five or eight miles is beyond physical accomplishment—if you are in the enjoyment of good health; and we know, or have read, of many dear saints who have even exceeded this distance; but you want to be warm in the things of God, your heart enlarged, and the fear of God in lively exercise, or I am afraid you will embrace the comforts of a railway carriage, especially if on the previous evening you have left off business, it may be, 10.45 or 11 p.m., as it requires no little effort oftentimes to be up in time either for walking or riding such a distance on the Sunday morning. I repeat, it wants a warm heart and heavenly zeal, and would to God we had more of it, to run in this way of His commandments. I repeat, Mr. Editor, I do not wish to license or encourage this travelling on the Lord's Day—far from it—but I ask, what are we to do? Then, again, as is the case with the writer, you have a small family. What are you to do with them? for unless you can take them by train—if you can provide the means for this, though this is often a serious item—you are perforce compelled to leave them behind, as they could not possibly walk the journey; and if left at home, they must either stay there, or otherwise be sent to a place where the truth is not preached in its sincerity, and you are anxious they should come under the sound of the Gospel, as all honest parents desire who have the welfare of their souls at heart. Now, has J. W. R. or you, Mr. Editor, a remedy for this? Of course,

we are fully aware of the deadening effect of coming in contact with a lot of people on a railway platform or carriage, who care for nothing only their own selfish ends, and whose conversation is so distasteful to you—to say the least of it—especially after having a tolerably good day in the house of God. It is a something we would shun and flee from, so dishonouring to that Holy Being with whom we have to do. Of course the question might be asked, “How was it when no railways existed?” and to answer this, I must confess, I should be a little puzzled; and the only way I can answer it is by asking another, “Which is the greater evil, staying away from the house of God—providing you cannot walk there—or taking advantage of the railway, seeing they would work them though you refrained from using or patronizing them?”* But I must close for the present, trusting I have written from a desire to see a way of escape, and with a desire to act in the fear of God.

With best wishes, I beg to remain, yours sincerely,
Lancashire, January 19th, 1895. W. L.

The number of communications on the *evils* connected with the Supply System is so great, that we cannot give a tithe of them. We have endeavoured, however, to give some which have come nearest to the points aimed at, and which deal with the subject in the fairest way and most Gospel spirit.

We now purpose, with the Lord's help, looking carefully through the remaining papers in hand, and selecting different points of complaint, and any suggestions which may be likely to prove useful to Churches and deacons who feel the importance of this weighty matter, and giving a summary of the same in next month's *SOWER*. That there are evils connected with the system is proved beyond doubt, and that they are not all on one side is patent. There may be injurious Supplies, but what about those who, for the sake of carnal policy, set them up, push them to the front, and help to keep them going? Such parties who encourage the cliques “Vigilans” speaks of, have much to

* We quite agree with those who condemn *unnecessary* travelling on the Lord's Day, and there is much of it going on among professors of truth, where it is to be feared the gratifying a fancy is the chief ambition; but we cannot ignore the difficulties of those who, like our friend, are placed far away from a living ministry, and others who through infirmities or family burdens are not able to walk long distances. We have frequently asked fastidious objectors to *all* Sunday travelling this question, “Which is the proper course for such people to take? should they neglect the house of God because they cannot walk there, or should they avail themselves of an opportunity of riding, in order to get there? We leave conscience to answer the question.—ED.

answer for, and the reckoning will be fearful, when the Great Master of the House searches out the ambition, selfishness, and arbitrary conduct of those who as professed leaders among the Churches, have been the means, to a great extent, of beggaring the ministry, dividing the people, and humiliating the Church of Christ in the eyes of the world. Brethren, "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." Our object in thus writing, and our earnest desire and prayer is, that this may be the result of our feeble endeavours to stir up the pure minds of the saints of God on this subject, and that each may be helped to seek Zion's good before their own self interest, and the glory of God before their own pleasure. Oh that He may bless our poor attempts to honestly serve Him in this matter.—ED.

MORE LIGHT.—A PRAYER.

GOD Almighty, ever living, ever just, mysterious God,
Thou by bright angelic legions everlastingly adored;
Source of Life and Fount of mercy, King of worlds and Lord of
grace,

All-pervading, ever-present, hear from Thine abiding place.
Hear Thy creature on Thee calling, blindly groping after Thee,
Striving by the lamp of reason to apprehend Infinity;
Froward nor presumptuous deem me, unenlightened as I am,
Thus to sue Thee, thus to seek Thee, Thine almighty works to
scan.

Mine own heart to me interpret, make its hidden working clear;
Every gloomy doubt enlighten, banish every lurking fear;
Foster every holy yearning; every void of darkness fill
With scintillas of Thy wisdom, with a knowledge of Thy will.
Do I realize Thy mercy? do I feel a Saviour's need?
Feel the justice of the sentence 'gainst the sons of men decreed?
Recognize Thy boundless goodness, the exhaustless stream of love
Ever flowing from Thy presence, from the mercy-seat above?
Do I love Thee without terror? is my heart to Thee inclined?
Would my earthly hopes and pleasures be for Thee with joy
resigned?

Could I boldly, gladly own Thee, braving ridicule and jeer,
Hatred of the unbelieving, and e'en friendship's covert sneer?
Does each swiftly-gliding moment bring me nearer unto Thee?
Would the pangs of dissolution set a happy spirit free—
Free for ages, countless ages, its chief joy in Thee to find,
All-sufficing, nothing wanting, nothing hoped for left behind?
Oh, resolve me! oh, illumine with more light this clouded mind;
In Thy Holy Word 'tis written, they who rightly seek shall find.
Guide me henceforth in my seeking; teach me, Lord, to know Thy
way;

And when life is ended bring me to Thy realms of endless day.

CADWALLADWR BROWNSMITH.

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—It has been on my mind to drop you a few words of encouragement, so I now send you this letter. If you should think it suitable for the "Seeker's Corner," I shall be pleased for it to find a place in the SOWER; if not, you may burn it.

We have taken the *Gleaner* and SOWER for several years, and I have had many helps by the way in reading them. My father, too (who was truly a God-fearing man) used to say of the SOWER, "That it was the best of all the periodicals." I am a young man in the prime of life, but I suffer with ill-health, so that I am unable to attend a place of worship. But I have been made to feel sin to be a burden, and my desire before God is that I may hear His voice of pardon saying, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee: go in peace." But, alas! like the Apostle, I feel I carry about a body of death, and sometimes have to exclaim with Job, "Behold, I am vile." I trust I am being taught in the school of Christ, and my prayer is that the Holy Spirit may lead and guide me into all truth. My hope is stayed on Christ Jesus, "For there is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved"; and I would thus live, so that when I come to die I shall be able to say, "It is well." The Word of God declares that it shall be well with the righteous.

"What cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well."

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die."

I am a weak and sinful worm in and of myself. I am like one who is ready to perish, and therefore cries out, "Give me Christ or else I die." I know without Him I can do nothing.

I trust I am a true seeker and that I am walking in the footsteps of the flock. I enjoy reading their exercises in the SOWER very much, from month to month, and it rejoices me to know there is such a magazine of Gospel truth in these days, when so much false teaching abounds. I hope its pages, from time to time, will be made a blessing to many of the Lord's children, and that sinners may be thereby turned aside from their evil ways. I feel a union towards the people of God, and am a companion of all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ. I

can say in the language of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Like many of the family of God upon earth, mine is a pathway of affliction. But as Cowper says—

" Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer."

The Lord "does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." He is "too wise to err; too good to be unkind." I trust the Lord is leading me by the right way which leadeth to a city of habitation.

" The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell."

I often feel to be but a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth, and, like the dear saints of old, I "desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." I can say at times with that sweet hymn-writer, Medley—

" Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul
That peaceful harbour see;
Where waves and billows never roll,
For there I long to be."

We are poor fickle and changeable creatures, but, blessed be His name, "He is the Lord that changeth not" (Mal. iii. 6), and, "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (James i. 17). The Psalmist exhorts us to trust in the Lord, and I feel that I have no other refuge, for "Vain is the help of man."

What an unspeakable mercy if I ever reach that happy place where sin can never enter. I would also pray for the spiritual welfare of others. I must now close.

May you have continued strength to pursue you labours.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

February 2nd, 1895.

C.

It is a popular opinion, and generally supposed, that however different we are in our religious sentiments here, we are all agreed well enough about heaven, and shall all agree in the same heaven. But it is a great mistake, a popular error, for professors differ in nothing more, since they would not all go to the same heaven; for to suppose the natural man to desire perfect freedom from all sin, and perfection in all grace and holiness in the vision and fruition of God in Christ, and all the excellencies of the Divine nature, as manifested in, by, and through Christ, is far, very far above the capacity of his unregenerate soul.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR EDWARD,—Yours to hand with enclosure from father. Thank you for sight of same. Will send it to Pewsey, as you desire. Hope your dear wife is better—should be glad to know her health had permanently improved, both for your sake and her own. The Lord sustain her and grant her His peace. We often speak of you, and, I trust, try to remember you before Him who alone can really do us good.

I suppose I must not ask you, Edward, how you are, because you don't know. You have before now sent me some rather gloomy lines, but I never had such an out-and-out bad one as this is. But you have almost reached the point of working—shall I say miracles? I mean that you are almost ready to cast all overboard, as unreal.

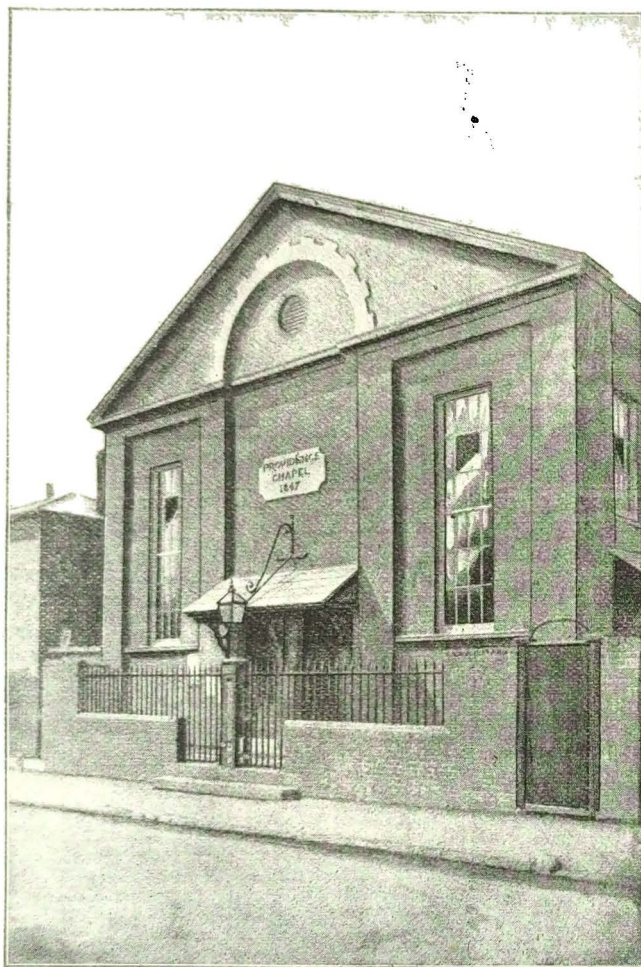
I don't think you can do better. You have a lot to cast overboard, which, the sooner 'tis gone the better you will feel. Don't spare. Cast all away that you possibly can; and then that which you can't cast overboard, will be sure to have something real in it. Oh, my boy—my poor boy—my poor dear boy—what shall I say to you? Is there anything real in God? anything real in His dear Son's sufferings, death, glorious resurrection and intercession? anything real in the work of the Holy Spirit? anything real in the anguish which His convicting presence and power produces? anything real in that grievous burden which makes one cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am"? anything real in that heart-sickness which "hope deferred" produces? anything real in that almost smothered life which is just ready to expire, but still refuses to die? Is there reality in the promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also"? How is it my poor dear boy yet lives, groans, his heart faints, and eyes "fail with looking upward"? Is it true that he is really dead, and cares no more for the precious things of God? Does he indeed think light of the precious name and blood of Jesus? and is he become absolutely dead to His pity, love, and power?

My dear Edward, what must I say to you? or must I try to leave speaking to you, and speak to the Lord for you? I will try to do the latter. And oh, may He incline His ear and bless you. Remember, Satan was a liar from the beginning. If he tells you God does not love you, but hates you, then remember Job, and others who have been tried, and try to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Believe me, dear Edward, your sympathizing, sorrowing, interceding friend,

Swindon, February 10th, 1888.

R. PIGOTT.



PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

The Scene of Mr. Covell's Ministry.

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Continued from page 56.)

THE Lord having now loosed the tongue of the stammerer, and caused His servant to put his hand to the Gospel plough, he looked not back, but from that time to within a few days of his being called home, he continued to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, as he had tasted, handled, and felt them. For some time the services continued to be held in his own house, but presently the room would not contain his hearers, and then *two* rooms were devoted to the purpose, and Mr. Wallis, who led the singing, was told by the speaker to stand between the two rooms to pitch the tune, so that all might the better join in the hymn; but it soon became needful to place forms in the shop, to accommodate the increasing number of hearers; and, said Mr. Covell in after days, "We did not mind the steam (occasioned by the breath of those assembled) getting on the kettles." But Mr. Covell's preaching soon became noised abroad, and he used to say in after years, that "He was the talk of the town, from the hotel down to the little pot-house." Moreover, many of his customers began to expostulate with him, asking him if he thought he knew better than many who had attended the parish church all their lives, and strongly advised him to give up his preaching, and not pretend to know better than his superiors, but this, of course, he was unable to do; they then began to threaten him with withdrawing their custom unless he desisted, and ultimately many did discontinue their custom. This in some measure tried him, and worked peevishness and fretfulness, and he thought the Lord dealt hardly with him. This rebellious state so prevailed one day, that he threw off his working jacket, and he said, in his mind, he would go out into the fields, and have it out with the Lord; and as he poured out his complaints, it seemed as if the Lord drew near, and said, "Now, what is the matter? have I been a barren wilderness? Would you like to change with your persecutors? This so sweetly broke the snare, that he went back to his home blessing and praising the Lord and seeking for mercy and pardon, and was delivered from the fear of man.

There are still living six or more of the hearers who attended the services in Mr. Covell's shop, and one of them, who knew the preacher well, has kindly given the following reminiscence of these early but memorable days of his ministry—:

"I remember Mr. Francis Covell from about the year 1840; he was always of a cheerful and pleasant disposition, and kept a tin-man or brazier's shop in the High Street, Croydon. He worked at his trade, and employed some three or four hands; he was a friend

of my father's, and used to visit at our house occasionally. I used to observe that he was ready to assist every good work, and to show kindness to the poor. In July, 1844, I was calling upon one of our customers in Croydon, when he informed me that Mr. Covell had begun to preach. I felt surprised to hear this, as he used to stutter in speaking and was moreover so cheerful, and at times jocular in his manner, that I had not thought him at all likely to become a minister. Upon my arriving home, I told my father, and he said, 'Well, we will take an opportunity some Sunday evening of hearing him.' At that time my father attended the chapel at Beddington Corner, where we had supplies, and Mr. Covell also sometimes attended.

"In a few weeks my father and other members of the family went over to Croydon to hear Mr. Covell, and my father said afterwards, that while hearing him preach, the words came to his mind, 'Arise, anoint him, this is he!' and I felt myself, after hearing him preach, that this kind of ministry was what I should like to sit under. He was solemn and discriminating, and yet most encouraging to seeking souls. He was also very practical in his discourse, and moreover such power attended the Word, that his sermons were not easily forgotten. I heard one countryman say, after hearing him, 'Mr. Covell seems to get inside of you.' Another person who came to hear him said 'he should not come again, as it was too hot for him.'

"I had a favoured season on one occasion while hearing him preach in his shop. His sermons in those days were very long, and often occupied one and a-half hour in their delivery; indeed, sometimes he was so led out that I have known him exceed that time.

"Mr. Covell was one day travelling in the train, and fell into conversation with a fellow-traveller, and the subject turned upon religion. Presently Mr. Covell's name was mentioned by his fellow-passenger, who began to find fault with him, and spoke against him as a bad kind of man. Mr. Covell agreed with him in this, but added, 'I believe he means well, and that he is an honest man.' Mr. Covell afterwards related the incident to a friend who knew the passenger aforementioned, who asked him if he remembered the conversation in the train. He said, 'Yes.' He then informed him that his fellow-traveller was none other than Mr. Covell of whom he had spoken such hard things. The poor man, on hearing this, was much confused and put-out with himself for speaking as he had done, which no doubt had been prompted by jealousy, as he was a preacher living about two miles from Croydon, and some of his hearers had left him, feeling they could profit more in hearing Mr. Covell.

"In February, 1845, Mr. Covell began to preach once a month

on a Sunday at Beddington Corner, and continued to do so for twelve months. Many of his Croydon friends came to hear him there, and the chapel was filled whenever he preached. The other Sundays in the month he still preached in his shop; but the place soon became too scant for them, and they were anxious for a more commodious meeting-place; and it so happened, in the providence of God, that a chapel—'Ebenezer'—in the old town was at liberty, and was hired by the friends. When Mr. Covell commenced his ministry here he took for his text the last eight verses of the seventy-eighth Psalm, and preached three or four Sundays from these words. It soon became evident that a still larger and more suitable chapel was needful for the increasing congregation, therefore the friends determined to build a new chapel in West Street. When the plan of the proposed building was shown to Mr. Covell by a friend, he said, 'It is too large.' The friend replied, 'Is it too large for your faith?' 'No,' replied Mr. Covell; 'it is too large for the people's pockets.' 'Then,' said his friend, 'it shall not be one inch smaller.' The people had such a mind for the work that the chapel was completed quickly, and was opened on the second Sunday in March, 1848, and was called Providence Chapel. The cost of the building, with the ground, was £1,460. Towards this amount £560 was raised and paid, the remainder was borrowed at a moderate interest, which by degrees was paid off; but it took some years to accomplish this task.

"The chapel at first was about half filled; but the congregation slowly increased, and for a few years previous to Mr. Covell's death it was most difficult to find seats for the hearers. About eleven years after his death the chapel was enlarged, at a cost of £1,174 15s. 10d., which amount was soon paid by the liberal subscriptions of friends. The chapel was re-opened on January 19th, 1871, by the late Mr. John Warburton, of Southill.

"Mr. Covell was always ready to counsel those young in the way against anything that he thought might injure them. I remember once that I was about joining a literary society, but he advised me not to do so, but to keep at home, observing, 'You will get more into society than will do you any real good, and these are little foxes that will spoil the tender grapes.' I followed his advice, and have often been glad I did so.

"Mr. Covell was once walking in a lonely lane, and he met two men that he felt sure were after no good. He began at once to consider what he should do, and decided that it was his duty to speak to them, which he did in a very serious manner, speaking to them of the solemnities of death; asking them if they ever thought of their dying day. The men seemed very uneasy, and

were glad when the opportunity occurred of getting away from the stranger who spoke to them so pointedly and solemnly.

"I was a close observer of Mr. Covell's life from the commencement of his ministry till his death, and I can testify that the following Scripture was fulfilled in his career, 'The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand' (Isa. xxxii. 8). He was always kind to the poor, especially to the household of faith. He seemed to live for the cause of God and the good of His people. His words and actions showed that the salvation of sinners, and the honour and glory of God was his sole aim. He had a single eye to the glory of God. For some few years he took nothing for preaching, but when the friends found out how his circumstances had changed through his business falling off, and his liberality to the needy, they showed their love to him by supplying his needs."

The following interesting letter was written in the early days of Mr. Covell's ministry:—

"Croydon, February 11th, 1847.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received a note from Dr. B., with a very kind present in it; and as I understand you were one of the most active in the matter, I cannot but send you a few lines to acknowledge my warmest thanks to you. That I desire no gift for my poor services the Lord knows; for, having freely received, I freely give according to the ability that I have. But that God has in any way owned me to the encouragement or good of any of His people, and that as a proof they have thus made me so handsome a gift, causes me to bless the Almighty, and thank His dear children.

"I can say, friend Boorne, when first I got acquainted with you, you soon obtained a place in my heart; and the more I became acquainted with you the faster you got hold of me. And I now believe nothing will ever separate us but death; for you are in my heart to live and die with; and may the Almighty bless you indeed. I can say to you, and such as you, I can open my heart and tell all my troubles, fears, and misgivings, hopes and joys; whilst my heart is sealed to many that would be something; and that the Lord would own me to you in any way has been my earnest cry to Him.

"I can willingly spend myself and die in the cause of my Master, for the real good of such as you, who I know really love Him. How often I think of your coming over, again and again, week by week, to Croydon; and my poor heart goes up, 'Do, Lord, bless him.' And I do not believe at times I cry in vain; and then I bless the Lord for hearing my poor cry.

"Oh, what a blessed Master we serve! And we do not serve Him in bondage, but cheerfully run in His ways, for we know

what it is to be made free by the Son of God ; and this enlarges our hearts, and makes His ways ways of pleasantness, and we find at times His paths to be peace. Then we know what it is to sing, and to say, 'A vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it'; and we feel what it is to be watered every moment, and then rejoice that His eye is upon us for good.

"Oh, Boorne, how often have you and I thought God took no notice of us so as to bless us ! And then how we have fretted in our poor minds, knowing, if the Lord did not help us, vain was the help of man. And how often has He appeared, so that we have found what Abraham called 'The Mount' remains to this day ; and we would not have been without our troubles on any account. They have proved to us the faithfulness of God ; and we have sung, 'Who is a God like unto our God ? Praise Him in His name JAH, and rejoice before Him.'

"When God sends forth His servant, He makes him know the bitterness of sin by feeling, and the blessedness of salvation by the application of the atoning blood of the Lamb to his conscience ; and then the man speaks out of the abundance of his heart ; for 'the tongue of the wise is health.' Then, as he speaks of these things, they come into the consciences of poor sinners who have been in the same steps, and the preacher gets into the hearts of the hearers, and they speak to him of what God hath wrought in their hearts ; and the hearers get into the heart of the preacher, and they become one in spirit ; and love cements the bond, which is more binding than all the agreements in the world, and stronger. I believe this is the case with the most part of those at our little place ; and I can say I count nothing too dear, so that their souls may be profited ; and my heart yearns over, and for, the people. I believe many prayers go up from them on my behalf ; and how sweetly these things come together. My heart flows out freely to them, and their hands are open freely to me, as this present has proved.

"Now may the good Lord make and keep me honest in His sight and to the souls of men ; and keep me from all errors and snares of the devil and men ; make me a real blessing to His own people, and in the salvation of poor sinners. May He bless you and yours indeed ; keep you both as the apple of His eye, and bless you a hundredfold for all your kindness to me, both spiritually and temporally, that you may sweetly find the truth of what He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

"I was coming over to tea with you to-day, but thought I would send you a line, and come one day next week. Do not notice to any one that I have written to you at present, as I have not written to any one else. I have sent a letter to Dr. B.,

which is to answer the purpose of my writing to each of the friends.

“ Believe me, yours truly,

“ F. COVELL.

“ *To Mr. T. Boorne, Wallington, Surrey.*”

Mr. Covell was baptized July 2nd, 1850, at Eden Street Chapel, London, by Mr. Tiptaft, in the presence of a crowded congregation. Mr. Covell spoke at the pool for a short time before going into the water; and the next day and the following he felt so favoured in his soul, that he said, to realize this would make the weakest go through the ordinance.

Mr. Covell was led to give up business in June, 1851, and throw himself upon the providence of God, giving himself wholly to the ministry of the Word.

The following year, 1852, began under a cloud, owing to a bad gathering on his hand and the failure of his general health, so that his medical attendant said that he could not say what the end might be. Having passed through several days and nights in great pain, he earnestly begged of God to heal him, and he felt a persuasion in his soul that God would answer him. A day or two after he told the doctor he believed he should get better. The doctor replied, “ Time will prove that; but if you do, you will not be able to use your hand for some time.” But so rapid was the cure, that in a fortnight from that time he was able to write a letter. Mr. Covell’s providential trials drove him to a throne of grace, and help came in answer to prayer. He used to say, “ The Lord has suffered me to come into a low place to enable me to speak to the profit and comfort of exercised business men, and others in like circumstances. Ah! my friends, you little know how I have walked the fields, crying, ‘ Have pity upon me, Lord; what will men say of Thy truth? How Thy name will be blasphemed! What will become of Thy faithfulness? where will Thy love and power be seen? Good God, do help me! pray save me from impending ruin which I see before me.’ I have stood in the pulpit in times past without a sovereign in my pocket with which I could say I was going through the next week; but His watchful eye and loving heart and bountiful hand appeared for me again and again, causing me to acknowledge His goodness, testifying that I had a God that cared for me, who would hold me up, and see me through every strait and every difficulty.”

In the recently published Memorials of the late James Boorne, of Greenwich, there is a particularly interesting account given of the great blessing that he received under Mr. Covell’s ministry, in the year 1856. Mr. Boorne had felt to be in a backsliding state

of soul, but on Sunday, May 10th, he heard Mr. Covell from Hebrews x. 21, 22. During his discourse he took up the case of one who, through sinking into a backsliding state, could not draw near to God. He said, "When such a man is retiring to rest, Satan will say, 'You are not fit to go to God to-night, put it off till to-morrow morning; get into bed and meditate over a few things there.' But," said he, "as sure as you get into bed you will go to sleep, and Satan will rock you to sleep, too; and, God only knows, there may be a poor soul here who has been in this case, and gone on in it week after week, week after week." These remarks came home to Mr. Boorne with a, "Thou art the man," and the tears began to flow. Then Mr. Covell went on to show that though a child of God—like king Asa—might be drawn aside by the power of Satan, yet the Scripture declares the heart of Asa was perfect all his days. "Therefore, poor soul, Satan's sieve may turn thee this way and that way, but thou hast at the bottom a true heart amidst all the rubbish thou knowest that thou hast." Again Mr. Boorne's eyes overflowed with tears, and he felt, "Oh, how marvellous! a true heart to be in me." This sermon led to a very gracious revival of the work of grace in his soul, the full particulars of which are recorded in the interesting volume of "Memorials of James Boorne" that has recently been published.

(To be continued.)

THE CLOUDS GOD'S CHARIOTS.

(JOB xxxvii. 21, 22.)

MY God, there go the chariots in which Thou ridest forth to inspect Thy fields and gardens, Thy meadows, forests, and plains. Beggars are wont to run behind the chariots of the wealthy, and cry aloud for alms. To Thee, O God, we are all beggars, and where Thou ridest forth on Thy chariot of the clouds, we cry after Thee, "Give us this day our daily bread." They are Thy storehouse richly filled with wine, beer, oil, butter, corn; and Thou openest it in Thy goodness, and satisfiest the desire of everything that lives. They are great curtains which, at Thy good pleasure, Thou drawest as a covering over the plants that they may not be withered and destroyed by the continuance of the heat.—*C. Scriver*, 1650.

SALVATION is given to a believer in Christ with as good will by the Father, as the price of salvation was laid down by the Son. No man can please the Father better, nor so much, as by believing on the Son, and by giving Him employment in His office and calling of saving.

A PEACEFUL DEPARTURE.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Just a few lines to tell you of the departure to the “land of pure delight” of our dear aged friend, Mrs. Smith, of Morland Cottage. She was taken with a stroke about three weeks ago, and lingered nearly a fortnight. She was favoured to prove most abundantly the truth of the promise, “I will never leave thee,” which was applied with sweetness to her heart a few years since. From the time she took to her bed till she breathed her last, she appeared to be in the most blessed state of peace. All her gloomy fears and apprehensions quite removed. On one occasion she repeated the words, “The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?”

Very many blessed utterances fell from her lips, all indicative of the blessed rest and peace in God she was realizing. I think I never stood over the coffin of a friend feeling more assured of their state. Felt constrained to speak a few words at the funeral, from, “In hope of eternal life, which God that *cannot lie* promised before the world began.”

It has been a source of great encouragement to me, I assure you, although I mourn the loss of one of my best earthly friends. Oh, the dozens of times I have bent the knee with her, and pleaded with God for the fulfilment of the blessed promises upon which He had caused her soul to hope. What a reality the things of God always seemed to her, and truly she proved them to be at last. Oh, that we may be enabled to hunger and thirst after, and be satisfied, in God’s own time and way, with the same spiritual blessings.

I find I have lost fifteen friends by death since I have been here, now just upon five years. I have suffered considerable pain this year from repeated attacks of rheumatism in the joints. Have had six silent Sabbaths through it. Things look about as usual with us as a Church.

Our dear babe grows and thrives, through mercy, and my dear wife is in health. My general health is also mercifully better than some years ago. Have much to be thankful for. Oh, for grace to leave the future with God. Our united best love.

Yours sincerely,

Cheltenham, August 24th, 1894.

W. BROOKE.

CHRIST will never leave any whom the Father hath given Him, until He hath brought them to behold His glory. Let believers learn to give Christ His will and His way; give Him trust, and give Him time, and wait patiently.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To E. F. K.

YOUR question as to the apparent disagreement of the two portions, Romans ix. 16, and Matthew xxiii. 37, touches a point which has stumbled many, and upon which many mistakes have been made on either side. Let us carefully notice that in Romans ix. 15 there is nothing of a conditional nature whatever. It is Jehovah's sovereign, absolute, "I will," when He speaks of exercising mercy and compassion on whom He chooses to do so. Nothing is said about works, not even about repentance or faith, as preceding the act of mercy; the works and will of the creature are entirely ignored. It is the will and act of Divine sovereignty *absolutely*; therefore the Apostle says (verse sixteen), "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of Him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. The creature is the receiver, and God the Bestower of the free gift. This is the groundwork of the everlasting covenant, which "is ordered in all things and sure." As the Lord Jehovah says, "*I will* be their God, and *they shall* be My people." There is no part of Scripture that contradicts or disagrees with this declaration of the absolute decree of our covenant God. It is beyond dispute, and must endure for ever. The portion in Matthew xxiii. 37, is another kind of declaration. There the works and will of the creature are introduced and taken into the account. The Lord Jesus speaks of them as murderers, and as being unwilling that He should gather and protect them. He does not speak of and to them in a new covenant manner, as He does of and to His new covenant people. To the latter He says, "I will" and "they shall"; to the self-willed Jews He says, "I would," "and ye would not." Thus we see they were not dealt with as His new covenant people. Yet He felt for them, for He had a tender human heart, which could weep over the doomed city; and knowing what their sins would bring upon them, He sent His prophets to warn and admonish them; and had they listened to His voice, He would have saved them from their enemies, and His wing would have covered them in the time of impending evils. But they said, "*We will not* have this man to reign over us." So He took them at their word, and gave them up to destruction, saying, as He wept over them, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes" (Luke xix. 42). He called, but they refused, being left to their own will, no covenant grace being given with the call to incline their ear and heart. Therefore, as rebellious ones, He gave them over to

a reprobate mind, which ultimately brought down upon them their most fearful doom. Here we find the call given in time of danger, but no sovereign "I will have mercy" mingled with it.

This perversity of the human will was also very manifest in the case of those spoken to by our Lord (John v. 40), when He said, "*Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.*" He knew they had not the power, as He said (John vi. 44), "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him"; but charges them with being unwilling, as though there was no other obstruction in the way. Therefore it was a *wilful* rejection of Him they were guilty of, and a *despising* of eternal life, which all possess who *come to Him by faith*. The same as those to whom Paul said, after he had spoken to them the Word of God, "*Seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles* (Acts xiii. 46). Here we see the terms "*Ye will not come to Me,*" and "*Ye put it from you,*" are the same thing, and bring forth the same result, exclusion from eternal life. Again, the case of the rich young man teaches the same lesson. When Jesus told him there was one thing lacking in his religion, He also told him the way he might seek to have it remedied, saying, "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me" (Luke xviii. 22). He, however, had no will to obey the words of the Lord, he preferred to keep his riches, and so he turned his back on the promise of heavenly treasure, having more love for his riches and the world than for Christ and heaven.

Now, dear friend, as far as we can judge, your difficulty seems to lie in a seeming contradiction between the sovereign declaration of the Lord, "I will have mercy," &c., and the charges brought against the unbelieving Jews for their unwillingness to come to Christ. We ourselves were once, like many more, greatly stumbled by it; but many years ago the Lord the Spirit opened to us the mystery, and delivered us from uncertainty about it. The Gospel as preached to every creature is an outward and open call to all men (Mark i. 14, 15, &c.); but all hearers do not hear alike. To some seeing eyes, hearing ears, and understanding hearts are given; these are they which in an honest and good heart having heard the Word, keep it (see Heb. viii. 8-12), "and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke viii. 15). To them "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom." There are many others, yea, multitudes, to whom "it is not given," yet these are responsible for what they hear, as were the Jews before referred to. Though by transgression they have lost all will and power to do it, yet they are called to yield obedience to Christ, and will be condemned for not doing

so (John iii. 18, 19). Their having lost both power and will does not free them from their original responsibility to God; they are required to yield perfect obedience to all His words and laws, just the same as though they had not lost the ability and will to do so. It is on this ground that the charges, "*Ye would not,*" and, "*Ye will not come,*" are made against the unbelievers. The difference between the two kinds of hearers is this—to all believers the grace to believe the Word is given; to those not in the covenant, no covenant grace is meted out. They are left to their own state of responsibility in which they were created. God did not make them sinners, unable and unwilling, neither is their present state due to His decrees. It was the act of man's own free will which brought his ruin, and God would have been just if He had left all to perish. Therefore it is all of His own sovereign love and favour that any are saved; and while He says, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," &c., He does no wrong to those whom He passes by, as He did Esau. He did not put them where they are, and He only leaves them where their wilful transgression has plunged them. Thus if we have been made to differ from the wilful unbelievers and rejecters of Christ, it is all due to everlasting electing love and sovereign grace (see Eph. i. 3-6; 2 Tim. i. 9; 1 Cor. iv. 7).

May the Lord make these few hints useful in helping to clear away some of the difficulties which have perplexed you; and may a sense of His sovereign distinguishing mercy and grace humble our hearts, and enable us to put the crown on the head of Him who is the Alpha and Omega of our salvation, is the prayer of
THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was very pleased with your excellent answer to an inquiry by "N. B.," in the March number of the SOWER. You have certainly, to my mind, stated the truth with regard to the application of the Word of God to a sinner's heart. I am surprised that any who fear God should call the gracious and silent operations of the Holy Ghost "rubbish." They certainly speak most unadvisedly. That must needs be a powerful application of the Word that turns a sinner's heart from the love of sin and of the world unto God, and makes him, through grace, to stand fast in the truth against all opposition, though he may not be able to speak of many particular portions of Scripture—or perhaps none at all—coming to his mind "with power," as it is called.

I know at one time I was very much troubled on this account, because I had heard and read of others who said they had had

this and that portion of the Word applied, and, as I thought I could not honestly say so, I must be deceived. But I hope I have been differently taught since, and have seen things in a clearer light, learning to look more at the after-effects the Word produces, and whether those effects continue, for it is "by their fruits ye shall know them." For instance, a man reads the Scriptures, or hears a Scriptural sermon, or, it may be he views the walk of one who lives the life of Christ in his daily conduct and spirit—(as Peter says, "That if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by" the saints' good behaviour)—and this working a revolution in his mind, the whole current of his life is turned from what it was before, and he is constrained to seek the Lord, and eventually gives evidence that he has been the subject of a change of heart. What but a powerful application of the Word could have brought about such a change? and yet the man may not be able to tell you of any precise words having been spoken to his mind.

Again, with regard to the comfort God's people receive. May not a person troubled in soul, to a lesser or greater degree, be comforted, not by any particular application of a certain portion or portions of Scripture to the mind, but by an opening up by the Spirit of the whole scheme of salvation as set forth in the Word, so that the person in soul trouble shall see it just suitable to his wants and necessities, and shall be enabled by faith to receive it into his heart and venture his whole soul upon it? And is not this in accordance with what Paul said, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope"? And then in the same chapter (Rom. xv. 4, 13), "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." Christ also says that the Spirit "shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you" (John xvi. 15). Again, Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians (first Epistle, chapter i.), told them he knew their election of God. But how did he know it? By the Gospel coming unto them, not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost. Nor did the Apostle take their word for it, but judged that the Word came with power by the effects that followed, for he says they became "followers of the Lord, having received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost, so that they were ensamples to all that believe." Again, in the second chapter of the same Epistle, verse 13, he speaks of their having received "the Word of God, which effectually worketh in you that believe."

So I conclude, with you, that the manner how one is wrought upon is of small consequence, if the effects following are in accord-

ance with the Word—namely, repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which will be made manifest in separation from the world, hating all evil, and following on to know the Lord to the end of life in this world. That God may and does apply particular portions of Scripture to the minds of some of His people, with you, I do not dispute; but, on the other hand, I am sure there are many who are deceived in this matter, some of whom I have known personally, whose conduct tells me they never came from God, but were merely the effects of memory and a vivid imagination: and I am afraid some of them build their hopes of heaven, not on what Christ has done, but upon some supposed application of Scripture, which has had little or no sanctifying effect upon their hearts or their lives. And I am confirmed in this by what I have seen, and also by Joseph Hart, John Newton, President Edwards, and J. C. Philpot, who were sober and solid divines in their day. We are saved by grace through believing what God has said concerning His beloved Son, which faith, as dear Hart so nicely puts it, has a sanctifying influence—

“True faith refines the heart,
And purifies with blood;
Takes the whole Gospel, not a part,
And holds the fear of God.”

May we then be enabled to hold fast all God's Word in sweet harmony, and not set up one part to contradict another; and may the Lord help you, dear Mr. Editor, to contend for the whole truth of God, though it may by some be denominated legality or Arminianism.

Yours truly,
J. S.

March 11th, 1895.

“HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE.”

(SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 4.)

THRICE happy souls that have Christ for their Commander, and are led, governed, and conducted by Him as their King and Captain of their salvation. His very “banner” over them is love; all His commands are commands of love; all the service He requireth of them is imposed in love; He never enjoineth them anything but what is for their good. They are never losers by obeying His pleasure; all their losses come by their disobedience; He never putteth them upon any suffering, but it is done in love. He chooseth the sweet attribute of love, showing that it is a special act of His love that He leadeth on His followers to conflict, intending to make them happy gainers, “more than conquerors.”—*John Maynard, 1646.*

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

After perusing the papers on this subject which we have in hand, we find we cannot summarise all the points they contain, as we hoped to do, in one number of the *SOWER*, therefore we have selected a few, as leading on to the subject matter which some of the others contain, hoping they may prove useful in a way of suggesting some profitable thoughts in the minds of those who are concerned to do what is right in the Lord's sight. Other suggestions will be given next month.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR FRIEND,—The article upon the Supply System, and the correspondence which has followed, remind us of the sad state of our Churches. Those who are grieved for the "affliction of Joseph," will devoutly hope that some good will come out of this discussion.

What is the cause of our leanness? I think, bigotry, narrow-mindedness, jealousy, conformity to the world, love of power, want of charity, and a disposition to limit and circumscribe the operations of the Holy One of Israel. By these and other things the blessed Spirit is grieved, His gracious and approving "presence" is withdrawn, and in many places we might ask, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The matter is so serious that one is ready to say, "At any cost, let us understand both the malady and the remedy."

If we lay to heart the past history of the Christian Church, we shall not favour the idea of a "central Church;" real prosperity seldom goes hand in hand with a numerous and wealthy congregation. This produced the Pope and his cardinals, with their despotic and deadly influence in days of old, and human nature is no better now; though many may be found indignantly to exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"*

As a rule, small, struggling Churches have most spiritual life, because constant exercise, and constant felt need, bring them in contact with the "Fountain of living waters," and "by these things men live."

Again, it would not be safe to conclude that Supplies who are well paid are more evidently called to the work than those who are poorly paid, or, perhaps, not paid at all; rather let us say, all honour to those godly, humble men, who, after toiling all

* The truth of our friend's words are too evident to be denied. A centralization of authority in religious matters too often results in semi-Star-Chamber proceedings, as some of us can personally testify.

the weak, sacrifice the comfort of their homes and the bosom of their families on the Lord's day, to carry the Gospel to the villages, without fee or reward: and if they should give a little to the poor, may we not hope it is because they have drunk into the spirit of Tiptaft—or rather, Tiptaft's Master, who manifested such amazing love for the poor that He made choice of them for His companions?

Some have the impression that there are few, very few, of the Supplies fit for pastors. Doubtless some are not suitable, and would not succeed in that position—God has designed them to itinerate; there always have been such in the Church; how evident is this as we read the Acts of the Apostles; but, on the other hand, I am persuaded there are many of our supplies who, if they could be induced by the Churches they serve, to give themselves to the Word of God and prayer—to be simple, devoted, and laborious in their lives—the blessing of God would rest upon them and upon the people they serve: we must not lose sight of the fact that the Lord has never promised to bless only clever men, gifted men, intellectual, well-read men, but He has often chosen just the opposite to these.

Many of our former pastors, whose removal has made such a void in our Churches, were men of ordinary gifts; but then they were men of a single purpose and of unblemished lives; they were men of prayer, and instead of “getting their sermons up,” they “brought them down,” they begged the bread which they and the people needed, and, manifestly, food thus obtained from Heaven will produce sacred results, and enable the weak to say, “I am strong.”

In conclusion, two portions of Scripture have been upon my mind of late, the first portion is in the book of the Prophet Isaiah, 19th chapter, 16th verse, “For the leaders of this people cause them to err.” The other portion is in the 2nd chapter of Joel, 17th and 18th verses, “Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord weep between the porch and the altar,” &c. To be practical, I would suggest that a day be set apart upon which ministers and deacons be called together to humble themselves before God, confess their sins, and seek for the guidance of the Holy Spirit,* we may find the cause of our distress nearer home than many imagine.

Individually and collectively may we thus be enabled to “Search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.”

With best wishes, I remain yours sincerely,

A WATCHMAN.

* This is an excellent suggestion, which we should much like to see carried out. How many will there be found to favour it?—ED.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I agree generally with "Vigilans" in his remarks on the Supply System, so far as they apply to large causes that are able to support a pastor, but it must be borne in mind that, scattered up and down in our land, there are a large number of small causes that are less favourably situated. To those the only practicable way of hearing the Word, is by obtaining the services of a Supply. The reasons for such a course are obvious. In the first place the number of suitable preachers in the Strict Baptist denomination is nothing like equal to the demand. Next, the statement of the Apostle Paul that "not many rich," &c., "are called," holds good to-day as much as it did 1830 years ago. Hence very few causes would be able to pay a stated pastor enough to even feed, clothe, and lodge him. The desire of such small causes is to get a man who has an independent income and who could afford to receive what little they could raise, but where are such men to be found?

The Apostle, in Ephesians iv. 12, has clearly stated that there are three classes of Ministers—Pastors, Evangelists (Supplies), Teachers. Timothy was exhorted to "do the work of an Evangelist," therefore I conclude it is not unscriptural as a system; but the instances quoted by "Vigilans" go to show that there are many men preaching who were never called to the work, and many men deacons who have no business to be in the office. As a deacon of a small cause that I have seen advance from a sitting-room to a schoolroom, from a schoolroom to a chapel, where from fifty to sixty meet for worship, I do not hesitate to say that, in our case, I consider the Supply System has worked fairly well; and I am bound to say this, that though there may be men who undertake the duties from selfish motives, I have, in our case, found by far the greater number willing to give up their Sunday rest and put themselves to great inconvenience and trouble, rising early, travelling far and returning late, in all weathers, with the one desire to promote the glory of God and to be useful to His people. Like many more things, much depends on how the system is worked. The managing deacon, if he be a godly man, should be able to decide on the Supplies heard, and invite those whose ministry is blessed to the Church and congregation. Thus, by prayerful and judicious selection he may fill the pulpit most Lord's Days with but few Supplies. A Supply who possesses both gifts and grace is eagerly sought after, and, as a rule, very soon is invited to a pastorate, leaving his less gifted (we hope they all have grace) brethren to the smaller causes who cannot support a pastor.

Now permit me to say a few words more on what I consider the wants and failings of our denomination. First, I ask, Are young men who show gifts and grace to qualify them to speak

in the Lord's name encouraged so to do? I say, distinctly and decidedly, that often they are not. They often are simply "sat upon"; instead of being helped and encouraged, they are sharply told "not to run before they are sent," and indeed it is regarded by many as almost presumption even for a young man to speak in public prayer.

Next, I think a large amount of the evil is caused by the way services are mostly conducted. Mr. Hart says in one of his hymns that we come together

"To worship the Lord with praise and with prayer,
To practise His Word as well as to hear."

Do we? I fear most go to "hear Mr. So-and-so." Service usually lasts a little over an hour and a-half. We have an opening hymn, reading, prayer, and another hymn; these preliminaries are often got through in thirty minutes. The sermon lasts from fifty to sixty minutes, and the conclusion is brief. Now, a sermon of fifty minutes to an hour may be, if the minister is gifted, a great treat, but too often the minister has said all he has to say in thirty minutes, and the remainder of the time is wearisome to a degree.

I had almost forgotten to touch on the necessity of making arrangements well ahead. It appears to me to be a great convenience to all concerned. I begin on January the 1st to make arrangements for the following year, and by doing so find much confusion avoided. Indeed, it is almost impossible to get a minister at short notice to fill a vacancy. But after all, this Supply question is only part of a larger one. WATCHFUL.

[Our friend then mentions several things requiring attention and amendment, which we must hold in reserve.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER,—It is well to point out public defects or deficiencies relating to the cause of God and the furtherance of the precious Gospel, and such are very properly within your province to exhibit, in association with suggestions of any remedy for their removal.

What we term "Supplies," it is fully admitted, are to a great extent a necessity; and we may add here, in many cases, a divinely merciful and gracious benefaction. Among the eminent ministers of Christ, past and present, how many of them have served their (so to speak) apprenticeship as itinerants!

It is a point for due consideration, How are qualified godly brethren to be obtained by Churches and congregations who are so circumstanced as to be at present dependent on these needed helpers, for conducting the services held for public worship and

the preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ? It is presumed that, as a rule, all these godly brethren are members of Gospel Churches, and that their incentive to be useful arises from the superlative value they experimentally attach to the infinite grace they are personally the recipients of; apprehending by faith, in some measure, what they have been Almightyly saved from, and unto; and are anxious to tell out to others, as the Lord may help them, of the remedy they have proved from their own ruined condition through sin, according to the exceeding riches of Jehovah's grace, and in dependence on the omnipotent power of the Holy Ghost, and His earnestly sought-for aids, as the efficiency of their sincere endeavours.

If among the members, any indication should appear that a brother is likely to be useful in the ministry, let them judiciously endeavour to bring about some private conference between the pastor, deacons, &c., that may after due consideration result, if such should be decided on, in an interview with the godly brother, and, all being equal, let him be invited by a resolution of the Church, to exercise his gifts at several specially-appointed meetings for this purpose; the outcome of which being honourably kept from outsiders, who have no business to be made acquainted with household and family secrets. If on a show of hands the brother be heartily received as one who, in their judgment, is to be encouraged to go on, let them account it an honour to them as a Church, and encourage and help him in every way they possibly can. With a resolution of the Church they thus do their proper part, and, commending him to God as a member of their family, leave the issue with the Lord.

If this course were generally adopted in the fear of God, it is submitted that we should not hear very much about unqualified Supplies; we are all liable to make mistakes, but the writer has too high an opinion of the integrity and uprightness of really godly ministers, deacons, and sincere Christians, to question as a rule their motives, or believe they would do anything so far as in their judgment would not be right to sanction and follow.

If the decision of the Church should be adverse to a brother, it would not be necessarily permanently decisive. I believe that some have rather broken down under such an ordeal, but for the present, and herefrom, it may be a further waiting and watching time.

That the curtailment of the number of Supplies to one cause, so far as it is practicable, would, it is submitted, be judicious, even by reducing them to, say, two or three, in view of eventually coming to one.

As to the amount of pay to such as are heart and soul in the work, it will be by those who are worth inviting, as a rule, quite

a secondary consideration ; let that be adjusted by the means and ability of the people entirely, but fairly and equitably so. A godly brother, who can afford it, may be disposed to give his services to a poor cause, and yet not be merely a cheap Supply, and the deacons also may be doing their very best, in these times, to meet the ways of income and expenditure.

Nothing in these brief remarks on this great subject are in the least degree intended to encourage any indifference on the part of Churches toward an earnest desire to choose and obtain a stated pastor, wherever in a position to do so. But even when highly favoured in this respect, Supplies to officiate in his absence are very valuable helps, and they ought to be kindly received, and conveniently located, to the best of the ability of their inviters—in short, treated as ministers of the Gospel should be.

Essex.

H. C.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—Pardon the liberty I take in writing, but for some time past I have felt a desire to tell you what a blessing your book (SOWER) has been made at times to me, but, through fear that after all I have only deceived myself, I have not done so. Your book has many times been the means of lifting me up out of the dust ; for when I read of others being led in the same path, and having the same promise given them as I have, it gives me to hope that, if I am led about like God's people, I am amongst their number.

“ With them numbered may I be,
Now and through eternity.”

Yet how often Satan tries to steal my little hope, and I often think he has taken it from me. Then, when I can reflect on past mercies, I feel sure that the dear Lord could not have brought me thus far to put me to shame. Oh—

“ What shall I render, dearest Lord,
For favours so divine ?
Oh, take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it wholly Thine.”

Hoping, dear sir, the Lord will still go on to bless you in your labours of love, and give you many tokens that your work is not in vain,

I remain, yours sincerely,

E. S—H.

DEAR SIR,—I have a great desire to send a few lines to you, as I have felt very much encouraged in reading the "Seekers' Corner," for it seems as if some had been led in the same pathway as myself.

We trust we have been made by the Holy Spirit of God to seek the Saviour's face, and He has promised that "those that seek shall find," for He "has not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye My face in vain." But at times we feel such a distance from God, and our love to Him seems so cold, that we often wonder whether we are in the footsteps of the flock. But we do not always feel like this; for when we are made to feel the great goodness of the Lord, and His forbearing mercy to such unworthy creatures as we are, we feel quite overcome, and say with the Psalmist, "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" for we are but dust and ashes before God. Yet He has made a way, that His chosen few may approach Him, even by the death of His dear Son Jesus Christ.

Oh, what wondrous love He must have had, that He should come down, take the likeness of sinful flesh, and suffer as no man ever suffered, and die that cruel death for such hell-deserving sinners as we are! He has indeed made a way for His ransomed to pass over. Oh, that we may know more of Him, whom to know is life eternal, and be led more into the depth of the mystery of His great love, wherewith He hath loved us, even before the foundation of the world; and may we ever—

"Praise the Lord who died to save us,
Praise His name for ever dear;
Praise His blessed name who gave us
Eyes to see and ears to hear."

I feel most unworthy to send these few lines to you; but I do pray the dear Lord will still go on to bless you in your good work, and may you still be spared to sound forth the pure Gospel, as it is in Jesus, is the desire of your affectionate young friend,

December 14th, 1894.

E. S.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—It is the fault of the present day to think, and to act, as if man could do everything, and to forget God's special providence. Hence that busybodyness which distinguishes the religious world, and prevents that depth of piety which is the result of sober, calm reflection, and which shows itself in doing calmly, and unostentatiously, not what seems likely to be attended with the greatest results, but simply the duty our hand findeth to do.—*Dean Hook.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How sad and solemn is the state of those who are friendless ; you are not in that case ; you have a Friend, a Heavenly Friend, that has and does act the part of a friend, by helping you in your distresses. He shows you how black sin has made you, and then how white He has cleansed you by His precious blood. He makes you hunger and thirst after Himself, and then feeds you with the bread of life, which you prove is wondrously strengthening, so much so that, when you are weakest, then are you by it made strongest.

Also your thirst ; it would not be satisfied by earthly things, although many of your neighbours are, and you are the same by nature, then why the difference ? You cannot overcome it, you cannot satisfy it by anything you can procure on earth, it will not be kept quiet ; but there it is—thirst—thirst—thirst—until your Friend brings to you the water of life. Oh, how that refreshes you ! makes the head that hung down to look up and say, “I will look,” or, “lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help” (Psalm cxxi. 1 ; see also Psalm lxxviii. 9 ; Isaiah lv. 10, 11).

Then He takes you within, having by His grace put you among His children, and He pours out the good old wine of the kingdom to cheer your downcast soul. He no longer calls you a servant, but a friend, and says, “Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved” (Sol. Song v. 1.)

This Friend will stick to you ; He has undertaken that the friendship shall be a lasting one ; “Whom once He loves He never leaves” ; therefore—

“ Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

He loveth at all times, even when upon the bed of sloth we forget His gracious helps ; thus He proves Himself “a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” May you more than ever visit this Friend, and He will from time to time come your way, and prove Himself a divine, rich, faithful, precious, true, loving Friend.

Miss S— was with us all last week. We were glad to hear from her that you are still in your situation, and we hope you are stronger. You will hear by Miss S— how we do bere.

I go on in the same stumbling sort of way, sometimes helped with a little help ; sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing ; sometimes weeping, sometimes rejoicing ; sometimes proving that I have a Friend that is with me, at other times mourning His absence, questioning everything, and writing very bitter things. Was

helped at Windsor last Sunday, in considering the preparation the Holy Ghost makes in the hearts of His people for the advent of the Lord, and some of the things that make us delight in His covenant. May "the Lord, whom ye seek, suddenly come to His temple [your heart], even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in."

You have my best wishes, both for time and eternity.

Yours very sincerely,

November 29th, 1892.

W. S. J. BROWN.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE one whose voice to me was sweet
For more than forty years,
Is taken home;
Left me alone,
To walk this vale of tears.

Alone! yet cannot say alone,
Her Lord and mine is near;
He in my trial
Gives no denial,
But wipes the falling tear.

At most it cannot be for long
That I shall here remain;
May I, with Paul,
Then prove to all,
For "me to die is gain."

'Tis gain to get beyond the reach
Of Satan's tempting power;
'Tis gain to be
Where Christ we'll see,
As we ne'er saw before.

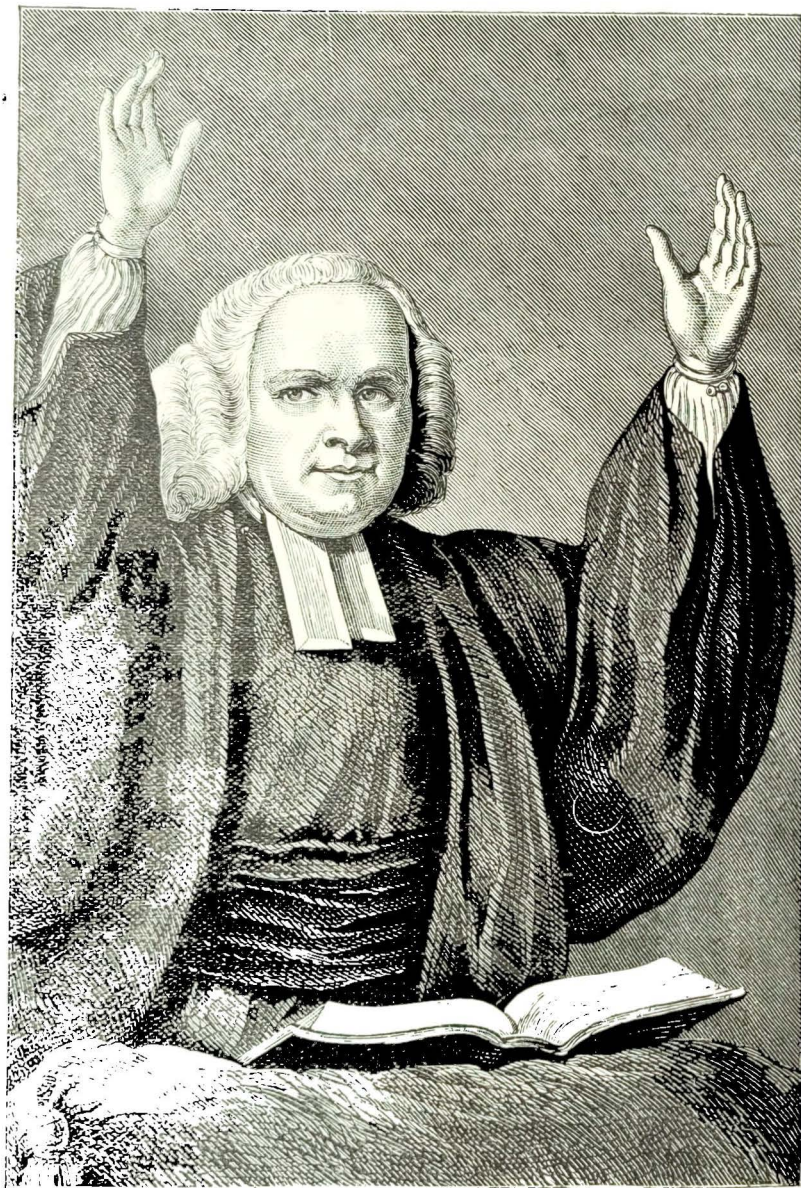
'Tis gain to be where no dark cloud
Shall overcast the soul,
Not there as here,
Oft sad and drear,
There glory crowns the whole.

'Tis written, "Blessed are the dead
Who die here in the Lord";
Their life secure,
They all are sure
To gain the rich reward.

What in dishonour now is sown
Shall be to glory raised;
Electing love
She'll sing above,
And crown her Lord with praise.

Upton Manor.

(The late) J. STEER.



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

BOYHOOD.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, on December 16th, 1714. His father, Thomas Whitefield, was at first a wine merchant in Bristol, but afterwards became an inn-keeper; his mother was Elizabeth Edwards, of Bristol. The surroundings of the boy were not calculated to make him religious, yet in his mother's heart there was a thoughtful love which did all that was possible to shield him from the worst temptations of his lot. As his father died in 1716, George, the last-born of his seven children, fell exclusively to the mother's care. His boyhood was a wild, merry, thoughtless, sin-stained time. He confesses to lying, evil speaking, and petty thefts from his mother's pocket; he spent much money in plays and entertainments; his "heart's delight" was playing at cards and reading romances; Sabbath-breaking was a common sin, and at public worship, when present, he was generally irreverent. He was so reckless as to rush into the Dissenting meeting-house, and shout out the name of the worthy old minister—"Old Cole! Old Cole! Old Cole!" Even at this early, wilful period, however, some thought of his future calling had found its way into his heart. Asked one day by one of Mr. Cole's congregation what business he meant to follow, he saucily replied: "A minister; but I would take care never to tell stories in the pulpit like Old Cole." A great conflict went on in his mind. He would read his Bible, and also books of devotion, stolen for the purpose; part of the money taken from his mother was given to the poor.

AT OXFORD.

It was in 1732 that Whitefield, hardly yet eighteen years old, was entered as a servitor of Pembroke College, Oxford, his mother's faithful love being the means of this happy change in his circumstances. Some of his friends used their influence with the master of the College; another friend lent him ten pounds upon a bond, to defray the expense of entering; and the master admitted him as a servitor without delay. He justified all the confidence that was placed in him. He toiled at his classics, lightened the burdens of his friends who stood as his money-securities, adhered to the religious practices he had formed at his last school. Law's "Serious Call to a Divine Life" made him think in earnest of religion; the same writer's "Christian Perfection" stirred him still more deeply. A long, dark, terrible conflict followed. His thoughts were so troubled, that, for some weeks, he scarce slept above three hours at a time.

“God only knows,” he says, “how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under the weight I felt, and bidding Satan depart from me in the name of Jesus. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground, and begging freedom from those proud, hellish thoughts that used to crowd in upon and distract my soul. But God made Satan drive out Satan. For these thoughts created such a self-abhorrence within me, that I never ceased wrestling with God till He blessed me with a victory over them. Self-love, self-will, pride and envy buffeted me in their turns, that I was resolved either to die or conquer. I wanted to see sin as it was, but feared, at the same time, lest the sight of it should terrify me to death. Having nobody to show me a better way, I thought to get peace and purity by outward austerities, acts of charity, observance of times and seasons, fasting, and prayer.” Still no peace was found. He was failing in health; part of one of his hands was quite black with his “neglect of the body”; he could scarce creep up-stairs for weakness. His tutor wisely called in the doctor. Left alone in his sick room, and liberated from the stern rule under which he had placed himself; above all, freed from the supposed necessity of doing something to find peace with God, his mind could turn to God Himself, and be taught by Him. About the end of the seventh week, “after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months’ inexpressible trials by night and day under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on His dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the everlasting day of redemption. But oh! with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled, when the weight of sin went off; and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul!”

ORDINATION.—FIRST SERMONS.—POPULARITY.

Although Whitefield had been accustomed to visit the prison at Oxford almost from the time of his entering Pembroke College, and reading to the prisoners, he yet shrank from being ordained when his friends urged him to take orders. The warning of Scripture against a “novice” being made a minister, filled him with grave concern. Bishop Benson asked him to an interview, at which he said: “Notwithstanding I have declared I would not ordain anyone under three-and-twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders.” His course, he felt, was now clear. The solemn event was anticipated with humble and devout feelings. The day preceding

it was spent in abstinence and prayer ; in the evening he retired to a hill near the town, and prayed fervently for about two hours in behalf of himself and those who were to be ordained with him. Next morning he rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over that precept, " Let no one despise thy youth." The good of souls was before him as his only principle of action.

His first sermon was preached on June 27th, 1736, in St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, to a large congregation. A complaint was made to good Bishop Benson that it had driven fifteen persons mad ; the Bishop replied that he hoped the madness might not be forgotten before another Sunday. Soon afterwards he was asked to take the place of the curate of the Tower Chapel, London, for a short time. He went with fear and trembling, and preached his first sermon to a London audience in Bishopsgate Church on Sunday afternoon, August 8th. His youthful appearance as he went up the pulpit stairs provoked, he thought, a general sneer ; but there was solemn seriousness when he got into his sermon. He conquered himself and his congregation ; and the people, on his descending from the pulpit, showed him every respect, and blessed him as he passed along. No one could answer the question which was now on every one's lips : " Who was the preacher to-day ? " The Tower Chapel was crowded every Sunday for the next two months. His activity during that time was characteristic of the loving zeal with which he laboured to the close.

Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times. His life there exemplified the earnestness and sincerity of his desire for the salvation of men ; its comparative quietness rested him between his times of tremendous exertion. His voyages were his vacations. Not always without peril and hardship, but sometimes full of restorative power to his shattered health, and offering him opportunities for doing a kind of work not possible to him amid his activities on shore. Letter-writing and reading occupied a great deal of his time, and enabled him both to follow up the good he had done, and to prepare for future work.

But he took a full share in the life of the ship. On his first voyage he began his seafaring life with great prudence and kindness. He attended the men in sickness, and taught and catechised them. To the officers who were on board, both naval and military, he showed marked deference, and did not allow his zeal to carry him into any unwise attempts to force religion upon their attention. The difficulties and troubles of men were employed as an opportunity for doing the men good by serving them in any way within his power. At night he would walk on the deck, that he might have an opportunity of speaking quietly

to some officers whom he wanted to win for Christ; or he would go down into the steerage where the sailors were congregated, that he might be as one of them. He soon made himself a favourite. The captain of the ship gave him the free use of his cabin, the military captain who was on board was friendly, and so were the rest of the officers. He got leave to read prayers in the great cabin. In the Bay of Biscay they had some rough experiences. One night, about twelve o'clock, a gale arose, and increased so much by four in the morning that the waves raged horribly, and broke in like a great river on many of the soldiers, who lay near the main hatchway. Creeping on his knees between decks, he went with a friend to sing psalms and comfort the poor wet people. The gale spent itself and left beautiful weather behind. At the close of one of the services the captain asked the soldiers to stop whilst he informed them that, to his great shame, he had been a notorious swearer himself; but, by the instrumentality of that gentleman, pointing to Whitefield, he had now left it off, and exhorted them, for Christ's sake, that they would go and do likewise. The men began to remark, "What a change in our captain!"

On his return to England from his first visit to Georgia, he encountered coldness and opposition from some of the heads of the English Church; but these also ministered to the furtherance of the Gospel. Out of them, coupled with the great size of his congregations, sprang field-preaching. The first thought of resorting to the open air was suggested to him one Sunday afternoon by the sight of a congregation of a thousand persons who failed to gain admission to Bermondsey church. It met with no encouragement from his friends; they thought it was "a mad notion." He cherished it, however; and soon afterwards, when he was denied the use of churches at Bristol, he put it into practice. These field congregations rapidly grew in numbers, the second of them, assembled two days after the first, being four or five thousand persons; and presently as many as twenty thousand came together. The effect of the Gospel upon them is thus described in his own words: "Having no righteousness of their own to renounce, the colliers were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a Friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutter made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal-pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which (as the event proved) happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and

I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say, either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and was frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience what our Lord meant by saying, 'Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and, at times, all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame, me."

The denial of the use of Islington church determined Whitefield to do in London as he had done at Bristol; he preached in the churchyard, and announced that he would preach the next Sunday at Moorfields. "The Word of the Lord," he says, "runs and is glorified. People's hearts seem quite broken. God strengthens me exceedingly. I preach till I sweat through and through." When the news of his intended visit to Moorfields spread through the city, which it soon did, many said that if he entered into that domain of the rabble he would never come out alive. It was, indeed, a perilous step to take. The place was the favourite resort of the roughest and most profane of the people, but love drew him to them. "An exceeding great multitude" came together on Sunday morning, April 29th, 1739, some of whom amused themselves by breaking to pieces a table which had been placed for his pulpit. He came accompanied by a friend on either side, and tried to force his way through the crowd. His friends were soon detached from him, but as soon as he was alone, his congregation parted, and left an open course for him, first to the place where his demolished pulpit ought to have been standing, and thence to the wall which divided the upper from the lower fields, upon which he took his stand.

A far worse congregation of 10,000 persons was gathered on a Whit-Monday morning at six o'clock for the sports and abominations of a fair. Whitefield, with a company of praying people, appeared on the scene, and preached on Jesus being lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. The people gazed, and listened, and wept; many were stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. He and his friends went again at noon; the scene was wild beyond description. Yet when he preached the crowds were so drawn away from the places of amusement that the showmen and others, fired with anger and vexation, pelted him with stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cat. At six o'clock he went again to a wilder

scene, and was met by a fiercer, firmer opposition ; but again God gave him the victory. He continued in praying, preaching, and singing—"for the noise was too great at times to preach"—about three hours. He retired with his friends to the Tabernacle (his wooden chapel close by), with "his pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the Tabernacle Society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day ;" and the number of notes, he believed, exceeded a thousand.

Some of Whitefield's sayings are well worth remembering. "The only Methodism," he exclaims, "I desire to know is a holy method of dying to ourselves, and of living to God." To students he said, "I hope you will enter into your studies, not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints." To ministers he used to say, "Beware of nestling." The secret of his labours is in this word : "I do not preach for life, but from life." "Like a pure crystal, I would transmit all the glory that God is pleased to pour upon me, and never claim as my own what is His sole property." "I have always found awakening times like spring times : many blossoms, but not always so much fruit." "I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's own dear children, and makes them to mistake passion for zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above." "Let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Jesus Christ may live."

LAST DAYS.—DEATH.

In his last days Whitefield, who had been thin and active, became corpulent and heavy. His tremendous exertions brought on repeated attacks of serious illness from his young manhood to the end. He sometimes rose up from what seemed to be almost death to go and preach. Asthma was his constant affliction. John Wesley, speaking of one of their last interviews, says : "I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years." His last sermon was preached in the fields at Exeter in Massachusetts ; and before going out to preach it, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, said : "Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die." After his sermon he rode forward to Newburyport, to the house of

the Presbyterian minister. At night, as he was going to bed, he addressed from the stairs, with his bedroom candle in his hand, a crowd that had gathered round the door; he spoke till the candle went out. At six o'clock next morning, Sunday, September 30th, 1770, the asthma choked him. He had expected to die silent; he said, "It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die." And so it was.

J. P. GLEDSTONE.

A WORD ON THE TIMES.

THE face of the times is extraordinary. Religion is running wild, like the unpruned vine. The outer court is everywhere enlarging, but I fear few of the multitude ever enter within the veil. While the rudiments of Christianity are spreading on all sides, pernicious heresies are also disseminating. The doctrines of sovereign grace, which alone can bring right knowledge to sinful men, are shuffled out of doors, and the ordinances of the Gospel, with the discipline of the Lord's house, these are assailed on all sides by a host of crucifiers. The world and the Church are becoming one common field, and the fences ordained by our Lord, and maintained by our forefathers in His name, are destined to destruction, and general benevolence to man is hastening to occupy their place. But instead of these general notions, I esteem it right to speak of grace as given to sinners chosen in Christ—of grace which shall cause them to come to Christ, and never cast them out—of grace that defies all hindrance from the rebellious heart of man—of grace that is invincible, and never gives up its subjects, in whom it once puts forth its saving power—of grace which inflicts damnation on none, though it secures salvation to countless millions—of grace that whoever will hold it forth in the pulpit, he must keep in his view continually the immanent acts of the Godhead, giving to Him all the praise and glory.

J. S.

The above was written by an eminent Baptist minister in the year 1842. It was doubtless as true then as it is to-day, more than fifty years after. Those who love Zion and seek her welfare and prosperity, might well be filled with fears, had not that precious word been left on record in the Scriptures of truth, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, when the morning appeareth" (Psalm xlv. 5).

R. F. R.

THAT man's state is naught, and his faith unsound, that finds not his hopes of glory purifying to his heart and life.—*Mr. Trail.*

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,
PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Continued from page 81.)

MR. COVELL was an excellent letter writer, but it is only a few of his letters that have found their way into print, and the want of space will not admit of our reproducing many of them in the present article, but the following letter is so excellent, and seems to speak so like the good man, that we cannot omit it, as we are sure it will interest our readers :—

“ *Croydon, November 6th, 1848.*

“ *The weather-beaten youth to the Little One sendeth greeting :*
I hear that you have been poorly, but fear not, dame, you will never die, for Christ lives, therefore you will live also. Death is only a sleep, to those who die in Jesus. I believe that you are after the Lord Jesus, and you may depend upon it that you will never be deluged in wrath, make shipwreck of faith, nor be dashed in pieces by the many rocks of error that lie in the way. The Captain of your salvation hath declared that it is not the will of His Heavenly Father that one of His little ones should perish, and as He holds the winds in His fists, and the storms are under His control, you will land safely in spite of all opposition, and praise Him for ever that kept such a poor vessel as you together, when so many have been drowned in perdition. Oh, dame, you and I want so much ballast, for we are so heady and light, and should soon be carried we know not where. Therefore the Lord sends different trials ; these keep the vessel in its place, and make us sail steadily. Every trial, opposition, and persecution drives us more from self, and are so many waves that bring us to Jesus, who is the haven of rest, and while Satan and men mean our hurt, the Son of God causes it to work for good. How many times have I proved this ! We read that He rides upon the storm, and until the poor soul gets into the harbour of God’s love he is tossed about. The Son of God suffers all sorts of things to come upon us ; these are so many winds that fill our sails and bring us quicker to Him ; and when we enter here and lay hold on the Son of God by faith, how safe we feel while men are roaring about us. Come, dame, you have got such a Captain that never failed of bringing every vessel safe that has been committed to Him, and you have been obliged to fall at His feet and cry, ‘ Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me.’ Bless your soul, He surely will. Oh, dame, to think that the darling Son of God should set His love upon such an one as you when there were so many great folks in the world ; yet to pass by them and say to you, ‘ Come

with Me, My sister, My spouse, look from the lions' den and mountain of leopards, and thou art all fair, My sister, there is no spot in you.' This is wonderful, indeed, but not more wonderful than true. Oh, when you sit with Him at last, crowned with glory, who then would think that was the blacksmith's wife, who while on earth was full of fears and doubts, and felt such a body of sin that made her sigh and cry, and that the folks laughed and sneered at, and were afraid to come to her house. Oh, how things will be altered, you comforted and they tormented. 'Oh,' say you, 'can this be possible?' Yes, for the first time you came to hear me, Jesus sent you this word, that He was 'appointed to comfort all that mourn in Zion'; and you are one of them, for you mourn your hardness, unbelief, coldness, sin, and the evils of your heart. You mourn because you cannot love Him more, nor serve Him better, and He has said He will give you beauty for ashes, and clothe you with the garment of praise for the spirit heaviness, and you shall have the oil of joy that shall last for ever. He will be as good as His word, therefore the word that has gone out of His mouth will stand for ever, and your unbelief will never alter it. Oh, you may bless God for this; He is not a man that He should repent, therefore good days are before you, yea, bright and glorious indeed, when all your trials and troubles will be lost for ever, and you singing the song, 'Salvation to God and the Lamb.' I have written what I believe, and you will find it true. Tell your husband that the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel, and that a full reward will be given him from the Lord, under whose wings he has come to trust. Therefore tell him, let faith and patience have their perfect work, and in the end he shall praise the Lord. Tell Tom I shall be glad to see him, and I should think he could come this moon,

"I remain, yours truly,

"F. COVELL."

During the year 1864 the late beloved J. C. Philpot, owing to failing health, found it needful to resign his pastorate over the Churches of Stamford and Oakham, and he was led to choose Croydon as a suitable locality to reside in, especially as he would be able to enjoy the ministry of Mr. Covell. The two ministers, known to each other before as lovers and preachers of the same Gospel, now, owing to frequent opportunities of converse, became warm and attached friends. Whenever health permitted, the gracious scholar loved to sit at the feet of the gracious "Tinman," and whenever the scholar could be prevailed upon to take the pulpit, the "Tinman" was equally delighted to sit at his feet for instruction.

It was Mr. Philpot's dying wish that Mr. Covell should conduct

the service at his funeral, with which request Mr. Covell complied, and his address upon that occasion was a masterly one; and we cannot pay it a greater compliment than by saying, it was worthy of the memory of the gracious, talented man whose body he committed to the silent grave. In speaking of Mr. Philpot as a friend, Mr. Covell said: "I can bear testimony, from a long intercourse, to his courteous and affable manner, and it must ever be a source of satisfaction to me that he declared that he enjoyed my ministry; again and again has he expressed how thankful he was to God for bringing him to Croydon."

In September, 1865, Mr. Covell ruptured a blood-vessel, and lost a considerable quantity of blood. This alarming event caused much consternation and anxiety to his wife and family, but Mr. Covell seemed to be kept very quiet in his mind during the occurrence, and when he reached the top of the stairs leading to his bedroom, he said, evidently for the comfort of his family—

"All things for our good are given,
Comforts, crosses, staffs, and rods;
All is ours in earth and Heaven,
We are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

As he lay in bed forbidden to speak or to see anyone, God blessed his soul, and shone into his heart in a wonderful manner, and when allowed to speak a little, he said: "For some time past I have been putting up many cries to God, and He blessed me with many little tokens and manifestations of His favour; but since I have been on my bed, I have found they were only foretastes of what was to follow. I have indeed proved the truth of what the Psalmist says, 'He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

On June 18th, 1870, his loving and devoted wife died after a short illness, of whom her husband could say, "I believe she is now in heaven."

Mr. Covell having so recently known the trial of losing a good wife, could feelingly sympathize with others in a similar bereavement. The following letter, extracted from the *Gospel Standard* has been sent us by a friend:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—How true it is that 'man is born to trouble,' and that 'few and evil are our days.' How the good Lord has cut away the strings that were likely to hold you here, and speaks to you by them, 'Behold, I come quickly,' that your heart may respond in the sweet feeling, 'Come, Lord Jesus! for what wait I for? Truly my hope is even in Thee.'

"As to your dear wife, it were almost cruel to wish to keep

her here in such continual pain and sickness. Oh, the blessed change, to be swallowed up in life and love! Oh, the child of God has got the best of it; and now she reaps a harvest of joy, and of the blessedness of it there will be no end. You may mourn, but she rejoices. I trust you may see and feel a Father's hand in it; and this will enable you to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done!' Oh, what a mercy it is when our will is swallowed up in His! How true we find it, that every good gift is from above! We can see what is right and good, but we cannot reach it. All our strength is in Him; and the Lord is pleased to make us know it. May He be pleased to help you at this time, that you may feel the Lord is good and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and have another token for good that the Lord loves and cares for you; for sometimes it is by terrible things in righteousness He answers us; and so we prove that all things, dark as well as light, work together for good.

"Accept of my best wishes and sympathy in this trial, and may you have to say, 'I was brought low; but the Lord helped me.'

"Yours truly,

"Croydon, Dec. 27, 1871."

"F. COVELL."

Mr. Covell used occasionally to preach at Cranbrook, and he did so in 1873, soon after the death of our late dear father, Mr. James Wilmshurst. Before leaving the town he called on our mother to sympathize with her; this visit was a model of brevity and point. He shook hands, inquired after her health and that of her family, and then, in his striking manner, quoted the lines of Berridge—

"If sick, or blind, or poor,
Or by the world abhorred,
There's not a cross lies at thy door
But cometh from the Lord."

Having repeated the verse he at once said, "Good-bye," and was gone, but the brief visit and the lines quoted were felt to be most helpful, and were never forgotten by those who heard them.

Mr. Covell was always of a particularly friendly disposition, and would speak freely to anyone he came in contact with, however much opposed to them he might be in his views of truth: he would do so to Father Davey, who was for many years the Roman Catholic priest in Croydon. On one occasion, Father Davey was telling him of his new house which he said was beautifully furnished. "No," said Mr. Covell, "it cannot be." "Indeed, it is," said the priest; "you come and see." "No," replied Mr. Covell; "there is one thing lacking, you need a wife." And all true Protestants will agree with Mr. Covell that the priests' homes would be better if their vows of celibacy were

removed, and their homes brightened by the presence of a good wife, which is from the Lord.

On another occasion the Baptist minister and the Romish priest met opposite a new church in Croydon, in which extreme Ritualistic practices are carried on. Mr. Covell said, pointing to the church, "They (the worshippers) will soon come over to you." "No," said the priest, "we do not want them." But however Father Davey and his fellow-priests may repudiate the Ritualists, there is little doubt that the statement of the Baptist minister is according to the truth, for the way is now well beaten by the feet of the thousands who are continually passing from the ranks of Ritualism to those of Romanism.

One day Mr. Covell met a man that, when he was following his business avocation, he had worked with. The man was in a poor and wretched condition, having given way to drink. The man solicited help from him. Calling him by his name, Mr. Covell said, "You do serve your master well; he is a hard master; he does pay you badly, yet you serve him faithfully. How thankful I am that I have a better Master, who pays me good wages." Mr. Covell closed his admonition by relieving the man's needs, as he had done on previous occasions.

One Sunday morning two men of respectable appearance came into Providence Chapel. As the service proceeded, they appeared by their actions to have come to make game of the preacher. Mr. Covell observed their proceedings, and in the course of his discourse he looked straight at them, and said, in his solemn and impressive manner—

"Fools make a mock at sin,
And with destruction sport;
But death will stop their simple grin,
And cut their laughter short."

The arrow evidently hit its mark, for the two men at once rose from their seats, and left the chapel—we would hope, sadder but wiser men.

We now give an extract from a letter received from a friend, which will give expression to the deep affection felt towards Mr. Covell by his constant hearers:—

"I think the little account, as far as it is written, in the SOWER is very good and truthful, especially what you say about the loss to his regular hearers, which was indeed heavy, and is still deeply felt. What a father he was to his people! and whatever his own griefs might be, always kind and cheery when one met him, like a ray of sunshine, shedding a warm, bright influence around him. How he watched over his flock with

earnest desires for their salvation, and noted if any were absent from chapel. Never can they find such another. 'I've got the best,' he said, in allusion to his departure and unknown successor, and you can't have first love at the end.' His prayers were remarkable—just like himself—such fervency, such tender pleading, as one never hears elsewhere, except from his brother, who died a year or two ago, and who had a similar gift, though not quite in the same degree.

"Towards the close of his days, dear Mr. Covell ripened very fast; and I well remember one Wednesday evening, a few months before his death, being greatly disappointed, on going into the chapel, at seeing him in the desk, while another minister occupied the pulpit; but can never forget the solemn and pathetic manner in which he gave out that hymn of Berridge's, 'If Jesus kindly say,' &c. ; and when he came to the last verse, with what emphasis and feeling it dropped from his lips, as if his heart was in every word—

" 'A soft and tender sigh
Now heaves my hallowed breast,
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.'

"I am sorry these few recollections are so meagre. There are some living who knew him much more intimately, yet I doubt if they loved him more. Years have softened our grief, but the loss is as great as ever, and there seems to be no one who can in any measure supply his place."

(*To be continued.*)

" I REJOICE AT THY WORD."

(PSALM cxix. 162.)

You who have profited by reading the Holy Scriptures, adore God's distinguishing grace. Bless God that He hath not only brought the light to you, but opened your eyes to see it; that He hath unlocked His hid treasure, and enriched you with saving knowledge. That God should pass by millions in the world, and the lot of His electing love should fall upon you; that the Scripture, like the "pillar of cloud," should have a dark side to others, but a light side to you; that to others it should be a "dead letter," but to you the savour of life; that Christ should not only be revealed to you, but in you. How should you be in an holy ecstasy of wonder, and wish that you had hearts of seraphims burning in love to God, and the voices of angels to make Heaven ring with God's praises!—*Thomas Watson*, 1670.

"WE SEE JESUS."

"Surely God is in thee; and there is none else, there is no God (beside). Verily thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."—ISAIAH xlv. 14, 15.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."—JOHN i. 14.

VEILED in flesh, the Godhead see,
Oh, how great the mystery!
Ancient of eternal days,
Lo, a helpless infant lays.

Pause, dear reader; do you know
Why it was He stooped so low?
Why did He on earth thus dwell,
As our dear Emmanuel?

Why did He thus helpless lay?
Why, O why? we well may say;
Deeply it concerns each one,
For without Him we're undone.

View Him in His childhood days,
Full of love, and truth, and grace;
Gentle, meek and undefiled—
Was He not a lovely Child?

View Him in His manhood too,
As in years, like us, He grew;
His disciples stood amazed,
Dazzled by the Godhead's rays.

View Him as a Man of grief,
Granting to the sick relief;
Bearing all the bitter woe
Of His children here below.

View Him in His deep distress,
See His sacred bosom pressed
With the weight of all their sin,
That they might His glory win.

View Him dying for the lost,
Stretched upon the dreadful cross;
See, the sun withdraws its light—
Angels marvel at the sight.

View the Mighty One to save
Rise a Victor from the grave,
And ascend His Father's throne,
Interceding for His own.

Holy Spirit, Light Divine,
On the sacred Scriptures shine;
Open sinners' eyes to see
All their sin and misery.

Bring them to the cleansing blood ;
 Point them to the Lamb of God,
 As the one and only Way
 To the realms of endless day.

At His dear and sacred feet
 May we hold communion sweet ;
 In His lovely image grow,
 And Himself more fully know.

R. E.

 EXTRACT FROM BROOKES' "CLOSET PRAYER."

WHEN Jonah was all alone in the midst of many dangers and deaths—when he was in the whale's belly, yea, the belly of hell—private prayer fetches him from thence. Let a man's dangers be ever so many, or ever so great, yet secret prayer hath a certain omnipotency in it that will deliver him out of them all. In multiplied afflictions private prayer is most prevalent with God. In the midst of drowning, secret prayer will keep both head and heart above water. Upon Jonah's private prayer God sent forth his mandamus, and the fish serves for a ship to sail Jonah safe to shore. When the case is even desperate, yet then private prayer can do much with God. . . . Private prayer, like Saul's sword, never returns empty ; it hits the mark, it carries the day with God ; it pierceth the walls of heaven, though, like those of Gaza, made of iron or brass. Oh, who can express the powerful oratory of private prayer ? "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are," and yet a man so potent with God in the court of heaven. In 1 Samuel xxi. you read of David's round lies, and of his other failings, infirmities, and unseemly carriage before Achish the king, yet at that very time he prays and prevails with God for favour, mercy, and deliverance (read title of Psalm xxxiv.) Asa was a man full of infirmities and weaknesses : he relies on the king of Syria, and not on the Lord ; he is very impatient under the seer's reproof ; he imprisons the seer, he oppressed some of the people, he sought to physicians, and not to the Lord ; and yet this man's prayer was wonderfully prevalent with God (2 Chron. xiv. 11-15). The saints' infirmities can never make void those gracious promises by which God stands engaged to hearken to the prayers of His people. God's hearing of our prayers does not depend upon sanctification, but upon Christ's intercession.

THE meanest capacity, yea, a person of the weakest intellects, is as susceptible of heavenly grace as the most capacious mind.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR SIR,—There are three serious misconceptions in the correspondence in the "SOWER" this month.

1. It is assumed that "evangelists" are "supplies." Now, evangelists were men of God who carried the Gospel where it had never been proclaimed. Our godly ancestors called them "*Gospellers.*" It is well known that many Supplies think it wrong to preach to any but God's dear children. Indeed, some who began with "evangelising" have long given it up, and taken to "supplying," and their names are now on the supply-lists.

2. With respect to the struggling causes mentioned as being more spiritual than the larger ones, the following facts make it very questionable whether this is really so generally. Among the small causes, some of them, it is to be feared, are very careless as to whom they admit into fellowship, and are exceedingly lax in administering Church discipline. Hence it is sometimes the case that persons who cannot obtain admission to a large Church in a town, find no difficulty at all in joining a neighbouring village Church.

3. The centralization advocated in the first place, was not intended as a centralization of authority in the hands of a board, or union, or committee, such as seems to be referred to in last month's SOWER, but the *uniting of little causes*, and so as to end any antagonism or unpleasantness entailed by their separate existence. It would be a pity to confuse the issues in this controversy, and thereby spoil its usefulness.

Yours faithfully,
VIGILANS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I fear, judging from the letters on the Supply System in the SOWER for April, that there will be but little good result from the examination, while there are such great misunderstandings as to the meaning of the various correspondents. In the letter by "Watchman," which appears to me to be a comment on my letter of November last, after speaking of bigotry, narrow-mindedness, &c., he speaks of a central Church, and the evils that would result from it. What I meant by central Church was, where there are two, three, or four small Churches within walking distance of each other, it would, in my judgment, be far better for those Churches to unite together and try to get a good man to preach to them, instead of hearing such men as we know they often love to hear. Again, he informs us that the small struggling Churches have the most spiritual life. That there are good and gracious men in these small Churches we freely admit,

but that there is also another side to the subject "Watchman" must know, if he is much acquainted with many of them.

Again, he says it would not be safe to conclude that the Supplies who are well paid, &c., are the best, or that it is any evidence that they are called to the work. I quite agree with him on this point, and I would say with him, all honour to those godly, gracious men, whom God has equipped and sent forth to preach His Gospel and who are willing to make such sacrifices for the glory of God, and the good of His people, without fee or reward, and one would, under such circumstances, be glad to find that they were able and willing to give a little to the poor; but my allusion was not to such men as these, but to those men who are determined to get into the pulpit at any price, and whose pride and vanity are the ruling passion. I also agree with "Watchman" that the Lord has not promised to bless only clever, gifted men, &c., as such, but I believe the Lord does not send forth His servants unqualified for the work to which He calls them. They are men, very often, of ordinary gifts, but I venture to say those gracious men to whom he refers were not men of an ordinary measure of grace, but men specially qualified for the work—men evidently sent of God to preach the Gospel to every creature that came under the sound of their voice. Would to God there were many such now. But it is to be feared the Lord has said of many, as in former days, "They shall not profit My people at all, for I have not sent them."

Yours very truly,

OBSERVER.

April 9th, 1895.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I have read the correspondence upon the Supply System in the SOWER with interest, believing there is much truth in what has been written; and I might add to it, to show a few more of the evil fruits of the system, but fail to see that it would now be profitable to your readers at large, and it might have the effect of prejudicing some. I, however, feel led to try and trace the evil to its root, and to find out a remedy.

I am convinced of one thing, that as long as the professing Church of God is in this world, the tares and the wheat will grow together, the former bringing dishonour on the latter. As long as the Lord's people have carnal natures, and there is a tempting devil, inconsistencies will be manifest, and only in proportion to the measure of grace there is in exercise will these evils be kept in subjection.

We notice in the Scriptures of Truth, and in the time of the martyrs, that the sweetness and power of the Gospel were most experienced in the times of trial, affliction, and persecution, and in the times of prosperity the professing Church soon departed

from the simplicity of the Gospel. In this day, when religious toleration has become fashionable, it creates a friendship with the world, which often ensnares the professors of religion with its customs and fashions, that are not consistent in those who profess godliness. Like Israel of old, there is a "mingling with the heathen and learning their ways"; and, I believe, as a chastisement for this, God has suffered spiritual poverty to follow, by withholding much of His blessing and power from the preaching of the Gospel, and thus leanness of soul is the complaint of most of the people of God. In this sickness they become discontented, and nothing is right for them in the house of prayer; ministers, managers, and people are all judged to be wrong, like one in bad health that finds fault with the food, but afterwards proves that it is their own taste which is out of order. In this sickness, things are desired that are injurious, and thus it is with the professing Church; it is the low estate that gives rise to so much evil speaking and to so many fanciful changes in the carrying on of the worship of God; and is it not noticeable in many, that it is the man in the pulpit who attracts them to a place of worship, and not the God of Heaven? inasmuch as they can only attend when a favourite minister occupies the pulpit. In the Apostles' days this was called carnal; for when one says, "I am of Paul, and another of Apollos, is it not carnal?" and if your worship is carnal, can you wonder if you miss a blessing? It would be well if each asked themselves the question that a little child asked us on one occasion when going to a place of worship, "What are you going for?"

Thus, in a word, I believe the root of the evil is the backslidings of the professing Church; and I hope that the complaints that now arise are a proof that we are beginning to be filled with our own ways, and are getting tired of them. I do not believe that any system, *forced as a duty*, will be of any real good, but, like as in the beginning of the way, the Holy Spirit's influence is needed; so when pastors, supplies, deacons, churches, and congregations go up to their places of worship, each with their hearts up unto the Lord for His blessing upon themselves and His people, and enter in to praise Him in the hymns for His goodness, and their hearts join in the prayer for His help and mercy, and listen to His Word with longing hearts to hear of Jesus Christ and His salvation, desiring to know more of Him, and all aim to honour Him in all they do by seeking to Him as their Counsellor, and to His Word as their reference, with their own spiritual profit and that of His people in view; or, in other Scriptural language, when all is done "by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," peace, prosperity, and God's blessing will be more enjoyed in our souls and in the Churches. JOSEPH,

We feel it is only right we should give the foregoing appropriate notes, hoping they may be of service. We assure our readers, as in the sight of Him who searches the heart, that we have not introduced the subject relating to the evils of the Supply System, without serious thought and intense feeling respecting it. And we should be sorry for any side issues or personal aims and jealousies to divert the minds of our friends and any friends of the Lord's Zion from a candid and serious consideration of the true nature and serious importance of the subject. Although we have given but a mere tithe of the correspondence we have received, we feel we must now close it, for the present at least, though among the unpublished letters there are serious evils, yet unnamed by us, complained of, such as backbitings, slanders, confederacies, monopolising of pulpits, self-seeking, and a manifest lack of scriptural knowledge and of the Spirit of Christ, in some Supplies who push themselves, or who are pushed forward by others, to the serious injury of the Church of Christ and the grief of many who are of a meek, tender, and contrite spirit. "Brethren, these things ought not to be." Oh that the Lord may speedily and thoroughly purge His floor, and bring back His backsliding Church, by subduing the prevailings of carnality and selfishness, and by pouring upon us the spirit of Him who is meek and lowly in heart.

The correspondence on this subject being now at an end, it seems desirable to examine the Apostolic examples, carefully given in Scripture, and if any practical result should ensue for the good of the Church of God, our end will be abundantly served. Next month, therefore, we purpose bringing before our readers a few things respecting the Lord's design in maintaining a people on the earth to be His witnesses, and also to consider the primitive order of the Church.—ED.

"EVER WITH THE LORD."

(1 THESSALONIANS iv. 17.)

"EVER with the Lord." Here's a short fight, but an eternal triumph; a short race, but an unfading crown of glory; a short storm, but quiet harbour. Who would not almost be covetous and ambitious of suffering upon such gainful terms? One day with the Lord will more than pay for all the saint's trials, how much more this "ever with the Lord?" There is no proportion between a Christian's cross and his crown. Afflictions, light; glory, heavy; here he drops a few tears; there he swims in a river of pleasure for evermore.—*Thomas Case*, 1670.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—Hearing you speak this morning on the vanities of the pleasures of this life, and reading over some verses my dear father sent me when I was bent on the pleasure and vanity of this world, and thought it unkind of my parent to damp it, but I feared to destroy the letters or verses; and when you were speaking this morning of some being drawn into the world after making a profession, I thought, what a wonder I had not, and what a wonder if I hold out to the end. Your speaking of your own feelings, that anybody could be saved if you were, encouraged me a little, for I have felt that anybody but myself could be saved. Your discourse exactly described my feelings, for I have been so many years begging for that great blessing, the sealing of the Spirit, and often fear I shall faint, or that I never shall find in death's awful day true peace in my mind.

Last Sunday morning I did feel cheered. I had begged of the Lord the day before, if He spared me to see the coming Sabbath, to give me a crumb of the bread of life. And directly you read the text it did me good, for, if not greatly deceived, the Lord spoke those words to me some eighteen years ago. I had been some time very weak in body, scarcely able to get through my daily duties, and very dark in my mind; but one morning when I awoke, feeling as if I should sink into the earth, I said, "Lord, I am ready to sink, body and soul, and You do not hear my cry." Then those words came, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength," &c. Oh, the change in my feelings! I was strengthened in soul and body and felt it was of the Lord. I sang, in my heart, all that day and everything was right. I felt last Sunday I should like to tell you a little about it, or send you a line, but I expect I shall be tried for doing so. I feel the loss of my dear friend, Miss L——, very much, she wrote me such very nice letters.

With Christian love to Mrs. Hull and yourself, I remain,

Yours, very sincerely,

E. S——L.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I have long thought I would write a few lines for "The Seekers' Corner," if you will give them a place, and hope they may be a help to many seekers.

I hope I have known the truth for nearly thirty years. I can remember feeling something of the sweetness of the Gospel while

hearing dear Mr. Covell, when only ten years of age. I have had many ups and downs since then, but have been kept on till now.

What I want to write about is, what I have felt since I joined the Church here; but I may just tell you what I felt before that. I had eleven years' exercise about it; and after I had been exercised for some time these words came to my mind, "Why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" (Sol. Song. i. 7.) It was some time before I found them; when I did the former part of the verse was sweet to me. I much wished some one would preach from them, but had to wait two years, when Mr. Picknell preached from them, and he so spoke what I had passed through that I felt I must join the people of God, but did not know what to do, as the deacon I loved for the truth's sake died two months before; but something seemed to say, "You will be removed from here," and so I was soon afterward. The trial still followed me, but not being settled at — I did not join them there.

We were moved, in providence, to —, and had not been there long before I was asked to join the Church. Thinking I should not be there long, I felt I could not, but in the end of 1893 it became my daily exercise, and I felt I could not put it off any longer; but after I was proposed I was taken ill, and oh, what darkness of mind I was under! I was tempted to write and tell them to think no more of it, but the Lord raised me up, and I was helped to go before the people, and though I could not say all I wanted, my mind being rather dark, I was well received; but still my darkness of mind continued, and I did not feel as I wished when I was going through the water. I was tried, fearing I had taken a wrong step, but the night before I was received into the Church I had a sweet time in prayer, and told the Lord if He did not bless me the next day I should feel I had taken a wrong step; but He did come and bless me while Mr. — was speaking from these words, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." I must say the Lord has blessed me much since then, for three times since, while hearing Mr. —, I have been so overcome with the goodness of God, I could have died in the place. I can truly say, "In keeping His commandments there is great reward," and I can also say, the sting of death is removed, and sometimes I can look forward to the time with pleasure. Oh, may I ever find Him my All in all. My trials in this life are great; but He has been a good God to me all my life through, and I want Him again and again.

May the God of all grace bless you and all His dear people, is the desire of one of Zion's well-wishers.

D. H.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sorry your kind communication received at Lowestoft has remained unanswered. There was nothing needing a reply—more calling forth sympathy. I could have wished your physical condition had improved from that time, but I hear you have been worse, even making cessation from preaching needful. This must be very trying to you and to your people. I hope you are now mending, and that you have not had the dense fogs at Hastings which have thoroughly overpowered the sun here since Sunday. One reason for my not writing sooner is my own debilitated state. My visit to Lowestoft did not benefit me, as almost invariably it has done hitherto. I have been for months under medical treatment. My general health has recently somewhat improved, but my eyelids are still sore and swollen from a diseased condition of the glands; this and other infirmities try me, especially as my doctor attributes it to overwork—"no rest day." Sometimes I think I am wearing out; this I would not mind if it were not for my dear wife and children, and the people of God at Greenwich. It is a great comfort to have a good home in prospect, to feel and know that we have a hope which, "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, entereth into that which is within the veil." There are no safe moorings outside that; the disturbed state of the Churches makes us long for rest and peace in heaven.

"Ah! now my spirit faints
To see the land I love;
The blest inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above."

Oh for patience cheerfully to wait and work until we are summoned from this mortal scene! "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."

Yours in hope of eternal life,

October 14th, 1890.

JAMES BOORNE.

THE WARBURTONS—FATHER AND SON.

THE late JOHN WARBURTON, of Southill, in a sermon preached at Gower Street, said, "The last time my father came to my house, he said to me, 'John, you have been my greatest sorrow and my greatest joy.' I replied, 'Father, you have got honey out of the lion's jaws that you thought was going to devour you.'" How many besides JOHN WARBURTON have learned by experience that when the Lord sanctifies trial, "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong one comes forth sweetness."



Samuel Eyles Piene.

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE.

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE was the son of Adam and Susannah Pierce, and was born at Up-Ottery, in the county of Devon, June 11th, 1746. Up-Ottery is about five miles from Honiton, and at that time the Vicar of the parish was the Rev. Joseph Chilcott, Samuel's maternal grandfather. He was born in the Vicarage-house. His mother was a godly woman, and before his birth she made a promise that if the Lord would be pleased to grant her a son she would give him up, and devote him to His service, doing her utmost to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Though born in the Vicarage-house, his mother soon returned with him to Honiton, where he was brought up. She taught him Dr. Watts's hymns, and used to recite to him many of the Scripture narratives, and encouraged him to ask her questions, to which her answers were concise and plain. Being an only child, his mother did not suffer him to be long out of her sight, nor join other boys in play; and as he grew up he used to think, "I will by no means vex my dear mother." Brought up in the worship of the Church of England, and outwardly moral, he says, "I resolved to prepare myself and go to the Lord's table." This was about the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon. The minister at Honiton preached several awful and alarming sermons on the occasion, and throughout the kingdom there were such awakenings as had not been evidenced for a long time. These, however, in many instances passed away, leaving the mind wholly unrenewed and destitute of the true knowledge of Jesus Christ. "I am sure," says Mr. Pierce, "it was thus with me. I went to church and sacrament; I observed prayer and fasting, and this I then thought was to be heavenly-minded. I was continually perplexed." His mother borrowed a book, entitled, "The Crucified Jesus," by Horneck, which he read. "Before I got half through it I experienced what I never felt before, so that I was dead to all but Christ. The Scriptures flowed in upon my mind, and the Holy Spirit by this means led me into contemplation of the love of God. The change thus produced in my mind was so different from all I was the subject of before, that I most solemnly ascribe it to the Spirit of the living God, and to what the Scriptures speak of when the divine writers in them set forth and speak of the new birth. As it respects the evidence of my regeneration, it consisted in the following effects. I had an inward experimental relish of the love of God. My mind was often spiritually engaged with God, and I was under sacred and gracious impressions. The acknowledgment of Christ's Godhead was inlaid within me by the Holy

Spirit as an engrafted truth, so that I was never after permitted to call it into question.

“The providence of God soon after led me under the ministry of the Rev. Augustus Toplady, by which I was brought into much blessed apprehension of Jesus Christ as All in all in the sinner’s salvation, and had opened up to my spiritual understanding many glorious discoveries of the fulness, the completeness, and the certainty of the redemption that is in Christ.”

His cousin, Mr. Chilcott, coming to Honiton, and offering to take him to London, he consented, as he wanted to hear Mr. W. Romaine. “In the first sermon I heard Mr. Romaine preach he said, in his discourse, ‘Sirs, if you had all the holiness and all the righteousness of all the angels in heaven, it would profit you nothing. There is no righteousness will pass current in the high court of heaven but the righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus.’ I was overcome with holy admiration, and thought with myself, should I continue in London, I would most certainly be a hearer of him. I constantly went every Lord’s Day, and I was so swallowed up in hearing that I always stood, nor did I lose one single sentence; I received it into my very heart. Mr. Romaine often expressed himself thus: ‘It was so-and-so contrived by the counsel and covenant of the Eternal Three.’ I had never been used to such expressions. There was a sublimity and greatness in them which reflected their glory and majesty on my mind.

“In August, 1775, I left London, and returned to Honiton, to my father and aunt, but my relation of the Lord’s dealings with me met with little sympathy from them. Feeling an inclination for the ministry, and being advised by friends, in my thirty-first year I entered the Countess of Huntingdon’s college at Trevecca, from where I was sent out to preach, in 1776, at Hay, in Brecknockshire. I was all for preaching a finished salvation. But this was not acceptable even to the students. About this time I was afflicted with a severe ague, and at the point of death. One morning a fellow-student, the late Mr. John Clayton, of the Weigh House Chapel, came to my room and asked me the state of my mind. I replied, ‘I have nothing to do with *that*. This I know, if I die at the present time I have nothing to trust in but the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus, and if I live a hundred years longer I shall have no other foundation to die on.’ Mr. Clayton replied, ‘Blessed be God, He is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.’ And upon this the glories of the world to come broke in upon my view, and I thought it was too good news to die.”

Lady Huntingdon visited him. He told her that he never had any peace but when looking at the atonement. “She said,

'This is very right. God the Father allows us no other object to look at but Christ. If I was a preacher I would preach no other subject but Christ and salvation. I must be saved just as the thief was on the cross.' As soon as I was able, she would have me preach in the study. I stood so as to face her ladyship and Lady Anne Erskine, with my back to the students. I thought to myself, 'I have now those before me who understand the subject.' Her ladyship was well pleased. She gave me most excellent advice, and prayed for me."

After preaching about at various places, he accepted the call of the Independent Church at Truro, in Cornwall, to become their pastor, in August, 1783. The following year he was married to a widow, Mrs. Sarah Randall.

While at Truro he published his "Discourse on the Lord's Supper," which brought him into friendship with many believers in London; and visiting the Metropolis he preached there for the first time at Stockwell, and became acquainted with Mr. Thomas Bailey, who continued to be firmly attached to him the remainder of his life. He was also convinced of the ordinance of believers' baptism, and was accordingly baptized by his friend Mr. Pitts, of Chard, and always after was very decided upon this subject. Renewed invitations coming to him from his friend, he was induced to remove to London, and a place was engaged in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, for a Tuesday evening lecture, and on a Lord's Day morning. For a time he preached in the Baptist Chapel, Redcross Street, but he ultimately became the settled minister of the chapel in Shoe Lane.

The congregation which he had gathered was formed into a Church in 1809. In addition to this, he preached at Bethel Chapel, built by his friend Mr. Thomas Bailey, contiguous to his own house at Brixton. Mr. Pierce lost his first wife in 1808, and remained a widower upwards of eleven years, and then married for his second wife (in November, 1819) Miss Elizabeth Turquand. She was some years younger than himself, but was every way suited for him—a kind wife, and, when needful, a tender, sympathizing nurse, and altogether attached to his ministry. Mr. Bailey fitted up for them rooms in Bethel House, where they resided. This Mr. Bailey and his good wife were members formerly with the Rev. William Romaine, and the love of Christ had enlarged their heart, that what they possessed they freely disposed of for the benefit of the Lord's sent servants and His poor people. They built and endowed a number of almshouses, situate in the Acre Lane, Brixton, which are occupied by aged Christian men and women. I once visited one of these inmates, a very spiritually-minded woman, and one of her most admired pictures was a large steel engraving of "S. E. Pierce."

On Dr. Hawker's last visit to London, he was accosted by a gentleman on his leaving St. Ann's, Blackfriars, who lamented his return home. The Doctor replied, "My dear sir, I shall not take away the Gospel with me." "Where," said the person, "would you advise me to go and hear it?" The Doctor rejoined, "Go and hear Mr. Pierce, at Shoe Lane. Not that I mean to put myself on a level with that man of God. Still, I hope I am hobbling after him, though at a great distance."

Much more might be recorded of this eminently-gracious and highly-favoured and spiritually-minded man, and his many choice writings, worth their weight in gold, but space forbids it. His wife says of him: "During the nine years and six months that I was honoured in being united to him, it was but seldom that many days passed without his being so ill as to give reason to apprehend that the Lord was about to take him to Himself. He invariably expressed himself as firmly fixed on the Rock, and that he should die in the full belief of what he preached so many years. 'I have a blessed prospect before me. I am full of the hope of a glorious immortality. The Lord be magnified. Amen.' During his last illness he said, 'I cannot be far from the stroke of death, but I live and die in the full belief of Christ as God-Man, God manifest in the flesh, God over all, blessed for evermore. Amen. I die in the belief of the perfection of the work of Christ for salvation. In it alone I trust. And I die in the belief of God the Spirit's testimony concerning the same, and that to the glory of Three-in-One be ascribed everlasting praise.' He remained apparently insensible to anything to this life for about a day and a-half, and then fell asleep on Jesus, on May 10th, 1829, aged eighty-three years, after having been an honoured minister of Christ upwards of fifty years." His mortal remains are interred in Lambeth new burying-ground, in Mr. Arnott's family vault, awaiting the archangel's trump.

R. HEFFER.

If without the knowledge of Christ, without a due consideration of His Person, we think to follow Him only for His benefits, for the advantage which we hope to have by Him, which is to follow for the loaves, we shall be found strangers to Him when we think we are in a better state and condition. For if we regard only those things whereof we have advantage, so that we may have our sin pardoned, our iniquities done away, and our souls saved, we would not care whether there was a Christ to trust in or no; but as this tends not to the glory of God, so neither will it tend to the advantage of our souls, for He must be valued above all for His own sake, or for the sake of what He is Himself.—Owen.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF FRANCES MIDMER.

THE Lord declares that He setteth the solitary in families. This was the case with my late dear wife, the Lord having blessed her with His fear (which is "a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death") when quite young, while the rest of the family (except her dear mother) evinced no fruit of having received like precious grace. Of her early days I can write but little. When young she was very fond of music, and once when at a fête, her conscience became so terror-stricken, and the thoughts of death and judgment took such hold upon her, that she feared the place would fall upon her, and launch her into eternity before she could escape. She went home and told her mother, and her dear mother said, "Ah, my dear girl, you will be brought to know the Lord for yourself some day." She lost her mother when only twelve years old, and she then had to become housekeeper to the family. She met with a kind friend who took her to hear that late honoured servant of God, Mr. Crouch, at Pell Green, and she found he knew much of the plague of her heart, and spoke not only of the malady, but also of the remedy, as found in Jesus Christ for poor sinners. She became much attached to Mr. Crouch, and followed his ministry as long as he lived. Her father once threatened to turn her out of his house, if she would not leave off going to hear such rubbish; but finding that it would increase his expenses, he did not do so.

In due time (as the Lord would have it), we came to live together as servants with Mr. Eli Page, and here (I write it to my grief and shame), being yet in nature's darkness, and at enmity with God, I became a bitter enemy to her for two years; but God, who is rich in mercy, at length brought me to feel that she was right, and would go to heaven, and I was wrong, and should go to hell; thus He broke my hard heart, and turned it toward Himself, and toward her whom I had persecuted. At length she became my beloved wife, and we have been favoured to live in union for forty-seven years. Now she has entered into rest—

"And I am left below,
To struggle with the powers of hell,
Till Jesus bids me go."

My dear wife was a true mourner in, and also lover of, Zion. She was no great talker, but a humble-minded, consistent walker, and has often reprov'd me, when I have fallen into a fit of passion and impatience, often very tenderly reminding me of my prevailing infirmity, a covetous nature, quoting suitable portions of God's Word, which has often made me deeply

ashamed of myself. Her heart and house were open to the Lord's people, and she was much attached to a few of the Lord's servants. She had many refreshing seasons in hearing Mr. Page, Mr. W. Smith, the late Mr. Knill, and others. She was kept very tender in the fear of God, yet she proved the days of darkness to be many, and was much exercised about her state, having many fears at times, lest she should prove a cast-away at last, and thus cause reproach, not enduring to the end. She never joined the Lord's people in Church fellowship; but once, when witnessing the Lord's Supper administered by Mr. Smith, at Tunbridge Wells, he spoke so much to her case, and she felt so drawn to and united in spirit with the Lord and His people, that she told me she thought even now she must join us in Church fellowship; but she lost that sweet feeling and did not do so. She laboured under an affection of her heart and bad legs for many years; but toward the end of the year 1892 her health gave way, and from this time her afflictions were heavy indeed. Often being unable to lie down in bed, and in much pain, she could get but little rest. This was borne with much patience; but the enemy was permitted to assail her, telling her she was not a child of God, because she had not kept His commandments, as to joining the Church. This disobedience became a great grief to her mind, and she entreated the Lord to forgive her, and show her another token for good, and He was entreated of her.

Mr. A. Boorman visited her a few times, asking her how she felt in her mind. She said, "Guilty, for not keeping the Lord's commandments; 'He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.'" During the last three months she only left her bed a few times; and as her end drew near, she said she could leave us all in the Lord's hand, if she could but depart to be for ever with Him. The last night she said, "Will this be the last? Do come! come, Lord Jesus! come quickly, and take me home." And she quietly passed away, to be for ever with the Lord, at a quarter past eleven, June 22nd, 1894, aged 68 years. We have not to sorrow as those without hope, being persuaded that our loss is her eternal gain.

W. MIDMER.

To the genuineness of the foregoing account I can bear my testimony, for my dear mother was a most tender-hearted, humble-minded, conscientious, God-fearing woman; and of her it might truly be said, she "feared God above many." Her conscience was kept very tender; she was not as some are, ever ready to talk upon spiritual things, and then in works deny it. She said but little, but she lived consistently—had very low

views of herself, and esteemed the Lord's people as the excellent of the earth. I visited her in her last illness, and found her stayed upon the Lord—no great joy, but waiting patiently upon Him, and very sweetly resigned to His will, only regretting that she had not made a public profession, and honoured the Lord by keeping the precepts of His Word concerning the ordinances of His house. I found many things that fell from her lips to be both refreshing and encouraging; and as I witnessed her case, I could but pray that like patience and peace may be my portion in a dying hour.

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

C. MIDMER.

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

LORD, I stand at Mercy's door,
 Saviour, take me in;
 Ignorant, and weak, and poor,
 Saviour, take me in.
 I have heard that Thou art kind,
 Ever graciously inclined;
 Lord, that grace I come to find—
 Saviour, take me in.

Blessed Shepherd, dearest, best—
 Saviour, take me in.
 Fold me to Thy loving breast—
 Saviour, take me in.
 Thou Thy precious life didst give
 That Thy wandering sheep might live,
 Thou the wanderers wilt receive—
 Saviour, take me in.

"Come, ye weary," Thou didst say—
 Saviour, take me in.
 None were ever turned away—
 Saviour, take me in.
 On Thy word my soul I cast,
 And when earthly days are past,
 To Thy glorious heaven at last,
 Saviour, take me in.

January, 1895.

H. S. L.

MANY doubting Christians get safe to heaven that often feared they should never get in; but all that get entrance there are immediately assured that they shall never be turned out again.—
Trail.

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Continued from page 111.)

It has already been observed in the earlier portion of this memoir, that one striking feature of Mr. Covell's ministry was the manner in which he would give utterance to some pithy sentence, which seemed to attach themselves like burrs to the memories of his hearers, and were remembered by them years after they heard them uttered. A few of these sayings we are now able to give, which are worthy of being preserved.

1. There are no *babes* among the devil's children; they are all *kings*; they are all *great men*.

2. You will never get anything in the company of the ungodly but *guilt* or *grief*.

3. Remember, you are not beyond the reach of the truth, when you are out of the sound of my voice. (N.B. The above was said at the close of a searching discourse from Psalm cxlvii. 2.)

4. Unbelief never speaks well of God.

5. The world has two breasts, at one or the other of which all worldly people suck—Pleasure and Profit.

6. When I pass the shops of some of my hearers who are in business, and who, I know, have a trying and perplexing path, I often say within myself, "I wish you were in heaven!"

7. You complain of your hard heart, you say it is just like a stone. No, poor soul, it is not like a stone. It is more like a lump of ice. Let the sun shine on a stone, it makes no impression upon it, but let it shine on a lump of ice, how quickly it begins to melt, and how quickly your heart softens when the Lord shines upon it!

8. Election was never a hindrance to my seeking the Lord when I was in concern of soul, for if I had known there was only one person in Croydon going to be saved, I could not have rested till I knew that I was that one.

9. I want to outstrip the Apostle Paul, but I am leagues behind him, leagues behind him. (How many of his hearers have felt that they were leagues behind Mr. Covell.)

10. Lord, help us to compass Thee about with Thy promise in such a way that Thou mayest not be able to get out of it.

11. Poor sinner, have you started on the way to heaven? If you were going to walk from Croydon to London, you would come to a certain spot on the road, you would come to Thornton Heath Pond, and then pass on to Streatham; and presently you would reach the Elephant and Castle. Ah!

perhaps some of you will say, "I have never got as far as the Elephant and Castle." Well, my friends, have you got as far as Thornton Heath Pond? Those who have been started by the Lord on the way to the kingdom will surely reach it.

12. I have often prayed that God would not allow certain things to happen, but they have happened, and I have lived to bless God for those very things.

13. Oh to have nothing to do but to die!

14. It's not wishing, but willing. The desire for grace is grace.

15. Hold out, faith and patience; a few more steps, and we shall be over Jordan.

16. If I've got your heart, I've got you.

17. If the Lord starts a soul in the path to the kingdom, will He not pay his fare there?

18. Our God can make a straight line with a crooked stick.

19. Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away; the best way to clip their wings is by giving away to the poor.

20. Before leaving my bedroom in the morning, I plead with the Lord, "Oh, keep me from sin to-day; Lord, keep me from sin to-day." But what is the first thing I have to do when I get into my room at night, but to fall upon my knees, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner"?

21. When we come to die, all our religion will go into a nutshell.

22. Two of Mr. Covell's favourite expressions in prayer were, "Lord, put the great question out of question," and, "Lord, make us to believe what we do believe."

23. Let those who want to have Divine sovereignty in eternal matters explained, so as to satisfy human reason, first explain why the Creator gave to the violet a fragrant odour, and made the daisy scentless.

24. Meeting one day one of the anxious ones of his hearers, he asked him how he was getting on. The hearer said, "I have not yet got what I want." Mr. Covell replied, "If you want for it till the last days of your life, you will find it worth waiting for."

25. It is one thing for sin to live in you, and another for you to live in that.

26. If you can't do without God, He won't do without you.

27. Death, how certain; judgment, how strict; hell, how woeful; heaven, how glorious!

28. Praying will make a man leave off sinning, or sinning will make a man leave off praying.

29. What is all the tinsel of this world to a good hope through grace!

30. If you do not hate all sin, you never really hated one.

31. Many of you think about going to heaven, and have never shed a tear in your life over sin as sin.

32. If you can't stand before a vessel of clay like me, what will you do in rebukes of fire ?

33. If you know anything about the things I have been faintly describing, you will not prove Covell a liar and his speech nothing worth.

34. There is nothing that will make a man hate sin so much as the felt forgiveness of it.

35. The Lord can bring good out of evil ; we sin and He will make us feel the guilt, and the need of cleansing blood ; but let none make light of sin and take advantage of His mercy. If you do, it will be a pin in your throat that will choke you.

It being the custom only to have annual collections at Providence Chapel, Croydon, Mr. Covell used frequently on these occasions give some interesting reminiscences, which made those addresses interesting and valuable.

On March 12th, 1876, being collection day, he made the following remarks at the close of his discourse :—

“It is twenty-eight years since the chapel was opened. What has held us together ? Prayer. I believe many of you have come up praying for God's blessing—‘Lord, bless him that we expect to hear,’ so you have been delivered from all pick-thank feelings, finding fault with the weakness that has been displayed. As you have come up, so I believe I have come up—‘Lord, bless the people ; smile upon them ; do them good.’ So this tie between us has been a better one than man could have invented. We have no handsome place to draw you to ; you are not likely to increase your business by coming here ; it has not been the excellent singing, or the splendid tones of an instrument that has attracted you ; nor has it been the silver eloquence of the preacher. If anything has reached your hearts, it is because out of his weakness God has perfected strength.

“When I look round, what faces I miss that I was wont to see twenty-eight years ago ! Where are those faces that used to meet in my own house, that wended their way to the little chapel in the old town, and who, with heart and hand, helped to build this place ? I have no doubt that some are singing of that grace which saved sinners like them. What fears and shakings I have had, what puffers from the devil, that I should not hold out and hold on, and that you would be tired of me ! But notwithstanding my fears, God has multiplied us. We have had no Penny Readings to get you together, no concerts ; we have had nothing else to attract you but the truth that you are sinners, and must be saved by the grace of God.

“When we opened this chapel, I thought the forty-eight pounds

collected on the opening day was a wonderful sum ; but He has since opened your hearts to such an extent that your praise is in all the Churches. If this year's collection does not come up to what it did last year, I shall not think your affection towards me and the cause of God is in the least diminished, but that it is your circumstances have brought you to do what you have done. Whatever you give, whether two mites or more, God enable you to feel, Lord, prosper Zion."

The total sum collected on this day was £462 15s. 7d.

In the year 1878 we attended the funeral, at Croydon, of our dear friend, William West, of Croydon, who had been one of Mr. Covell's most attached hearers. When the mourners were all assembled at the house, a little while before the time fixed for the funeral, Mr. Covell arrived, and no sooner had he taken his seat than he began, in his solemn way, to speak weighty words, by which he sought to impress the living then present, with the lessons that such a solemn event should teach. Amongst other remarks, he said, "One Sunday when I was preaching, I saw sitting before me a young man (apparently from the country), accompanied by a young woman. A few days after, the latter called upon me, saying her friend was very unwell, and asked me to visit him. I did so ; and after some preliminary conversation, I asked him what his hope was in prospect of death ; to which he replied, 'Alas ! I fear, none, for I have been brought up under the truth, yet have neglected what I have heard. Two or three times before this I have been ill, and have made vows of reformation, which have vanished with my illness, and now I feel my soul is indeed lost. Too late !' I endeavoured to put before him the mercy of God, telling him what a long arm He had to reach the most desperate case ; but he could not receive it ; so I left him. Twice afterwards I visited him, but found him still in the same despairing state, most painful to witness, he being unable to grasp any comfort or hope. Shortly after my last visit, someone called from his house and requested me to come, saying he was wringing his hands and tearing the hair from his head in the agonies of despair. This, on visiting him, I found only too true. Again I attempted to direct his mind to the mercy of God to lost and ruined sinners, but he put it from him, saying, 'I am lost, lost, lost !' and in this sad state he died."

The relation of this sad event, especially under the solemn circumstances under which we were gathered, seemed to fall with a weight upon our own mind, and we believe on that of the other mourners who heard it related.

Mr. Covell then went on to contrast the happy departure of the dear friend whose body we were about to consign to the

silent tomb, who could say as he got near Jordan, "Oh, how I long to be gone, to be with Him, to love and praise Him as I desire." "Lord Jesus, take my ransomed spirit home to Thyself; oh, do come!" "An abiding peace."

And equally impressive were Mr. Covell's words at the grave. "O sin! O sin! what hast thou done, in bringing death and misery into the world, and marred God's fair creation?" "O death! O death! what hast thou done? Thou hast robbed me of my dear friend, one that I had thought would have been a pillar and support to my Church and people, when my head is laid low in the grave." He then went on to show how, through Christ, death had been robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

In the evening of the same day Mr. Covell preached a funeral sermon, from the words, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Previous to his discourse Mr. Covell offered up a touching prayer, some portion of which we are able to record in these pages:—

"In mercy, O Lord, remember the bereaved; God Almighty succour, help, and defend the widow, and take care of the fatherless. Thou art a good God, loving and kind; Thou knowest in infinite wisdom what Thou hast done in truth and in love, and to our blind eyes a mystery indeed. But Thou canst make no mistake; too good to be unkind, pray remember her; she is left without a protector; guide, defend, and support her. Thou canst be all, and above all; be to her better than ten husbands. Thou hast said, 'A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.' 'Leave thy fatherless children to Me, and let thy widows trust in Me.' May she realize, prove, and find it so; be able to speak well of Thee when she comes to die; feel and find goodness and mercy hath followed her all the days of her life; to say, 'Thou hast been a good God, loving and kind, having exceeded and outdone all she could think, hope, or expect.' In mercy let her feel Thy guiding hand; smile upon her soul; give her a blessed testimony that she has found favour in Thy sight; so for soul and body exceed and outdo for her all she can ask or desire. In mercy take care of the children. Oh, that their father's God may be their God! Hear Thou his dying prayer, as it came out of his heart and mouth, 'The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless the children.' Answer the prayer that they may have Thee to be their Father, find him (their father) at last, sing with him in heaven, 'Salvation to God and the Lamb.' Take care of them, preserve them in all their paths; drop Thy fear in their hearts, bring them early to seek and know Thee and find eternal life."

(To be continued.)

“GOODNESS AND MERCY HATH FOLLOWED ME.”

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am helped on from day to day, but often get into the straits of Jehoshaphat, and know not what to do against the great company which rises up against the promise which the Lord has both given and confirmed in my soul, “I will not fail thee or forsake thee.” I think it is Bunyan who speaks of the army of doubters which besiege the soul, and I am often fearing the nearer approach, which raises the cry, “Wilt Thou not judge them?” “I can do nothing without Thee; make haste, my God, make haste!”

I hope you are encouraged in your work at C——, and find renewed tokens of the Lord’s direction therein. You must not expect to get *out* of the pathway of tribulation, or you will not meet the cases of those who are walking slowly on, wearing the shoes of iron and brass, which are only needed for a rough road; but, as dear Hart sings—

“Shod with Gospel preparation,
In the path of promise tread.”

And how wonderfully does the dear Lord prepare us by His promise for that which He intends shall be our future pathway! It is more than forty-five years ago when He gave me Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be”; and how have I proved His *all-sufficient* grace since then!

If spared until Saturday, I come to my seventieth year, living a longer time on earth than either father, mother, or brother. Oh, that I may finish well my race, and endure unto the end, looking alone unto Jesus as the Author and Finisher of my faith, hope, love, and peace!

Believe me, yours affectionately,

July 19th, 1894.

E. R.

“TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.”

(LUKE viii. 18.)

As the stomach sends the strength of the meat into every member of the body, so we should send to the eye that which is spoken to the eye; and to the ear, that which is spoken to the ear; and to the tongue, that which is spoken to the tongue; and to the hand, that which is spoken to the hand. If thou hear comfort, apply that to fear; if thou hear a promise, apply that to thy distrust; if thou hear a threatening, apply that to thy presumption; and fill up the gap still where the devil entereth.—*Henry Smith*, 1575.

THE GOOD MAN'S STEPS ORDERED.

How great the mercy of having One to order our steps, in grace and providence, who knows the end from the beginning, before whom all things are ever present. This is, "The Eternal God," "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Reader, is this "Eternal God" thy refuge, thy salvation? Is thy hope built on Him? Is it in His name thou dost put thy trust? If so, thou wilt desire of Him what He promises to, and does for, the "good man,"—the name of all who are made partakers of His Spirit and grace, for they all desire not only to be His, but also to be like Him. This is genuine love, which so admires Christ, is so taken up with His comeliness, excellences, and suitability, that they are out of conceit with themselves and all things else in the world, and feel a growing dissatisfaction as to their spiritual attainments and growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, because they long to be fully conformed to His blessed image, to which they are predestinated (Rom. viii. 29), and which is their future portion (Psalm xvii. 15; 1 John iii. 2). Thus, like Paul, they "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He is to them "the Author and Finisher of our faith," the Alpha and Omega, the All in all of their hope, and their expectation for time and eternity.

This love to, and preference of Christ, will manifest itself in a desire to set Him first in all things; choosing the things that please Him, loving what He loves and hating what He hates; anxious that His good Spirit may so rule in them as to govern all their thoughts, words, and ways. Thus the Psalmist prayed so to be cleansed from secret faults and kept back from presumptuous sins, that they might not have any dominion over him. Also that the words of his mouth and the meditation of his heart might be acceptable in the sight of the Lord his Redeemer (see Psalm xix. 12-14). He desired to live by the words which proceed out of the mouth of the Lord, that they might be his rule of life, the line, plummet, and balance which should test and decide all (Prov. xvi. 2; Isa. xxviii. 17). Happy are they who thus have respect to the Word of God, for those who are right with the Word are right with the God of the Word; and those whom He approves He will own, and, like Enoch, they shall have this testimony, that they please God. Blessed are they that bear this mark, for the Lord is their portion. He cares for them, and says, even of such as tremble at His Word, "To this man will I look." These are a people of a broken and tender spirit, which sacrifice the Lord delights in, since it is the fruit of His own grace, and they in

whom this good work is wrought, delight in it too, as the fruit and effect of that grace which He freely bestowed upon them, not according to their works, but according to His own good purpose and grace, given them in Christ Jesus before the world began.

Those who are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God, and all who are sons of God desire to be led by the Spirit in all things; they feel their need of His quickenings, revivings, and renewings continually; for while "grace once received can ne'er be lost," since "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance," as He says, "I change not," yet those in whom He has planted the heavenly root, often feel their need of "more grace" to make them fruitful; for although what they have received has produced in them a gracious disposition to love, covet, and prefer gracious things, they still find that within them which cleaves to the dust, and are often made to cry out on account of it, "O wretched man that I am!" &c.; but they are not left there, neither do they choose to be; the life given cannot die, because it is eternal life, the life of God. This is what our old divines used to call "habitual grace," a new, a gracious nature which will not consent to, indulge in, or excuse sin. No! these heaven-born children cannot, like some, talk much of their bad hearts, corrupt nature, and sinful state, yet still go on without repentance, pardon, and deliverance. Neither can they charge the evils they so often mourn over, upon God's decrees, as some do, who contend that all their sinful ways and works are only according to the determinate counsel of God. Such daring blasphemy every contrite spirit would shudder at. Neither do the godly excuse their shortcomings on the ground of their inability to do anything good of themselves, for they feel that all their omissions are sins, and that they are so because their inability is the result of transgression. They are thankful that God's decrees *control* their sins, but they reprobate the thought of their sin being the outcome of those decrees. God's Word should at once and for ever settle this question, for it says, "Let *no man* say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God," or, that God has decreed this temptation, "for God cannot be tempted with evil, *neither tempteth He any man*. But *every man* is tempted when he is drawn aside of *his own lust* and enticed." The sin lies at man's door. All who hate sin are glad to know that God has decreed that they shall not be tempted above that they are able, and that with the temptation He will make a way to escape, &c.; while others, like Esau, Abitophel, Judas, and thousands more, are left to fall into the pit appointed for impenitent transgressors. As the Scriptures thus testify concerning such, "Even as they did not like to retain God in their

knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind," &c. (Rom. i. 28). How solemn the thought of being thus given up of God! Oh, reader! are you choosing your own way? or are you anxious that the good and gracious Lord of love and mercy should choose and order it for you? Those who fear being left to their own choice, prefer to commit their way to Him who has condescendingly said, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. iii. 6). They are anxious to be led according to the Word of God, and their desire is with David when he said, "O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes," and like him they pray, "Order my steps in Thy Word; and let not any iniquity have dominion over me" (Psalm cxix. 5 and 123). Feeling they have a carnal mind, a wicked and deceitful heart within them, they desire that superabounding, controlling grace may be in constant ascendancy, and that the Word of the Lord may be hid in their heart (Psalm cxix. 11), and influence their spirit and life in all things, both spiritual and temporal, so that they may live and walk as those who are born of God, and who are led by His Spirit, and kept by His power.

Such desire to set the Lord always before them; they want to lean upon Him with all their cares, to cast upon Him all their burdens, to be resigned to all His will, and so to lose themselves in Jesus quite, as Berridge says, that they may be enabled to say with the heart, "Not my will, but Thine be done." The Lord will order their steps, and lead them by the right way, though it be through darksome paths, waters of affliction, fiery trials, much tribulation, and sore temptations; yet they shall prove in the end how "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose." And like Paul, when he understood the right meaning of the thorn in the flesh, so they will be constrained to "take pleasure in infirmities," because thereby they learn the power and suitability of Christ, who goes before His sheep, and leads them out, saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," &c. Thus, both in grace and providence, they have a Guide who knows all the way, He having been afflicted in all our afflictions, and tempted in all points like unto us, yet, nevertheless, "Able to save to the uttermost all those that come unto God by Him." Oh, ye poor pilgrims, this is the Friend for you. "Trust Him; He will not deceive you."

THE EDITOR.

THEY whose views of Christ's glory are constantly the same, without any changes and vicissitudes of light and darkness, day and night; and they that see as much of Christ's glory as they desire to see; such never saw anything of it at all.—*Trail*.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—Once more I have taken the privilege of sending a few lines to you. I am glad to find by the SOWER that your strength is increasing, and pray the dear Lord will still go on to bless you, and spare your life for very many more years, to proclaim His dear truths, both in preaching and writing, and that He will still do as He has done before, own and bless your labours to precious souls. I still enjoy the SOWER from month to month, they do contain sweet truths indeed. Through mercy, the dear Lord has spared my life, and once again enabled me to go out in the pure fresh air, in the bath chair, which I do so much enjoy; and feel like dear old John Newton—

“ Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see.”

Everything looks so fresh and green, and oh, I do want fresh supplies of grace springing up in my soul, for often I feel so lifeless and barren; but the Psalmist said, “All my springs are in Thee”; and so it is, all must spring from the Fountain Head, before it springs in our hearts. We do love to feel the springing up of these blessed things in our hearts, do we not, dear sir? My object in writing to you was this, a friend gave me the enclosed little book, an old copy of “The Sherwood Gipsy.” When I had read it I thought I should like it to be spread abroad, and then I thought of you, and I thought, if you had not published it before, you might perhaps insert it in the SOWER or *Gleaner*. And to encourage me, the words came to my mind, “But to do good and communicate forget not”; also Eccl. xi. 6. And now, dear sir, I must leave it in your hands to do as you think best with these few lines and the little book. From

Your afflicted friend,

May 7th, 1895.

R. P.

DEAR MR. —,—I feel much led to write you a line this evening, being alone, and yet, I trust, not alone. I would have liked to have left a message for you this morning as I saw dear Mrs. —,—, but refrained from speaking. When I arose this morning, I looked at the text on the almanack for the day, which was part of your text this morning, and I said, “Oh, how I need that repentance and forgiveness, and what a mercy if the Lord would come again this morning and break my rocky heart to pieces!” For I felt it like stone, and I felt just in that

helpless state, that if my whole salvation depended on one desire, I could not of myself produce that desire ; and, like you, I say, "As though there was nothing within for the Lord to remove!" In this state I came to chapel; and on my way, as I looked at the beautiful trees all showing signs of life, I thought of myself when I used to come to chapel full of longings and desires after the Lord, and could scarcely wait for Sunday to come, so eager to be with His people; and I used to get such nice morsels, which used to make me long for the time to meet again in God's house, and felt this morning I would have given anything to feel as I did then. But I had a case for Him, as you said, and felt none but Himself could do what I needed, and He led you into my path, and also shed a little fresh light on the way. He is now leading me by some things you were helped to speak, so that my burden got lighter and I came home so different! Oh, what a privilege is an experimental ministry! I feel I do not value it half enough, though I feel I should not know how to bear it, if deprived of it; and I have lost so many burdens at chapel, when hearing the Word, that it is a sacred spot to me, and I can truly say at times, "There my best friends, my kindred dwell," the dear friends the Lord has given me. I feel often I cannot praise Him enough for His goodness in this respect to one so unworthy. I dread the coming week, fearing I shall lose what I trust I have felt this evening. There are so many snares to entrap and draw the heart aside from the Lord, that it makes one feel one's need of Him every moment.

I must close this poor scribble, hoping the Lord will still be with you. I feel this to be a feeble testimony, but time is gone or I could say much more, feeling the Lord does loose the prisoners and raise up those that are bowed down.

I remain, your affectionate young friend,

April 8th, 1895.

AGNES.

It was no improper saying concerning the Gospel, used by a minister in preaching to an ignorant people: "The Gospel," he said, "is nothing but good news, that a rich man is come into the country to pay poor folk's debts." On this errand the Father sent Christ, and for this end we should believe on Him.—*Trail.*

THE real Christian hath infinitely better things to entertain his mind with than magnificent dwellings, rich furniture, costly apparel, and sparkling decorations. He who hath not is a stranger to true happiness, how much soever his vain fancy is pleased with the splendid figure he makes, wherein he cannot justly compare with a butterfly or a tulip.—*Brinc.*

THE REMEDY.

[Our aim in inserting the correspondence that has been carried on in our pages during the last few months, has been to bring the *evils* of the Supply System prominently before our friends, to see if anything could be done to bring things more into harmony with the spirit of the Gospel and the teaching of the Apostles, and we hope our efforts may not have been in vain ; but if no abiding result should follow, we feel we have but fulfilled a duty in ventilating the subject which, at the present time, is so momentous, as being a considerable source of either good or ill, among the Churches with which we are closely allied. Being anxious, on this account, to render the best service we can, we defer the introduction of the subject named last month, in order to give, from our friend who wrote the first article, some words of counsel to those who are anxious to know, and who have inquired if any remedy can be pointed out for the evils which, it is admitted, do exist connected with the Supply System. We hope the attempt may prove to be of good service to Churches and deacons.—ED.]

THE discussion on the evils of the Supply System being at length closed, the time has come to set forth the remedy. If the large number of deacons, ministers, and friends, who during the last few months have been loudly calling for the remedy, are sincere in so doing, they will of course begin by endeavouring to mitigate, even if they cannot remove the evils which are so notorious and so prevalent. Supposing then that there exists a sincere desire to do this, it is evident that the remedy must be sought on the following lines, namely, in the exercise of PRAYER, PRUDENCE, and PROGRESS.

PRAYER.

1. *Prayer.* This is necessarily the first step, because the remedy is alone with God ; and from Him therefore it must be sought. Let these questions be answered in the fear of God. Do the Churches sufficiently recognize and lament the unsatisfactoriness of the present state of things ? Do deacons, as a body, properly realize their heavy responsibility ? Are not Supplies often invited whom no one really believes to be sent of God to the work ? Is there not too often a terrible lack of savour, power, dew, and unction in the testimony of many, which successive visits only make the more increasingly manifest ? Do the Churches really feel the need of pastors who shall go in and out, and instrumentally feed the flock with knowledge and understanding ? If so, the great essential is, for the spirit of grace and supplication to be vouchsafed (Luke xi. 13), enabling

and constraining to humble confession and fervent prayer on these points. Most assuredly, if God gives His people to see and feel their need of settled pastors after His own heart, there will be a crying unto Him for the blessing. Further, if the Lord leads, there will be the exercise of

PRUDENCE.

2. *Prudence.* Churches acting in the fear of God will be more careful in the choice of deacons. Deacons truly seeking the welfare of the Church will be more careful in the choice of Supplies. Their number should be limited as far as possible, thereby securing more frequent visits from the most acceptable; the rest should be discarded. There is no practical difficulty in quietly omitting the names of objectionable Supplies in making future engagements, especially if the Church desire it. The rule should be, rather a read sermon or a prayer-meeting, than for the sheep to be starved, and the Church divided by an unsatisfactory Supply.

But even greater prudence still is requisite in the choice of a Pastor. One cause of the spread of the Supply System is the disastrous mistakes which have been made in past years in this matter. The great Scripture rule is, "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Its neglect has often led to bitter disappointments and most painful strife. To avoid a recurrence of these calamities, the following considerations are important:—(i.) Beware of the man who can only preach three or four sermons, and whose subsequent testimony is nothing but a repetition of the substance of these, whatever his text. (ii.) Deacons should make careful inquires, if possible visiting the place where the minister resides towards whom the eyes of the Church may be turned, before taking any steps at all. (iii.) Deacons should particularly ascertain whether the man bears an unblemished character. They should be quite sure there is no inconsistency of life. The omission of these simple precautions frequently causes woeful confusion and ruinous strife, which, by the exercise of ordinary prudence, might have easily been avoided. In addition to the possession of grace, and a Divine call to the work of the ministry, the two great essentials for a pastor are—the *springing well* inwardly, and a *consistent life* outwardly.

Coming to the last point, we now want to see

PROGRESS.

3. *Progress* in the right direction. God alone can guide us aright. It is certain that the custom of engaging Supplies so long beforehand (whatever its convenience in certain cases may be), much hinders progress in the settlement of pastors. Surely some

steps could be taken in the direction of removing this hindrance. Again, where the money question is a bar, and where the idea of the amalgamation of Churches cannot be entertained, two neighbouring causes might, in *many* cases, combine to support a pastor, visiting each alternately, as was the case in Mr. Philpot's time at Stamford and Oakham.

We now submit our deliberate conviction that there are probably more Supplies suitable for pastors than is commonly supposed, though often hidden and kept in the background. Among those who answer to the following description, the Churches will find their under-shepherds; and happily there are still *some* such. Those referred to are quiet, humble, godly, gracious men; not boasters, not scandal-mongers; they do not hang about in people's houses; they are neither light, trifling, nor fussy in their deportment; they prefer to be alone with their Bibles, rather than gad about drinking tea from house to house on the Lord's Days. There is some weight in their testimony and character; and, inasmuch as they read, meditate, and pray, and have a deep sense of their own insufficiency, there is every prospect of their ministry being a growing one. Such as these might well be encouraged to undertake the solemn and important office of the pastorate, even though only in a small rural village. Indeed, it is often desirable, for many reasons, that a minister should (at all events) commence his stated labours as pastor in a country place, even if he has, at first, to travel to and from his business in the neighbouring town, as many useful and honoured labourers in the Lord's vineyard have done.

If deacons would seek for such Supplies as correspond to the above description, and would rigidly eliminate from their lists all those of the contrary part, many Churches would sooner or later find themselves comfortably and peaceably settled with pastors.

VIGILANS.

It is even a reproachful thing to human nature, to be all pursuit after the transitory things of this fluctuating state; for we cannot enjoy much of this world, let us be entitled to ever so large a share of it. Great men have no more enjoyment of what their brawny servants luxuriously devour in their kitchens, than of what their horses eat at the manger, and drink at the pond. The gay liveries of their lacqueys, and fine trappings which adorn the creatures of their ease, ambition, and pride, come not into the number of those things which they enjoy, nor is it possible that they should. Besides, abundance makes us neither wiser nor better; and therefore that man is a fool who thinks that an addition to his fortune increases his merit.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

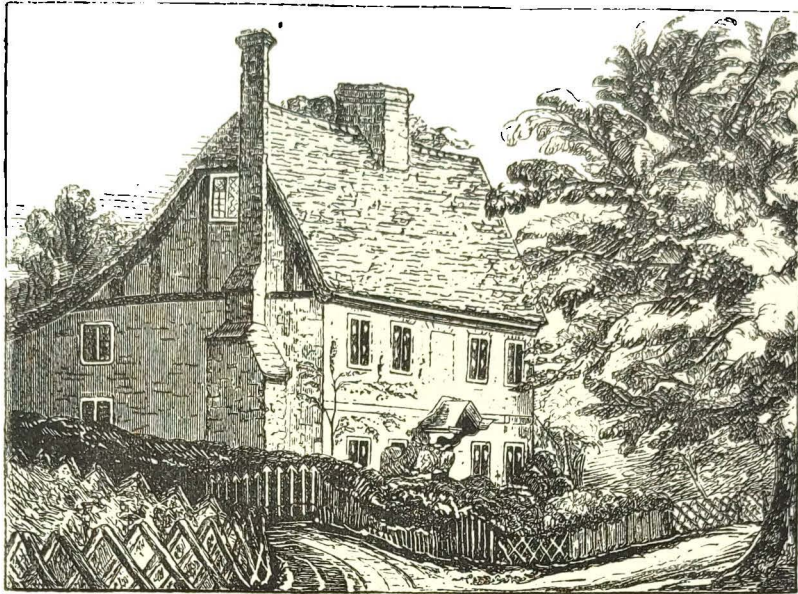
MY DEAR CHILD,—I write to inform you that Miss Bouet's mother is dead. I visited her in her illness, and have a good hope of her. Oh, my dear Mary Ann, a death-bed shows the vanity of all things here below. "Charity [or love] never faileth." It is begun upon earth and lasts for ever in heaven, when all natural love, all love of relations and acquaintances will be lost for ever. Nothing will stand or endure but that which is spiritual. God has given you many serious impressions, but sin, the world, and Satan prevail. May the Almighty, in mercy to your immortal soul, revive them and make them deeper and more lasting, that you may be brought as a perishing sinner to put your whole trust in a kind, all-sufficient Saviour; and, receiving strength from Him, may be enabled successfully to resist temptation, allurements, the world, flesh, and the devil. Go where you will, you will find difficulties. As you grow up and are more in the world, you will find troubles increase. There is no true, no lasting happiness, but in real religion. Troubles make prayer needful and a prayer-hearing God precious, and in Him only is true happiness to be found. Grace in the heart makes true and kind friends indeed, because such have a double incentive—the affection of nature, which the God of providence has favoured many of His creatures with, and grace which regulates and strengthens it. Miss Mary Bell was married this morning to Mr. Herring; we had a piece of bride-cake. We expect Samuel and Benjamin Williams will come to see us when your brother John returns from Sleaford. And now, may the God of your father be your Saviour, Guide, and Guard, Supporter and Comforter through life, is the heart's desire and prayer of your affectionate father.

Sunderland, October, 1823.

SAMUEL TURNER.

[Written to his daughter, at Mrs. Fenwick's, Newcastle. In May, 1824, dear Mary Ann, at the early age of sixteen years, left this vale of tears; but she gave good evidence of being a partaker of grace, and her father has preserved her memory by a published account of the Lord's dealings with her, which is still to be met with.]

A SPIRITUAL understanding of, and an experimental acquaintance with Evangelic truth, which, in the hand of the Holy Ghost, engages the believer to acts of faith, hope, love to and joy in a glorious Redeemer, is that which alone will stand us in any stead in time of trial, temptations, and more especially at the important, the awful hour of death.



BIRTHPLACE OF ANNE STEELE, BROUGHTON, HANTS.

A SWEET HYMN WRITER.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

MISS STEELE was the descendant of a family who had inhabited for many years the village of Broughton, Hampshire, her father and ancestors being pastors of the Calvinistic Baptist congregation in that town, the foundation of which dates back to the time of the Commonwealth. One, Mr. Henry Steele, was ordained to the pastoral office in the year 1699, which office he held for forty years. He was very popular, and greatly beloved by many of the inhabitants of Broughton, so that on an episcopal visitation the clergyman complained to the Bishop that his parochial province was sadly invaded by the Dissenter. "How can I best oppose him?" was his query to the Bishop, the celebrated and godly Gilbert Burnett. "Go home," said the wise diocesan, and preach better than Henry Steele, and the people will return." A piece of good advice that might be happily followed now.

Henry Steele gave cottages and a burying-ground to the Church, and fitted up their place of worship in a very neat and substantial manner, and built the house as shown in the engraving. He was a man of exemplary piety, of great simplicity and industry. On Lord's Day he spent the interval of worship with his friends in the meeting house, and it was said by many who remembered him that his conversation during these interviews was as beneficial as his preaching, if not more so. He died in 1739, aged eighty-five years, and was succeeded by his nephew, William Steele, Anne Steele's father. One of his family describes him as a man of primitive piety, strict integrity, accompanied by the most unaffected humility. Without infringing on the duties of his pastoral office, he carried on an extensive business as a timber merchant, like his uncle; and as, by the blessing of Providence, he possessed a comfortable independence, his labours in the ministry were all gratuitous. He died September 10th, 1769, when only a month less than eighty years of age, after having preached to one congregation sixty years.

His daughter Anne was born in 1716. Owing to an accident in childhood, she was always an invalid, and often confined to her chamber. She had consented to give her hand in marriage to a young man named Elscourt, and the day of the marriage was fixed, but her intended, while bathing in a river on the day preceding it, incautiously went out of his depth, and was drowned. It is said that this painful trial led her to compose the hymn—

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies," &c.

She began early to compose hymns and poetry, but it was some years before any were printed, which her father refers to in his diary :—

“*November 29th, 1757.*—This day Nanny sent a part of her composition to London to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct in it, and bless it for the good and comfort of many.”

“*October, 1759.*—Her brother brought with him her poetry, not yet bound. I earnestly desire the blessing of God upon that work, that it may be made very useful. I can admire the gifts that others are blessed with, and praise God for His distinguishing favours to our family.”

“*November 27th.*—Mr. W. spoke very highly in commendation of her book. I pray God to make it useful and keep her humble.”

The following is a letter to her father :—

“HONOURED FATHER,—As many of these verses have been favoured with your approbation, I have now, at your desire, collected them into a little book, which I beg leave to present to you as an humble acknowledgment of my grateful sense of your parental affection and the benefit I have received from your instruction. If you should survive me, it will, I doubt not, be preserved by you (how inconsiderable its real value) as a mournfully pleasing remembrance of a departed child who once shared your tender regard. If you think they are capable of affording pleasure or profit, you may, if you please, communicate any of them to friends or fellow Christians. They may, perhaps, find seasons when the thoughts of the unworthy writer may suit their own, and the remembrance produce delight. If while I am sleeping in the silent grave my thoughts are of any real benefit to the meanest of the servants of my God, be the praise ascribed to the Almighty Giver of all grace.”

In a letter to her sister we read : “I enjoy a calm evening on the terrace walk, and I wish, though in vain, for numbers, sweet as the lovely prospect and gentle as the vernal breeze, to describe the beauties of charming spring ; but the reflection, how soon these blooming pleasures will vanish, spreads a melancholy gloom, till the mind rises by a delightful transition to the celestial Eden.”

She survived her father some years, whose death was such a shock to her tender frame that she never recovered it, but looked with sweet resignation for her dissolution ; and when at last the happy moment arrived, she was full of peace and joy. Though her body was racked with pain, she uttered not a

murmuring word. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and then with these triumphant words upon her lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," closed her eyes, and fell asleep in Jesus, November, 1778, aged sixty-one years, having been a member of the Calvinistic Baptist Church forty-six years. She was one of the earliest of female hymn writers, and her precious hymns, published under the signature of "Theodosia," are to be found in many selections, and are much valued by the true Christian. They sweetly and preciously breathe forth the love of Jesus, as known and experienced in a living, exercised soul. I conclude with a short one:—

"Jesus, in Thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise;
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies.

"Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst Thou bleed and groan and die
For vile, rebellious foes?

"Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of Thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour?

"Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as Thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine."

R. F. R.

FAITH.

(HEBREWS xi. 1.)

YOU see here in the government of the world, that it is things unseen that are the instruments of rule, and motives of obedience. Even in worldly matters you will venture upon the greatest cost and pains for the things that you see not, nor ever saw. He that hath a journey to go to a place that he never saw, will not think that a sufficient reason to stay at home. Must the husbandman see the harvest before he sow his seed? Must the sick man feel that he hath health before he use the means to get it? You would take such conceits in worldly matters to be the symptoms of distraction. And will you cherish these where they are most pernicious? No thanks to any of you all to be godly, if heaven to be presently *seen*. God will have a meeter way of trial, you shall *believe* His promises if ever you will have the benefit.—*Richard Baxter*, 1660.

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Continued from page 134.)

MR. KERSHAW AND MR. COVELL.

WE might here refer to the fact that the late Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale, was one of the first to distinguish that Mr. Covell had gifts that were likely to be useful to the Church of God. Mr. Kershaw occasionally came to Croydon to preach, and when he did so, he stayed at Mr. Covell's house. One evening, as he was sitting somewhat apart from the others, trying to meditate upon the Word previous to going to the service, he could not forbear hearing Mr. Covell's conversation to some friends in the room, which impressed him so much, that when walking together to chapel, Mr. Kershaw asked him if he had not been exercised about the ministry. Mr. Covell put off the question, saying, "We are going to chapel now, don't trouble about such things as that;" but Mr. Kershaw at a later period renewed his question, saying, "The matter so rests upon my mind, that I feel if I am wrong in my impressions upon this point I may be in others." When so pressed, Mr. Covell had to acknowledge that it was so, but pledged Mr. Kershaw to keep the secret. When Mr. Kershaw came again and found that Mr. Covell had not gone forward in the matter, he threatened to tell the people, but Mr. Covell said, "You dare not, because you are bound by your promise." One of the greatest obstacles in the way was the affliction Mr. Covell had of stuttering when he spoke, which was at times so bad, that it is related that when serving a lady in his shop on one occasion, he had so much difficulty in replying to her questions, that she told him he had better go and call his master, not thinking she was speaking to the master.

In God's own time the attempt was made to preach, as already related in an earlier number, and at the conclusion of the discourse one friend observed in astonishment to another, "Why, he didn't stutter"—neither did he from that time forward. Soon after he had commenced to preach, Mr. Covell had to go on business to Bedington, and called on the mother of the rector of the parish. She having heard that he had commenced preaching, asked how he could do so, as he had never been to college. He replied, "I have not been to college, but for eleven years I have diligently studied the Scriptures." Doubtless that eleven years' study of the Word, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was the best training he could have had, and laid the foundation of that wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures which was such a marked feature of his ministry.

GRATITUDE A GIFT FROM GOD.

Mr. Covell, in one of his discourses, said: "God has made me prove that 'every good and perfect gift is from above.' You can no more work gratitude in your heart than you can faith or love. If it will redound to the glory of God, I am willing to tell you simply how He made me prove it. I was driven hard for £200. As I walked the fields I said, 'Good God, if Thou wilt help me, how I will praise, love, and bless Thee.' I could no more see the way in which I was to have it than I can see my way to the throne of England. I thought if God helped me, if I did not praise Him the very stones would cry out: I felt I must, I could not help it. I said, 'O Lord, I will believe and trust in Thee as long as I live, and never doubt Thy goodness any more.' I thought I should make the hedges ring and echo. My friends, God gave me the money, and as I had it in my hands there was no more thankfulness in my heart than there is life in this cushion. When I went to pay it, my heart was as cold as the ground I walked on. I thought, 'What a wretch I am! Did you not say how you would praise God?' But I could not do it. I did say with my lips, 'Lord, I thank Thee,' but there was no heart in it. I thought, 'Perhaps when I get the receipt that will do it.' I came home as cold as I went out. I could no more bring my heart to gratitude than the devil. I remember a few days afterwards a little circumstance transpired in which I saw somewhat of the finger of God moving towards me, and my heart broke, and my eyes ran out with tears. That is the way God will teach us the riches of His grace."

MEMORABLE SEASONS AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL.

Mr. Covell once gave the following relation of blessings he received at Gower Street:—"Some years after hearing Mr. Gadsby the first time in Gower Street Chapel, I went to preach there, and a good man waited on me after the service and said, 'Do you remember any particular time here?' I said, 'Yes, I have been many times blessed here when hearing different good men.' 'But do you remember any time in particular?' 'Yes, I do,' I said; 'I was very much blessed at one time when hearing Mr. Gadsby.' 'That was the time I mean,' he said; 'I sat close to you, and you could not sit still, and I thought, "That man has got something; he has got a blessing," and directly you got into the pulpit to-day I recognised you.' I had no idea but that I sat quietly, although I was feeling so much. Some time after that I was going to preach there again, and my poor afflicted son had been very trying, and had caused me some tears and sorrow. As I was going down Gower

Street in the evening, very low in mind, I cried out, 'Have pity on me, O Lord!' God seemed to bring these things to my mind, 'Are you not the man that was willing to have any trouble, and pass through anything, some years ago, knowing that all things should work together for your good?' I said, 'Yes, Lord, I am.' Then these words dropped in my heart, 'The Lord taketh pleasure in His people; He will beautify the meek with salvation.' That turned my sorrow into joy, and made me go singing to preach."

THE "CROYDON ADVERTISER" ON MR. COVELL.

Mr. Covell did not come under that woe which the Lord Jesus referred to when He said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." In August, 1873, the *Croydon Advertiser* gave an article upon him, under the title of "Croydon Crayons." The writer of the sketch seemed to dip his pen in vinegar, and gives abundant evidence that he did not approve the doctrines which Mr. Covell loved to preach. We could not re-publish the chief portion of that article, but give an extract of the most favourable part of the writer's criticism:—

"Mr. Covell's face does not betoken supreme happiness; it may be that a touch of acerbity* is a peculiarity of the members of this sect, for we noticed that many quaintnesses which might have provoked an involuntary smile on the part of strangers, had not the slightest effect upon the gravity of the regular seat-holders. Indeed, the congregation would have little time to digest a mild joke, for Mr. Covell is at times a quick speaker, and his congregation are so intent upon watching for the coming gem, that they too often forget to polish the preceding one. We must confess we were not pleased at the absence of Sunday scholars; † no Christian Church can be said to be complete without this much-needed and useful branch of Evangelical work. The congregation seem content to feast upon the food provided by their energetic Pastor, without seeming to distribute any to others. The subject of this sketch is undoubtedly a good man; no one can hear him without conceding that the speaker feels all he says, and believes all he preaches. But all men have their peculiarities. While reading the Scriptures he makes many comments, often intensely personal, sometimes in a colloquial strain, and always in a disjointed, interjaculatory style. The discourse is very vigorous, always original, sometimes clever.

"In private life, we believe, no one is more respected in his circle of acquaintance. For more than a quarter of a century he

* The writer mistook solemnity for acerbity. Mr. Covell was a most genial man to all who knew him.

† A large Bible Class is now conducted every Sunday afternoon.

has held together a large and influential body of believers, by whom he is greatly beloved."

A few years later the same paper made further reference to Mr. Covell, these remarks being of an entirely favourable character :—

"The Church and congregation to whom Mr. Covell ministered was probably the most regular in attendance in Croydon, and for devotion to their pastor are unsurpassed in any quarter. While their minister and spiritual adviser, Mr. Covell was also their friend and counsellor in temporal matters, and his congregation seemed to look upon him as much in the light of a father as in that of a pastor. The recipient of numberless confidences, his advice was always kindly given, and invariably accepted and acted up to. . . . As a preacher, Mr. Covell was most earnest and original; under the apparent solemnity of his manner there lurked an abundance of the milk of human kindness, and there will be many persons who have to acknowledge acts of charity and large-heartedness, which Mr. Covell studiously avoided proclaiming, and would, perhaps, have repudiated any credit for."

WORDS TO THE YOUNG.

Although Mr. Covell had no Sunday School, he would occasionally speak to the young from the pulpit, and always with much kindness and solemnity. In reading the first chapter of Job he would stop at the fifth verse, and tell the young who had godly fathers and mothers what a good thing it was to have parents who prayed for them. Also he would sometimes say, "Listen, children!" and then would relate the call of Samuel. Once, when reading 2 Kings xxii., he made the following remarks :—

"How young was Josiah to have it recorded of him that he took an interest in the house of God. There are many young people here, how many of them love God's house? You are never too young to die, you have no lease of your lives; if you look in the cemetery you will see the names of many younger than you. A week to-day, for aught you know, your friends may be saying over you, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' and while they were saying it, would they have any reason to believe that you were singing in heaven? Would they be able to say that, though you did not observe it, they had watched and seen you go by yourself and pour out your soul in prayer to God? Would they find any leaves in your Bible turned down? Would they have ever heard you say that you liked this or that servant of God for his earnest manner of setting forth God's Word? You would like to be in heaven; but if you do not walk the way that He walked on earth you will never be with Him where He now is."

SAYINGS OF MR. COVELL.

1. If you were to go into a room and see a number of wheels and spindles running round, and one should say to you, "What makes them move?" you would say, "The engine." "But I do not see it." "That does not matter," you would say; "it is the engine moves them, though we cannot see it." So with our souls; God is the engine, so to speak, that sets our desires going, and makes us say, "The desire of my soul is to Thy Name, and to the remembrance of Thee."

2. As Moses' rod swallowed up all the other rods, so God's love at times will swallow up all other loves.

3. You know there is many a shilling and half-crown worn so smooth that you can hardly see the impression, but it has got the right stamp on it. Now, has your religion got the right stamp on it? Are you willing to give up anything for Jesus Christ? Can you say at times, "All other things are nothing in comparison with Him?"

4. A man that overcomes the world is a greater conqueror than Alexander the Great, Wellington, or Napoleon. They took months or years to overcome little spots of land, while the child of God overcomes the whole world.

5. Many times when walking in the fields, or on my knees at home, I have felt, "If I had all the sins of all the parish of Croydon laid on me (and, my friends, none but God knows my many sins, and the sighs and tears that have fallen from my eyes, my mournings and grievings on account of them), yet, with all this, with faith in the Son of God I shall not fear, such is the virtue and cleansing efficacy of His blood."

6. "The mercy of the Lord endureth for ever." There is no getting to the end of it. I am persuaded that if it did not endure for ever, the best, the most circumspect, and the most careful of you would run it all out, and what would become of the worst?

7. Love is of God: "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned"; it is a free gift, a beam from the Almighty, a spark of the nature of God. All other things will die, fade, and leave us, but love.

8. A man may be going to shoot at a target, another man may jog his elbow, so the arrow may go outside the target; but he meant to hit the bullseye, he took his aim according to it, but the jog of the arm sent it on one side. So if God has made your heart right with Him, and you know what it is at times to say, "Lord, search me, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting"; then your aim is right, although sometimes the world comes and gives you a jog, and you miss the mark.

(To be continued.)

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED
HAVEN."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH MARY BURBUSH, OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MAY 19TH, 1894, IN THE 88TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

THE subject of this memoir was the daughter of that godly man Thomas Prigg, of Ely, of whom Mr. J. C. Philpot says, in a letter dated October 5th, 1859: "I think I never met with a man who more bore the stamp of vital godliness, or one of a sweeter spirit or a more spiritual mind. He seemed like one who lived in union and communion with the blessed Lord, and whose heart and soul were mainly taken up with views of His grace and glory. What a mercy it would be for the Church of God if those who profess to fear His great name were possessed of the same spirit of meekness, and wisdom, tenderness, love, and affection which he manifested. How much less strife and division would there then be." His daughter Mary partook of the same spirit, and, through grace, manifested the same blessed marks of a renewed soul. In her youth, her father's house was the resting-place of such highly honoured men of God as Keyt, Chamberlain, S. Turner, and others, when they came to Ely to preach, at which time and afterward she had the privilege of hearing them, and becoming acquainted with them. But it does not appear that eternal matters were laid with much weight upon her mind until after her marriage, at which time she came to live in Cambridge. Her father wrote to her and her husband about this time, and after expressing his desires for their temporal welfare goes on to say:—

Ely, 1833.

"Still I have greater concern for your souls' salvation and eternal glory than for these fading and perishing things of this life; therefore to that glorious end my heart's desire is that God the Holy Ghost would so show you your true state and condition as fallen creatures in Adam, and as being born in sin and shapen in iniquity, so that from our birth we go astray from God, seeking death in the error of our way, whereby we, with our fallen parent, Adam, have been law-breakers, and have run an immense score against the law and the justice of a sin-hating and sin-avenging God, who will by no means of a sinner's devising clear the guilty; because we, as poor finite worms, can never make satisfaction to Infinite Justice for the injury done unto it, but if left to live and die in our sins, we shall for ever sink under the awful justice and wrath of God, for we by all our sufferings can never satisfy Divine Justice. Yea! nor if we could from this time

live without sin, would that be sufficient to atone for the past. Therefore, knowing the terrors of the Lord, who is a sin-hating and sin-avenging God, I thus write unto you, and pray that you, thus seeing and feeling your true state as in God's sight, may be led to fly to the Refuge set before you in the Gospel, which is Jesus Christ, who had all the sins of His people laid upon Him, and who willingly suffered and endured all that wrath and curse that was due to the transgressor; and not only so, but from His birth to His death, in heart, lip, and life, He fulfilled all that law which we had broken, so that the law and justice of God have full satisfaction by Jesus Christ the Son of God, as one in our nature; wherefore God the Father is just when He justifies poor ungodly sinners who believe in and receive Jesus Christ His dear Son, as His own appointed way of saving and glorifying such poor creatures as we are. This is a way to set forth God's strict justice, holiness, and righteousness, and to display His infinite love and grace to the lost and undone sons of men. Here every attribute and perfection of God shines, and will for ever shine to His eternal glory, while His redeemed family—redeemed by the love and grace of the Father, who gave His own dear Son to die for them; redeemed by Jesus Christ from the curse of the law and God's eternal wrath, under which we must for ever have sunk; redeemed by God the Holy Ghost from our vain conversation, to be quickened, strengthened, and enabled to serve God here below, and prepared to praise and bless the one Lord God, as our Redeemer, for ever above. To have a saving experimental knowledge of these things will do you good for time and eternity; which may the Lord grant, for His mercy's sake. Amen.

"I understand you have a good preacher at Eden Chapel. A good one is a great blessing from God. I hope you will go and hear him."
"T. PRIGG."

Her husband used sometimes to go with her to hear Charles Simeon, and at other times they would go to hear the Gospel at Eden Chapel. The Lord began to work on her heart, and she kept matters to herself for a long time, not being able to open her mind to anyone; but when she could endure silence no longer, she arranged to go on a visit to Ely and see her father, and when alone with him she began to speak of the exercises of her mind. He sat opposite to her, holding his head down, merely interrupting her by saying, "Hem! Yes!"—but she said she remembered the tears rolling down his cheeks. When she had finished, he said, "Well, my dear, do not go and talk to others about this, but still look to the Lord; cry unto Him, and wait, and we shall see how it wears." In after years,

she would say, his words often came to her mind, "How does it wear?" After a time the Lord appeared for her, and set her soul at liberty by applying His own Word, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." She refers to this interesting period in her diary thus:—"I was thinking this morning of that time when, with a hope ready to give up the ghost, full twenty years past, I said, 'I will look once more toward His holy temple,' and bowed my knees at His footstool. Oh, sweet time, never to be forgotten, when the Lord made known, for the first time, His love and mercy to my heart! I can only express what I then enjoyed in the poet's words, which were then so sweet to me—

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

"Well, since that time the Lord has known my soul in many adversities, and I am truly at this time low, in a low place; but, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: though I fall, I shall arise again, and though I sit in darkness, yet the Lord (I trust) will again be a light unto me.' Doubtless there is a need-be that I should be in heaviness through manifold temptations. If conformed to Christ, are we not conformed to a suffering Head? Lord, give me also the Spirit of Christ, that I may be enabled to say in all things, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

From various other memoranda in her own writing, and that fell from her lips, I shall give some extracts:—

"*February*, 1845.—I have found the words of the Psalmist applicable to my own case: 'Let Thy mercy come also unto me, even Thy salvation, O Lord, that I may have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me; for the poor shall not always be forgotten.' Oh to be blessed with union and communion with Christ the Living Head, and by virtue of this enjoy the communion of saints! I have been for years exercised in this matter, but could never so clearly see baptism as to pass through the ordinance. I have sometimes made it a matter of prayer, but as yet am wholly undecided; and, as well, I feel so much opposition from within and from without, that I feel more unfit for the enjoyment of so great a privilege than ever. I enjoy but very little of spiritual things; often do I with one of old cry, 'Oh that it were with me as in days that are past!' fearing that the Lord's mercies are clean gone for ever. Yet the Lord now and then gives me in some measure to seek Him. These lines have exactly expressed my feelings—

"Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way."

"In providence I have much to be thankful for. He most singularly displays His mindful care and goodness in maintaining my lot."

"August, 1851.—I am exceedingly low both in body and mind, having much to do with Marah's bitter waters, so that I could say with David, 'My soul is cast down within me'; 'refuge faileth me; no man careth for my soul'; that my help must come from the Lord which made heaven and earth. I was indeed in a low place; but however, one morning, as I was sitting alone, these words came very gently and sweetly to my mind, 'The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand' (Psalm cxxi.) The question instantly arose in my soul, 'Art Thou, Lord, in very deed my shade?' and the Lord answered, 'I am thy shade upon thy right hand.' This was about a week before my illness, and I felt satisfied that some new trial was at hand; but the Lord sweetly stayed my mind upon Himself. Christ was to me 'as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.' 'The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock.' I felt the truth of our Lord's words, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace,' and that nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for the unspeakable gift. It will be sweet to lie down and sleep in Jesus. I cannot tell half the exercise of my mind, but I do trust it was sweet fellowship and communion with Christ, the 'Man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief,' and a little taste of the everlasting love of God the Father in Him, by the witness of the Eternal Spirit upon my heart, enabling me to cry, 'Abba, Father'; 'My Lord and my God.' I desire to bless the Lord for the manifestation of His love and mercy toward me at the time when I felt such sorrow of heart; but notwithstanding, I believe mine will be a rugged path to the end of my days; which causes me to cry unto the Lord not to leave me to my wretched self, the unbelief of my heart, and all the evils of a carnal mind."

(To be continued.)

THE sufferings of Christ's soul were the soul of His sufferings.

BELIEVERS, whenever you read your charter of pardon in the new covenant, do but remember who and what is forgiven, and who He is that forgiveth, and on what account He doth forgive, and see if these will not lay thee and keep thee low in His sight.
—Trail.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR MR. —,—If the Lord will enable me, I will try and write a few lines to tell you a little of His dealings with me during the last few weeks. I trust it has been a profitable time, though painful to the flesh. I have had to learn how much iniquity dwells within. Sins which I little thought were there have been brought to my view, until I have had to exclaim, "Can ever God dwell here?" Well might one of old say, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" This has caused me to bow my head in the dust, and confess my sins before the Lord, and implore His mercy. What a long-suffering God He is, to bear with one so vile, and instead of cutting me off, as I justly deserved, He gave me to hope once again in Him. This made everything right, and I could feelingly say, "Sweet affliction, which brings a precious Jesus near." I longed to leave this tabernacle of clay, and to depart to be for ever with the Lord. Yet I do desire grace to wait His time, and while my life is spared may I live to His glory. He has blessed the means used for my restoration, and, I believe, in answer to the prayers of His dear people. Truly—

"Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits."

Oh for a more grateful heart for so many mercies received from a good and gracious God, but how little real gratitude do I feel, to what I would. This is a little of what I have been passing through. Please forgive me if I have done wrong in writing to you. May the Lord bless you in your work and labour of love, and give you many tokens that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. With kind regards to Mrs. —,—, trusting she is better,

Believe me to remain, your affectionate young friend,
E. V.

DEAR SISTER,—In some cases the work of God is sooner discovered by a looker-on than by the person who is the subject of it. God's work is only made manifest in God's light. God gives life before He gives light. "In Him, was life, and the life was the light of men." There are often both life and feeling where light is wanted to show that this work is the work of God.

Why is it that you reverence the Most High? Why do you desire a tender conscience? Why do you hate sin? or, when you cannot find that you hate it, why do you desire to hate it? How comes it that you hate free-will and merit? Why do you

love the saints above all other men and women upon earth? Why is it that you secretly wish to be like them, so far as they follow Christ? Why are you more dark and dead in your feelings at one time than another? Why are you uneasy when you feel your state and your burden, and why are you uneasy when you feel them not?

How is it that you dread carnally secure frames? How is it that you dread presumption? Why is Christ now and then precious to you in your feelings, more precious than your money or your life? What would you take for Him? Why is it that you cannot live without prayer? Why is it that now and then you take more delight in waiting upon God than in anything else? Why are you cast down when you go away from prayer or from hearing? is it not because the Lord did not manifest Himself to you? Why are you in trouble when Jesus seems to frown upon you, and why do you secretly rejoice when you are raised to a comfortable hope? Why is your hope of mercy in Christ alone?

Are not these three desires now and then found in your heart—that the Lord Jesus Christ would be pleased savingly to manifest Himself unto you, keep you all the way down unto death, and take you to heaven when you die? And what is it now that would raise your soul to a transport of joy but this, that Jesus should reveal Himself unto you, and enable you to say with experimental evidence of Him whom your soul loveth, “My Beloved is mine, and I am His; He feedeth among the lilies”? Does not your soul now and then, in some little measure, in some poor faint way, thus thirst for God, for the living God? If your breast has not at one time or another been the seat of these desires, I have missed my mark. As the Lord thy God liveth, these are the effects of the Holy Spirit’s quickening power, saving grace, and sovereign operations. And it is your privilege, and the privilege of all such as have known these things, to say, “Thou hast granted me life and favour, and Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.” Fear not, O thou of little faith: wherefore dost thou doubt?

Yours truly,

J. S.

GOD’S part in your calling and election is sure enough, and needs none of your labour to make it sure; but to make it sure to yourselves, and to make the knowledge thereof sure and clear to you, diligence is needful, and diligence will do it. Search out the fruits and marks of election; and when you find any of them, then, and not before, climb up this high tree of the Father’s giving you to Jesus Christ.—*Trail.*

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

BY THE LATE J. C. PHILPOT.

[With a desire that profit may be derived by the Church of Christ from our correspondence respecting the ministry, we feel prompted to give some remarks by the late beloved Mr. J. C. Philpot on the call given by God to those whom He has chosen to that office. We well remember the article first appearing in the *Gospel Standard*, and how much the Lord blessed it to us at the time, He having then brought us into serious exercise about that important work. We take the extracts from the second volume of Mr. Philpot's published Meditations, and hope they may be useful to others.—ED.]

THE *blessings* which are promised to accompany the ministry of the Gospel . . . much depend for their fulfilment on the peculiar character of the ministry itself, it being evident from observation and experience that a very wide and marked difference exists between ministers of truth, not only in the possession of grace and gifts, but in the amount of the blessing of God which rests on their ministry; and it being no less evident from the Word of truth that unless expressly called and sent by God, and furnished by Him with needful qualifications for the work, they cannot profit His people, it can hardly be considered a serious or unfair digression from our subject if we here turn aside to consider two important points which not only much concern but must ever deeply interest every true servant of the Lord. These two points are closely connected with each other, and are: 1. What is meant or implied by a *call* to the ministry? 2. What are the needful *qualifications* for its exercise to the glory of God and the good of his people.

(i.) We will consider first, then, what is meant or implied by a *call* to the ministry. In examining this point, the first consideration which presents itself to our mind is the striking fact that under the Old Testament dispensation none were true prophets unless expressly called by the Lord to that office. Now, from this obvious fact at once springs the important question, whether a similar call is required under the New Testament for the work of the ministry; and if so, whether it should be equally plain, signal, and clear? It seems desirable, if not necessary, to clear up this point before we proceed any further with the question of a divine call to the work.

That there is a considerable similarity between the prophets of the Old Testament and the ministers of the New most will admit; and, if this resemblance be conceded, it will follow that there is a sufficient analogy between the prophetic and ministerial offices to warrant a comparison between them both as

to the call to, and the qualifications for, the exercise of each. Admitting, then, this similarity between the office and work of the prophet and the office and work of the minister, we must next inquire whether they are so similar that they must be judged by the same exact standard and weighed in precisely the same balance. According to our judgment, and admitting to the fullest degree the necessity of a call to the ministry, we believe that we are not warranted in applying the same rigid standard to both offices, and demanding from the minister the same clear, precise, and signal call which was required of the prophet. Two simple considerations may be sufficient to show this with sufficient clearness.

1. Consider then, first, the great difference between the two dispensations, not only as regards their general character, but as respects what we may term their officers and ministers. Prophets, it must be borne in mind, were not an original part of the Old Testament dispensation. The priestly office, not the prophetic, was an integral part of the ceremonial law given at Sinai; and the priest, not the prophet, was the minister of God to the people. The strict parallel, therefore, would seem, at first sight, to be between the priestly and the ministerial office; but this comparison is not admissible, on the simple ground that the priestly office was typical of the priesthood of Christ; and, having its parallel in Him, cannot be extended beyond Him to the ministers of the New Testament, without falling into the Romish error of turning ministry into priesthood. But the ministry of the Gospel, as we have already shown, is a special New Testament institution; and, being the express gift of our risen and glorified Head, is neither priestly nor prophetic, though it has an analogy with each, but possesses a distinct and peculiar character of its own. We cannot, therefore, apply the same rigid rule to both offices, and measure a call to preach by the same precise standard as a call to prophesy.

2. But consider, secondly, that the prophets were not ordinary, but *extraordinary* messengers of God to His people. Some were raised up, as Deborah and Samuel, to be judges of the people; others, as Elijah and Elisha, to work mighty miracles; others, as Isaiah, Jeremiah, &c., to utter prophecies which should form a part of the inspired Scriptures. Now, how can we fairly apply to the ministers of the New Testament the same standard by which was measured the call of these extraordinary servants of God, demand from every preacher of the Gospel the credentials of an Elisha or a Jeremiah, and declare, unless he were called by a voice from heaven, that he is a hypocrite and an impostor?

In handling, therefore, this point, we seem to have a line marked out for us which runs between two extremes: (1.) That

there must be a call to the ministry, that it may be exercised to the glory of God and the profit of His people; for if we set aside this, we do away with the ministry itself as a divine institution. (2.) That this call need not be so signal and special as that of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c., or, we may add, of the Apostles under the New Testament, who occupy, as such, a peculiar position.

Having thus far shown the reasons why we have marked out for ourselves the line which we shall endeavour to follow, we shall now proceed to consider what is in our judgment a sufficient, if not absolutely needful, call to the ministry.

Now, according to our view, it is a very difficult and delicate point clearly to lay down what is a sufficient call to the ministry, for many of God's own sent servants, who have been most fully received by the living family as His commissioned ambassadors, have been much tried to make their calling to the work plain and clear to their own satisfaction, whilst some, if not many, who have spoken great swelling words of their call, are not commended to the consciences of God's own people as sent by Him to preach His Word at all, and have either been obliged to give up their preaching through positive failure of hearers, or from the thorough wearing out of what little gift they ever had for the work. Thus, when the trembling, exercised servant of the Lord has waxed stronger and stronger, and been more and more established in the hearts and affections of the family of God, these pretenders have become more and more manifest as led by a false spirit, and if not wilful deceivers, at least themselves willingly deceived.

When we say this, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we believe every sent servant of God will have, sooner or later, more or less, a witness in his own conscience that he is called to the work, for without some such inward testimony, he must soon faint under its burden, and always speak in fetters and shackles; but it may be some time before he is clearly established in his own mind. And besides this, he must have also a witness in the hearts and consciences of God's living people, who are often better judges of his call to the work than he himself can be, especially when he is under much trial and temptation.

What is thought to be a call to the ministry is more common than many persons suppose. In saying this, we purposely set aside all those schemes of human contrivance by which *pious* young men are manufactured into ministers by the gross, and can be sent out to order to suit any pulpit and any people; and we take as little account of those numerous instances where pride and ignorance, vanity and self-conceit, love of ease, and aversion to hard and daily work, combine, with some natural ability of mind and readiness of speech, to persuade an aspiring youth that

a pulpit is the proper place for him to adorn, and for it to adorn him. Such men-made ministers, and such self-admiring beauties, have no place in the Church of Christ, and no place in the consciences of those who know and love truth in its power. But take the case of one really called by grace in his youth, blessed with the love of God shed abroad in his heart, and possessed with a fair share of ability of mind, knowledge of the Scriptures, and utterance in prayer, private or public. Many if not most of such, in the warmth of their first love, in their liberty of access and freedom of utterance before the throne, in their zeal for the truth in its purity and power, in their strong affection to the family of God, and in their devotedness of heart and willingness to suffer for the Lord's sake, feel such impulses and movements on their spirit as make them long to testify to all who will hear what God has done for their soul, and to give themselves up to His service. But time and circumstances abundantly show them that this was not a call to the ministry, for as their first love declined, these movements towards the ministry declined with it, and they clearly saw that it was not the will of God that they should stand up in His name. It is not, therefore, any or every secret impulse or movement of the mind, even when honest and sincere, or any inward persuasion of the heart or desire for the work which will prove to be a call to the ministry, for many such blossoms drop off and are never matured into fruit. There must be, therefore, other things working together with the feelings and desires that we have named to constitute a divine and sufficient call.

1. First, then, generally there is a great *backwardness* to the work. We see this in Moses, Jeremiah, Jonah, Habakkuk, and if not expressly mentioned in the case of the other prophets, yet the words so often in their mouths, "The burden of the Lord," show the solemn weight with which the ministry pressed on their spirit. Those whom God calls to the work, He usually so strips and empties, so pulls down, humbles, and abases, so shows them what the ministry is, and their own unfitness for it, that they shrink back from so arduous and important a work, and can scarcely be persuaded that they are called to it. We need hardly remark how different this is from the forward, pushing, bold, if not presuming spirit which so many manifest in their ambitious aim almost to force their way into the pulpit.

2. Usually, too, there are strong and marked leadings in *providence*. A train of circumstances has been long at work, which, however obscure at the time, becomes cleared up when the moment arrives for unfolding the secret purposes of God. Hindrances of various kinds, such as business engagements, occupation or employment in life, fixed habitation where there

was no door open for the work, opposition of wife or relations, repeated disappointments when the prospect seemed a little clearer, inability to move forward until the pillar and the cloud moved—these and similar hindrances are gradually or suddenly removed, and what was yesterday a mountain becomes to-day a plain. All the difficulties are taken out of the way in so marked a manner, and the hand of the Lord so clearly seen, that what once seemed almost impossible is now accomplished in a moment.

3. Usually, too, it entails not only suffering, but *sacrifice*. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and those who sow spiritual things may lawfully reap carnal things; but to go into the ministry for a piece of bread, to attain a respectable position in life, to feed a secret thirst for popularity and applause, to occupy a somewhat higher place in the Church than a private Christian, to exchange a wearisome, irksome employment for comparative idleness and ease, to have the pleasure of hearing himself talk, to shine as a light, and be a teacher and a preacher instead of being taught and preached to; all such base, unworthy motives stamp a man at once as a hireling. God may, after a season of suffering and sacrifice, honour His servants by giving them such a warm place in the hearts of His people, and such a high standing in the Church of Christ, as shall elevate them above their original position. Bunyan was raised from the tinker's barrow, and Huntington from the coal-barge, to an honoured place in the Church of God; but we know through what sufferings, privations, and sacrifices these men of God passed in the first exercise of their ministry, and that though this honour followed, it was not their aim nor object in the first instance. Many, if not most of God's sent servants have had to come down before they went up, and to sacrifice good situations and employments, which, if not lucrative, were either likely to become so, or at any rate exceeded in value anything which they could expect from the ministry, especially in our connection, where the people are usually so poor, and the ministers so indifferently paid.

4. Generally, too, where there is a call to the ministry, there will be some peculiar *impression* fastened unexpectedly on the mind concerning it; or some secret, inward persuasion that it is the will of God he should stand up in His name; or some promise applied to the heart strongly looking that way; or some remarkable season experienced in prayer, when access was given to spread all his desires before the Lord, and there sprang up a humble petition to be made use of for His glory, which seemed to enter the ears of the Lord of sabaoth; or some intimation in hearing the Word preached, or reading it in private, from the power which attended it, that a door would be opened to speak in the Lord's name; or some intense longing for the good of souls and

earnest desire to be made useful to the Church of God, which seemed as if it would not fall to the ground unfulfilled. These, and other similar impressions and intimations, are like the leaven in the meal which sets the whole mass to heave, ferment, and work. So through these peculiar impressions there will work almost day and night in the mind of one who has experienced them, exercises, desires, longings, cries, breathings, and petitions to the Lord; and mingled with them, there will be many fears of being deceived by false impressions, being deluded by Satan as an angel of light, or being impelled to so great and arduous a work by pride, ambition, lust of praise and distinction, a name amongst men, or other equally base and carnal motives. But as these fears work, and the cry comes forth, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me," the soul is thus made increasingly honest and sincere, and willing to go or stay, speak or be silent, take up the burden of the Lord or leave it untouched, draw the sword in the van or still tarry among the stuff in the rear. It may be some years, perhaps, before the way is made sufficiently plain—years of anxious waiting and watching, years of delayed hope till the heart is made sick, years of disappointment and vexation, but all working to a determined end, and gradually preparing the man to become an able minister of the New Testament, and not enter the pulpit as a raw recruit, but as one who can endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. The Church, alas! is overrun with youths and novices who attempt to teach when they need to be taught; and if ever they learn anything or are ever of any use, learn their business as an ill-taught medical student learns at last a little of his profession—by experimenting on men's souls as he on their bodies, and making a hundred mistakes for one right or successful treatment.

5. There will also generally be, where the Lord has called a man to the work, an impression on the minds of the discerning part of God's people—we say "discerning," for we take no account of the undiscerning and inexperienced who so abound in most Churches—that he will one day stand up in His name. This arises sometimes from hearing his experience when he joins the Church, sometimes from his peculiar gift in prayer, or his knowledge of and light upon the Scriptures, or his spirituality of mind in conversation, or his firmness in the truth, or his warmth and zeal in defending the cause of God, or his circumspect walk, his separation from the world and general devotedness of life; and all joined with that measure of mental ability which seems indispensable for a man who has to preach the Word of God, to

instruct the ignorant, edify the Church of Christ, and convince the gainsayer.

Perhaps none of the things which we have mentioned would be sufficient of itself to be a call to the ministry, but the concurrence of some or many of them, like the flowing of many little rivulets to form one brook, make, by their combination, the purpose of God more plain and clear. Not that all who are truly called to the work can trace out with equal distinctness the marks and proofs of their call, but they can usually record some of those landmarks which have directed their path, and by which they have been led and encouraged to believe that it was by the hand of the Lord.

But we fully believe that, besides these peculiar leadings, every true servant of God will have two witnesses to his call, without which he can never arrive at any real satisfaction that the Lord has Himself appointed him to the work. These two witnesses are: 1. The witness in *his own breast*; 2. The witness in the *consciences of the people of God*. Let us look at these separately.

(To be continued.)

"BE OF GOOD CHEER; IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

(MATTHEW xiv. 27.)

THOUGH tossed with tempest, sore distressed;
By furious winds and waves hard pressed;
Oh, murmur not, it's for the best:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

Tossed on a sea of doubts and fears,
Far from your home and all that cheers;
I'll come, ere long, and dry your tears:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

The raging sea may cause you dread,
There may be breakers, too, ahead;
But I who hold the helm have said,

'Tis I; be not afraid.

Cease, trembling soul, from your alarm;
'Tis I who walked amid the storm,
And greater wonders can perform:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

Not one shall sink who trusts in Me;
'Tis I command the wind and sea,
As on the Lake of Galilee:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

Your ship can ne'er be run aground
On foreign shore; 'tis homeward bound;
You shall be landed safe and sound:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

P. INSKIP.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—I feel in a low place just now—so hard ! Oh that I could feel as I want, but I do not feel myself half such a sinner as I am, although I know I am a great one.

“If I can hardly therefore bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee.”

I think this is a very beautiful hymn, it is the 119th ; and how good is the other verse—

“But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
’Tis He instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.”

Oh that I could know I am in the covenant of His everlasting love ! Oh, when will that happy time come, when the dear Lord will speak peace to my soul. I know it will come, if the Lord has begun a good work in me ; but has He ? Oh, these “ifs” and “buts,” how they are in the way !

What makes me fear at times, more than anything, that God has not begun a good work in me is, my heart and mind are so carried away with the world, and I seem to get so hard, and so far away from all that is good ; but I will tell you what has often lifted me up, I feel such a love to the people of God. I used not to count them the excellent of the earth, which I now do.

And now, my dear parents, accept the love of your affectionate daughter,

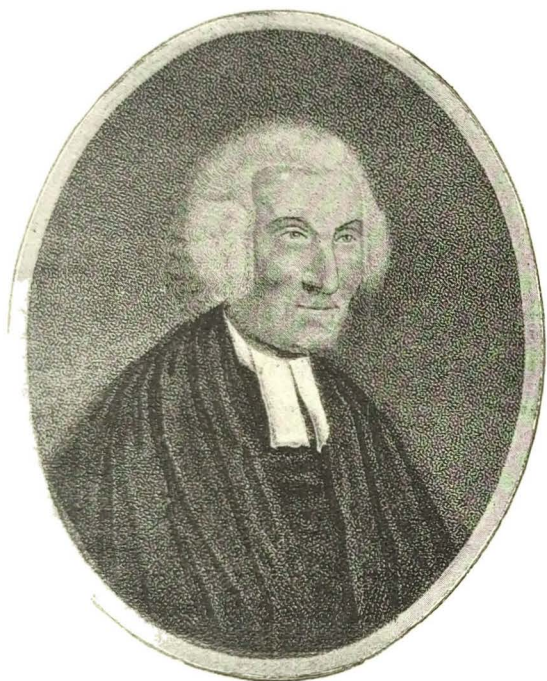
E. H.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

(JOHN xiii. 15.)

CAN any motive more engage and encourage our obedience than the persuasive pattern and commanding example of our Sovereign and Saviour ? Can we be averse from our duty, when our Lawgiver teaches us obedience by His own practice ? Can any imitation be more attractive than to do that from love to Him which He did for love to us and our salvation ? The life of Christ is a globe of precepts, a model of perfection, set before us for our imitation. We may not securely follow the best saints, who sometimes, through ignorance and infirmity, deviate from the narrow way ; but our Saviour is the way, the truth, and the life. He instructs us to do by His doings, and to suffer by His sufferings. He levels the way by going before us. Now, consider it was one principal reason of His obedience to instruct and oblige us to conform to His pattern, the certain and constant rule of our duty.—*W. Bates, 1650.*

The Sower, August, 1865.



WILLIAM ROMAINE.

WILLIAM ROMAINE.

THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH.

WILLIAM ROMAINE was born at Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, September 25th, 1714. The house in which he was born is still standing in the High Street, at the corner of St. Mary Street, and is at present used as a butcher's shop. It is encouraging to find that there are those in the county of Durham who so far revere his memory, and love the same truths that he proclaimed, as to erect, only a few years since, a tablet to his memory.

Romaine's father was one of the French Protestants who took refuge in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He settled at Hartlepool as a corn merchant, and appears to have prospered in business. He died at the ripe age of eighty-five years, in 1757. The seeds of a long life of service were evidently sown in William Romaine's heart by the Holy Ghost in this Hartlepool home. In a letter to a friend when he was seventy years old, he writes:—"Mr. Whitefield used often to put me in mind how signally favoured I was. He had none of his family converted, while my father, mother, and three sisters were like those blessed people of whom it is written, 'Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus,' and as they loved Him again, so do we." At the age of ten years William was sent to a well-known grammar school at Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, founded by the famous Bernard Gilpin, at the time of the Protestant Reformation. From thence he removed to Oxford, where he remained until he took his M.A. degree, in 1737. His first engagement was a curacy near Okehampton, Devon, afterwards at Banstead, near Epsom. It was here that he became acquainted with Sir D. Lambert, an alderman of the City of London. He thought so highly of Romaine that he appointed him his chaplain during the year of his mayoralty, a circumstance which brought him into notice as a preacher, both at St. Paul's Cathedral and other London pulpits. It was, however, during his village curacies that he was led more deeply into the knowledge and plan of salvation. He says:—"I saw more of my heart, and began to feel more of my corrupt nature. I got clearer views of Gospel grace, and, in proportion as I came to know myself, I advanced in the knowledge of Christ Jesus. But this was very slow work. The old leaven of self-righteousness, now christened holiness, stuck close to me still, and made me a dull scholar in the school of Christ. Being led, at length, to very deep discoveries of my own legal heart, of the dishonour which I had put upon the Saviour, of the despite I had done to the Spirit of His grace, by resisting and perverting the working

of His love—these things humbled me. I became very vile in my own eyes. I gave over striving. The pride of free-will, the boast of my own works, were laid low. And as self was abased, the Scriptures became an open book, and every page presented the Saviour in new glory. Then were explained to me those truths which are now the very joy and life of my soul.”

These exercises humbling his heart, and meeting with many and continued disappointments and mortifications, he resolved to leave England. Having sent his trunk on board ship, he was himself proceeding to the water-side, when he was met and accosted by a gentleman, a total stranger, who inquired if his name was not Romaine. He replied, “It is.” The gentleman apologized for the abruptness of his address, informed him that having been many years ago acquainted with his father, and observing a striking likeness between them, he was induced to make that inquiry. The gentleman told him that the lectureship of that parish, St. George’s, Botolph Lane, was then vacant, and promised to use his influence on his behalf, if he was disposed to become a candidate. Mr. Romaine consented, and was successful. Thus, by an occurrence in which the hand of God was strikingly apparent, he was detained, and became the instrument of kindling a flame of Evangelical truth in the Established churches of London, which has, alas! now become almost extinguished. About the year 1744 he was appointed morning preacher at St. George’s, Hanover Square. Here his ministry, in preaching simply Christ and Him crucified, was much owned and followed, until at last he was dismissed under the glorious imputation of crowding the church. One of those savingly converted under his ministry at this time was Mr. Sanders, his Majesty King George’s state coachman (*see* SOWER, 1889 page 290).

In 1749 he was chosen lecturer of St. Dunstan’s in the West. While here he was greatly harassed by his parishioners, who engaged him in a law suit, and hindered him in every possible way. He often had to lecture in the large church by the light of a candle, which he held in his hand. In 1764 he was chosen to the Rectory of St. Anne’s, Blackfriars, but, from opposition, was kept out of the pulpit until 1766, when the Lord Chancellor, to the inexpressible joy of thousands, terminated the dispute in his favour. He thus expresses himself upon the occasion:—“My friends are rejoicing all around me, and wishing me that joy which I cannot take. It is my Master’s will, and I submit. He knows what is best both for His own glory and His people’s good, and I am certain that He makes no mistake in either of these points. But my head hangs down upon the occasion, through the awful apprehensions which I ever had of the care of

souls. I am frightened to think of watching over two or three thousand, when it is work enough to watch over one. The plague of my heart almost wearies me to death. What can I do with such a vast number? I can see nothing before me, so long as the breath is in my body, but war. When I take counsel of the flesh I faint, but when I go the sanctuary I see my cause good; my Master is Almighty, a tried Friend, and then He makes my courage revive. In this view I shall want my Jesus more and more. Methinks I hear His sweet voice, 'Come closer, come closer, soul! nearer yet!'" He ministered the remainder of his life at Blackfriars—a period of thirty years—and published his *Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith*, with several other Evangelical treatises, during that period.

But "the time drew near when Israel must die." On Friday, June 6th, calling on an intimate friend, he said, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." His friend asked him if he had any particular meaning in reciting this scripture. He said, "No, but the words are much impressed on my mind, and they are a proper admonition to us all." He was the next day taken ill, and, being at Balham Hill, with difficulty he returned to London, saying on the journey, "Oh, how animating is the view which I now have of death, and the hope which is laid up for me in heaven, full of glory and immortality!" The nature of his disorder was such that he could speak but little. Being asked at various times how he was, his answer was, "As well as I can be this side heaven. It is all mercy—all mercy." Mr. William Goode, his curate, visited him, to whom he said, "I have been long in the arms of death. I am in His hands who will do the best for me. I have the peace of God in my conscience and the love of God in my heart. I knew the doctrines I preached to be truths, but now I experience them to be blessings." At another time, stretching forth his arms, he said, "I shall soon be upon the Mount Zion that is above; there I shall dwell for ever, and there I shall enjoy my everlasting rest." He frequently said, "Oh, how good is God! what entertainments and comforts does He give me! Oh, what a prospect I see before me of glory and immortality! He is my God through life, through death, and throughout eternity."

On the 23rd of July, as he sat at breakfast, he said, "It is now sixty years since God opened my mouth to publish the everlasting sufficiency and eternal glory of the salvation of Christ Jesus, and it has now pleased Him to shut my mouth, that my heart might feel and experience what my mouth has so often spoke." Mrs. Romaine coming in, he spoke to her with most tender affection. Thanking her for all her care of him, he said,

“Come, my love, that I may bless you. The Lord be with you, a covenant God for ever, to save and bless you.” About an hour before he died a friend said to him, “I hope you find Jesus Christ precious to you now.” He replied, “Yes, yes, yes, He is precious to my soul; all that can be desired is not to be compared to Him. He is a tree of life.” The last words he was heard to utter were, “Holy, holy, holy, blessed Jesus; to Thee be endless praise!” And a little before one o’clock on the Sabbath morning, July 26th, 1795, he fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into that eternal rest which remains for the people of God.

R. F. R.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE FAINT AND WEARY.

“Why art thou, being a King’s son, lean from day to day?”

—2 SAMUEL xiii. 4.

FAINT one, thy Father fills the heav’nly throne,
 And universal empire is His own;
 A never-ending feast His table yields
 For all o’er whom He e’er His sceptre wields.
 Then if both rich and plentiful the fare
 Which they partake who His retainers are,
 For thee, His son, most privileged of all
 His guests, the very best is at thy call.
 Then why thy haggard looks and tottering gait?
 Such things but ill become thy regal state;
 Surely the cause of this thy sorry plight
 Must be a sickly, morbid appetite.
 The fruits that in thy Father’s garden grow,
 On those who eat do health and strength bestow.
 Mercy and truth in sweet accord combine;
 Here righteousness and peace together twine.
 The Lily of the Valleys here doth bloom,
 The Rose of Sharon yields a rich perfume.
 Their richness and their sweetness I have proved,
 Then eat and drink abundantly, beloved.
 In fatness let thy soul itself delight,
 And now return, return, O Shulamite!
 But ye who have no taste for food Divine,
 Content to eat and wallow with the swine,
 ’Tis written, “Fools on foolishness do feed,”
 On ashes, too,—sad diet this indeed.
 Ye dream ye eat, but shall awake and find
 You are but filled with fancy’s empty wind.

J. J.

HE who thinks to acquire a right to heaven by his own works, and attends to duty upon that principle, will in the issue meet a sad disappointment.—*Brine.*

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,
PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.
(Continued from page 154.)

“THEY SAID, ‘HE IS A METHODIST.’”

MR. COVELL once gave the following relation of how he was enabled to show his colours amongst his fellow-workmen:—

“Without wanting to speak with egotism, I may say, when I was working in a shop in London, my father one day came into the shop, but the men did not know him. He said, referring to me, ‘What sort of a young man is that?’ They said, ‘He is a Methodist.’ They could see a difference between me and them in this: at meal-times I read the Bible; I had moral courage enough, it is not everyone that has that; I could say to them at night, ‘I am going to chapel, which of you will go with me?’ I have never repented that I made an open profession of what I was. God made it manifest that I was His in a shop of sixty to eighty men. I would have got tipsy, lied, and sworn as they did, but for the grace of God.”

FEARS AND FAITH.

“When I was in business I had a persuasion that God would take my soul to heaven, yet I had many fears whether He would enable me to pay my debts and bring up my family. I have walked about for an hour or two, and argued, and have not made one hair white or black to my advantage. Praying is better than arguing, and committing our way to God is better than planning and scheming.

“At one time, when sorely pinched, sharply squeezed, and in fear how the matter would end, I ran to a secret place, and dropped on my knees before God, crying, ‘Help me, Lord.’ God dropped these words into my heart (what golden words they were to me), ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.’ ‘Good God, I shall be helped!’ I said. I knew what Hannah felt when she went away with her countenance no more sad. Nor was mine either.”

BEGGARS AND THEIR PLEAS.

“What pleas men will make when they come begging. I have plenty of beggars at my door. How the various pleas they make give them a claim upon me, they think, and entitle them to get something from me. They come to the door; when I go, they say, ‘I hope you will help me, sir.’ ‘I do not know you,’ I say. ‘Why, I have been living in Union Street all my life.’ Along comes another; ‘I wish you would help me, sir.’ ‘Why did you come to me? Who sent you?’ ‘Well, sir, I heard you were

charitable and good-natured, so I thought you would give me something.' Another comes, 'Do, sir, help me. I have sat under such a minister, and I know such and such people you may know.' Along comes another; 'I don't know you,' I say. 'Why, sir, I come to your chapel at times.' They think that is quite enough. They conclude these things are all claims, and that I have a right to assist them; though, you see, there is no claim in the least; yet, for the life of me, when they come with these pleas, I cannot send them away. Now, what I want to show is this: In going to the Son of God you have got a claim, you have got a plea; He has encouraged you to come. It is declared by the Holy Ghost, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

PRESENTATION ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

On December 8th, 1878, Mr. Covell completed his seventieth year, and the members of his Church and congregation availed themselves of the opportunity to express their affection towards their pastor. The presentation consisted of an oil painting of Mr. Covell, a time-piece and stand (valued at £50), one hundred and thirty-one new sovereigns, and an illuminated address. The birthday being on Sunday, the presentation was made on the previous Friday evening. On the following Sunday morning Mr. Covell preached from Joshua xxiii. 14, "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." The sermon was a most impressive one, and the address that Mr. Covell gave on returning thanks for the expression of his people's kindness towards him was of a most interesting character; in which he made reference to many incidents already referred to in our narrative, therefore space will only now allow us to give a brief extract from the address:—

"Love and gratitude to the God of all my mercies, and to you, my friends, for your kindness, affection, and liberality, constrain me to speak. None can tell, *none can tell*, but those who have been placed in the same pleasing position, the feelings of that man whose friends shower down blessings upon him, while he feels so unworthy and undeserving; it will sink him into nothingness. This obligation you have laid me under—and a sweet obligation it is, too—has brought me in debtor to you, never to cease lifting up my heart to God in prayer that your souls may be comforted, that He may bless you heart and soul. May God so lay me upon your hearts that you may never bow the knee in prayer, but His poor servant, and your servant for Christ's sake, may be

remembered by you. May you cry, 'God help him; God be with him, and assist him continually; make him faithful and affectionate. God make him a blessing to our souls.'"

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

A good man living in the country was some years ago passing through a season of trial and great exercise of mind, during which time he had a dream, in which he thought himself near a palace, when a summons was brought him to go and speak to the prince. On hearing this his mind was filled with fear, feeling that he was utterly unable and unworthy to go in and speak with the prince. Just then he thought he heard Mr. Covell's name announced, which greatly relieved his anxiety, for he felt, Mr. Covell can go in and speak to the Prince for me. Here his dream concluded, but a short time afterwards, while still under this exercise of mind, an opportunity was offered of going to hear Mr. Covell preach at Tonbridge. While Mr. Covell was speaking in prayer, in his usual powerful manner, the good man was so overcome and favoured in his soul that he felt his dream was fulfilled, and that Mr. Covell had indeed gone in and spoken to the Prince for him.

A REMINISCENCE OF MR. COVELL.

I should be very happy to send you any scrap relative to good Mr. Covell were it easy to do so. The fact is, there was such savour in his conversation, combined with an individuality all his own, that it is not possible to reproduce Mr. Covell *on paper*. This, doubtless, largely accounts for the poverty of his printed memoir. I well remember Mr. Covell telling me of a sweet visit he had from his Lord while walking in Addington Park, the grounds attached to the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said it was in his earliest days, when "the poor tinman" (a frequent signature of his in his letters to Mr. Crouch and Mr. Pitcher) was in much trial with regard both to his business and his ministry, he walked out one evening to try to relieve his burdened soul in prayer. While in the park, pleading with God, the Lord broke in upon his trial, made it sweet, and gave him to realize more blessedly than ever before his personal interest in His covenant promises. Those who knew Mr. Covell will well understand that I am unable to convey to paper the power and sweetness with which he concluded this narrative by quoting the words, "The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour." It was chiefly in prayer that Mr. Covell excelled. He said once to me, "I shouldn't dare to tell my people what tears I shed over them in this chair. They talk about hearing me to profit. Pooh! I wish they would come to hear wet-eyed. I have had both hells and heavens in

this room about my ministry, and the people don't know half of what it costs me."

W. W.

MR. COVELL ON THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

March 9th, 1879, being collection day, Mr. Covell gave, as was his wont, an interesting and characteristic address.

"I needed no memorial of your kindness, my friends; but I have one at home (referring to his testimonial) that, when we have all passed away, and are mouldering in the dust, my children and my children's children will be enabled to look upon in proof of the union that existed between pastor and people at West Street Chapel. *There is a union between us that no casual Supply can ever feel towards a people to whom he speaks only occasionally. Supplies who visit a people once in two or three months, as the case may be, cannot feel towards them, nor they towards him, as a stated minister and people feel towards each other. The Supply does not yearn for them as the Pastor does; he does not carry them on his heart as he moves from place to place all the year round; he cannot present them to God continually—Lord, bless the people. It is not possible that the thing can exist in the heart of Supplies as it does with the Pastor, who tries to feed them with knowledge and with understanding, to build them up in the truth, having them on his heart and affections. The SUPPLY SYSTEM is therefore a bad system at the very root. I know that in some places it cannot be avoided, but in many places, I fear, the real prosperity of Zion does not lay at the hearts of the people. And something else I am almost ashamed to say—the Supply System is thought by some a cheaper system. God Almighty root out such a sordid spirit. Is it likely, if cheapness be the order of the day, that real soul prosperity can exist in such a place? But I have not to say this of you, my friends. When other ministers have spoken to me of our large collections, I say to them, 'I cast my eye over your congregation and that of others, and see as much money in those congregations as in mine.' It is not the amount of money, but being willing to part with what they possess. Where there is love in the heart, it needs no exhortation to give. It is not the amount of money given, but the heart that prompts it."*

At the evening service Mr. Covell said:—"When I tell you the amount collected this morning amounted to £464 14s. 11½d., you must say love has grown stronger, and be ready to ask where can it come from? Well, I would say, from loving hearts and hands. The same love that brought us together, and has kept us to this day, be with us to the end. The end must be close at hand. But there is one thing I feel gratified about: Whoever may follow me, however able he may be, although he may excel me so far as the sun excels the stars, I have had the

cream of your affections ; nor do I expect he will ever be able to live in your affections as I have done. If it be the Lord's will, may he gain your esteem, and may you grow up together in love, and may he find you as I have ever found you, abounding in liberality, kindness, and forbearance. But he must not expect to have your first love, as I have had the best ; and no one who follows me can expect to have the first love at the end. However, my earnest prayer is that you may show to the world that there is such a thing as the spirit of Christ, the love of God, and the fruit of the Holy Ghost to be found in the Church of the living God, and thus may you be enabled to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

The total morning and evening collections were £510 16s. 0½d.

SAYINGS OF MR. COVELL.

1. Sometimes temptation falling on our hearts is like lightning falling on dry thatch, it sets it on fire. As Satan shoots from off the wall into our hearts, it comes upon the dry thatch of our corrupt nature, and we are driven hither and thither.

2. I sometimes compare God's providential dealings with us to ladies' wool-work. Look one side, what knots and ends, and what a piece of confusion it seems. Turn it over, what roses, lilies, and other flowers there are—they come out so pretty and well. If we were to see a man throwing grapes into a tub, and another stamping them down with his feet, we should say, if we did not know better, "What a pity to spoil those beautiful grapes by mashing them all up!" "Stay a minute," says the man ; "it is to bring out the wine." Sometimes we think, "Surely this is wrong ; surely the Lord has made a mistake." You will have the wine, by-and-by, my friends.

3. You can find out which is your darling sin by this : "This may go ; that may go ; but Benjamin shall not go." "If ye will obey My voice indeed," Benjamin must go. God will pull out your right eye, cut off your right arm, so to speak. "Now, Lord, Benjamin shall go ; I will be Thine and serve Thee, though I die in a workhouse."

4. This is blazoned on the Royal Exchange, it stands out for all the City merchants and others to see,* "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." But the generality of people that attend that Exchange have more faith in their own wit and wisdom, and they have more confidence in the money they get. Mind this, it testifies against them.

5. The love which you and I have is only just a spark, a grain. God is a globe of love, so to speak, a fire of love, which runs out and burns in all its vehemency to His poor children.

* This verse was selected by the late Prince Consort.

6. There are no people in the world so humble as God's people. We fell by pride, that leaven has leavened the whole lump; we rise by humility. The Son of God "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." All His children drink into that spirit.

7. What is real prayer? It is the flame of faith in the heart breaking out into words. It is want felt, help desired, and a persuasion in the heart that God will hear.

8. I believe that God loves His people, the weakest of them, the worst of them, a thousand times more than the highest archangel loves God.

9. Gold-diggers do not throw away the earth when they see a small particle of gold, so God can see that particle of gold among all the earth and worldliness you may feel.

10. God's people are called members of Christ's body. You will not cut off your little toe because it has rheumatism or gout in it at times. If you have got a pain in your eye, or a headache, you will not put out the one or cut off the other. So fear not; "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." He will not cut us off because we slip with our feet or wander with our eyes.

11. If you do not see, feel, and find that you are a daily sinner, you do not want an every-day Christ. I not only want Him every day, but I often want Him several times in a day.

12. How these passages ran through my mind for a few minutes yesterday (November 24th, 1877): "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves"; and this, "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not"; then I felt I could come in with them.

13. Prayer is heart work. It is the heart running towards God, sighing, "Oh, that I were different!" The man means what he says. What makes it acceptable is, being perfumed with the incense of the Christ of God. The best prayer you ever uttered, unless it was perfumed with Christ's merit, would be enough to damn you, instead of bringing a blessing down. The worst prayer, so to speak, that ever you put up, the Son of God can make it ring in heaven, and move the Father's heart. It is His merit, blood, and obedience makes it come up before God as sweet incense.

(To be continued.)

BELIEVERS, look on yourselves as often and as narrowly as you can, judge and condemn yourselves as much as you will; but when you look for acceptance with God, mind Christ alone, and give Him glory in trusting confidently for acceptance in Him.—
Trail.

"NO CONDEMNATION NOW."

"*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*"—ROMANS viii. 1.

"No condemnation now!"
O blessèd, lovely sound
To soule who 'neath the law have stood
Condemned on legal ground!

"No condemnation now,"
But reconciled to God,
Though not by merits of my own,
But by my Saviour's blood.

"No condemnation now":
My sins on Christ were charged;
He paid the mighty penalty,
That I might be discharged.

"No condemnation now":
He suffered in my place;
He bore my heavy load of sin,
And all its sad disgrace.

"No condemnation now":
When fresh contracted guilt
Annoys my conscience, I will plead
Anew the blood once spilt.

"No condemnation now":
The angels cannot tell
The joys I feel, *they* never were
Redeemed from death and hell.

"No condemnation now":
Jesus, what can I bring
In recompense? Oh, take my heart,
This empty, worthless thing!

"No condemnation now";
Nor shall there be for aye;
When Jesus died upon the tree,
He took it all away.

"No condemnation now";
I am of God approved,
Because I stand accepted in
Christ Jesus the Beloved.

"No condemnation now,"
Since Christ has bathed me in
That precious fountain opened wide
For filthiness and sin.

“ No condemnation now ” :
 It fills my soul with bliss
 To know I'm washed and clothed complete
 In Jesus' righteousness.

“ No condemnation now ” :
 Then come and hear and see,
 Ye people all who fear the Lord,
 What He hath done for me.

“ No condemnation now,”
 Nor shall there ever be ;
 I stand complete in Christ my Lord,
 To all eternity.

September, 1894.

L. A. WARD.

THE DOXOLOGY.

“ 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.”

James Montgomery says of this well-known Doxology by Bishop Ken, that it is “ a masterpiece at once of amplification and compression: amplification on the burthen, ‘Praise God,’ repeated in each line; compression, by exhibiting God as the Object of praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him;—praise for all His blessing, yea, for ‘ALL blessing,’ none coming from any other source; praise by every creature specifically invoked ‘here below,’ and in heaven ‘above’; praise to Him in each of the characters wherein He has revealed Himself in His Word, ‘Father, Son and Holy Ghost.’ Probably there is no other verse in existence that is so often sung by Christians of all denominations. With the glad utterance of praise to the Triune Jehovah, they have times without number brought to a conclusion their most solemn and most delightful assemblies.”

“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

(HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.)

WHEN mariners upon the main sea do want marks to direct them by in their course of sailing, they then take their mark (which is the surest) from the heavens. In like manner, for us all that are runners in this race, our surest mark to direct us by is to look up to Jesus, whose habitation is in heaven, who will preserve us safely all our whole journey, unto the port of Paradise, whom truly to follow, as to know, is everlasting life.—*John Atkins, 1624.*

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

(Concluded from page 167.)

1. WE lay this down, then, as necessary to a man's being fully persuaded that God has called him to the work, that he will have, at times, the witness to it in his own breast. The Lord will, at times, so enlarge his heart, and so open his mouth; he will find, at favoured seasons, such a pouring in of gracious thoughts and feelings, and such a door of utterance to pour them out in words so suitable and so expressive, as if they were not his own, but were given him at the moment; such a power resting on his spirit to testify of what he has tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life; such a boldness to take forth the precious from the vile, that he may be as God's mouth; such holy warmth in declaring all the counsel of God, and yet no strange fire in his censor, but coals from the brazen altar; such a firm, solemn, believing realization of the sacred truths which he is preaching, and such a sacred determination that, come what will, please or offend whom he may, he would sooner part with his life than part with the truth of God, as bring with them a sweet satisfaction that the Lord has called him to the work of the ministry. As these seasons are repeated, with greater or less power, and are contrasted by him with those, perhaps, more frequent times of darkness, when he is so shut up in his soul and the door of utterance so closed that he has scarcely a gracious thought, heavenly feeling, or suitable word, he gathers up an inward testimony that the Lord has, notwithstanding all his weakness and unworthiness, doubts and fears, called him to the work; and the very difference between himself and himself—between himself in the stocks and himself on the tower, himself shut up and himself able to come forth, himself hacking and stammering and himself enlarged with the sweetest freedom of speech, himself full of bondage and misery and himself full of light, life, liberty, and love—this very contrast, which he so plainly feels, shows him only more clearly and distinctly when the Lord is with him and when He is not; and thus, by these very changes in his soul, these goings and comings of the Lord's presence and power on his spirit, he becomes satisfied that he is not warring at his own charges, but has been chosen to be a soldier to fight the Lord's battles. The way also in which texts are brought to his mind, opened up to his understanding, or applied to his heart; the light cast upon a passage when speaking from it, the suitable Scriptures which are brought to his memory to confirm his views upon it, and the sweet enjoyment which he has himself in or after the time of speaking from it; the secret prayer and meditation on the Word which he has before he goes into the pulpit, and the

holy savour which often rests on his spirit after the labours of the day ; the sense which he has of the blessedness of the work, and his willingness to spend and be spent, labour and suffer, live and die in the Lord's service—these and similar experiences confirm him in the persuasion that the Lord has called him to the work, and is with him in it. He is brought to see and feel that his very sermons are not his own, and that he cannot preach them again with that life, power, and utterance which were given him with his text ; that though he may take the same passage, he cannot handle it in the same way again ; that he cannot open it, or enlarge upon it, or enforce it as before ; and that he cannot recover even the light which then shone through it, still less the savour which rested on his spirit in setting it forth. But we must not further enlarge on this point, though we could say much on both sides of the question, from our own long and diversified experience of it.

2. But he must also have the witness in the hearts and *consciences of the family of God*. Without this testimony from others, his own will be of little avail, for “not he who commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth.” “In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established” (2 Cor. xiii. 1). The testimony in his own breast is the one witness ; the testimony in the consciences of others is the other ; and the third, we may add, is the blessing of God resting upon his ministry.

This, therefore, we may next bring forward, as stamping a broad seal on his call to the work. Where a man is really called by God to the work of the ministry, His blessing will rest, more or less manifestly, upon the word ; power will attend it to the heart of sinner and saint, and the Lord will not suffer it to fall to the ground as the mere word of man. There will be, at various times, marked instances of some being called out of darkness into light, of others delivered from bondage into the liberty of the Gospel, of others being brought out of temptation and soul distress into a wealthy place, of others specially favoured when much cast down with trials and afflictions, and of others being encouraged and strengthened to persevere courageously in their conflict with unbelief, sin, and Satan. Besides these special testimonies there will be also a general power and savour attending his word, which will gather and keep together a living people, few, perhaps, in number, but much united to him and his ministry, who highly esteem him in love and cleave to him for his work's sake. We do not speak here of partisans and flatterers, really a man's worst and most dangerous enemies, who cry him up as much as they cry all others down ; nor of those weak and silly old women, of all ages and both sexes, who have no ex-

perience, judgment, or discernment in the things of God, and can receive almost everything in the shape of a sermon, and everybody in the shape of a minister; nor of those young people, and especially the female part of them, who admire the man almost as much as they admire the minister; but we mean the solid, well-taught, sober-minded, tried, experienced children of God, who know what they hear and whom they hear, and can tell the difference between chaff and wheat, letter and spirit, word and power, the noisome stench of the creature and the sweet savour of Christ. We will not, indeed, say that every called servant of God will at first, perhaps, obtain this clear witness in the consciences of the Lord's people, or to the extent which we have traced out, for, knowing what man is, and how easy the best may be deceived, they are slow to receive any minister; but, sooner or later, the Lord will establish his testimony to the call of His servant by commending it to feeling hearts, discerning spirits, and living consciences.

(ii.) And now for a few words on the *qualifications* for the work of the ministry. All must admit that if God call a man to the work, He will fit him for it; and if he have no such qualifications, there is no reason to believe that God has sent him. But what do we understand by qualifications for the ministry of the Word? We may cast them under two simple heads: 1. *Grace*, and, 2. *Gifts*.

1. And first, *Grace*. Nothing is more evident than that a man without the grace of God in his heart has neither part nor lot in this matter. A man dead in sin, or dead in a profession, to stand up in the name of the living God to preach to a living people—what daring presumption, what an awful contradiction! And yet what troops of men there are, on every side and of every sect, party, and denomination, utterly destitute of the life of God, who call themselves ministers of Christ, and would resent, with the bitterest enmity, the slightest imputation or even suspicion that they are hypocrites or imposters. But all these, whoever they be, Churchmen or Dissenters, or whatever they be, high or low, we must at once set aside as only awful intruders into a work to which they were never called, and for which they were never qualified. But a man may have the grace of God in his soul, and yet have but little divine, spiritual knowledge of the truth, and little experience of its power. Now no one, who knows what the work of the ministry is, can say that such a beginner is qualified to be a minister of the Gospel, and go in and out before the exercised family of God, as a leader and a teacher. We cannot, indeed, say what use God might make of him to beginners, like himself; but one would think that he had better tarry at Jericho till his beard

is grown, than go up to Jerusalem with only a little down on his chin. "A novice" ("one newly come to the faith," *margin*) is expressly excluded from the work of the ministry. As "newly come to the faith," it is assumed that he has faith; but he is not old enough yet in the way to escape being lifted up with pride, or falling into the condemnation of the devil (1 Tim. iii. 6). And yet what beardless boys are now thrusting themselves everywhere into the ministry, and presume to teach grey-haired saints the way of salvation, who knew the Lord for themselves when these youths were in their long clothes; and, what seems worse, are hammered into shape and squared to pattern by a few lectures in Greek and grammar, or run into a mould by a course of what is termed theology, till they are stiffened into pride, and hardened in self-conceit, under what is called a preparation for the ministry. Alas! for any people when "children are their princes, and babes rule over them"! (Isaiah iii. 4). What is wanted as a gracious qualification for the ministry is, an experience of the things of God—a spiritual, saving knowledge of law and Gospel, sin and salvation, self and Christ, affliction and consolation, bondage and liberty, temptation and deliverance, misery and mercy, the awful depths of the fall, the wondrous height of the recovery. How can a man preach Christ who knows nothing experimentally of His Person, work, blood, righteousness, death, and resurrection? of His beauty, blessedness, suitability, grace, and glory? of His love, and some measure of its breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and of the riches of his free, sovereign, and superabounding grace? And how can he enter into and experimentally describe the trials, afflictions, temptations, sufferings, and sorrows of the poor afflicted family of God, who is himself at ease in Zion, and knows only what he knows in theory, notion, and opinion? A minister attempting to preach without some good experience of the things of God, would be like a pilot taking charge of a ship coming up the channel, who does not know one headland, lighthouse, buoy, or shoal from another; or like an engine-driver who should presume to drive an express train without knowing what handle to lift of his engine, or how to read aright the indication of his thermometer. But enough of this. Let us pass on to consider what qualifications are needful in the way of *gifts*.

2. We consider, then, that wherever God calls a man to the work of the ministry, he will qualify him for it by furnishing him with a suitable and sufficient gift. We do not want learning, or education, or great mental ability, though when these are sanctified to the service of the sanctuary they have their place in the work, and are not to be rejected or despised. But what

we want is a *door of utterance*, such as Paul prayed for (Eph. vi. 19 ; Col. iv. 3). By this is meant not a mere flow of words which is often but empty chatter, or that readiness and volubility of tongue which weary alike ear and heart, but that sober, solid, grave, sound speech which cannot be condemned, and by which "he may be able by sound doctrine, both to exhort, and to convince the gainsayers" (Titus i. 9 ; ii. 7, 8). A minister should be "apt to teach" (1 Tim. iii. 2), and, therefore, must have some teaching ability in him. But this requires at least such a clearness of thought and speech as shall preserve him and his hearers from being lost in a fog of confusion. The plainest, simplest language is the best ; and that a man may have this in the highest degree and yet possess neither education nor learning, we have for witnesses Bunyan and Huntington, those masters of the English tongue in all its native simplicity, beauty, and strength.

But he must also be well *established in the truth*, and be able to open it up ; and, when occasion demands, defend it. Error abounds on every side ; and though we do not advocate a controversial spirit in or out of the pulpit, yet a minister should be able to defend truth and expose error. And he should be able to do this in a way simple and yet forcible, so as not to weaken the force of truth, or even, as some do, make it contemptible by handling it in so confused and bungling a manner as to grieve its friends and gladden its foes. It is surprising what force and power there sometimes are in a few simple words, or even in the apt quotation of a text with but little comment upon it. What light will often shine to a hearer through it on the truth, and how before it error will fall as Dagon before the ark.

He should also have a good *knowledge of the Word*, not only as dwelling in his memory, but in his heart and conscience, and be able to open it consistently and experimentally, that he may feed the souls of God's people with milk and honey, meat and marrow, and give them to drink of the pure blood of the grape.

There should be also some *variety* in his ministry, which is best obtained by keeping close to his text, and seeking to open it through its breadth and length, which will much preserve him from unconnected rambling or dropping into the same round of experience, which, however good or sound in itself, becomes after a time wearisome from its very sameness and repetition.

But, above all things, there should be that *flow of divine life* into his soul, and that continual renewing and reviving of the power and presence of God in his heart which alone can give life to his gift, and make the well-spring of wisdom in him to be a flowing brook, watering, so to speak, both his soul and his ministry from that river of God which is full of water, the

streams whereof make glad the city of God. Without this water in him springing up into everlasting life, his gift would soon wither and decay. In his ministry there would be nothing new, nothing fresh, nothing sweet, savoury, or acceptable to the family of God. He may thump his Bible or the cushion, and try by noise and bluster to make way for his word to the hearts of the people. But he can only give the head-ache, not the heart-ache, stun, weary, and confuse; but his doctrine will not drop as the rain, nor his speech distil as the dew, unless the precious things of heaven and the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush come as a blessing upon his head (Deut. xxxii. 2; xxxiii. 13, 16). A small gift fed with the life and power of God will not only live and last when a great gift unfed with heavenly oil will wither and decay, but will thrive and grow by exercise and use, by prayer, reading, and meditation, until it shines brighter and brighter, and gives a wider and increasing light.

But our limits warn us to stay our pen. The due qualifications for the ministry is a subject which has much and long exercised our thoughts, and on which we have formed in our own mind some definite conclusions; but we should need some space to lay them before our readers, even if we should ever venture upon a field so difficult and so delicate. Let, then, these few feeble hints for the present suffice; and sorry indeed should we be if anything which we have dropped on the subject should discourage the feeblest of the sent servants of God, or add the least weight to that "burden of the Lord," which, as His ministers, it is their highest privilege, though often their heaviest trial, to bear for His name's sake.

HEART-SINS.

(JER. iv. 14.)

A TRUE Christian who by experience knows what it is to deal with his own heart, finds it infinitely more difficult to beat down one sinful thought from rising up in him than to keep a thousand sinful thoughts from breaking forth into open act. Here lies his chief labour, to fight against phantasms and any apparitions, such as thoughts are; he sets himself chiefly against these heart-sins, because he knows that these are the sins that are most of all contrary to grace, and do most of all weaken and waste grace. Outward sins are but like so many caterpillars that devour the verdure and flourishing of grace; but heart-sins are like so many worms that gnaw the very root of grace.—*Ezekiel Hopkins*, 1660.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—I have often felt a desire to write a few lines for the "Seekers' Corner," but the fear that I was not a true seeker after spiritual blessings has thus far prevented me from so doing. The letter to a sister, in this month's SOWER, was to me very encouraging, in opening up as it does the marks and evidences of the Holy Spirit's work in the children of God. Oh, I did feel I could say, I do reverence His holy name, I do desire a tender conscience, and would desire to hate all sin. I trust also that I can truly say, I do love His dear people, and delight to be in their company; and though I have often found the thought very helpful, that every good desire cometh down from above, and have often had to feel my own inability to create even a good thought, yet there are so many things over against them all which proceed from my own wicked heart, which make me sometimes anxious as to whether, after all, it is because I have always been brought up under a faithful Gospel ministry, that I in any way differ from my poor fellow creatures who have not been thus favoured; yet I cannot give up the little hope I have, and trust my heartfelt prayer is, "I need Thee, precious Jesus," for to whom else shall I go? Never shall I forget one Sabbath evening, feeling very cold and indifferent—in fact, I felt too wicked to go to the house of God; but after wandering about and feeling very unhappy, I felt constrained to go, and our dear pastor, who was just closing an affectionate address to the young, said, "Dear young friends, do you want a love that never varies, beauty without a flaw, a Friend that never changes, a Brother in adversity, and every relationship you feel to stand in need of? behold them all in a precious Christ. May the Holy Spirit teach you to go to Him at all times and under all circumstances, and He will never disappoint you, though all creature love may fail." My hard heart was softened, I did feel melted, and was grieved at my own coldness and indifference, yet cheered by the sweet thought of that great love which seemed to come over it all, and enabled me to feel that I did love Him; and though, through my wicked unbelief and hardness of heart, I have often doubted it since, yet it is our mercy to feel He changeth not.

Trusting, dear sir, you still continue better, and that you may be spared to us for many years,

I remain, yours sincerely,

A.

BECAUSE the sinless Saviour died,
 My sinful soul is counted free;
 For God the Just is satisfied
 To look on Him and pardon me.

TO AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

VICTORIA.—You have not made your meaning plain, nor pointed out what you consider to be conflicting. The extract from Joseph Irons is quite according to truth; Christ made Himself responsible for His Church, but that did not free *all* men from their responsibility, as you seem to infer. You will find that, just after the lines you quote, Mr. Irons makes that point quite plain. He says, "Our insolvency does not remove our responsibility." Therefore only those are released from it for whom Christ lived, died, and rose again. All others, notwithstanding their insolvency and inability, are just as responsible to God as though they had never lost their first estate, or how shall God "give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings"? (See Jer. xxxii. 19; Rom. ii. 6, &c.) And this responsibility reaches to those who believe not the Gospel of Christ (see Matt. x. 14, 15; xi. 20-24; John xii. 47, 48, &c.) Then there is a responsibility which pertains to the walk and doings of those who are justified not by the deeds of the law (Gal. iii. 11, &c.), but by faith (Gal. iii. 24). With such God deals as a Father, who chastens His children whom He loves (see 2 Sam. vii. 14, 15; Psalm lxxxix. 30, 33; Heb. xii. 6-8). These can never come into condemnation, because they are fully justified by Christ. Yet He will cause them to eat the fruit of their doings, when they walk contrary to Him, until, like Ephraim, they say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" (Hos. xiv. 8). We advise you, as an anxious enquirer, to do as the Bereans did, "search the Scriptures," and see if these things are not so. And if we write contrary to the Word of God, kindly point out where we clash with it. May the blessed Spirit lead us each into the truth as it is in Jesus, for His Word abideth for ever, and by that Word the world will be judged. Oh that we may be found among those who shall stand without spot and without blame before Him in love.

THE EDITOR.

THERE is no greater mistake than for anyone to think that the Christian's love to, and embracing of the Gospel, is merely because it is a scheme of principles calculated for their security. It is true, real believers are extremely thankful for that rich provision for their salvation, which is declared therein, as they ever ought to be, yet that is far, very far from being the only reason why they approve of the Evangelical scheme; it recommends itself to their greatest esteem, because of that glory which arises from it to each Divine Person and to all the Divine perfections.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—May I ask the favour of you to bring my daughter two of Mr. HUNTINGTON'S books, "The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer," and, "The Destruction of Death by the Fountain of Life," when you come again? But I cannot dwell upon this subject. Blessed be the Lord, it is the Sabbath, and I must say with that sweet hymn, "Welcome, sweet day of rest," after six of labour; but we are waiting for a better rest, for there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and I do believe the Lord has made us one with Him. Oh, what a precious Saviour, to shed His precious blood for such poor unworthy creatures, and then to bring us to His dear feet! Oh that I could always be there, and love Him more and serve Him better, for all His goodness to me. Last Sunday, as you were preaching, He drew me, as it were, out of the world to Himself, and I have had a most blessed week: not over much joy, but feeling a solid resting place in a precious Christ, and enabled to cast all my cares on Him. Oh, how thankful I do feel for this sweet rest. Oh, what refreshing food have I gathered when hearing you preach the everlasting Gospel! Oh to have meat to eat the world knows not of. I have been in the hop-garden all the week, am also very poorly in body, but the dear Lord has so supported me that I have not greatly felt it. The hop-picking season I have dreaded, thinking all would be worry there, but, blessed be God, He has wrought such a change as I did not expect. I feel He is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." He does great things for us, whereof we are glad. His goodness is too great to be told.

I long for next Sunday, when I hope to get, as it were, out of the world again. May the dear Lord bless thee and thine, so prays thine in the Lord. G.

DESIRE.—The exceeding difficulty and the exceeding ease of believing lie in the fact that faith consists so much in desire. Nothing is so easy to a healthy man as the desire for food, but then nothing is so impossible to a dead man, or even to a sick man.—*A. W.*

THE more close and intimate the union is which is enjoyed with Christ, the glory arising from it, doubtless, is the more abundant. It is proper that the spouse should be favoured with greater nearness to her husband than servants. Angels are servants to Christ, but the Church is the Lamb's wife; and therefore shall she be nearer to Him, and enjoy His kindest embraces, while the angels will keep at a respectful and humble distance both from Him and her.—*Brine.*

REVIEW.

Waking Thoughts. A Volume of Poems, by FREDERICK MARSHALL. London: E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath.

"WAKING THOUGHTS" is a very suitable title for this little book. A vein of thought and good poetry runs through the whole. Several of the pieces are very good, and seem to open a field of meditation to wakeful minds. The reader, when perusing these verses, is not annoyed by a vain attempt at rhyme, but the poetic ring throughout shows the author to be of no mean talent. In many of the pieces, teaching, experience, and savour are nicely blended. One piece on "The Goodness of God," we pick out as a stream from which we enjoyed a little sip while reading. We give two verses—

"He never has forgot me yet,
Nor dare I anyhow
Believe that He will now forget,
Or prove unfaithful now.

"Strengthened by Him, the faith I keep,
The faith of His elect;
I follow Him among His sheep,
And other guides reject."

The whole hymn, with others, is well worth a perusal. Those who have "Meditations of the Heart," by the same author, will find this a suitable companion with it. We should not think the book expensive at two shillings: it is well and neatly got up. "Waking Thoughts" would make a very useful present to friends who love a good sentiment expressed in poetry.

GODLY SORROW.

(2 COR. vii. 10.)

SORROW for sin, the more it is for sin, as it is against God, is the more ingenuous, the more evangelical, the more genuine act of saving repentance. The more it is for sin, as sin is prejudicial to us, the less ingenuous, the less evangelical, and a less evident, a less comfortable sign of repentance unto life. There are two sure characters of ingenuous Gospel sorrow: when it proceeds from our love to God, when we mourn for offending Him because we love Him. Now these are not, or not so visible, in any sorrow for sin as that which mourns for sin as it is against God. The other springs rather from self-love, when we bewail sin because it is against us; hurtful, dangerous, damnable.—*David Clarkson*, 1650.

The Sower, September, 1895.



THE LATE JAMES FRANCIS.

THE LATE JAMES FRANCIS.

THE life of this good man was so full of incident that we regret he was unable to comply with our oft-repeated wish that he would commit particulars of the same to paper. It appears that he was born in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, on the 8th of November, 1765. His father was a godly man, and very strict in his discipline. James, when a boy, attended the means of grace to the extent of four distinct services a day, and, under the influence of a fiery zeal, thought himself very religious, and on the high road to heaven. But his good brother George (for some years a minister of Snow's Fields, Borough of Southwark) saw the delusion, and thus accosted him, "James, you are in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity; and, notwithstanding all your religion, if you die in the state you are now in, you will be damned." This mightily offended the young Pharisee, and he retorted, "That's my look-out, and not yours; you mind your own business, George—that's enough for you." But it went like a dagger to his heart, and stuck to him for two years, till God was pleased to meet with him under the ministry of that dear man of God, William Romaine. At St. Dunstan's, and elsewhere, he closely attended and evidently fed under this Christ-exalting ministry, the effect of which was so clearly manifest in his latter years. So fully was he led to discover the completeness of Christ's redemption work, and so blessedly had he found Him a Refuge and an Antidote, amid all the sorrows and perplexities of a lengthened pilgrimage, that it was good, heart cheering, to hear the dear old man testify of Him, under whatever trials or exercises he found those among whom he mingled labouring. An evident entering into, a kindly sympathizing with the trial; then a pointing up on high! This was the character of the man.

When a young man, he formed a most unhappy alliance; his wife was a perfect vixen, and for forty long years was he destined to be united to her. One of her last acts, in the agonies of death, was to raise herself in the bed, and give him a violent slap in the face. Speaking of this trial, he used to say, "I thought it would never have an end. I used to wish my head had been placed before a cannon's mouth and blown into a thousand pieces, rather than to have been permitted to marry such a woman."

The children of God, however established and highly favoured and blessed, are not *all* submission—not *all* contentment; they have their mingled feelings, their regrets, and so forth. We mention this to convince such as may have any similar trials, that their case is not a solitary one. But we pass on. For many years the dear man was in the depths of poverty; a young

family, but little work as a shoemaker; provisions high; a scolding wife at home, neighbours looking shy abroad, and scarcely clothes to cover him withal. "Nay," said he, "I was obliged to wear an apron to cover my rags. My soul dark; I knew not which way to look for help; and in a fit of desperation or despair, I directed my way towards Hampstead Ponds (in the vicinity of which he lived), fully bent upon throwing myself in. But as I crossed the fields, these words came to me, and kept sounding in my ears, '*What are you going to do?—plunge yourself into eternal misery? In due season you shall reap if you faint not.*'" He paused—stopped—returned, and was mercifully prevented from putting his intention into execution.

He was signally favoured in visiting the sick. Faithfulness and plain, straightforward dealing were prominent characteristics. Religion was not, half-a-century ago, so fashionable as it is now. There were then marked men, persecuted women, openly, where now-a-days the same enmity is manifest in a more private manner. Not a small measure of this had the dear tried saint to contend with. However, it was astonishing, amid it all, in what secret respect he was held. He was a marked man, but he was a valued man. He was an upbraided man, but he was an envied man.

When sickness or calamity come upon a worldly man, he will frequently be the first to send for the advice, the aid of, it may be, his persecuted neighbour. There was a gardener, a middle-aged man, who lived in the neighbourhood of Francis, a regular plodding, money-getting man. Sundays and week-days were all one with him; he in his garden, and his wife at the wash-tub or the ironing-board. This man, being much exposed to the weather, took cold, and, fearing expense, neglected it, and took cold upon cold. The result was it settled upon his lungs, and when the doctor was sent for, it was too late. "The doctor says that the cold had fixed upon my lungs, and that die I must," said the dying man to Francis, "and as I have heard that you are a very good hand at visiting people that are sick or going to die, I have sent for you to read and pray with me, and *whatever your charge is, I will pay.*" Here was a pretty speech, with a witness! "It came like death to me," said the dear old man; "I scarcely knew how to reply." However, he made some kind of answer, adding that money in such matters was out of the question. "No, indeed," said the dying man—"no. Every man is paid for his labour, and so ought you to be; and if you will not consent to be paid for it, I will not let you come at all." Worse and worse! as blind as a bat and as dead as a corpse! Well, the old man thought it best to let the sick man appear to have his own way; so he read and went to prayer; but if any of our readers know

what it is to pray by the side of a *dead man*, they will certainly not envy poor Francis' feelings, nor be very likely to fall under our Lord's admonition about making long prayers.

Oh, beloved, this is hard work, and makes us stand with amazement, and wonder how men can pray (as they term it) at any and at all times, and in the presence of any or every man ; we must confess we cannot understand it.

But to return. The old man went again and again, until at length, tracing the ravages of the disease, he said to the dying man, "You are getting weaker, and I have visited you for so long a time, now what is the state of your mind in the prospect of death?" "Well," replied the man, promptly, "I listen to all you read and say when you are here ; and when you are gone, I read the chapter over again, and repeat as much of the prayer as I can remember ; so that altogether I think I am *a much better man* than when you first came to me." Here was a speech ! What a convert ! The old man stood amazed—perfectly confounded. But the Lord overruled the expression for good. Its ignorance—the total want of light which the dying man betrayed—excited the concern of his visitor, who had liberty given him to point out the man's lost estate—the nature of a broken law—the enmity of the human heart against God and the things of God. The man listened and wondered ; and when dear Francis went again the next day, he betrayed great restlessness and concern. His goodness was going, his badness began to appear to his own view. The work deepened ; his anxiety increased, until it really and truly burst forth in the jailer's cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Now the old man, under the power of the Holy Ghost, began to preach Christ, and He that had opened the blind eyes, spoke pardon and peace to the dying man's soul, so that for many days he lay rejoicing in his Lord. But within the last day or two of his life darkness came on, the enemy was permitted to set in like a flood, and the poor man called all in question, fearing that he should perish after all. Francis felt this much, but believed the Lord, who had done so much for him, would assuredly again appear and set his soul at liberty. Going into his room, he beheld the poor man lying with a terror-stricken countenance, like one in despair ; his eyes closed, his hands clasped, himself evidently in much mental suffering. The doctor was present, and said, "In less than an hour he will be gone." "I felt it much," said Francis. "I wanted the Lord to confirm the work—give further testimony that it was of Himself. I begged Him to break in. At length he said, 'Oh, what shall I do?' 'You can do nothing,' I replied ; 'may God help you to look to Christ.' He again closed his eyes, and I saw from the movement of his lips that he was in earnest prayer.

Presently a sweet beam came over the dying man's countenance ; it brightened wonderfully, and opening his eyes, raising and clasping his hands, he looked upwards, and exclaimed, '*Oh, the blessings from above!*' (louder) '*Oh, the blessings from above!*' (louder still) '*Oh, the blessings from above!*' With the last words (said the old man) he seemed to breathe out his very soul. His hands dropped—his eyes closed—his head fell on one side on the pillow—and all was over."

There, you visitors of the sick, where could there have been a more heartless beginning, and where a more blessed close? Be it your concern to wrestle more with the Lord than to argue or reason with the party himself. You can do more with the Lord than with the man.

Singularly striking were the leadings of the Lord's providence in reference to this dear old saint. "One day," said the old man, "I was greatly in want of a guinea; and my mind was directed to call on a certain person in the parish. It seemed madness to go to him, for every one was afraid of him. However, as I had to call upon him with a message, I went, and, as I expected, he flew into a most violent rage. I was really afraid he would kick me down the door-steps. But, strange to say, suddenly he turned round, and said, '*Mind, it is not you I am scolding. Do you want a guinea?*'" Here you see, reader, was the very sum the dear man wanted! Again, there was a neighbour—a butcher—who hated the old man on account of his religion most perfectly; but when the Lord, on one occasion, laid His afflictive hand upon Francis, this self-same persecutor sent him a daily supply of meat, and urged him to send whenever he was in want. At another time his scanty stock of furniture was seized and sold, but re-bought by certain kind-hearted persons and given him. Anon he had notice to quit his little habitation, wherein he had lived a number of years, because his penurious landlord had discovered that there was a certain chalybeate spring flowing beneath it. The spring, however, had failed, and the landlord had the mortification of offering the house to its former occupant, but in vain.

At the time of some riots, a number of special constables were sworn in. Poor Francis, though a remarkably short man, was among the number. As they were proceeding two and two by a certain route, Francis' fellow, being much intimidated by the mob, who were immediately on his left hand, begged Francis to change places with him. "Scarcely had I done so," said the old man, "before a cellar-flap over which I should have had in another minute to pass, gave way, and down went my companion, who was so much injured as to be laid aside for many weeks."

It appears that the origin of our dear friend's preaching was

his meeting with a few friends in a room for reading and prayer. Here the Lord would sometimes open his mouth ; and having some short time after a call to speak to a few people at Banbury (if we mistake not), he had to sit up all Friday night to get his work finished in time for the morning coach. By the time he had completed his work and walked to the West-end, the coach was ready. "I had not time," said the old man, "to get even a cup of coffee ; so that, what with working all night, walking down from Hampstead, and taking no refreshment, I was completely overdone. I got upon the coach, and strove my utmost to keep my eyes open ; for, sitting at the end of an outside seat, with my feet dangling, I felt sure I should fall off under the wheels if I went to sleep. At length, however, having just passed a certain milestone, I totally forgot myself, fell sound asleep, and when I awoke I found by another milestone that we had travelled eight miles during my sleep ! I was altogether so struck with the circumstance, that these words occurred to my mind, '*Is there anything too hard for the Lord?*' This furnished me with a text for the next day, and under that discourse the Lord was pleased to set a soul at liberty who had been long in bondage."

By the time his wife died he was quite worn down, and most persons thought he would die. But a friend having invited him to Tring for change of air, the old man was induced to go. He was also placed on the list of the City Pension Society. In travelling to Tring, he said to his friend who accompanied him, "Now, if I die, write to so-and-so, and he will allow so many pounds out of the benefit club to bury me. Instead of which," continued the old man, "when I got to Tring, and went to the chapel on the Sunday morning, after the minister had finished his sermon, he said, 'My friends, Mr. James Francis will preach for me this afternoon.' I looked up," said he, "perfectly amazed. I—a dying man—attempt to preach ! However, I was obliged to comply ; and the chapel, which would hold eleven hundred people, was quite full. And instead of my dying and their bringing me home in a cart to bury me, there was a cart day after day to take me to some one or other of the neighbouring villages to preach." Here he continued for about three months. Upon his return—the Lord having so evidently called him to labour in His vineyard—he laid aside "awl and lapstone," being then nearly seventy years old, and thenceforward was employed as one of the Lord's itinerants. How he was supported—the way in which the hearts of one and another were opened to him—was most gratifying.

In his prayers in the families among whom he would be frequently called to take up his nightly sojourn, there was

conciseness and power. Though he had nearly attained unto the great age of fourscore years, he would invariably return thanks to the Lord for having spared us another day or night (as the case may be) "*of our short lives.*" It was touching thus from an old man to be perpetually reminded of the brevity of human life. A clergyman who was present on one occasion, as soon as the company rose from their knees, remarked, "Would that one of our Cambridge men, who are so bigoted against Dissenters, had been present to hear that prayer." Oh, how has the devil been outwitted, when we think of the dear saint coming to his grave in full age, instead of cutting short his days in Hampstead ponds! Did not the Lord—ever faithful and true to His Word—fulfil His promise, "In due time you shall reap if you faint not"? A few weeks before he died, he said to us, "I have no joys, but a solid peace and rest." His tale, as to his public ministrations, seems to have been told for some months before he was taken home; and under the ministry of Arthur Triggs, he found food for his soul.

After he took to his bed, he passed through some dark seasons. But on one occasion, in reply to his nephew, he exclaimed with much energy, and a smile on his countenance, "Was it not for the support of that Gospel, I should be now of all men most miserable. I know in whom I have believed. He is my Rock, and He has promised that He will guide me and be with me through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and His rod and His staff they shall comfort me; and I know He will be true to His promise, for His Word never has failed, and never will." He spoke of his funeral, and requested that a certain portion out of John's Gospel might be spoken from by Mr. Foreman, as that was the portion under which he was set at liberty after many years' bondage. He was confined to his room nine weeks. On one occasion he said, "It sometimes takes a long time to bring the house down, but the Lord's time is the best." He remained perfectly conscious to the last, and almost imperceptibly fell asleep at 3.0 a.m. on July 13th, 1844, and was buried at Hampstead Church, on Sunday, the 21st.—*From an old magazine, by the late Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D.*

CHRIST, as the believer's Surety, has taken his sins upon Himself, and the believer takes Christ's righteousness, for Christ makes over all that He has to the believer, who by faith looks upon it and makes use of it as his own, according to that express warrant, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's."—*Romaine.*

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,
PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.
(Continued from page 180.)

HEART PRAYERS.

WHEN I went to church, I am not aware that I ever pleaded for mercy in the whole of my prayers, yet I was good in my own estimation, and other people thought so too. But while upon my knees one day, going through my wonted prayers, God shone into my heart, and showed me the evil, sinfulness, devilishness, and abominations therein, and feeling that I should sink into hell, I cried out in earnestness, "God, have mercy upon me." Mercy has been my plea from that day to this. The night that God blessed my soul, pardoned my sin, and made me as happy as I could hold, I dropped at the foot of my bed, and cried, "Lord, save me; Lord, have mercy upon me; Lord, do save me." In His love and pity He heard me. I do not mind saying there was a good man I was made useful to, I trust, before I began to preach.* When he came to lodge at the house where I did (as he desired it), we used to kneel together in prayer. I used to say, "You speak, Ned." For three months he never went farther than this, morning and night, "God, have mercy upon me; Lord, do save me; Lord, have mercy upon me." He lived for some years to prove the goodness of that God whose mercy he sought; he made a blessed end, he went to heaven, and is now singing, I have no doubt, "to Him that loved him, and washed him from his sins in His own blood."

"LOVE AND GRIEF."

When God was pleased to pardon my sins, and to give me to realize that I was saved with everlasting salvation; when His love flowed into my heart, and I felt Christ was mine, then how I hated my sins. I felt that my sins would never damn me, but of all the filthy wretches under heaven I was the worst. How I loathed and detested myself on account of my sins, while I felt Christ had put them away by the sacrifice of Himself; I washed His feet with my tears, and grieved because I had put Him to such a shameful death by my sins.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

I know this to be true, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." Once in my life I put a deal of con-

* He came to Croydon, and worked for my father for many years, until his health failed, when he was maintained by my father and other friends until his death. I remember him very well.—W. G. C.

fidence in a friend of mine, but I was deceived. I have often trusted in my heart, and that has deceived me. Again and again I have been brought to trust in the Lord, and never was disappointed or deceived. Therefore I will speak well for God. I know His name; I have found Him to be a Refuge; I know Him to be a God of power, a God of mercy, a God of wisdom, a God of love. Though I desire to bless God for many kind and good friends I have, yet my trust is in the Lord that made heaven and earth.

OH, MY SIN, MY SIN!

Nothing will make a man's knees bow like this, "Oh, my sin, my sin!" "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no flesh living be justified." As a father, I have known something of trouble; as a husband, I have known something of trouble in the loss of a wife; as a man of business, I have known what trouble is in losses, crosses, and disappointments; as a man, I have known what it is to lose friends; but nothing has brought such tears out of my eyes, nothing has made me droop, or sent me upon my knees, like my sins. I know a little of what dear Hart says—

"O thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!"

"WHAT HAS GOD WROUGHT!"

See my first beginning to preach, without any ordination from a bishop or any congregational recommendation. Beginning where? Not in a church nor a chapel, but in a little room in my own humble house, with the small number of ten or eleven persons. Scorned by professors, despised by the world, often the jeer and contempt of fools, yet the Lord was seen over us, to comfort, to revive, to encourage, and to add to us from time to time such as should be saved. So He was seen over us from step to step till He brought us here. Now many are willing to say, "What has God wrought!" Many are willing to confess, "The Lord hath done great things for them"; while some of us can say, "The Lord hath done great things for *us*, whereof we are glad."

GODLY FEAR IN THE HEART.

Sometimes I have such a desire to run after the things of the world, then I bring myself to this, "Now, if you were in India, America, or anywhere where you were unknown to any soul, could you do it then? would you do it?" "Good God, I could not, though none knew it but Thee and me." Thus the Lord is seen over us, to preserve us from the world and from the power of sin.

MR. COVELL'S AFFLICTED SON.

In September, 1879, Mr. Covell lost his eldest son, who had been greatly afflicted from childhood, and had formed a heavy burden upon the heart of his loving father for forty years. The *Gospel Echo* for February, 1892, gives the following interesting narrative in reference to this afflicted son, arising out of a visit that the late Mr. Crouch once paid to Mr. Covell. The writer says:—

“A minister was preaching in London this evening, and having occasion in his remarks to refer to the thorn in the flesh, as recorded by the Apostle Paul, he named the following incident in the life of the late honoured servant of God, Francis Covell, of Croydon.

“A friend called upon him during a brief visit to Croydon, and the two ministers had an enjoyable conversation upon divine things. It is well known that Mr. Covell was much favoured of God, and that he lived very near to Him in his daily life. During conversation the friend remarked that he should think his (Mr. Covell's) a very happy lot. ‘You have a loving people, all you can desire in this world, and an abiding assurance of eternal blessedness in the world to come. You can have little or nothing to give you any sorrow.’

“Mr. Covell made no response to this at the moment, but before bidding his guest farewell, asked him into an adjoining room, and showed him his imbecile son, totally unfit for employment. This sad sight needed no emphasis of words to convince the visitor of the mistake he had made in his estimate of Mr. Covell's lot in life.”

SERMON ON HIS SON'S DEATH.

The first time Mr. Covell preached after his son's death was on September 21st, 1879. His text was, “To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life” (Rom. ii. 7). In the course of his sermon he said (speaking with great feeling), “Just to show how God answers His people's prayers, although He often sorely tries their patience first, I must touch upon something in my own case. I mean my poor boy's death, though I cannot say very much about it, for it is a very tender point with me. I feel myself so weak when speaking of it, that I know if I talk much about it I shall be overcome; but I must mention it to show God's great goodness and forbearance. No one knows the many petitions I have put up that God would spare me to see the dear boy's end, for I knew that nobody would care for him, and bear with him as I did, neither could anyone be expected to; but I have often kicked against it till the last three months, when I

have felt such submission to the Lord's will, and that if He did take me first all would be well. And now His time was come to deliver him, and to answer my three petitions, which were—that I should be with him at the last, that a medical attendant should be also present at his death, and that he should be spared much suffering."

A TOUCHING INTERVIEW.

Mr. Wileman, in his little tract entitled, "The Dying Pillow," gives the following interesting account of his farewell interview with Mr. Covell. He says: "The last time I saw this favoured man of God was three weeks before his death. After referring to the death of his afflicted son, with his face beaming with holy joy, he said, 'And now God has answered all my requests, and I have nothing to live for, but to enjoy Him. I think of a morning when I get up, if the Lord were to come and say to me, "Now, Covell, I have come," I should reply, "Here I am, any minute, Lord." It is not that I want to die to get out of trouble, not that, for I have every earthly comfort; but oh, to see Him! oh, to be near Him! oh, to be like Him! oh, to get at Him! oh, to bask in His smiles! oh, to get at the fountain! oh, to have a look from His eyes, and a smile from His face!—what is all below to this?'"

SAYINGS OF MR. COVELL.

1. When a man is fishing, there may be a bite, then away the fish goes; but by-and-by under goes the float, such a pull at the line, he has got the fish. So it is with the Word of God, it lays hold of the gills, so to speak.

2. Our flesh is like a deceitful bow. Bend the bow down, there it is; the moment that pressure is taken off it straightens again. So with our flesh. God comes with His love, kisses, and smiles, working something in our souls that subdues our flesh, and keeps it down. The moment that sweet feeling is gone, out the flesh runs again. Like a bird in a cage, it hops about till the door of the cage is opened, then out it flies. We shall never make our flesh better; it will be flesh against Spirit, and Spirit against flesh to the end of the chapter.

3. If a ship is going to sail to America, they steer by the compass, it is going straight according to that. But there comes such a storm, the sea rolls mountains high, as we say, waves toss the ship about, winds blow it hither and thither, and it gets to Spain. "I did not mean to come here," the captain says, "but the wind blew me here." So what God looks at is the settled aim and end. Though at times the winds of temptation blow hard, and toss you about, you are not where you would be.

(To be continued.)

“SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED
HAVEN.”

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH MARY
BURDUSH, OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MAY
19TH, 1894, IN THE 88TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

(Continued from page 158.)

“*May*, 1852.—The Lord has brought me to see that ‘no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby’; for never since I have been born has the Spirit of the Lord been so pleased to open up to my mind the suitability of Christ as a Saviour of the lost as within these last few days; and such peace, quiet, and rest has it brought into my soul, that I can truly say the Lord has given me the ‘oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness,’ for a guilty conscience made a load intolerable to be borne. God knows, I say the truth and lie not, when I tell you that I could only groan out, ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him’; and this also, ‘Where can I go? for Thou only hast the words of eternal life.’ And the first thing that brought me any comfort, when all refuge failed me, was that Christ came to save sinners, and from this did the Lord bring me by degrees into joy and peace in believing. What a conflict had I with the unbelief of my heart, and with the unwearied adversary of my soul; but not all the powers of darkness could beat me from this, that Christ came into the world to save sinners. It was suggested that the feeling was wrought by human power, or the natural affections worked upon. By human power it could not be, as I had never named to any creature my exercises, and never once during my whole life had I been able to produce one such feeling in the soul. No; it is truly to me the Lord’s work, and the desire of my soul is to speak to the honour of His name—

“‘With my last labouring breath,
And dying clasp Him in my arms,
The Antidote of death.’

Oh, may the time past suffice that I have wrought the will of the Gentiles; may I henceforth prove that I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things passed away, and all things become new.”

During these and following years her soul was often favoured and blest under the ministry of the Lord’s servant, Mr. S. Marks, at Eden Chapel, Cambridge, and also in hearing Mr. J. Kershaw, J. C. Philpot, and Mr. De Fraine, when they came to Cambridge, or in the neighbourhood. Particularly on one occasion in hearing Mr. Kershaw, at St. Ives’ anniversary, from Isaiah lxii. 9, “But

they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of My holiness." In the autumn of 1852 she was baptised by Mr. Marks, and added to the Church at Eden, Cambridge. Shortly after this event she writes thus:—

"*February, 1853.*—Oh, the unspeakable mercy to be in any small degree in possession of a 'hope that maketh not ashamed,' and which 'entereth into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner hath for us entered, and ever liveth to make intercession' before the throne of God; and, as the poet says—

" 'Founded on right, Thy prayer avails,
The Father smiles on Thee;'"

(here the words exactly suit me)

" 'And now Thou in Thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.'

And when we consider that

" 'With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below,'

it passes all human conception of the love, mercy, and grace of our Emmanuel, God with us, who, 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.' I had some time back, a sweet hope revived amidst a conflicting storm, that Christ should 'see of the travail of His soul, and should be satisfied.' I did in some measure rejoice in the gift of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the sweet application of the Spirit of the living God, as all being engaged in salvation's plan, and forming a threefold cord not easily broken. It is from a consideration of these things that I am encouraged to hope, though oft times hoping against hope, from the daily conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. I have been encouraged by these words, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' I must say, since I joined the Church at Eden I have had some refreshings from the presence of the Lord. I was before a stranger too particularly to be blessed with that spirit of charity towards the brethren that covereth a multitude of sins. I pray that the Lord would keep the door of my lips, that I may walk circumspectly, and to glorify God in a conversation consistent with the Gospel."

"*February, 1854.*—What a mercy to find the law of kindness run through the actions of my children one toward the other, and a spirit of obedience, with love and filial affection towards myself. These are some of the mercies for which I desire to thank the Lord, although it hath pleased Him to exercise me with much tribulation. Yet what mercies are intermingled with

my sorrow, which at times makes me cry out: ‘Oh, the long-suffering goodness and mercy of the God of all grace to one so slow of heart to believe all that the Lord hath spoken!’ An instance of this I will now give you. On Saturday my soul was more than usually cast down by reason of the way. I seemed to be in the place where two seas met; an evil heart of unbelief like a mighty torrent overwhelming my soul; all appeared, for time and eternity, darkness and gloom; not one spark of living faith in exercise, and hope ready to give up the ghost. I thought, ‘Could I but feel myself interested in that ‘everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure,’ I could then bear with some degree of patience and submission the oppressions which seemed to encompass me.’ I had but little sleep that night. In the morning I went to hear Mr. Marks; the text was Luke xxiv. 8th, ‘And they remembered His words,’ but no life or power attended the Word. In the afternoon I read some previous chapters to ascertain what words the Lord had spoken to His sorrowing disciples, and it pleased the Lord, by His Spirit, to bless the reading of His Word, and to endear Christ to my soul as the ‘Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,’ and as a compassionate High Priest who can have compassion upon the ignorant and such as are out of the way. I did feel some fellowship with the Lord in His sufferings, and a melting of heart and soul before Him for all His love and mercy to one so vile and unworthy. And one word which the Lord the Spirit put me in remembrance of was this, ‘All things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos.’ And I was led to consider some of the things that attended the Apostle Paul. ‘Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed’; and under the anointing of the ever blessed Spirit he could also say, ‘I am persuaded that nothing shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.’ I cannot help telling of one other passage, which I have oft-times read but never felt such sweetness from before; it is this, ‘And Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.’ I felt indeed to be a Martha, cumbered about many things, and not abounding in the fruits of the Spirit; yet not without hope that I am interested in the same everlasting covenant, redeemed with the same precious blood, accepted in the only Beloved, and at times blessed with the sweet hope that it will ultimately be said, ‘These are they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ The Lord has made the valley of Achor a door of hope to me. He helps me to bring my hard cases to Him, and to glorify Him by trusting Him. I have written such things only as I have tasted, handled, and felt.”

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH'S MISSION.

WHAT conflicts and dangers the Church of God has passed through since the day our blessed Lord left the scene of all His labours and entered His eternal kingdom. Persecuted from age to age, assailed from without and from within, new foes arise in ceaseless combat, and corruptions often have threatened to extinguish the truth completely. Yet His right hand has led her safely on, and made the clouds His chariot. Raised from apparent ruin again and again, strengthened for the conflict, purified by the furnace, she has weathered every storm, and stands forth still a monument of the power, faithfulness, and love of God, although in this day of lukewarmness and declension her lustre is sadly dimmed in comparison of former days. Oh that the Lord would graciously once more pour down in abundant blessings His Spirit on His people, bind up the breaches, heal the divisions, unite in brotherly love, and make it the great business of every believer to engage in that heavenly merchandise that enriches the soul, leads to frequent intercourse with the Friend of sinners, and sheds the odour of His name around.

But too often the great end for which the Church is established on earth is lost to view, while Paul's lament seems to apply far more to our day than to his own—"All seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ." Many seem to think believers have nothing to do, in addition to their own private devotions, but to meet at the stated times of public worship and attend to their several callings. But was this the case with the first believers? They felt that the treasure of eternal life, and the awful state of those who knew not God, were far too weighty matters to be buried in their own heart; they were like men awakened from a long stupor, and believed hell was a reality, and did all in their power to arouse their fellow-sinners from their insensibility; they believed heaven was the home of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and longed to be there; they trusted in Christ, and were satisfied with the riches they found in Him, and therefore despised the gold, pleasures, and pursuits of the world.

How wonderfully and blessedly fitted was the Church, as instituted by the Great Shepherd of Israel, to bring the truth among all classes of men. Nothing could be designed more suited to the end in view. The saints in those days were noted for the zealous faith and order that ruled among them. The pastors at the head to watch over the flocks with a father's care, instructing the ignorant, warning the unruly, bearing them in prayer before the throne of grace, feeding them out of the treasure of the

Word put in their own heart; and the members of the flock meeting together in the bonds of divine brotherhood, their hearts knit together in love, while faith and patience and lively hope were nourished and increased by communion one with another. Thus equipped, they went forth into the world and showed forth the praises of Him who had called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

God's people are His army, designed to maintain His cause, the weapon with which He makes war upon the world of ungodliness, opposes Satan's designs, and delivers His elect out of the kingdom of darkness. The voice and influence of the most zealous preacher, alone in the midst of the ungodly, would be but very limited and would soon pass away. Lot, in the midst of Sodom, and Noah in the old world, might bear the clearest testimony against the wickedness around them, they could but deliver their own souls. But scattering His people among all classes and conditions of mankind, as the salt of the earth, this secret but mighty power has changed the character of nations, it has leavened the cities, villages, and habitations of men, from the peasant to the monarch and the noble of the earth. The barren fig-tree has been dug about and manured for ages past, but "Old Adam" was barren then, is barren still, and barren it will remain till the axe is at length laid to its root, and it falls for ever. The Lord, however, will have the whole world to be without excuse when He comes to judgment.

As an example of the state of the Church in the Apostle's day, or immediately after, we insert the following extract from "Milner's Church History"; it is part of a letter written by Clement, Bishop of Rome, who is mentioned by the Apostle Paul, in the Epistle to the Philippians, and whom he calls his fellow-labourer. Milner remarks that the Church of Corinth, being troubled with divisions and strife among themselves, seem to have asked counsel of the Church of Rome, and her venerable pastor wrote this epistle in consequence of their request:—

"What strangers that came among you did not take honourable notice formerly of the firmness and fulness of your faith? Who of them did not admire the sobriety and gentleness of your godly spirit in Christ? Who did not extol the liberal practice of your Christian hospitality? How admirable was your sound and mature knowledge of divine things! Ye were wont to do all things without respect to persons; and ye walked in the ways of God in due subjection to your pastors, and submitting yourselves the younger to the elder. Ye charged your young men to attend to the gravity and moderation becoming the Christian character; young women to discharge the duties of a blameless, holy, and

chaste conscientiousness ; to love their husbands with all suitable tenderness and fidelity ; and to guide the house in all soberness and gravity. Then ye all showed a humble spirit, void of boasting and arrogance, more ready to obey than to command, more ready to give than to receive. Content with the divine allotments, and attending diligently to the Word of Christ, ye were enlarged in your bowels of love, and His sufferings on the cross were before your eyes. Hence a profound and happy peace was imparted to you all : an unwearied desire of doing good and a plentiful effusion of the Holy Ghost was with you. Full of holy counsel, in all readiness of mind, with godly assurance of faith, ye stretched forth your hands to the Lord Almighty, entreating Him to be gracious to you, if in anything ye unwittingly offended. Your care was, day and night, for all your brethren, that the number of His elect might be saved in mercy and a good conscience. Ye were indeed sincere and harmless, and forgiving one another. All dissension and schism in the Church was abominable to you : ye mourned over the faults of your neighbours ; ye sympathized with their infirmities as your own ; ye were unwearied in all goodness, and ready to every good work. Adorned with a venerable and upright conversation, ye performed all things in His fear, and the law of God was written deep indeed on the tables of your hearts. Thus, when all glory and enlargement were given to you, that Scripture was fulfilled, 'Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.' Hence envy, strife, dissension, persecution, war, and desolation have seized your Church. 'The child has behaved himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable, the mean against the eminent, and the foolish against the wise.' Hence righteousness and peace are far from you, because ye all leave the fear of God ; and your spiritual sight is become too dim to be guided by the faith of the Gospel. Ye walk not in His ordinances, nor walk worthy of the Lord Christ ; but ye all walk too much according to your own evil lusts, nourishing and cherishing a malignant spirit of envy, by which the first death came into the world."

In these times the sin of schism was looked on with the greatest horror. Clement calls the promoters of it "the haughty, disorderly leaders of the abominable schism." "The Apostles," he says, "with the greatest care ordained the rulers of the Church, and delivered a rule of succession in future that after their decease other approved men might succeed. Those, then, who by them, or in succession by other choice, were ordained rulers with the approbation and concurrence of the whole Church, and who in a blameless conduct have ministered to the flock of Christ in humility ; who for a series of years have been well reported

of by all men—these we think it unrighteous to deprive of the ministry. Nor is it a sin of small magnitude to eject from the sacred office men whose ministry hath been thus blameless and holy. Happy those presbyters who have finished their course, and have departed in peace and in the fruitful discharge of their duties! They, at least, remote from envy and faction, are not subject to popular caprice, nor exposed to the danger of out-living the affections of their flocks and their own fruitfulness. We see with grief, brethren, that ye have deprived of the ministry some of your godly pastors, whose labours for your souls deserved a different treatment.” He afterwards reminds them of their guilt in Paul’s time. “Do take up the writings of the blessed Apostle. What did he say to you in the beginning of the Gospel? Truly, by Divine inspiration, he gave you directions concerning himself, and Cephas, and Apollos, because even then ye were splitting into parties. But your party spirit at that time had less evil in it, because it was exercised in favour of Apostles of eminent holiness, and of one much approved of by them. But now consider who they are that have subverted you, and broken the bonds of brotherly love. These are shameful things, brethren, very shameful. Oh, tell it not on Christian ground, that the ancient and flourishing Church of Corinth have quarrelled with their pastors, from a weak partiality for one or two persons. This rumour hath not only reached us Christians, but is spread among the infidels, so that the name of God is blasphemed through your folly, and your own spiritual health is endangered indeed.”

These extracts we thought might be useful, as throwing great light on the condition of the Churches only a few years after the Apostles had passed from the scene of their labours.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST with bread and water is worth ten thousand worlds. Christ with pain is better than the highest pleasures of sin. Christ with all outward suffering is matter of present and eternal joy. Surely these are the only happy people. Reader, art thou one of them?—*Romaine.*

I WAS even as others once, by nature a child of wrath and an heir of misery. I was going on in the broad road of destruction, careless and secure, and I am quite astonished to see the danger I was in. I tremble to behold the precipice over which I was ready to fall, when Jesus opened mine eyes, and by the light of His Word and Spirit, showed me my guilt and danger, and put it into my heart to flee from the wrath to come. Oh, what a merciful escape.—*Romaine.*

ROMAINE ON THE MINISTRY.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. F—— informed me of your commission to buy the *Law and Gospel*. I make you a present of the *Life of Faith*. I have also sent you a book of inestimable value which I was inclined to do because it affords me an opportunity to introduce myself to you, and give you a word of advice on your going into orders. It is a great undertaking, and I will speak freely to you upon it, as, were I in your circumstances, I should have wished some one would have dealt with me. The Lord make it a blessing to you.

First. I would have you, sir, to consider one qualification for the ministry indispensably necessary, and that is the knowledge of yourself. You cannot teach this till you have been taught, nor farther than you have been taught it. Consider what is your state. Is not sin, misery, helplessness your condition in Adam? Are not you by nature a child of wrath? Mr. M——, do you know this? Have you ever felt the plague of your heart? Have you ever seen the legion of lusts within you, every one of them ready to take up arms and rebel against God? Are you sensible how often they have drawn you into actual rebellion against God? And do you know what will be the end of this state without a Saviour? Think, sir, how can you preach these things if you have never felt them? Oh, beg of God, then, to make you sensible how much you want a Saviour, that you may know how to address yourself to others upon the same subject.

Secondly. Another indispensable qualification is the knowledge of Christ; to know His Person—God-man—His work, in His life and death, as our whole salvation, made ours whenever His Spirit enables us to receive it, and enjoyed as ours so far as by faith we dare believe in Him. This is the doctrine to be preached. How can a man preach it who does not know it, or who does not believe? Try yourself here, Mr. M——. Is He, in whose name, and to preach whom you are ordained—is He true and very God—the self-existent Jehovah? Is there salvation in none other person or thing? God help you not to be deceived in that most essential doctrine.

A third thing is absolutely necessary, namely, the knowledge of God's Word. I send you this little blessed book, in reading which you will learn yourself—here is your true picture—and here is the revelation of Jesus Christ, "whom to know is life eternal." In reading and hearing the Scriptures, the Spirit sets in with the Word, and shows the sinner himself, and then shows him the Saviour, and enables him to believe unto salvation. All the teaching of God's Spirit is in and by the

Word: *He accompanies nothing but His own truth with His own blessing*, and that He does so bless, that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Are these things so? Is the Bible the Word of God? Does it make the believer wise unto salvation? Is it profitable for doctrine, for reproof, &c. Oh, sir, what are you doing, that other books are so much read and the Bible so neglected? Will you learn from a poor penitent? Indeed, I repent, and God forgive my misspent time in sciences and classics. I saw my folly twenty-two years ago, and have since studied nothing but the Bible, and I assure you, sir, I am got but a little way. I see such things before me, which I know but in part, that I am pressing on, and I wish for some of my lost time to spend in this blessed study.

Take warning. Prize my little present; read it over and over; it is valuable as coming from my heart's love, but infinitely more so as the copy of Christ's love. You cannot read it too much; wear it out in reading, and I promise you a much neater and finer edition; but *the finest is that which the Spirit writes upon the heart*. Oh that He may write a very fair copy upon yours!

Fourthly. Your next thing is to know your office; to what are you ordained? If you know not yourself, and know not Jesus nor His Word, how can you possibly discharge your office? In these things the chief part of it consists. A minister unacquainted with himself can never show his people what they are in themselves. What can he say of Christ who is not acquainted with Him? Or how can he preach the Word who never studied it, or who never had his understanding opened to understand the Scriptures?

Think of these things, sir, and meditate much upon them. Weigh well your office, examine well your call to it. Are you enabled faithfully to declare the whole counsel of God? With boldness to tell sinners their guilt and danger, which will make all the unconverted your bitter enemies—with clearness to set forth the way of salvation, through our Surety, God-Jesus—with evidence to show the work of the Spirit in convincing of sin, in working faith in Jesus' Word, to rely upon His blood and righteousness, and enabling the believer to live upon the fulness of Jesus' grace, receiving out of it grace for grace, every moment, for all the purposes of spiritual life. And that you may do this successfully, in spite of all opposition, are you made willing to practise what you are to preach? That is the best sermon which the minister preaches all the week. Nothing is so powerful as example. Blessed is he who lives out of the pulpit what he says in it, and knows his doctrine to be truly experience; so may it be with you. I had a great deal more to

say to you upon your success in office, or on your discouragements, &c. ; but Mr. B——, who sits by me, is in a hurry, and I can add no more, being forced to scribble what I wrote. What I leave out in my letter I will put in my prayers for you—for your going into orders—and for your being fitted for the ministry—and for your saving your own soul, as well as theirs who hear you. Remember me in your prayers. I very heartily wish you well in the Lord ; being, in Him, and for His sake,

Yours, very sincerely,

Lambeth, December 3rd, 1767.

W. ROMAINE.

SINGING IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.

MANY true friends of the Lord's Zion are feeling very deeply concerned respecting the united choirs movement among some of the Strict Baptist Churches, and are asking, Is it consistent for such choirs to get up singing performances? Is not such a course likely to detract from the solemnity and spirituality of that beautiful part of divine worship (praising God with the heart and voice), and to lead to pride and formality, and also to a lack of reverence, simplicity, and spiritual vitality in the service of the sanctuary? And may it not have the effect of making many of the Lord's saints, especially among the younger portions of the Church, more like the dry bones Ezekiel saw, than like willows by the water courses? We must say we have our fears, and they are grave ones, causing us to feel a load of anxiety for both ministers and people, who are promoting these performances. May the Lord save Zion from every evil, both within and without. We shall willingly insert such letters on the subject, as may be approved, written by true friends of the cause of Christ, and breathing a becoming spirit. We cannot promise to entertain any letter requiring more than one page of the SOWER, and none having not name and address of writer enclosed will be read.

EDITOR.

THE believer is reconciled to God ; being no longer under the law as a covenant of works, but under grace, he loves the law and walks with God in sweet obedience to it. He sets out and goes on every step in faith, trusting to the acceptance of his person and his services in the Beloved. He does not work now in order to be saved, but because he is saved, and he ascribes all he does to the praise of the glory of free grace : he works from gratitude ; the faith of God's elect always does. It never fails to show itself by love.—*Romaine.*

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your kind letter, and a sight of the enclosed. You brought the circumstances of my early days in pilgrimage much to remembrance. What a oneness of spirit and truth is found in the experience of the saints, proclaiming their Teacher and Guide, the Lord, who teacheth to profit, and none teacheth like Him. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

If those things you write are not the effect of regeneration and divine teaching, I may fear I am in a sad case. I would not willingly think or speak lightly or disrespectfully of any the least mark or evidence of divine grace, but would humbly and adoringly bless the Lord that I should be a partaker, in the least measure, of a favour so sovereign, rich, and free, feeling how justly the Lord might have left me to my own free will and choice of a natural religion and worldly delights, and to have perished in ignorance, alike of myself, of sin, and of mercy. I find your feelings are like my own with reference to writing—a great unfitness, much ignorance, want of ability and gift to write with any clearness or to any profit, the little we have known or felt. But I think I have reason to say, Satan is at the bottom of much of that reluctance I have felt to write; also the unwillingness of the flesh to be exercised—a sort of mental indolence to which nature is prone. I know I have found it a profitable exercise to myself, and I judge there is some good in it, by the reasons that are urged to hinder and keep one from it, being often, that I shall not do it to my own credit or commendation, which is so carnal and selfish a consideration, that deserved no attention, though, to my shame, I give it much oftentimes, being afraid I shall not share the honour of what I write or preach with the Lord. I own this is very base, but I must also own I am as base as it, and much more base, if all the truth were known.

What a mercy for such as me that salvation is exactly what it is, by Whom it is, of Whom it is! If it any way differed I should miss it. Thankful would I be that I can in truth say, "I love Thy salvation," and I find such in the Scripture wrapped up in the bundle of life; and it should be no surprise that such love the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and say sometimes, in the fulness of a humbled, grateful heart, "The Lord be magnified."

My hearty thanks to each of you for your kind present. My best wishes for your mutual spiritual increase and growth in grace, and prayers for the Lord's blessing, that maketh rich without sorrow added.

If you write to Miss Baker before I see you, I would be remembered to her with Christian love. Grace and peace be with you. "Brethren, pray for us."

Yours sincerely, in the hope of the Gospel,
Walsall, April 27th, 1871. C. MOUNTFORT

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I feel I would like to write you a few lines, on your return home again, to say how glad I am the Lord has brought you back to us in safety, and enabled you to once again minister to us the Word of life. I felt it good to meet in His sanctuary on the past Sabbath evening. I trust I could say it was good for me to be there. Oh, how those lines you quoted did sink into my heart—

"I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all."

I felt too, as you said in your sermon, I wanted a token from the Lord, and this He graciously bestowed upon me, while partaking of the sacred emblems of His sufferings and death; so that the language of my heart was—

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
 Or let them longer last."

This is better far than all the world besides. Yet how often do I distrust Him, and feel, how can He dwell in such a heart as mine, oftentimes so unfeeling and ungrateful? Yet, at times, I do want to praise Him more and more. Oh, to think that He should have shed His blood for unworthy me! As you spoke of the feelings and desires we had to Him, I could not doubt but that He died for me. Oh, what a blessed thing to view Him suffering on the tree, and in some small measure have fellowship with Him; which, I know, is the right posture, if we would be like Him. Oh, for more grace to love and serve Him better; but oh, what poor returns I make to Him, and "my all is nothing worth."

May the dear Lord still use you for the building up of His saints, although I am not like unto them. I often have to go back to the beginning in my feelings, and ask the Lord to decide the doubtful case, by shining upon the work of grace, if it is indeed begun. I should like to write you more, but I cannot express my feelings in words.

Hoping you will blot out all mistakes, I am, with Christian love,
 Your affectionate young friend,

August 7th, 1895.

A. M.

If you write to Miss Baker before I see you, I would be remembered to her with Christian love. Grace and peace be with you. "Brethren, pray for us."

Yours sincerely, in the hope of the Gospel,
Walsall, April 27th, 1871. C. MOUNTFORT

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I feel I would like to write you a few lines, on your return home again, to say how glad I am the Lord has brought you back to us in safety, and enabled you to once again minister to us the Word of life. I felt it good to meet in His sanctuary on the past Sabbath evening. I trust I could say it was good for me to be there. Oh, how those lines you quoted did sink into my heart—

"I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all."

I felt too, as you said in your sermon, I wanted a token from the Lord, and this He graciously bestowed upon me, while partaking of the sacred emblems of His sufferings and death; so that the language of my heart was—

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
 Or let them longer last."

This is better far than all the world besides. Yet how often do I distrust Him, and feel, how can He dwell in such a heart as mine, oftentimes so unfeeling and ungrateful? Yet, at times, I do want to praise Him more and more. Oh, to think that He should have shed His blood for unworthy me! As you spoke of the feelings and desires we had to Him, I could not doubt but that He died for me. Oh, what a blessed thing to view Him suffering on the tree, and in some small measure have fellowship with Him; which, I know, is the right posture, if we would be like Him. Oh, for more grace to love and serve Him better; but oh, what poor returns I make to Him, and "my all is nothing worth."

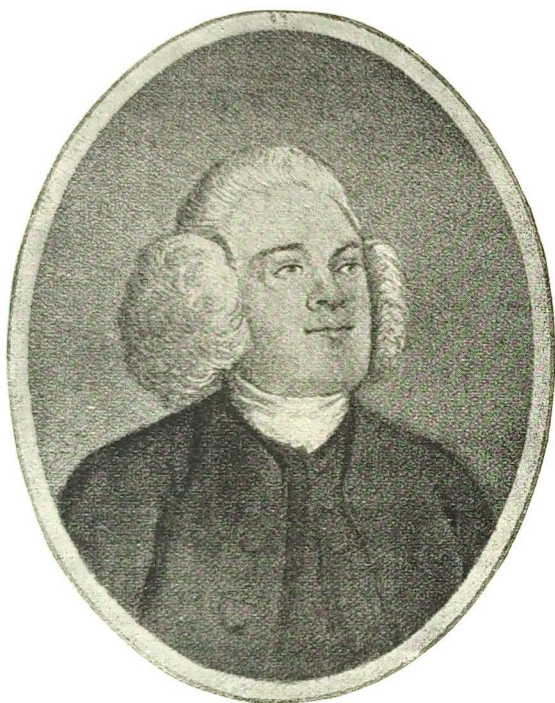
May the dear Lord still use you for the building up of His saints, although I am not like unto them. I often have to go back to the beginning in my feelings, and ask the Lord to decide the doubtful case, by shining upon the work of grace, if it is indeed begun. I should like to write you more, but I cannot express my feelings in words.

Hoping you will blot out all mistakes, I am, with Christian love,
 Your affectionate young friend,

August 7th, 1895.

A. M.

The Sower, October, 1895.



WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON.

THIS honoured name was, perhaps, better known to the past generation than the present, though many still know the value of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with *Mason's* notes; and though from Hawker and Philpot we have their daily portions and readings, they have not entirely superseded "Mason's Spiritual Treasury." Many fathers and mothers in Israel abide by these daily readings, and find them a source of spiritual blessing and strength; and it were well if our younger friends had a hunger for such solid and substantial realities. But we live in sad times. Our author was a proof of what may be accomplished by a private Christian, engaged in business, yet finding time to write many useful and spiritual works, which still live after the lapse of a century.

William Mason was born in the parish of Rotherhithe, Surrey, in 1719. His father was an honest, industrious man, by trade a clock maker; but his chief object was the world, and his only pursuit the things which are seen. Before William had served his apprenticeship he was called to succeed his father, and provide for his mother, a brother, and a sister. Though he had not enjoyed the advantages of a religious education, yet his mind seems to have been early impressed with the importance of divine things, as appears from his diary, wherein he says:—

"On a review of my past life, and a recollection of the blessings of the providence of the Lord, I am constrained to cry out, 'Lord, what am I that Thou shouldest thus follow me with Thy blessings? Oh, my God, do Thou humble me under a due reflection of my ingratitude to Thee, and the unsuitable returns I have made to the God of my life, of whose only great and abounding mercy it is that I am not now lifting up mine eyes in torment, instead of being favoured with the gracious opportunity of hearing the glad tidings of the Gospel.' It is matter of great praise and thanksgiving that the Lord kept me in my younger years, amidst the many evil examples I had before my eyes, the great temptations I was exposed to, joined to the strong solicitations of a corrupt heart (which, indeed, I was then a stranger to). Oh, how have I been kept by an invisible power! Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy name, O my God, I desire to give all the glory.

"It will scarcely be believed when I observe that, as far back as childhood almost, I hardly know the time when I did not make it my constant practice, morning and evening, to pray unto the God of my life—to me an unknown God. Yea, further, I scarcely ever neglected to attend public worship at church. Oh that every young person went thus far! But all this while, what did

I differ from many others who neglected this? I had the same unholy temper. I was, like them, proud, revengeful, self-willed, a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God."

But it pleased the Lord to convince him of his sin. He expresses himself thus:—

"Now did the Lord lay open my state; the Word came quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. Alas! I now see myself a sinner before God. The foundation I had so long built on was suddenly taken from under me. I might now as soon attempt to swim by the help of a millstone as to rely on all my works or duties. I cannot describe the anguish of my soul at this time. I saw my misery; I felt my wants. Oh, my dear Saviour, let not this work of Thine come to nought, but bring unto my soul the fulness of Thy love."

It was about this time that he attended at the chapel in Snow's Fields. Here he heard John Wesley. Writing of this he says:—

"After nature had sufficiently, as it were, spent its strength for nought, I found I was only striving and struggling, by the use of ordinances, to render God merciful to me a sinner, not knowing I was without that faith in Christ Jesus which justifieth the ungodly. The Lord hath now, blessed be His holy name, showed me, by the ministry of His servant, my want of this faith. Oh, my dear Saviour, make me truly thankful to Thee for his message to my soul. Help me to love him as the instrument, but Thee above all, as the inexhaustible fountain of light and life."

But at times he went to the Tabernacle in Moorfields, and with pleasure and profit heard Mr. George Whitefield, with whom he became intimately acquainted. In proportion as he attended Calvinistic preachers, he became less attached to the connection he had formed with Mr. Wesley, and at length wholly withdrew from that society. He soon began to meet with persecution. One swore at him, and many of his former acquaintances not only deserted him, but used their endeavours to injure him in his business. Several captains of ships, who before had given him large orders, now entirely withdrew their favours, and he had the very trying prospect of an increasing family with a decreasing trade. To this circumstance he alludes in his "Spiritual Treasury," in the meditation from Luke xxii. 35, "Lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing?" He begins it:—

"Precious words to me! With tears of thankfulness I record the goodness of my Lord to the chief of sinners. Upwards of twenty years ago, when it pleased Him to call me by His grace, and make me happy in His love, my name was cast out as

evil, friends became foes, they withdrew their favours from me and derided me. Under narrow circumstances, tender feelings for a large family, carnal reasonings of my corrupt nature, and strong temptations from the enemy, I was often sore distressed. But my Lord was gracious. Many and many a time did He bring this text to my mind, 'Lackedst thou anything?' I was constrained with gratitude to reply, 'Nothing, Lord.' Christ is a most precious Master to serve! I have proved it."

About this time he became acquainted with Mr. Romaine, and formed that sincere and lasting friendship which was dissolved only by death. Being possessed of a lively imagination, quickness of thought, and a ready pen, he soon commenced as an author. Many of his productions met with general acceptance. He had been frequently solicited to exercise himself in public preaching, which he as often declined, under the impression of his not being called to glorify God in that service. Yet his talents were not laid up in a napkin; for after his death his family found among his papers letters from correspondents in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, expressing the spiritual benefits they derived from his publications. Finding his writings valued, he was induced to begin his "Spiritual Treasury," a work which occupied much of his time, but which time was chiefly taken from the hours of rest; even in the coldest days of winter he has arisen at four o'clock in the morning, and, without a fire, pursued his favourite task. He has often remarked that while thus employed he has enjoyed some of the happiest seasons he ever experienced. His mind was wholly absorbed in meditation, his heart rejoicing in a sense of pardoning love, and his soul breathing out its desires after God.

"The Believer's Pocket Companion" was another of his works which met with a wide circulation. He was for some years the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and in this publication first appeared his notes on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

In the year 1783 he retired from business and became an acting magistrate. About four years previous to his death he first felt a slight stroke of palsy. His speech was for a few days interrupted, and the stroke in some degree impaired his faculties. About two years after, while performing the duty of a magistrate at Union Hall, in the Borough of Southwark, he suddenly fell from his chair, and was taken up speechless; from this shock he also recovered. He seemed as well as he had usually been for some time on the morning of his death, but about eleven o'clock, as he was walking in his own room, in a moment he was deprived of the use of his limbs on one side. A physician was immediately called in, but death had received his commission, and in a few hours, with recovering consciousness, he

fell asleep, September 29th, 1791, in the seventy-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, in which parish he had resided sixty years, and where, for the last twelve years, he attended on the Evangelical ministry of his son, Henry Cox Mason, chaplain to the Earl of Onslow.

R. F. R.

A POETICAL EPISTLE FOR THE YOUNG.

"Come boldly unto the throne of grace."—HEBREWS iv. 16.

"COME boldly to a throne of grace,"
Believing without fear ;
With all thy guilt, with all thy care,
To Jesus Christ draw near.

"Come boldly," for He never will
One little one cast out,
For these are just as dear to Him
As those who never doubt.

"Come boldly," though you feel unfit
T' approach the throne of grace ;
Come empty, and the Saviour will
Reveal His smiling face.

"Come boldly," for He is so good,
So loving and so kind ;
A tender Brother and a Friend,
In Jesus you will find.

"Come boldly to a throne of grace" ;
Yes, come with all thy care ;
It is a privilege to tell
Him everything in prayer.

"Come boldly," though the world will try
To keep you from the Lord ;
Though Satan try his very best
To keep you from His Word.

"Come boldly," though thy sins are great ;
"Come boldly," though they be
Just like a millstone round thy neck,
And are a grief to thee.

It was for sinners Jesus left
His Father's house above ;
And it is such for whom He cares,
And loves with endless love.

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, GROYDON.

(Continued from page 204.)

SAYINGS OF MR. COVELL.

THE many striking and original remarks frequently made by Mr. Covell were of no common order, many samples of which we have given in previous numbers, and as through the kind assistance of Mr. W. G. Covell, son of the late beloved pastor, we have in hand a good collection of "Sayings," we give as many as we can in the present number.

1. Everything is according to its nature. The horse feeds upon grass, the fish lives in water, and holiness is the element in which the child of God lives.

2. "For they be Thy people and thine inheritance." If you have an inheritance you will not part with it. If it consists in houses, if the tiles blow off or they want repairing, you will not give them up. You will not say, "I will have no more to do with them." You will not say to your neighbour, "I will give them to you." If it lies in land, you will not give it up because some briars or thorns spring up in it. You will not say, "I will not plough that field any more; do what I may, these poppies come up." You will not say so, because it is your inheritance. This is just how it is between us and God. He says, "I knew that thou wouldest deal very treacherously, and wast called a transgressor from the womb." So He bears with us. He will not hand us over to the devil, notwithstanding the weeds and briars that come up; He will not turn us off. "Once in Him, in Him for ever."

3. I often tell God in my simplicity, "Lord, why I ask such great things is because you are such a great and good God."

4. A man may go for a day without eating anything; but let him go without for two days, how his strength begins to fail. So if there is nothing coming in in reading God's Word or hearing His truth, the soul will begin to faint, and talk of giving up; but He will not.

5. If the Holy Spirit says anything good to you, it will stand when the world is in a blaze. He never says, and then unsays. He is like the dove that came and told Noah the waters were assuaged. That was true. He comes from heaven with the olive branch in His mouth, and tells the man, "God loves you"; "Christ died for you"; "The Lord is on your side." That is true.

6. Look at the great Apostle, the perils and distresses he was in. "Persocuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not

destroyed"; "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus"; being stoned and shipwrecked. How little of this has fallen to our lot! I have thought, when I have been reading about him at times, "I wish I had his grace, could walk with God as he did, longing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord." Then I have thought I should not like that way to have it; I want the sweets, but not the bitters whereby they come; but they go together.

7. We do not think much of the arm and power of God while we can get on by ourselves or our friends can help us; but God brings us into straits and troubles, then we remember His power, and what His right hand and holy arm can do.

8. At one time I did not want Jesus Christ, except to save me from the burning pit when I came to die. In my days of vanity, when I was fond of hunting and dancing, I did not want to give them up; but when He sent His messenger before Him, then I wanted Him.

9. Our unbelief, shortcomings, and guilt, produce doubt; this brings about an army of fears. These very fears prove there is something going on in our hearts, for "they that have no changes fear not God."

10. When God sent His Word and healed me, after convincing me of my sins, with what a light heart and joyful lips did my soul praise, delight, and rejoice in Him. The next morning, almost as soon as I awoke, these words came dropping into my heart, "What more can I do to My vineyard that I have not done in it?" I said, "Nothing, Lord, Thou hast saved my soul." I went skipping down Cornhill and Cheapside, and through Smithfield to my work, saying, "I have a God that loves me, a Christ that saved me, and a Holy Ghost to witness to my heart. Mercy smiles, Justice is satisfied, the law is magnified. God has executed judgment for me in smiting the Shepherd, and letting the sheep go free"; Christ by His one offering "put away (my) sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and "brought in an everlasting righteousness, which is to all and upon all them that believe"; and I believed, and found peace and joy in believing.

11. I remember how I was oppressed in circumstances at one time. I rolled the matter upon God; the spot is in my eye at this moment, as I went along Waddon Marsh to Mitcham Common, and I felt God had got it; He carried me through.

12. I think I may say, without egotism, I have tried hard to serve God aright. I have thought, "I am sorry for what I did yesterday, I will go straight to-day." I have said before I got up, "Lord, do not let me sin to-day; I am sorry for any foolishness of my tongue, and any evil that I found and felt came out of my heart yesterday; do not let me sin in thought, word, or deed to-day."

But it is not long, perhaps, before I have to say, "Is this better than yesterday?" Now look at the compassion of God, see what His love has to bear with. This is day by day.

13. If God has separated you from the world in heart you need not go into a monastery. In days past, at the time I was living in London, as I walked along Cheapside or Cornhill, it was no more to me than if I had been in a wood. I have known what it is to be in the midst of all evil in the house of God. In the house of God you may be encompassed with evil, while you may walk with the busy throng, and yet be separate in spirit.

14. How people will try to mix a little religion on the Sunday with the world on the morrow. Just the same as I once read about a musician, who played very nicely, and got many to hear him. By-and-by the market bell rang, and they soon went off. One man stayed behind, so the musician said to him he was glad he appreciated the music, and did not go when the market bell rang. "What! has the market bell rung?" said he, "I am rather deaf and did not hear it." He went off too. So, my friends, on the Sunday some of you serve God, you listen and hear; but Monday comes, the charms, gains, profits, and pleasures of the world entice you, and all your religion goes.

15. How I have felt in the past week, I am not what I ought to be; how deficient I could see I was in many things. I am not what I wish to be. I wish to abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good. I am not what I hope to be. I hope to see God's face with joy, and sing His everlasting praises.

16. I could no more cease from praying than I could cease to breathe, and still live. If there should be a law go forth on the morrow, "If you pray on the next day, your life shall be forfeited," I should as surely pray as I am a living man. It is the life of my soul, the breath whereby I live. Often I know what it is to be cold in it. I often feel my heart as hard as a rock, and my affections as cold as ice, yet I pray, "Lord, soften me; Lord, take my affections."

17. We are like children at school; they are taken up with their marbles, tops, or cricket; no thoughts of father, mother, or home. Unexpectedly, father or mother comes. "Your father has come, Tom." I will venture to say no game of cricket would hold him. If he has been away from home a month, he would not stop to pick up his marbles. That will tell you where his heart is. You would have thought before he did not care for father or mother, but the moment father comes that does it. So we can say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee; "The desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee." We love to hear about Him, His Son, His works, and His ways. We love to get near Him, to read His Word;

we love to have a touch or a look from Him. God has got our hearts, and He will keep them, He will hold them fast ; the world and its allurements, the devil with all his suggestions, will never get them.

18. You will not want a prayer-book if you are in trouble. I knew what it was, years ago, to use the prayer-book more than some of you do, perhaps, if you are Church people ; yet it did me no good. I can never speak well of a *form* of prayer, for that bridge never carried me safe over. I do not remember that God once answered me from it. I have known what it is to be in trouble, both in soul and body, a great many times since then, and to God's honour I will speak it, to His faithfulness I will declare it, I never called upon Him in real trouble but He has heard me. I must speak well of God. I know, my friends, when He spoilt that form of prayer He knocked it on one side in a minute, and I have never used it since. I was using it, and the good Spirit shone into my heart, showed me my pride and hypocrisy, and this made me cry out, " O Lord, do pardon my sin, and save my soul." He did answer me, to the joy of my heart, in His own good time.

19. I was made willing to leave all for Jesus Christ. I thought in days past it would bring me to the Union-house ; I thought if I could only go there as an honest man I would not mind. But God dropped these words once in my heart, " I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after Me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." I believe He will never forget it till He puts me at the right-hand of His dear Son. Not only in temporal things has He remembered me, but I have had a hundredfold in joy in my soul, peace in my conscience, heaven dropped down into my heart, and in walking with God.

20. Many times I have known what it is to try to wash my hands before going to God, and to clothe myself, but have never found much acceptance that way. Many times with filth and guilt on my heart I have dropped my head before God, and cried out, " God be merciful to me. I am a sinner, good God ; pity me, and save me. I have nothing to say on my own behalf." His mercy, love, and compassion, have come dropping in my heart, and made me get off my knees a happy man.

21. I have known what it is to trust in God, and have had thousands of fears about it, but He has never deceived me. I have known what it is to trust in Him, and have no fears. I have dropped the matter into His hands, and left it. Glory, honour, and praise to his name, He stands fast ; " He knows them that trust in Him."

22. I used to think, before God made known His love in my

heart, if I could but feel and be assured that God loved me, how contented and easy I should be, knowing what a great God He is, what wisdom and power He has. I thought, if I have got a place in His heart, how everything would work for my good, and what comforts I should have here. Now, I have had many reasons to believe, many tokens and proofs, many soul-confirming testimonies and assurances (that at times neither unbelief nor the devil could dispute me out of) that God does love me, yet how, I have thought at times, in many things I have been in, "If He does love me, why am I thus?"

23. "Though our outward man perish, yet our inward man is renewed day by day." I know it is so. At one time what would I not have given for a grain of faith, and to know that the anxiety which I felt sprang from the life of God in my heart. What castings-down I have had, but I have proved the inward man is renewed. I am not so soon moved as I was. I believe I am made a partaker of God's grace, that I have union to His blessed Son, a hope that is sure, and that enters within the veil. I feel now I love the Lord. I could not say these things at one time.

24. In days past, oh, what forebodings, fears, and apprehensions I have had, whether I should be accepted of God at last. I cannot say I feel so now. I thought, if He should say at last, "Depart, ye cursed," my eyes would follow Him till the gates of hell closed the sight. I thought I would tell that He was a good God, though I was suffering the punishment of my sins, and had my deserts.

25. God often keeps His people short in this world for this reason: "They have enough in Me," He says. There is enough in God to satisfy the largest heart, the most enlightened mind, and the most capacious wish and desire.

26. Sometimes I have known what it is to backslide in heart from God. He has sent a messenger with peace and truth in his mouth. Once in particular, when in a wretched place, I was walking near West Croydon Station, and considering what a sad state I was in, these words came into my heart, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit." I had fears that I had never really felt the joy of salvation; then I thought, "If you never had it God could not restore it, for He could not *restore* what you had not *lost*." In a minute the God of heaven came into my heart, gladdening, pardoning, healing, reviving, and blessing me; away went my affections after Him, down dropped the world and all its charms, love and grief compounded an unction, and so prepared my heart for God.

(To be continued.)

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

Thurlstone, Yorks, Aug. 5th, 1895.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Our mutual friend, Thomas Roebuck, has put into my hand your letter containing your regret at not being able to attend the funeral of our late friend and brother, Adam Briggs, and also asking for a few particulars of the same. Having lived in the same village all my life, I have consequently known Mr. Briggs somewhere near thirty years. For the past thirteen years I have held sweet fellowship with him, during which time, in our many conversations, he has told me much of his experience and described many of his trials; for he proved, as many of God's people have proved before him, that the path to heaven is through tribulation. He was by nature a sinner, and, till called by grace, an enemy to all righteousness; during which time he lived in the City of Destruction, and was extremely fond of dancing. John Newton describes his case when he says—

"Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,,I sported with death,"

for I have heard him say, after dancing for a considerable time in a very hot room, he has gone outside, when perspiring freely, casting off his clothes and sitting in the cold in order to cool himself. When he has looked back to these times he has said it was nothing less than a miracle that he should be preserved from taking a cold that might have terminated his life; but Adam Briggs was in the Covenant ordered both as to all *things* and all *persons*, and is sure; and thus the appointed time rolled on when that should be made manifest.

A ball-room is no place for a condemned soul, neither is dancing sufficient food for one that is hungering after peace and pardon. When grace entered his soul the desire to dance left it; he was spoiled for the pleasures of this world. His heart was changed, his will renewed, and his feet turned to seek Zion, with his face thitherward. At this time he got connected with the Wesleyans, and I believe for a time was a member with them, and was very zealous among them; but in a short time he, together with Richard Booth, William Fawcett, and Joseph Littlewood, withdrew from them. I remember him speaking of this time very particularly—how he went from place to place, seeking food but finding none, until the Lord eventually led him to a small room wherein a few poor people met every Lord's Day, sometimes to hear a sermon preached, but generally to hear one read, they being too poor to get a minister every

Sabbath. There was something about these people that he did not like ; they were small in number ; they were despised. They were Particular Baptists, and they, of course, believed in particular redemption, &c., which things he did not like. Yet he found something that his soul needed, and that was food, so that he could no more leave them than Ruth could leave Naomi, or Peter leave Christ. And as the Word was blessed to his soul the truth became plainer, and his heart became knit to both place and people ; so that after a while he, together with the above-mentioned persons, were baptised in the river by the late John Kershaw, on the 23rd of July, 1856, and were received into the Church.

For over thirty-five years he has read sermons when they had no minister ; and often have I heard him tell how he has gone to the chapel in great temporal difficulties, being over head in debt, having a small grocery business which, owing to bad debts, he had to relinquish at a great sacrifice. At these times, when he has got to the chapel, they have been without a minister, and he has had to go into the pulpit to read a sermon, during which all his trials and debts for the time being have completely left him, and he has rejoiced in God his Saviour. I never heard a man who could read a sermon anything like him ; he appeared to get into the spirit of them. In the year 1865 he was chosen deacon, with the late Enoch Fawcett, and since 1876 he has acted as secretary for the Church, which duty now falls upon his son Thomas. It is rather remarkable that it is just three years to-day since he had what is commonly called a stroke, which took the use from his left side and laid him low. I visited him frequently during the time he was compelled to lie in bed, and found him very comfortable in his mind ; he evidently enjoyed much of the Lord's presence. He told me several times how sweet he felt the truths he had believed in to be. Truly he was as a shock of corn fully ripe, and it was thought he was very near his end ; but it pleased the Lord again to raise him up, so far as to enable him to get to chapel and back. I made a practice of visiting him once a week, and he always liked me to call in as I returned home on a Sunday night from preaching. I had been down on the Friday night previous to his death, and also on the Saturday morning, but I little thought he was so near his end ; indeed, he was speaking of paying your brother David a visit (at Siddal). But during the night he became worse, having a violent attack of pain, which caused his family to get up and telephone for the doctor ; but "it is appointed unto men once to die," and his time had come. It is a war in which there is no discharge. He bowed his head and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, on Saturday, July 27th, aged sixty-six, leaving a wife, a son, and two daughters to

mourn their loss ; but they sorrow not as those who have no hope.

As was expected, there was a very fair gathering of friends to pay the last tribute of respect to our beloved brother. One of the deacons read the 90th Psalm, and Mr. Hull, of Hastings, engaged in prayer before leaving the house ; after which he was borne away by six members of the Church to the Netherfield Independent Chapel, Mr. H. Greenwood conducting the burial service. After reading part of 1 Corinthians xv., he spoke very solemnly of the wilderness journey which Mr. Briggs had travelled, and the place above where the wilderness journey had led him to. After describing a few of the things which our brother had believed and rejoiced in, he spoke in prayer. The people then gathered around the house appointed for all living, and all that remained of our respected deacon was committed to the grave. The discourse at the grave, which was delivered by Mr. Greenwood, was felt to be very weighty and solemn. There were people present from your place (Siddal), Bolton, Dewsbury, Clayton West, Manchester, Sheffield, Stockbridge, and Hoyland Common. We had thought of holding a meeting in the chapel after tea ; but when we saw that Mr. Hull was here from Hastings, we thought it would be better if he would preach for us, which he kindly consented to do, and I can assure you he was very well heard indeed. His text was, 1 Corinthians xv. 55, and two following verses. Truly he re-echoed the note of triumph which Paul struck in those few verses. The word was with power, as several afterwards testified. Our hearts were full of sorrow, but under the words our hearts were comforted.

I must now draw to a close. We have lost an upright Christian, a man of peace, yet firm ; often have I seen him bite his lip when many men would have burst out indignantly. His children have lost a kind father ; his wife a loving husband ; the widows a generous friend—always thoughtful towards them in all things. The Church has lost a praying soul. He was a lover of Zion and of good men. May God replace him with one of like spirit and grace. So prays your unworthy friend,

To Mr. T. Smith.

JOHN BOOTH.

Now as I cannot believe before I have the Spirit of God the Comforter, so I cannot have the Spirit of God before I have the Christ of God, as I cannot have the Christ of God before I have the Father. Yet I can never come to this Father who loves me, but through His Son and by His Spirit. Oh, blessed be God for everlasting love to the elect in His Son Jesus Christ ! Oh, this same ancient grace is efficacious grace !—*Brine.*

SINGING IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—The paragraph in September SOWER upon United Strict Baptist choirs exciting my feelings on the subject, I feel tempted to ask, Is it consistent for Strict Baptist Churches to have organised choirs at all—leave alone united performances? Regarding this course leading to pride and formality, also lack of reverence, simplicity, and spiritual vitality in the services of the sanctuary, there can be but little doubt. May God arise, and have mercy upon Zion. May her friends be preserved and made fruitful, and her enemies be subjected by grace, or scattered by His hand. The Lord Jesus Christ said, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness," and, unless the Lord prevent, the saints of God upon whom this blessing is pronounced will experience much leanness, barrenness, and torture of soul, where Satan is permitted to introduce his modern inventions.

I like to hear good congregational singing, and to hear it go well, but hope the Lord will continue to bless us with more music in the hymn than can be afforded by any tune, and bring us frequently into that delightful condition under which we can truly exclaim,

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

Yours in hope of eternal life,

W. J. SMITH.

[Singing is a beautiful part of the devotional worship of God, and we are always sorry when it is spoiled by lack of interest or of good taste, as we feel it becomes us to render the best of our abilities to Him who bestowed them upon us. And therefore, while the chief thing is to be enabled to sing with the heart, making melody unto the Lord, we should also strive to use our voices in a way becoming the service of Him we profess to love and serve. We are also sorry when a choir seem to wish to make the singing a performance, to the excluding of the congregation from a participation in that part of divine service. We think with our correspondent, that where it can possibly be carried out, congregational singing is the proper method, and by far the most likely to be beneficial to the souls of the people who desire to worship God in the spirit. May the Lord give to us all a singleness of heart and of eye that we may do all we do in the name of the Lord Jesus.—ED.]

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED
HAVEN."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH MARY
BURBUSH, OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MAY
19TH, 1894, IN THE 88TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

(Continued from page 207.)

"*May*, 1854.—How often does the Lord's blessing come contrary to our expectation. He said, 'Blessed are they whosoever are not offended in Me,' in My dispensations, My chastenings, My afflictions, My crosses, My losses, My pruning knife which lops off the unfruitful branches; for 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' How the rebellion of my heart says, 'This is a hard saying; who can hear it?' And does not the Lord say, 'Doth this offend you?' Oh, how seldom am I brought in true submission of soul to lie at the Lord's feet, content to part with all, to be anything or nothing for His dear sake, when under trying dispensations. This is the hardest lesson I ever learned, nor should I ever do so but by the Lord's subduing grace. I trust the Lord did favour me with a little of this humility in secret before Him the other morning; but I cannot tell you the conflict of my mind before many hours had elapsed. We would love Him; but 'who is sufficient for these things?' Truly 'our sufficiency is of God.' I sometimes feel encouraged by the Apostle's words, 'Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your mind.' I have sometimes looked at Jesus in His many temptations, afflictions, and sufferings, under the hiding of His Father's face, and being in an agony, sweating great drops of blood falling down to the ground, and saying, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Come, see, was there ever sorrow like unto My sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger?' when all the waves and billows of Almighty wrath went over His sacred head.

"How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sinners might live."

"Oh, let us consider Him who was dead and is alive, and liveth for evermore, to make intercession for us. Blessed be God the Father that there is but 'one Mediator betwixt God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.' 'Tis here—

"The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all."

"Oh, how suited to us the words of our Emmanuel, God with us,

‘I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.’ I do feel a worm and no man, not having the understanding of a man. Oh that God the Eternal Spirit would be pleased to take of the things of the Father and the Son, and open to me the unsearchable riches of Christ, that I may be able to comprehend with all saints the heights and depths, and lengths and breadth of the love of God in Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

“*February, 1862.*—I went to the house of God this morning much cast down by things that seem too hard for me. Mr. Marks read Jeremiah xiv., my own feelings being described by the case of those who went down to the waters and returned ashamed. Oh, how often have I gone forth in the desire of my soul to be enabled to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God. But, alas! I have returned ashamed, disappointed, and hanging my head like a bulrush; that enemy of God and man coming forth with this reproachful question, ‘Where is now thy God?’ Then I cry, ‘O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.’ And the language of the Prophet is often the language of my soul, ‘O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst Thou be as a wayfaring man that turneth aside?’ or regardeth not so as to deliver. Yet withal, I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor. Why, then, am I daily exercised with these things which are so contrary to me? Oh, if sanctified by God the Eternal Spirit, is it not ‘that tribulation may work patience; patience, experience; experience, hope; and hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart’?”

“*May 11th, 1862.*—

“‘Peace, my complaining heart;
Ye busy care, be still;
Adore the wise and gracious Lord,
Nor murmur at His will.’

I would this day record the mercies of my covenant God in blessing my poor soul under the Word delivered by His servant, Mr. Marks. What a sweet savour rested upon my spirit. How did he describe the language of my soul in expounding the sixty-first Psalm. ‘When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.’ Often had I pleaded this Psalm before the Lord. And then he spoke from these words, ‘That by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie,’ &c. I had for some time been longing to lie down in these green pastures, and to be led beside these still waters of ever-

lasting love, and to rest my weary soul upon the word, the oath, the covenant and blood of that God that cannot lie. 'I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, my fortress, my God : in Him will I trust.'

On the removal of Mr. Marks from Cambridge, in 1870, Mrs. Burbush left Eden Chapel, and attended Hope Chapel, Paradise Street, and became united with the Church there in October, 1871.

In April, 1883, she was taken very ill, and we quite thought her end was near. She said, "God is faithful to His promises. Pray for me, for Jesus said, 'If two of you are agreed,' &c. What a year of mourning the last has been to me, but now there is sweet peace within. 'Though we believe not, yet He abideth faithful.' What a mercy the Lord sends for and fetches His weary pilgrims home to their everlasting rest."

Still the Lord spared and brought her through, and much of the following fell from her lips at various times when we were visiting her:—

January, 1884.—"I am often kept from the house of God for weeks together, but lately I got there once to hear Mr. Pepper, and the Lord so blest the Word that I felt quite lifted out of my wretched self, and have not sunk so low since. He spoke from the 'Nail fastened in a sure place.' Some complained that it was all doctrine, but to me it was as the doctrine that drops as the rain and distils as the dew, for the Lord softened my hard, cold heart with a sense of His superabounding love, and to one so unworthy as me. Our Lord's own words seemed exactly to suit me, 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.'"

December, 1885.—"What sweet seasons I sometimes have in the night as I lie on my bed awake. Lately it came to my mind, 'Eternal life.' I had such sweet meditation upon it; passage after passage came before me. 'And this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.' 'He hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son,' &c., &c.; and those three hymns express all I wish and desire to be able to say from a feeling heart before being taken, 'A debtor to mercy alone,' &c., 'Now I have found the ground whereon,' &c., and the following precious one—

"Oh, how the thought delights the soul
Redeemed from Satan's dire control,
And cleansed with Jesus' blood;
That thus from sin and death made free,
I may in Christ shout, 'Victory!'
And triumph in my God.

“And art thou safe, O soul of mine?
Art thou in Christ through grace divine?
Hast thou the proof within?
Thanks to my God! the stream of love
Has reached my heart from His above,
And borne away my sin.

“In Christ! oh, how the blissful thought
Buoy up the hope His love hath wrought,
’Midst change, and grief, and woe.
Were crowns and empires mine to-day,
I’d freely give the whole away
For Christ! I’d all forego.

“Oh then may I, so weak, so frail,
Attempt that song which all must fail
To sing in worthy lays;
Our gracious God does not despise
The lisping voice and lowly cries
Which babes and sucklings raise.

“I’ll sing, in Christ I’ve nought to fear,
If pierced at once with death’s dread spear,
’Tis dipt in blood divine.
His aspect may the guilty soul
With terrors and despair appal,
But life through death is mine.

“What though a sudden blast descend,
And all the bands of nature rend,
Swift as with forkèd fire;
I take my flight from sin’s abode,
A moment brings me to my God,
My soul’s supreme desire.

“Then watch, my soul! the Lord will come,
And in His arms convey thee home,
Watch thou, and praise, and pray;
With well-trimmed lamp and burning light,
Wait for thy Lord; earth’s passing night
Will bring thee endless day.”

March, 1887.—“I had got into such a state I hardly knew where I was. There seemed to be voices within, voices without, voices in my circumstances, to which I gave ear. One thing after another of a trying nature came upon me, that caused me to sink fathoms, and Satan is ever ready with his suggestions and accusations at such times. All my sins came up before me, and were set in array against me, even the sins of my youth and childhood, my rebellion, and the obstinate disposition I manifested when a child, that I could truly enter into what the Psalmist meant when he said, ‘Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my [later] transgressions’ (Psalm

xxv. 7). I began to question all I had ever experienced, and wondered whether I should prove a castaway at last, and I entered a little into what our dear Lord Jesus did when He said, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' After being several weeks in this state, I was lying upon my bed one morning, when this dropped on my mind: 'Hearken to Me! hearken to Me!' I thought, 'When I get up I will find that in Isaiah. What have I been doing? following the voice of strangers; hearkening to sin; hearkening to Satan; hearkening to my surroundings, rather than hearkening to my Lord.' I began to read Isaiah li., 'Hearken to Me, ye that follow after righteousness.' Oh, as I read chapter after chapter I could only say, 'How wonderful! what precious promises! just suited to my case.' 'The Lord shall comfort Zion. He will comfort all her waste places,' &c. Such power, such sweetness I experienced in reading this and the following chapters, that all my darkness, fears, and enemies vanished, and the sixty-second chapter crowned the whole. I could only weep and bless the Lord in astonishing wonder as I read this: 'Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.'"

May, 1888.—She said how often she found the Lord gave some intimations when trial was coming. "Some years ago," she said, "I was busy preparing for dinner, when that Word came sweetly to my mind, 'The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.' 'Oh,' I thought, 'there is some trouble coming;' and so it proved, for soon afterwards I experienced one of the most painful trials I ever passed through. But, blessed be God, He was as good as His word; He was my shade indeed at that time, and brought me safely through." And at this time, May, 1888, she told me what a trying path she had had, the deep exercises of her mind, and how tried she was lest she should be left to manifest an unbecoming spirit under the trial, lest she should have dishonouring thoughts of God; as she wished to manifest a Christ-like spirit under the dispensation, to fall prostrate before the Lord, and in soul feeling to say, "Lord, Thy will be done." "And," she said, "it came to my mind, 'The spirit of obedience, do I manifest it? Not the act of obedience but the spirit.' It tried me to the very quick. 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'where is the *spirit* of obedience in me? what do I know about it?' and I got no rest until the Lord quieted me by this Word, 'Yet learned He obedience by the things that He suffered.'" "Oh," she said, "I see it now; I am learning the spirit of obedience by this sharp trial and exercise, and I thought of that beautiful sermon of Mr.

Hazelrigg's which has so often been a help to me, 'The cup passing away in the drinking of it'; and I was led so solemnly and blessedly to Gethsemane, to follow Christ there in His agonies, and to think of all His expiring language, what He endured, what He passed through, saying, 'Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done.' I did indeed experience fellowship with Him in His sufferings. And the trial, had it come upon me and my daughters in its full force, would nearly have overwhelmed us temporally: but when others were being by dishonest men ruined on every hand, and I looking every hour to see a messenger come to say I had not escaped, the Lord mercifully appeared, 'stayed His rough wind in the day of the east wind'; my solicitor called with a cheque, which paid what was owing to me from this particular source to a penny. 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.' With what pleasure and delight did she tell me of this deliverance, and rehearsed the mighty acts of the Lord: her soul seemed full to overflowing. Her soul sang praise in that hymn by Kent—

“Indulgent God, how kind
Are all Thy ways to me”;

and also—

“Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend.”

She said how struck she had lately been in reading Malachi,—the sin, the iniquity, and God's judgments against it, in the first two chapters, and then in the third what blessed, heart-breaking, soul-dissolving language, “I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” “Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and a book of remembrance,” &c. “But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with *healing* in His wings.”

Dec. 26th, 1888.—“The night I came to bed with this illness those words impressed me, ‘The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.’ It led me to look back and think of the Lord's goodness to me. What a gracious, loving, and merciful God He has been to me! and I was led to think of the many helps He had afforded me at various times in my pilgrimage, and (as I could not tell how this illness might turn), how merciful it was to have those two lines made good to me, which had been precious to me years before—

“’Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.’

I have a blessed, well-grounded hope, which I believe the Lord will never put to confusion, but oh the barrenness, the unbelief, and distrust I am the subject of! I want continual renewings—hot and cold in half-an-hour." She then turned to me, and, with such an earnest look, said, "Oh, friend Heffer, I do feel it to be of such vital importance, and I want to know more of it now—union with Christ. Many years ago that hymn of Kent's was sweet to me, 'In union with the Lamb, from condemnation free,' and since then it has never left me long together; it has again and again come with freshness, and I have seen and felt so much the importance of knowing my union with Christ. All hinges on that vital point, Have I union with Christ?" She said, "It is very comforting at times to have various exercises and evidences traced out by the Lord's servants, but oh, united to Christ! then all must be well, and all is vain without it. I get more concerned to know vital things for myself. But 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Some think it legal to speak of growing in grace, but," she said, "there *is* a growing in grace, and especially in the knowledge of Christ. By the many and continual trials and exercises we pass through our souls are kept alive, and by 'here a little and there a little,' our confidence and faith is strengthened, and we grow in the knowledge of Christ as our own Saviour. Oh, how sweet the name of Jesus is to me. One touch from Jesus changes all the scene."

(To be continued.)

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE LATE JAMES BOORNE.

MY DEAR AGNES,—I must apologise for not sending Mrs. L——'s letters. I thought you would be coming, and so retained them. Now they are mixed with numerous papers, and not to hand. I have not heard from her since, except by message through Mr. Popham. Both Mr. Popham and Mr. Hazlerigg were well helped at our special services lately. I never had heard Mr. Popham so well before. I should say he felt at liberty. It is not often that I can hear others, and rarely gather much when I do. This has tried me, though it, no doubt, should convey to me some lessons of instruction. I hope it has.

How little work seems going on among God's people, of any value. Plenty of strife to no profit, tending to separate men of God, and cause disintegration of the Churches. No conversions of sinners—at least, not under my notice. Truly the ways of Zion do mourn, and her ministers are powerless to help her out

of her difficulties. To be just kept alive seems to be all that one can look for, and while so many seem in a withering and dead condition, it is a mercy to retain marks of life. I fear that a searching, practical ministry is esteemed "legal" by some of whom one might have hoped well. Smooth things in many respects seem palatable, they are so congenial to the flesh. "Strip you and make you bare," sounds coarse and vulgar, yet this was the language used by the Holy Ghost to the "careless women" who were at that period the representatives of the true Church.

How suitable to the present times. Many have a *name* to live by who are not written among the living in Jerusalem. It is a mercy to be in any exercise arising from such dissecting truth, and to be waiting for what all the vitally-wrought ones must and will wait for, until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high; which downpour will produce two distinct results—the real children of God, in a felt desert state, will welcome the fertilising stream, making their desolate hearts to bring forth and be a fruitful field; and that which, after the flesh, has been regarded as a fruitful field, will be counted an uncultivated and fruitless forest. Thus judgment shall remain in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field.

But I had no idea of sermonising. Bear with me thus giving vent to my thoughts, and pray that God may pour this Spirit upon me and the Church at Greenwich.

But you will say, What is the matter? Well, we have peace, and a measure of outward prosperity, but a lull has seemed to come over us; at least, I fear so. Nothing stirring. "Wilt Thou not revive us again?" should be our constant cry. How do you get on? Have you valued your stock lately? It is to be feared that many great estates will fall under the hammer of death. I hope you are getting some of the "finest of the wheat"—secret-communion blessings, as well as helps from public ordinances. We need both to prove ourselves by. So God sometimes lets us have the fleece wet, and sometimes dry. Oh, to be able to say, "In all things I am instructed."

July 22nd, 1889.

How often I heard it said, when I went to Church, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Ignorant of it as a Hottentot, no doubt if anyone had told me what it was to realize Christ, and the pardon of sin, and that they were now happy, they feared neither the law, the judgment, nor hell, I should have said, "What fanatics!"—*Francis Covell.*

THE SEEKER'S CORNER.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.*

DEAR MR. HULL, I felt I must to-day
Send you a line my wishes to convey,
That birthday blessings may upon you rest,
And that with Jesus' smile you may be blest.

Oh may He make you happy in His love,
Afresh to you His grace and mercy prove,
That you may be again constrained to tell
Your God and Saviour has done all things well.

I would be thankful He your life has spared;
For you, dear Mr. Hull, I much regard,
As one through whom the Lord His Word has sent,
That Word which oft has made my heart relent.

Oh how I have rejoiced to hear you tell
Of that dear Jesus who can save from hell;
His precious name, I hope, to me is dear,
When by His blood I feel to be brought near.

And He has kindly heard the many cries,
That from His people's heart did oft arise
For me, a sinner vile, and by His grace
Has giv'n to me within His house a place.

'Tis there among His saints I love to come,
For that dear sacred spot, I find, is home;
'Tis there the Lord oft makes you as His mouth,
And I can set my seal and say, "It's truth."

And sometimes when I to His throne draw near,
And, as He gives me liberty in prayer,
I then can ask for grace to be bestowed
Still further on our pastor from the Lord.

Oh may His Word still prove encouragement
To His dear seekers who upon Him wait;
And may you many tokens yet see plain,
That words in weakness are not words in vain.

Thus may His grace in you still more abound,
May you be helped the trumpet still to sound—
Words both of meaning, and of comfort too,
And may you find Him still your strength renew.

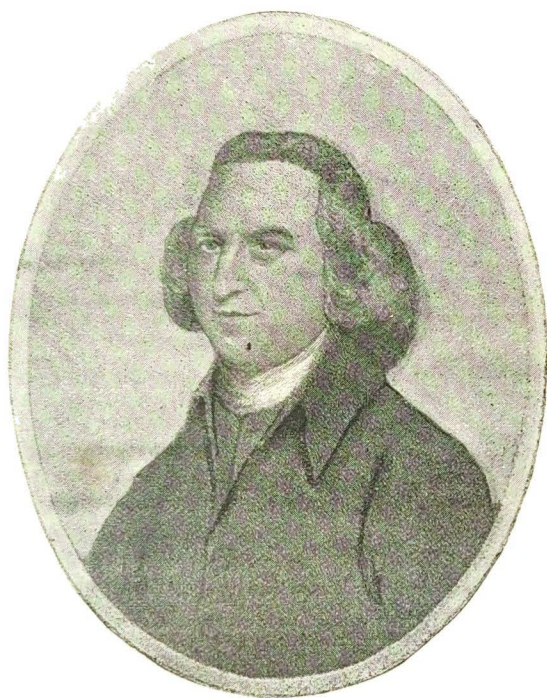
And as infirmities may yet increase,
God grant to you much of His heavenly peace—
That you may often lean upon His breast,
Till from your labours you are called to rest.

Then you will hear the Master sweetly say,
"Come, O thou faithful servant, come away;
From sin and sorrow thou shalt now be free,
A long eternity to spend with Me."

August 16th, 1895.

A. H.

* Inserted at the desire of friends.



DR. R. CONYERS.

MEMOIR OF DR. R. CONYERS.

THE name that heads this short article is worthy of a place amongst our former Christian leaders, from his intimate acquaintance with such men as Berridge, Newton, Thornton, Romaine, and others. He was born at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, on February 13th, 1725. He was early deprived of both parents, and was brought up by his aged grandmother. He was first sent to school at Cuckwold, and afterwards, at a suitable age, to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was unwearied in his studies; and when still quite young, was appointed to a curacy at Overcarr, twelve miles from Helmsley, which he served for five years, when, on the death of the vicar of Helmsley, he was presented to that living. Like many others of his own time, and many still living, he entered upon these duties in a spirit of Pharasaic confidence, not knowing the way of salvation, and therefore unable as a true servant of God to point out the way to others. But the Lord mercifully did not leave him in that state to perish. His peace of mind became disturbed by reading Luke vi. 26, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." Convictions darted into his soul; these he tried to allay by greater resolutions to sanctity of life, fasting often, and at the communion table in his church signing covenants and vows with his own blood; but all in vain. While in this state of mind one day, reading the lesson from Ephesians iii., that Word made a deep impression upon his mind, "The unsearchable riches of Christ," from which he was led by the Holy Spirit to reflect: "'The unsearchable riches of Christ.' I never found, I never knew that there were unsearchable riches in Him." Deep convictions took hold of his mind, and he was brought into sore trouble. He felt he was not only wrong himself, but that he had also misguided the flock, to the great injury of their souls; and he could not help communicating to them his distress, telling them that he had brought himself and them into a condition from which he was unable to deliver them. At length the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner was heard, as it ever is, and ever will be, by a gracious prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God," and on December 25th, 1758 (the day on which the Rev. James Hervey died), while walking in his room, two precious portions of the Word were brought to his mind, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22); "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"; by which the mists of ignorance were dissipated, and he was filled with ineffable joy. He says, "I went upstairs and down again, backwards and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy, and crying out, 'I have found Him! I have found Him whom

my soul loveth,' and for a little time, as the Apostle said, whether in the body or out of it, I could hardly tell."

The first time after this that his friends were assembled at his house, with true evangelical simplicity he informed them of what he had experienced, and concluded by attempting to convince them from Scripture that the blood of Christ could alone expiate their innumerable transgressions and produce real peace of mind, and that His righteousness alone could entitle them to the enjoyment of eternal life. Upon this occasion an aged man who was blind rose up, and with his furrowed cheeks bedewed with tears, and his arms wide extended, endeavoured to embrace him, as a token of his gratitude for the tidings he had heard and the pleasure he had received. On the ensuing Sabbath Day he spoke freely to his people of the way of salvation alone by the Lord Jesus, acknowledged that his principles had been erroneous, and that the doctrine he had laboured to establish among them was not the Gospel. He was soon called upon to suffer the reproach of the cross; many of his former friends began to treat him with contempt; but the Lord greatly blessed his labours. John Thornton soon heard of his excellent character and singular success, and paid him a visit, which friendship ultimately resulted in Dr. Conyers marrying Mrs. Knipe, a widow sister of Mr. Thornton's. During the winter months this happy pair constantly provided clothes for the poor, and when scanty harvests seemed to threaten approaching want, purchased large quantities of corn, which they distributed at half the market price. Every Sabbath about thirty persons from distant parts were cared for at their hospitable board.

In the year 1774 his dear partner was removed from him, to his own and his flock's inexpressible grief, and about eighteen months after this event he also removed from Helmsley, being presented by Mr. Thornton to the vicarage of St. Paul's, Deptford. It is impossible to describe the general sorrow which pervaded his parishioners when made acquainted with his determination. A traveller passing through the town, as he approached the market place, saw a great concourse of people in the bitterest lamentation he ever beheld; some were wringing their hands, and others, with tears streaming down their cheeks, appeared almost in a state of distraction. Inquiring into the cause, he was given to understand that it was on account of the loss they were likely to sustain in the loss of their minister, many of them declaring that they would lay themselves along the road, and if he was determined to leave them, his carriage should drive over them. To avoid any confusion he left the place in the dead of night.

Good John Berridge did not approve of this step, and, in one of his letters to Mr. Thornton, says: "It was a matter of surprise to him how Dr. Conyers could leave his beloved flock at Helmsley, and also how Mr. Thornton could present him to Deptford," and thus concludes: "You may give me a box on the ear for thus speaking, if you please, and I will take it kindly, and still love and pray for you," Though the step seemed a strange one to many of his friends, yet the Lord owned and blessed his labours here also.

After preaching at Deptford for ten years (and he was mostly at home, as he did not like fresh pulpits), he felt that his end was drawing near. To a friend who called to see him he said, "I shall not be here long; this will be the last time I shall see you; we must be in Christ Jesus or nothing at all." During all this week he repeatedly said, "I find my Jesus so precious to my soul that I cannot express it. I am so happy in the things of God. I am so wrapped up in Jesus that I am confident I shall not stay here long;" though his health appeared to others as usual. On the Sabbath he went to church. In his comment on the twentieth chapter of Acts he called upon his people solemnly to witness that he was clear of their blood. In his discourse, which he preached from Matthew xxviii. 18, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," he largely and sweetly dwelt on the Godhead and satisfaction of Jesus Christ, adoring the grace that had enabled him to preach, and directing the people to remember that Christ lived, and that all their happiness for time and eternity was treasured up in Him. In pronouncing the blessing his speech faltered, and he said, "I cannot get from my knees." His servant raised him up, but he was quite helpless. His crowded audience were instantly thrown into shrieks and tears. As he was carried along the aisle to his house, he waved his hand to the people with a smile, bidding them a final farewell, saying, "I have no pain; God's will be done. I hope I shall soon be with Jesus"; and at four o'clock in the afternoon his soul took its triumphant flight to everlasting glory, on Lord's Day, April 23rd, 1786.

The Rev. John Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, preached his funeral sermon, from 1 Thessalonians ii. 8, which was afterwards published. A long epitaph on his tombstone describes his excellency, his hopes, &c., concluding with this verse:—

"Sent by the Lord on purposes of grace,
Thus angels do His will and see His face;
With outspread wings they stand, prepared to soar,
Declare their message, and are seen no more."

"STREAMS IN THE DESERT."

"STREAMS in the desert"; it needeth not
 That I pitch my tent in a favoured spot;
 It mattereth not if I find my way
 Where no feet of my fellow mortals stray;
 I rest on the word of a faithful God,
 And I know I shall find as I onward plod,
 "Streams in the desert."

"Streams in the desert"; the very tone
 Refreshes the soul of the weary one;
 Weary of life with its whelming care,
 Weary of loving the cross it must bear,
 And they shall revel in holy delight,
 When shall come rolling before their glad sight
 "Streams in the desert"

"Streams in the desert"; we sometimes stray
 Where the hand of a mortal has watered our way;
 Where sympathy's teardrops have covered o'er
 With a verdant softness the rugged floor;
 Our blossoms are cast 'neath the smiles of men,
 But we ask not, nor comes, nor is needed then,
 "Streams in the desert."

"Streams in the desert"; the young, the wild,
 By natural buoyancy beguiled,
 Think as they gaze on a world so fair,
 There cannot in truth be a desert there;
 But they find it, and then with what zest they crave
 (If they may not lie down in an early grave)
 "Streams in the desert."

"Streams in the desert"; the sweetest I know,
 Is that which from Calvary's mountain doth flow;
 It sweeps off our sin, and it softens our sorrow,
 Brings grace for to-day, and hope for to-morrow;
 It bears on its bosom the smile of our God,
 Whose curse *cannot* rest on the earth while the blood
 Streams in the desert.

"Streams in the desert"; O Saviour ours,
 The hot sun has withered our brightest flowers;
 We love not the desert, we love Thy home,
 Where saints by the crystal rivers roam;
 Oh give to us soon the remaining rest,
 A taste of which comes in the holy, the blest,
 "Streams in the desert."

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Continued from page 227.)

MR. COVELL'S CLOSING SERMON.

WHEN Mr. Covell, in his address to his congregation on the anniversary Sabbath in March, 1879, said, "The end is not far off," probably neither he nor any of his hearers thought how near it was. On Wednesday evening, November 19th, 1879, he preached his last sermon, taking for his text those striking words in Psalm cxx. 5, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" The discourse was characteristic and impressive, and seemed to be uttered by one evidently on the threshold of heaven, longing, sighing, panting to be there, freed from sojourning in Mesech, no longer obliged to dwell in the tents of Kedar, but as he would often say—

"Bid a farewell to evil—a final farewell,
Shut in with my Jesus for ever to dwell."

Being reminded on his death-bed of this sermon, he said, "Oh, I felt as if I wanted to get through the tents, to *get through them! through them! to get to Him!*"

HIS LAST ILLNESS.

On Friday, feeling great pain, he sent for his friend Dr. Evans, who at once saw the dangerous nature of the malady (intestinal displacement, causing obstruction of the bowels), and advised an operation, to which he submitted; and which was skilfully performed the same night. Just previous to the operation he clasped his hands, and raising them, offered a most fervent prayer, that wisdom, skill, and judgment might be given to the surgeons, and that success might follow the operation; and if not, the will of the Lord be done. But the appointed time was come, and not all the surgeons' skill, and not all the people's entreaties, could turn the Lord from His purpose. He was about to fulfil the prayer of the Lord Jesus, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." Yet his family and friends watched, and prayed, and hoped, but the doctor, who was fearful of the issue from the first, found his worst fears were confirmed, and that his patient was gradually sinking.

FAREWELLS.

On Tuesday, November 25th, it was deemed advisable to let him see his family and other members of his Church and

congregation. He spoke very affectionately to each individual case. He then gave instructions as to his private affairs and funeral, and what he should like placed on his tomb. He then prayed for his people, and exhorted those around him to tell them to be kind to one another, and bear with each other's infirmities, and to take care that they fell not out by the way. "Tell them I have the comfort of it now; I never tattled from one to another." He also said, "If anyone should like to say anything about me, they might speak from these words—if the Lord should lead them to it, I have no wish to dictate to anyone—'Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I love a private religion more than making a show, but if it will encourage any, and honour God's dear Son, and His grace and truth, they might speak a little about me, and may some poor sinner be comforted by it. Give my love to the people; tell them to bear and forbear one with another, and remember them that have the rule over them." He spoke lovingly to his deacons, giving them excellent pastoral advice. To a friend he said, "Well, Mr. M——, you've come to see a poor sinner die. What a good God mine is. You know something of Him. Seek His face, seek His face; cleave close to Him; follow hard after Him. Give my love to friend Smart [Daniel Smart of Cranbrook]; tell him I thought he would go first, but I've got the start of him. 'The last shall be first. Good-bye, God bless you.

DYING SAYINGS.

Many were the sweet and precious expressions that fell from his lips during the last few hours of his life, amongst which were the following, although not given quite in the order in which they were uttered:—

"The Lord is so good; I am so blessed." "No horrors make me weep,"

"But now I stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Can fright me from the shore."

I had a sight of it a fortnight or three weeks ago in the chapel, and I thought my body would have dropped in the pulpit then, and my soul have gone to heaven. I am a poor sensible wretch, and have nothing to rest on but the finished work and obedience of the Christ of God, and I fall into His arms, who, I believe, is taking me to heaven to sing His praise."

"Take me sweetly, lovingly; don't leave me now, Lord, the

waters are ankle deep; it is hard work going up the hill; Lord Jesus, pull me into heaven. Oh that I were there to see Him as I have longed to see Him, and serve Him, and know Him better. I am a poor sinner, Lord, grace alone is of any use to me now. I have loved to speak of and exalt Thy grace, and was never more happy than when encouraging sinners to trust in Thee."

"Oh the many blessed, happy hours I have spent with my Jesus alone—Him and me, Him and me. Oh the sweetness and blessedness there is in Christ Jesus."

"I would not exchange this dying bed with the Queen of England. Why! when she comes to the same place, she can have no more than I. The Queen upon the throne the beggar in the poor-house, and Frank Covell only want the same—that is, to have some one to wet their lips with a feather; that's all."

"What heavenly hours I have had with God in His house, in the fields, in this room; I have had a Triune God in my heart."

"I've often talked of the palm and the crown, and now I am going to have them."

"Oh, what a great thing to be right. What is honour, wealth, or mirth? Sooner have Paul's grace than an emperor's crown."

"I long to be with Him. I see Him behind the cloud."

"The waters are so low I can go over dryshod and without fear."

"Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.' Here's a proof of it; you can all say you have seen a proof of it. You can say you have seen a man upon a dying pillow who has nothing to do but to die."

"All is settled, and my soul approves it well."

"Safe, safe, safe. 'Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.' Hallelujah, hallelujah, and now all earthly objects, however fair, farewell."

When he moaned, being asked if he was in pain, said, "Oh no, I'm so happy, so happy, so happy; honour Him, praise Him, magnify Him; *good God, good God*; oh, so happy; glorious glorious, glorious."

After trying for some time to sleep, he said, "God so fills me with His glory and blessed presence that I cannot sleep. Queen Bess said, 'The half of my kingdom for an inch of time'; but I say, 'Make haste, my Beloved, make haste! What a difference! and she a queen, too, while I'm only a poor sinner.'"

To those who stood around his bed he said, "All you have had your meals to-day, but I have only had my lips moistened with a feather, yet I've had the best. Is there a fire in the room?" "Yes; do you wish to see it?" "No, I've done with earthly

things. I've had a sight of Jesus, and that has tarnished all, and shall soon be gone." (His eyes were closed most of the time during his illness.)

"Just and righteous are all His ways; He makes all things work together for good. He has granted every wish of my heart; I've been dead to the world many months."

"What a hard thing it is for old nature to die; death is a struggle—such a hill, such a hill, a long hill. Death is a penalty which all have to bear. Abraham, Isaac, Israel, and the prophets had to go through it, and why should I be exempted? What a burning desire I have had for the people's welfare; what a desire to speak well for God, to encourage His people, and how often I have had God's testimony in my heart. It was not said, 'Well done, good and *successful* servant,' but 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

"I long to be with Him. I see Him behind the cloud. 'Tis hard dying, but for the many precious promises."

"All saved on the same footing. Grace, true grace, shall have all the glory. Happy man, happy man; 'Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.'"

THE CLOSING SCENE.

As he drew near to the end, the doctor whispered to a friend, "Pulse very low." Mr. Covell said, "What, Doctor?" "You are nearing home now." He replied, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah! grace, grace—home and peace."

After an interval he said again, "I'll struggle to the last to tell about grace. I've tried my voice, it tried my voice, but I did it as well as I could." The doctor said, softly, "Any conflict?" Reply—"No; a little in the night, but it was soon over; I was enabled to stand fast, the Lord was my stay. I told the enemy what the Lord had wrought in me and for me, and that will stand."

He now sank rapidly. At 10 a.m. the words could just be caught, "I'm so happy, so happy,—it's all ordered well! all ordered well!"

After this he was evidently engaged in prayer. His lips moved, but no words could be understood, and at 11.15, Wednesday morning, November 26th, 1879, in the seventy-first year of his age, his soul took its flight to that happy abode, where he had so long desired to be.

"A solemn yet a pleasing sight
To see believers die;
They smile and wish the world good night,
And take their flight on high."

(To be continued.)

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED
HAVEN."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH MARY
BURBUSH, OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, MAY
19TH, 1894, IN THE 88TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

(Continued from page 238.)

March, 1889.—"Oh, the thick clouds and darkness! the Lord hides Himself, and there is nothing that can make up for His absence. I seem full of confusion, with no power or might of my own, but I am in the Lord's hands. What can I desire to live for, only that the Lord would once more visit me with the light of His countenance. Oh, it is a life-long work to really know ourselves, and our own helplessness. Jesus says, 'I will see you again,' and all I can do is to cry to Him to do so. The sweet help I had at Christmas was the earnest. Oh, what beauty I saw in that being the earnest—the earnest—just a taste of the reality. I want to be made meet for the inheritance, and if the Lord is pleased to come into my soul and visit me once again, there would be the meetness.

Christmas Day, 1890.—"I have had sweet meditations upon the sufferings and death of Christ—have followed Him to Calvary and Gethsemane, till He sweat as it were great drops of blood. As one says—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of His prayer."

Dec., 1891.—"Lately it came to me in such a sweet way, Oh that the Lord would give me a draught of the 'wine that cheereth God and man.' I thought, What is this 'wine? Why, the everlasting covenant love of Jehovah. I did not want to be presumptuous, but I felt how it cheered the heart of God to bestow this love upon poor unworthy sinners, and I am sure every recipient of it must be cheered. I think it is a wonderful expression. I have had some nice thoughts about the incarnation of the Son of God, as being included in covenant transaction, and my daughter read to me Isaiah ix. 6, 7, 'For unto us a Child is born,' &c. 'Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom to order it, . . . even for ever.' And it seemed to fit in so with the many precious things I had had meditation upon in the 89th Psalm. I have been living in that Psalm for weeks, the truths of covenant love and covenant faithfulness, and it was so precious to me that 'All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.' The truth of

election, in my young days, was more of a terror to me, and always caused me so much concern and exercise, but now it is the food of my soul, and from the light given upon the 89th Psalm how differently have I read many other portions of the Word, especially some chapters in Isaiah."

March, 1892.—"I have been reading a sermon of C. H. Spurgeon's, on the sufferings of Christ, of His falling to the earth, and sweating great drops of blood, &c. Mr. Spurgeon portrayed the agony in the Garden in a remarkable manner. My soul was led out in solemn yet sweet meditation, and a scripture in Isaiah lvii. 15, 'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' Oh," she said, "the condescension of God! I enjoyed what I can never express. I seemed quite overwhelmed, but I felt it was a taste of the reality of true religion, and there is such a solidity and substance about helps by the way received in this manner; and then the thought that it was all for me! What love, what compassion to a poor broken-hearted sinner! and there—I don't seem to know anything, after all these years, am just beginning to learn."

May, 1892.—"There is at times an inclination to murmur, so many things are not as I could wish. If this were different, and if there were not this fretting cross, how much better, I am apt to think, it would be. I was feeling thus recently, when I was quite startled at my own thoughts, for something seemed to say, what would these walls say, if they could speak? I looked round, and remembering that I had lived in this house fifty-three years, I felt so much reproved, for, ah! I thought, these walls would have some tales to tell—tales of sorrow, conflict, distress, darkness, and temptation, and also tales of peace, joy, blessing, praise, and thanksgiving; and when I began to think what I had been brought through, and in looking back over so many years, I was quite broken down."

Sept. 11th, 1892.—"The last three months I have been passing through severe exercises, which led me to say 'Wherefore contendest Thou with me, O Lord?' and it came to my mind, 'Let us search and try our ways.' Yes, Lord, what is the sin that has caused Thee to hide Thy face? Search me, and discover it to me. And in reading that Psalm where the history of the children of Israel is recorded, I felt so condemned, I thought, Here is my very experience. They tempted God, they asked meat for their lusts; they said, 'Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?' after all that the Lord had done for them; and here am I, after nearly eighty-seven years, distrusting the Lord; and yet, oh, how that

Word seemed to fit in and help me, ‘Nevertheless, He regarded their affliction, when He heard their cry : and He remembered for them His covenant, and repented according to the multitude of His mercies.’ Then I was led to the last chapter of Hosea : after reading the solemn words, ‘Therefore I will be unto them as a lion, and as a leopard by the way will I observe them, as a bear bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and devour them as a lion,’ &c. ; and I felt, What condescension that the Lord should say to such, ‘O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God,’ and, more than this, should put words in their mouths wherewith to return, saying, ‘Take with you words, and turn to the Lord : say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously,’ &c. In all this I was reading my own experience. One Sabbath evening I was left alone while my daughters were gone to chapel, and I thought I would turn to my favourite chapter, Isaiah li., but opened upon the thirty-seventh, and began to read it ; and the Lord made it so sweet and precious to my soul, and so applicable to my present case, especially when I came to the twenty-first verse, ‘Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Whereas thou hast prayed to Me,’ &c. The Lord knew I had prayed to Him. I had spread my case before Him, and told Him my troubles, trials, and exercises, and my faith was strengthened. It was a very profitable season to me. I do not know when I had so enjoyed the Lord’s presence. Yet I felt, What does all this mean ? When I got up the next morning it was all gone, and, like Abraham, I had returned to my own place ; but the sealing of the Spirit will never be erased, though the sweet feeling was gone, and I felt my desires were—

“Reign o’er me as King, accomplish Thy will,
And powerfully bring me forth from all ill,
Till falling before Thee, I laud Thy loved name,
Ascribing the glory to God and the Lamb.”

July 22nd-25th, 1893.—

“‘I find my latter stages worse,
And travel much by night.’”

‘The Lord shall comfort Zion. He will comfort all her waste places’ (I seem to have so many of them) ; ‘and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord’ (Isaiah li. 3). Everything here below to me seems like a wilderness, and I beg of God to give me patience, for I often long for deliverance from it all. I am sure I find it as one says—

“Every day new straits attend,
And I wonder where the scene will end” ;

for, both in my surroundings and soul exercises, it has been just according to that Word, 'I will overturn, overturn, overturn,' &c. If the Lord did not support me, I must have sunk long ere this—such peculiar exercises, where creatures cannot help me.

"What a sweet power I found resting upon my spirit when my daughter was reading a piece from 'Ears from Harvested Sheaves,' for July 24th, 'Nevertheless My lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips' (Psalm lxxxix. 33, 34). Last evening, when I had retired to my room, I obtained such blessed access at the throne of grace. It is many a long day since I felt such nearness to the Lord, and such a pouring out of my soul before Him. I felt indeed to 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' What a sacred, solemn, secure place for a poor sinner, a worm of the earth like me; and in meditation I thought of Christ as the Prince of Peace. He came into this world as the Prince of Peace (see Isaiah ix. 6; Luke i. 9; ii. 14). He lived in this world as the Prince of Peace, and He now lives in heaven as the Prince of Peace; and to know and feel that He is and must be the Prince of *my* Peace, and that I never realize or enjoy any peace, only as it comes through Him; and I thought how it was manifested after His resurrection, by His first coming to His disciples with that peace, saluting them with, 'Peace be unto you,' and then, after showing them His hands and His side, said again 'Peace be unto you': and, after eight days, again being in their midst, He said, 'Peace be unto you.' I generally find these touches (and what precious touches they are!) followed by conflict; but though sin is mixed with all, trials, darkness, and fears, yet how one Word and a little touch from the Lord does put all right: and what a great favour I see it is at such times, that the Lord Jesus should ever look upon such an one. What I want to realize is the power of God's salvation, as I remember hearing dear old Mr. H. Traine preach at Mildenhall, many years ago, from that Word in Psalm lxix. 29, 'But I am poor and sorrowful: let Thy salvation, O God, set me up on high.' I knew something of the deep trials he was then passing through, and that it was the very language of his heart, and it was such a word in season to me. God's ministers have to go down into the depths to pick up those who are similarly tried."

Dec. 24th, 1893.—"Lately I had a sweet view of Jesus as the incarnate Word, Immanuel, God with us. Oh, the solemnity and preciousness of it I can never describe. My daughters had been reading to me a portion from 'Ears from Harvested Sheaves,' Nov. 28th, the text being, 'So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.' I went upstairs, fell upon my knees, and I was

so overpowered with the sight and glory, which I saw by faith, that for some minutes I could not utter a word. I had never before experienced anything like it. That Word came to my mind, 'Open thy mouth for the dumb,' and, 'Plead the cause of the poor and needy' (Prov. xxxi. 8-9), and those verses of Watts—

" 'There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.' "

" 'The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.' "

I saw so much in that, 'Clothed in a body like our own.' I am still much tried and perplexed, everything here seems like a shifting sand, but sometimes, for days together, in answer to prayer, I am lifted above it, and then again it all rolls back like a flood upon me, and I seem as if I should be overwhelmed. I often call to mind one occasion when I called upon the late Mrs. Wiles: she was in great trouble and distress (and so was I, though she did not know it), and she said, 'I have been reading and thinking of that precious little Psalm, the ninety-third, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves." That is my condition, but oh, what a mercy, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." I know if the Lord speaks, all the floods and seas of trouble are hushed at His voice.' I remarked what a great favour it was that the Lord so blessed her in granting her such views of Christ in His glorified body, and in her own significant and expressive manner she replied, "'Tis a drop of heaven on worms below.'"

She continued in her usual health, walked a good distance to chapel on Whitsunday, May 13th, and on Monday evening to the prayer-meeting, which she enjoyed very much, and remarked to a friend how heartily she had joined in singing that verse of the closing hymn—

" When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love? "

She was poorly on Tuesday and Wednesday, but no danger was apprehended until Thursday. Her mind was kept in a state of "perfect peace." To her daughter she said, "The Lord will help you." To another friend, "I know the Lord is with me," and other similar remarks. On Saturday afternoon, May 19th, she fell into a peaceful slumber, from which she awoke no more to earth. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Saffron Walden.

R. F. R.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. JOHN FROHOCK, late of Willingham, Cambs., was a deacon of the Particular Baptist Cause in that village forty-three years, and entered upon his eternal rest February 13th, 1895, aged seventy-eight years.

“How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest.”

Our dear brother was born of God-fearing parents, and brought up to attend the means of grace at the old Particular Baptist Chapel in Willingham, which Cause has a very interesting history.

When the Edict of Conformity in Worship in the Church of England was issued by the Parliament of Charles, in the year 1662, the clergyman of Willingham Church, of blessed memory, with numbers of his dear flock, left the Church, with its honours, emoluments, and privileges, to suffer obloquy, reproach, and shame for the name of Jesus, and the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God; they then met for worship in what was by their enemies termed a conventicle, instead of in the Parish Church, which brought upon them much distress and persecution; and so persecuted was the dear minister, that after preaching to them for about a year, he was obliged to flee to London to escape the malice of his enemies.

When we remember what our forefathers suffered, for holding forth the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience, what great cause have we for thankfulness and praise to our God for the freedom we enjoy, who can worship Him under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring lawfully to make us afraid. The steadfast faith and sufferings of the dear saints in olden time was a means of laying the foundation of the freedom which we now enjoy in this nineteenth century, and the foundation, too, of this old Cause at Willingham.

Surely a Church honoured with such a noble history should be very tenacious to hand down to the generations following the *Truth* in its *unsullied form as they received it*, without any admixture of human leaven; and we are glad that although it has passed through many dangers and difficulties, it thus far remains faithful to its trust; and the good old Church Book still retains the ancient covenant those noble saints of the Most High God signed, at the cost of their liberties, and almost at the cost of their blood. It is no small mercy to be allied to a Church with such a glorious history. It was here that the subject of this memoir was from early childhood accustomed to hear the truths of the everlasting Gospel proclaimed, and when the fulness of the time was come

in which it pleased God to reveal these blessed truths to and in his soul, he had not to wander far abroad, like many when their eyes are first opened by converting grace, in search of truth ; for the precious things he had been accustomed to hear became an inwrought principle in his soul. And now, like the Bereans of old, he "searched the Scriptures daily, to see if these things were so." He appears to have been from his youth of a serious and thoughtful turn : he first became a Sabbath School teacher ; and here the Lord was pleased first to manifest His thoughts of love and mercy toward him by calling grace, but the particular means made use of are not now known. A sister member of the Church, who had been an old servant in the family, and who was baptized soon after him, well remembers the joy he experienced in being brought into Gospel liberty. She said it was by an application of these words of the Apostle to his soul, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He was baptized by the late Mr. Ellis Monsey, of blessed memory, who was the beloved pastor there for many years ; and we have no doubt but that under his ministry our dear brother was built up and established in the faith, and, walking in the fear of the Lord and comfort of the Holy Ghost, was a blessing to the Church, and an example to believers in word and doctrine, so much so that in 1850 he was chosen to be a deacon. His tact in business matters, made him not only useful to the Church, but also in business matters in the village, where he was much respected, and his memory will be long revered.

His last days were crowned with peace, looking for and hasting unto the coming of his Lord : no fears of death beclouded the horizon of his faith, or disturbed the calm serenity of his soul ; he lived upon Christ, and Christ dwelt in his heart the hope of glory ; and as day by day he began to feel the infirmities of age, and signs of approaching dissolution, he would frequently exclaim, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

As the time of his end drew near, the mind became much weakened by a slight attack of paralysis, but there were some sweet lucid moments now and then, when Christ was all his theme ; and his last words were, "So He giveth his beloved sleep," and his ransomed spirit left the clay tabernacle, to be for ever with the Lord.

"O may I like the righteous die,
 And my last end be calm like his ;
 Cheerful from this vile flesh I'd fly,
 To mansions of eternal bliss.
 Lord, with them numbered may I be,
 In time and through eternity."

The present pastor of Willingham, Mr. Gill, conducted the funeral service at the grave, where there was a large attendance of the Church and villagers, to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory, and show their sympathy to the bereaved widow and sorrowing family.

There were no flowers, by request of our dear departed brother; to our mind, the life of a believer is a perfume more noble, more lasting, and more sweet.

"Living faith in Christ has fragrance
Far surpassing flowers that bloom;
These are vain and empty pageants,
Covering the bier and tomb;
Their sweet perfumes soon pass away,
Faith blooms in everlasting day."

Cambridge.

JOSEPH FAVELL.

"I KNOW THEIR SORROWS."

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—MATTHEW vi. 34.

OH, think not of the morrow, my soul, with anxious care;
Though now o'erwhelmed with sorrow, should'st thou the burden
bear?

Nay, cast it on thy Saviour, who all thy sorrows bore;
For in His loving favour there's life for evermore.

Oh, why art thou so fearful to tread the unknown way?
Why are thy eyes so tearful? thy Jesus bids thee pray.
He who has been thy Helper and Guardian hitherto,
His trembling child will shelter, when angry foes pursue.

Their bitter words may rend thee, and cause thee now to weep,
But Jesus will defend thee, He guards His helpless sheep.
He sees thy grief and anguish, which make thy bosom swell,
And soon thy foes He'll vanquish, then thou shalt say, "'Tis well."

Thy Father now is moulding thy spirit from above,
And to His child unfolding His everlasting love;
Then let the worldling scorn thee, thou hast a heavenly Friend,
He formed thee for His glory, and cordials sweet will send.

Then, O my soul, press onward, to yon celestial gate;
This thorny path leads upward, where crowns for victors wait;
Thy Captain reigns victorious o'er sin, and death, and hell,
And with their King all glorious His saints shall shortly dwell.

Made meet, through Jesus' merits, for that most holy place,
To dwell with happy spirits, redeemed by sovereign grace,
In loftier songs and nobler, with rapture we'll adore
The great Triune Jehovah, God blest for evermore.

R. E.

SINGING IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.

AS the subject of singing is a most important one, it is very desirable that it should be considered in a Christ-like spirit, with a single eye to the glory of God. A friend has kindly called our attention to some appropriate remarks on the subject by the late Mr. Philpot, in the *Gospel Standard*, June, 1859, which we gladly insert as expressing to a large degree our own feelings.—ED.

“And now, as the opportunity offers itself, will our readers permit us to drop a few thoughts upon singing as a part of the service of the sanctuary. It is the sweetest; but we must add that it is the most difficult to carry on as a spiritual and acceptable service, and for the following reasons:—

“1. Of all our public services it is the most mixed. In the reading, expounding, praying, and preaching, the minister exercises a virtual and practical monopoly. It may be good, or it may be bad; but it is a monarchy; not an aristocracy as in the prayer-meeting, nor a republic as in the singing, where rebellious voices—rebellious, we mean, against all the laws of melody and harmony, time and tune—are generally the loudest. Unhappily, a discordant voice is the sure fruit of an unmusical ear; and as this unmusical ear cannot detect its own discords, it is unashamed and unabashed at its own tones—tones which jar upon the musical ear worse than the knife-grinder’s wheel, or the ungreased hay-cart. Could we, then, have our own way, these jarring notes should either be silenced or softened, wholly mute or lost in the crowd.

“2. Another difficulty is, that the Lord’s people who should sing, often from want of ear and voice, cannot sing, whilst those who for want of grace should not sing, both can and do.*

“3. Thence arises a third difficulty, which we have never yet seen a way to get over—that through this admixture of carnal voices the service itself becomes a mingled, and therefore not wholly a spiritual service. But to see it with grief of spirit and almost despair of amendment is one thing; to foster and sanction it is another. We cannot help the carnal part of the congregation singing, but we need not make them; we need not invite voices, male and female, to sing, merely because they can sing, still less stick up as a choir, in the very front of the congregation, and as leading a most solemn part of the worship of God, poor dead and dark ‘singing men and singing women,’ whose only recommendation is a good voice, and some little knowledge of music.

“4. Congregational singing, not choral, is the only fit service of the sanctuary. A well-tuned choir, with their fugues and their

* We presume this refers to leading this part of the service.

anthems, their singing in parts, and their selections from Handel and Haydn, may please the ear, but they certainly grieve the heart which has in it any living faith and godly fear. Choral and congregational singing are not necessarily incompatible, but they almost invariably become so through the musical pride of the choir. The choir do not like their airs and graces, their new tunes and difficult pieces to be drowned, and, as they consider it, totally spoiled by the congregation. They, therefore, often purposely choose tunes which the congregation cannot sing, that their monopoly may be preserved intact, and that the singing may be not to the praise of God, but themselves. And the congregation, continually beaten and baffled by the new and difficult tunes, at last cease to interfere with the singing gallery, which thus at last becomes, like the musical service at the London Magdalen or Foundling Hospital, a mere orchestra of performers.

"5. The best plan, we think, is the London way, which is for a precentor (or clerk) to lead the air and the congregation to follow. When the precentor has a good ear so as not to drop or lower the key, and has a strong, clear tenor voice, which can lead the air without faltering, the congregation will be sure to follow, and to follow well, too. The false notes of the bad singers are lost in the body of voice which sustains the air, and the general result is not only pleasing to the ear, but is what singing should be—congregational worship.

"6. As singing can be the sweetest and most delightful part of the service, it can be made a perfect misery. The sweetest hymns may be slaughtered by one loud discordant voice. How often has some horrid voice by its discordant tones—notes we cannot call them—jarred every nerve of the writer's frame, and made him hang down his head in perfect misery, unable to hear, think, or pray, and long for the end of the hymn almost as much as the patient under the surgeon's knife longs for the end of the operation. What is the sweetest hymn when thus mangled and murdered? And how grievous to sit in misery and pain even when one of Hart's blessed hymns is sung! and be obliged to stuff the fingers into the ears to shut out, if possible, the nerve-racking sounds,

"7. Tunes should be suitable to the hymns. A solemn tune and a lively hymn—how alike inconsistent! As some singers have no ear, so some leaders have no judgment. They will choose a lively tune full of repeats to a hymn on the sufferings of Christ, and a slow, solemn air to a hymn of joyful praise. Such persons, were they masters of bands, would play Saul's March at a wedding, or a Scotch reel at a funeral.

"8. Our next hint is, that the singing should neither be too fast nor too slow. Too fast is quite unbecoming a spiritual ser-

vice. Hymns are not to be sung any more to jig time than to jig tune. Gravity, decency, and solemnity become the service of God. The opposite fault is a more common one. To drawl over a hymn makes the singing sometimes insufferably tedious. We have known four verses to take up nearly, if not quite, a quarter of an hour; which, were the singing, as is usual, three times in the service, would take up nearly half the time.

“9. One hint more and we have finished our singing lecture—long enough, in all conscience, for all, and too long by half for that thin-skinned race—singers. It is a great mistake to sing too many verses. Four, or at the most five verses are quite enough, except in such short metres as 7’s. Singers are very fond of tunes with repeats; and what is the consequence? When the last line of the verse is sung three times, as it is in some tunes, two more verses are practically added to the hymn, if four verses are sung. Let us endeavour to bear in mind that God is a Spirit, and seeks and requires spiritual worshippers; and were this more on the heart and before the eyes of those who lift up their voices in the house of prayer, it would, under His help and blessing, render it a service more glorifying to God and more acceptable to His believing people.”

FAITHFUL LETTER FROM THE LATE
MR. PHILPOT.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Huckle’s address is simply, Baptist Minister, Rochford, Essex—at least that is the way in which I have generally directed my letters to him, and I am not aware that they have miscarried. I am glad that it has pleased the Lord to bring Mrs. T— through her late trying hour, and made her the living mother of a living child. From my own feelings during such a season, I know it is a time of great anxiety to the husband, and, where a throne of grace is known, of prayer and supplication. I hope you may both receive your little son as a gift from the Lord, to make up the painful void which the removal of your first-born caused. He would thus unite a double affection—that which he brought for himself, and that which existed towards his departed brother. Our first mother seems to have had something of this feeling (Gen. iv. 25).

Many persons, like yourself, seem kept in a hovering state between sin and salvation, hell and heaven, pretty well all their days; perhaps were their state accurately inquired into, it would be found that they had not sunk low enough for a deliverance. Eternal things were not with them sufficiently *realities*; the weight and guilt of sin have not yet been laid with sufficient power on their consciences; their religion was more a thinking than a

believing, more a dreaming of than a seeing things invisible. For the Lord has filled His Word with promises to the poor, and bound Himself to deliver him that hath no helper, &c. Then if help and deliverance are delayed, if the blood of sprinkling is not applied, nor the preciousness of Jesus made experimentally known, where shall we say the hindrance lies? Is God unfaithful to His promises? God forbid! Then must we say the person is not yet brought low enough, not yet divinely put into the posture and situation to which the promises are given.

If a person were to say to you, "I will come forward and assist you when your name is in the Gazette," you would know that you could not expect his aid as long as you were solvent. Much so is it in spiritual things. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." Perhaps you are not in the spiritual Gazette; that is a lower place than, perhaps, the Lord has yet put you in. But, as Gadsby justly says, somewhere, "We want strength to sink"; the soul cannot put itself down nor raise itself up, get into the dunghill or out of the dunghill. But the time will, sooner or later, come when all the elect—and you therefore, if you are one of that happy number—will be brought low, for the day of the Lord is upon all the cedars of Lebanon (Isa. ii. 8), and until they are cut down they cannot be shaped, nor worked up into the Lord's sanctuary. All such trying seasons would we fain stave off, and think there is an easier path whereby we can, as it were, creep up into Gospel blessings; but no, we must be lifted up into them (1 Sam. ii. 8,) and that implies the stretching forth of an Almighty hand, and the bringing up out of a low place and a helpless condition. The cares and anxieties of business often so much occupy the mind as to leave little room for eternal things. Idols are set up in the heart, and the world gradually attracts the whole affections; thence deadness and barrenness ensue, till a man has little else than the shell and husk of religion. The Lord will surely, sooner or later, scourge for this backsliding, and bring back the roving heart to Himself, in a way, perhaps, exceedingly painful and trying to the flesh. Yet anything is better than being joined to idols and let alone. Any touch from the Lord's hand towards His children is a mercy, though the rod is often in that outstretched hand. Where the fear of the Lord is, all will be well at last, but He will take care that His children shall not be spoiled by this world's smiles, nor finally seduced from the allegiance due to His name. "He is thy God, and worship thou Him." My kind Christian regards to Mrs. T——, and the friends.

Yours sincerely for the truth's sake,

Stamford, September 29th, 1842.

J. C. PHILPOT.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—“O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together”; for He has brought me up from “a horrible pit” and “miry clay.” I feel I have had your prayers, and they have been heard. Since I last wrote you, the temptations of the enemy have indeed been severe, especially on Monday. The dreadful conflict within seemed to quite unfit me for my duties, but yesterday (Wednesday) the dear Lord graciously lifted me up, by causing that verse to sweetly drop into my troubled breast—

“Yield not thou to unbelief,
 Courage, soul, there yet is room;
 Though of sinners thou art chief,
 Come, thou burdened sinner, come.”

It was like heavenly balm, which gave me sweet relief, and encouraged me to look again toward His holy temple. How I longed for the evening to come to get to chapel, but when I found you were absent, the enemy said, “There, your letter has so disturbed Mr. —, that he cannot be here.” But I again found him to be a liar, and it makes me feel more and more what a wily foe he is. When Mr. G— read his text, “The righteous shall hold on his way,” &c., it put fresh strength into me, for I felt it to be just such a promise as I needed, and he so entered into my pathway, especially at the last, that I felt the Lord must have ordered the whole matter. I was expecting to see and hear you, whereas, to my knowledge, Mr. G— knew nothing of my case, though he seemed to know all, which makes it seem so plain to me that the thing proceeded from the Lord. I came from chapel like a different person, feeling that the dear Lord had again appeared in my time of need. I did, indeed, feel, previously, to cry “out of the depths,” but He heard me, and has again delivered me from the snare of the fowler. And this morning that verse came with such comforting power,

“In every strait He'll help you still,
 And you with strength and courage fill,” &c.

What a mercy He loveth at all times! Oh that He may ever help me, a poor weak worm, hanging upon Him day by day. I do feel indeed that it has been the “unseen hand and the secret prop” which have kept and preserved me hitherto. I trust you are better, and will, if favoured to come out on the following Sabbath, find much of the Lord's presence. I remain your affectionate young friend,

January 4th, 1894.

A.

LETTER FOR THE YOUNG.

A POETIC EPISTLE TO A. H.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, I write to you,
 As one in whom the Lord I love
 Has put His fear, and blessed you, too,
 With testimonies from above.

Oh, the sweet mercy of our God,
 In choosing hearts like ours to be
 His temple, yea, His loved abode!
 Well may we say, "Why, Lord? why me?"

Ah! how divinely free the grace
 Which brought thee out from worldly men,
 And taught thy heart to seek a place
 Among the souls who're born again.

Do you not love the children's bread—
 The blessed Gospel of free grace?
 You did not long for this when dead,
 Nor court the smiles of Jesus' face.

You sought your portion, like the rest
 Of Adam's sinful, fallen race,
 In this vain world, where all, at best,
 Fails to afford the conscience peace.

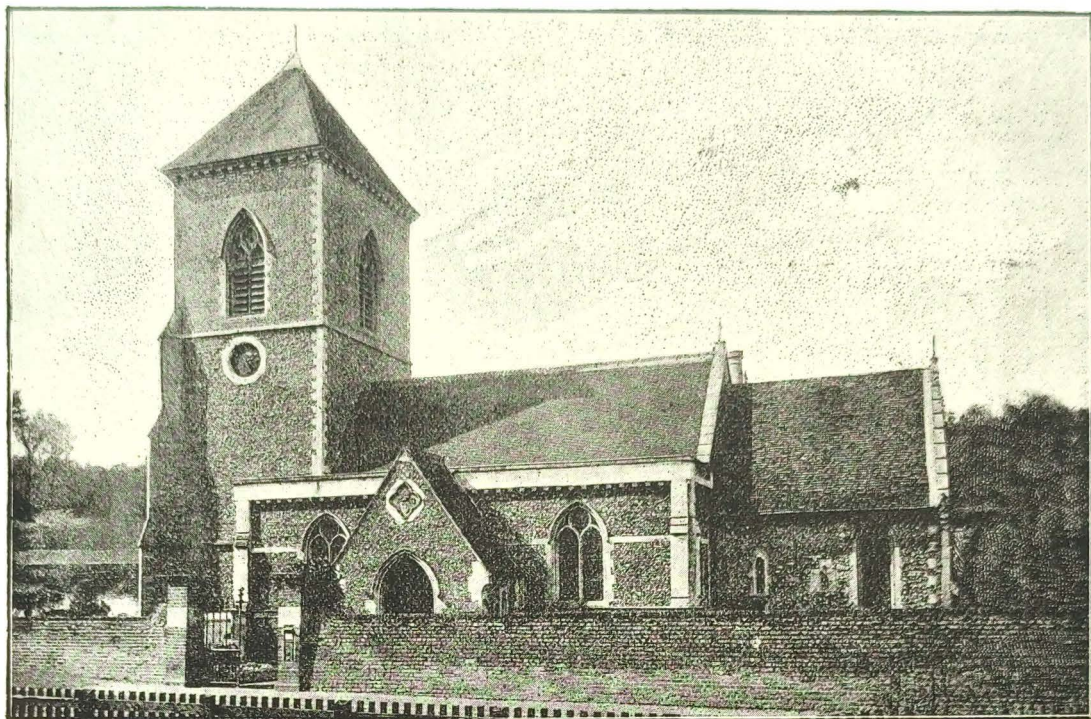
But now you thirst for living streams,
 And hunger, too, for heavenly bread;
 You wait the heart-reviving beams
 Of Jesus, our blest Cov'nant Head.

Oh do not e'er forget His love,
 Nor cease to render grateful praise;
 E'en when you fiery trials prove,
 To you He'll be a Friend always.

Still lean on Him, your Strength and Love,
 As from the wilderness you come,
 Hastening to mansions fair above,
 Where you shall see your Lord at home.

Yours in hope,
 H. T.

THE first word of the new creature is, Abba; but many believers live long ere they can say Abba confidently. They do not consider duly, that as this relation is granted by the Lord so it should be pleaded by believers, without any regard to worth in us, but only to His own free grace and love in Jesus Christ.—
Trail.



ADDINGTON CHURCH—THE SCENE OF MR. COVELL'S FUNERAL.
(Mr. Covell's Tomb is in the Churchyard, just under the window to the right of the Church Porch.)

THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL,

PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CROYDON.

(Concluded from page 250.)

THE Church and congregation worshipping at Providence Chapel, Croydon were filled with deep sorrow when they learned of the decease of their beloved pastor, and knew that his earnest voice, speaking words of counsel and comfort, would be heard by them no more.

MR. HAZLERIGG ON MR. COVELL.

Mr. Hazlerigg preached at the chapel shortly after the beloved pastor's death, and he thus described the secret of the power which was so conspicuous in his ministry:—"Your pastor," he said, "is only gone to heaven, where his heart was before. "We read in the Pilgrims' Progress how the pilgrims came to the place where they were so ravished with the sweetness of the gardens that one felt sick of love; now it appears that your pastor felt that love sickness. Mark your late pastor. What a great deal of private religion the good man had; how much of soul communion with God; and what a man he was in prayer. It is no irreverence to say of him, that it seemed as if he would pull down a blessing from God upon his people; he was truly a mighty man in prayer; secret communion and private prayer were the secrets of his ministerial power. What a mighty man he was in the Scriptures. Then, what a blessed experience; what an experience of the plague of the heart. I have heard him speak many things about the discoveries of his heart. Then, what a heaven of pardoning mercy, righteousness, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he enjoyed at times. His life and conversation manifested three sweet Gospel characteristics—humility, love, and peaceableness. In him we have a religion before and with God, manifesting itself in a blessed Gospel walk before men."

LETTER FROM THE VICAR OF ADDINGTON.

Some four miles from Croydon lies the churchyard of rural Addington, where for two hundred and fifty years the Covells have had a family vault, and here it was determined to deposit the remains of the late beloved pastor, and an application was made to the Vicar that he would allow the Rev. W. L. Rolleston, Vicar of Scruptoft, Leicestershire, an old friend of Mr. Covell's, to conduct the funeral service in the churchyard; to this request the Vicar forwarded the following courteous reply:—

“ADDINGTON VICARAGE, CROYDON,

“TO MR. W. G. COVELL.

November 29th.

“MY DEAR SIR,—In writing to you yesterday, I did not at the time associate the death of your father with that of the minister whose life and labours I have always heard spoken of with such deep respect. I should be glad to give expression, as far as I am able, to my veneration for a life devoted to the Master's service, and propose therefore, if it should meet with your wishes, to take some part in the service on Tuesday next. I shall, of course, request Mr. Rolleston to take the more solemn part at the grave itself, but if you should prefer for any reason that he should take the whole service, I trust you will not hesitate to say so. I should regret extremely that anything should be done contrary to your feelings in the matter.

“I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

“ERSKINE W. KNOLLYS.”

THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT CROYDON.

The mortal remains of Mr. Francis Covell were deposited in their last resting-place on Tuesday, December 2nd, 1879. Signs were everywhere visible in the town, throughout the forenoon, of the deep respect in which the deceased gentleman was held; all along the High Street and South End many shops were partially or entirely closed, and everybody who had known him seemed anxious to testify to the reverence in which they held his memory. Although the preliminary service was announced for twelve o'clock, in the chapel in which Mr. Covell for so many years presided, long before the hour appointed the chapel was crowded in every part. The scene was indeed mournful and impressive; there was hardly a person present who had not attired himself or herself in black, and the drapery round the pulpit was of the same sombre hue.

Owing to a delay through the inclement weather, it was nearly half-past twelve before the funeral procession arrived at the chapel. The coffin having been placed in the front of the pulpit, Mr. Hazlerigg commenced the solemn service. His voice was broken with emotion as he spoke of Mr. Covell as being a man whose prayers had been mighty with the Omnipotent, and the whole family of God had sustained a great loss by his death. He then read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

Mr. Hull, of Hastings, offered prayer, seeking the Lord's blessing upon the sorrowing family and the mourning Church and congregation.

Mr. Hatton, of Redhill, next occupied the pulpit, and in

the course of an address marked with much earnestness he spoke of Mr. Covell; he alluded to his dislike and hatred of all praise, and said he felt sure that if he were listening to his words, and heard him say friend Covell was a good man, he would reply and say, "Don't say it a second time; 'by the grace of God I am what I am.'" Speaking of his charity, he said Mr. Covell was in the habit of giving away something like a pound every day of his life. He did not, when appealed to for aid, ask, "Do you come to our chapel?" but he gave away the means with which he had been blessed. He also said, I do not say, Look at our friend Covell; no, I say, Look at the grace of God in him. It is not every man that has a praying heart as he had. It is not every man who preaches the Gospel and will stand for it as he did, and sacrifice things for it as he did. The Lord grant you and me more of that grace. This grace will make a good man, or a good woman, or a good child. And now we follow the remains of our dear departed friend; his works will speak for him in this town amongst professors who would probably despise his religion. Let me tell you, to do this is to despise the cause in which he died, and by which his light shined when alive, in the presence of his God and in the presence of his people.

Mr. Covell's favourite hymn was then sung, to his favourite tune, "Martyrdom." The hymn commences—

"At length he bowed his dying head,
And guardian angels come;
The spirit dropped its clay and fled—
Fled off triumphant home."

Mr. Hazlerigg then pronounced the Benediction, and the coffin was removed from the chapel to the hearse.

THE JOURNEY TO ADDINGTON.

The crowd assembled in the street was very large, and when it was increased by those leaving the chapel, must have numbered considerably over a thousand. Two mourning coaches, filled with relatives and friends, followed the hearse, and immediately behind came about sixty vehicles, comprising carriages of all kinds. In addition to these, several hundred persons walked the entire distance. The weather was bitterly cold, and snow covered the ground, but the friends toiled determinedly along the frost-bound roads, and breasted the slippery hills and vales of the route. All honour to those who were thus zealous to brave all difficulties to show their respect for their late pastor. The mournful procession reached Addington at half-past two.

CONCLUDING SERVICES AT ADDINGTON.

The pretty little church was filled to overflowing, very few of the many mourners being able to enter, Mr. Knollys, the Vicar, conducting most of the service in the church. The coffin was then taken into the churchyard, and lowered into the vault. The coffin plate bore the following inscription: "Francis Covell, died November 26th, 1879, in his seventy-first year."

The service at the grave was read by Mr. Rolleston. The clergyman having concluded, many hundreds went down one by one into the vault to take a final look at the coffin in which reposed all that remains on earth of one of the most simple-minded and blameless men that ever lived in this town.*

THE FUNERAL SERMONS.

The following Sabbath funeral sermons were preached by Mr. Ashdown, at Providence Chapel. The text for the occasion was the one chosen by Mr. Covell on his death-bed, "Remember them that have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." During the discourse, Mr. Ashdown referred very feelingly to the loss the Church had sustained, giving them wise counsel, and related many particulars of their late pastor's life and peaceful death.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

The Church and congregation determined to erect in the chapel a marble tablet with a suitable inscription. This work was entrusted to a tablet committee, who invited three or four gentlemen to draw up a suitable inscription. These were sent in anonymously, and read out at a meeting of the committee, when one was unanimously voted as being considerably the best. It proved to have been composed by Mr. George Covell (brother of the deceased pastor), and with a slight alteration was the one adopted.

Our labour of love in recording briefly the life story of Francis Covell is now finished. We regret that the details of his useful life are somewhat fragmentary, but we feel sure what has been recorded of his pithy sayings, godly life, and happy death, will be commended to the hearts of spiritual readers. May the great Head of the Church raise up and spiritually endow many such men as pastors of His Church, and in appointing them to their spheres of labour, may one be given to fill the Pastorate at Providence Chapel, Croydon, rendered vacant sixteen years ago, when Francis Covell was taken home.

Blackheath.

E. WILMSHURST.

* The account of Mr. Covell's funeral is taken chiefly from the *Croydon Advertiser*.

THE INSCRIPTION UPON MR. COVELL'S TABLET.

ERECTED

BY A SORROWING CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,
IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

FRANCIS COVELL,

FOR 31 YEARS MINISTER OF THIS CHAPEL.

CALLED ACCORDING TO THE ETERNAL
PURPOSE OF GOD, THROUGH THE RICH MERCY
OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,
AND GRACIOUSLY ENDOWED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT,
HE ARDENTLY LONGED
TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO HIS FELLOW SINNERS.

THE LORD FULFILLED HIS DESIRE,
BY RELEASING HIM FROM THE INFIRMITY
OF A STAMMERING TONGUE,
AND MAKING HIM THE HONOURED INSTRUMENT
OF ESTABLISHING THIS CAUSE OF TRUTH.

HIS MINISTRY WAS
EMINENTLY USEFUL IN STRENGTHENING THE WEAK,
SUCCOURING THE TEMPTED,
AND ENCOURAGING THE DISTRESSED.

HAVING PROVED THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD
TO ALL HIS PROMISES,
HE TRIUMPHANTLY ENTERED INTO REST
ON THE 26TH NOVEMBER, 1879,
IN THE 71ST YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"NONE BUT JESUS
CAN DO HELPLESS SINNERS GOOD."

"REMEMBER THEM WHICH HAVE THE RULE OVER YOU,
WHO HAVE SPOKEN UNTO YOU THE WORD OF GOD; WHOSE
FAITH FOLLOW."—HEBREWS XIII. 7.

COPY OF A LETTER BY MR. PHILPOT.

DEAR SIR,—Your cheque, for which I am much obliged, came safely to hand, and would have been acknowledged by return had I been at home. As so many in various parts have entrusted to me the distribution of considerable sums of money amongst the Lord's people now suffering in the North, I feel a great weight of responsibility cast upon me; but I am endeavouring, with God's help and blessing, in conjunction with Mr. Gadsby, to distribute the money as freely and as impartially as we can among the suffering Churches. You will perceive that in the forthcoming *Standard* we have inserted letters from ministers and other persons who have taken a part in the distribution of the money. Our object has been to distribute freely but not squanderingly (we have therefore a balance in hand), as we cannot expect congregations for the future to send help as they have already done. What we have been enabled to send has been most thankfully received, and a great deal of good thereby done. I entertain the hope that the Lord will, by this heavy chastisement, revive His work in the northern churches, which I greatly fear are much sunk into carnality and death. I indulge the hope of being able, some time or other, to send forth my *Meditations* in a little volume by themselves.

I do not know whether it has struck your mind, but I have for some time past seen and felt how very defective the ministry of the present day is in instruction. When I read the writings of Mr. Huntington, Dr. Owen, Goodwin, and Bunyan, &c., &c., I am struck with the vast amount of sound, savoury, scriptural, profitable instruction with which they are filled. I find such instruction edifying and establishing; not merely informing my judgment, but communicating life, light, and feeling to my soul. Thus in my small way, as writing for the benefit of the Church of God, I seek to bring before it those divine truths which instruct, feed, and nourish the soul.

The Lord be praised for any blessing which you and yours have derived from my labours. My love to Mr. Silver, whom I much esteem in the Lord for his boldness and firmness of the truth as it is in Jesus. Yours affectionately in Him,

Stamford, December 31st, 1862.

J. C. P.

EVIL HEARTS.—Many complain of the evil of their hearts, while at the same time they are awfully inattentive to the evil of their conduct. The ostentatious confession of heart-sins is sometimes used as a cloak to cover life-sins.—R. H.

MINISTERIAL ADDRESSES TO THE UNCONVERTED.

“Consider . . . and the Lord give thee understanding in all things.”

—2 TIMOTHY ii. 7.

IN a letter by the late John Newton, of Olney, on the propriety of a ministerial address to the unconverted, he says:—

“SIR,—In a late conversation, you desired my thoughts concerning a scriptural and consistent manner of addressing the consciences of unawakened sinners in the course of your ministry. It is a point on which many eminent ministers have been, and are, not a little divided; and it therefore becomes me to propose my sentiments with modesty and caution, so far as I am constrained to differ from any from whom in general I would be glad to learn.

“Some think, that it is sufficient to preach the great truths of the Word of God in their hearing; to set forth the utterly ruined and helpless of fallen man by nature, and the appointed method of salvation by grace, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and then to leave the application entirely to the agency of the Holy Spirit, who alone can enlighten the dark understandings of sinners, and enable them to receive, in a due manner, the doctrines either of the law or the Gospel. And they apprehend, that all exhortations, arguments, and motives, addressed to those who are supposed to be still under the influence of the carnal mind, are inconsistent with the principles of free grace, and the acknowledged inability of such persons to perform any spiritual acts; and that, therefore, the preachers, who, avowing the doctrines of free grace, do, notwithstanding, plead and expostulate with sinners, usually contradict themselves, and retract in their application what they had laboured to establish in the course of their sermons.

“There are others, who, though they would be extremely unwilling to derogate from the free grace and sovereign power of God in the great work of conversion, or in the least degree to encourage the mistaken notion which every unconverted person has of his own power, yet think it their duty to deal with sinners as rational and moral agents; and as such, besides declaring the counsel of God in a doctrinal way, to warn them by the terrors of the Lord, and to beseech them by His tender mercies, that they received not the grace of God in a preached Gospel in vain. Nor can it be denied, but that some of them when deeply affected with the worth of souls and the awful importance of eternal things, have sometimes, in the warmth of their hearts, dropped unguarded expressions, and such as have been justly liable to exception.

“ If we were to decide to which of these different methods of preaching the preference is due, by the discernible effects of each, it will, perhaps, appear in fact, without making any invidious comparisons, that those ministers whom the Lord has honoured with the greatest success in awakening and converting sinners, have generally been led to adopt the more popular way of *exhortation* or *address*; while they who have been studiously careful to avoid any direct application to sinners, as unnecessary and improper, if they have not been altogether without seals to their ministry, yet their labours have been more owned in building up those who have already received the knowlege of the truth than in adding to their number. Now, as ‘ he that winneth souls is wise,’ and as every faithful labourer has a warm desire of being instrumental in raising the dead in sin to a life of righteousness, this seems at least a presumptive argument in favour of those who, besides stating the doctrines of the Gospel, endeavour by earnest persuasions and exhortations, to impress them upon the hearts of their hearers, and entreat and warn them to consider, ‘ how they shall escape if they neglect so great a salvation.’ For it is not easy to conceive, that the Lord should most signally bear testimony in favour of that mode of preaching which is least consistent with the truth, and with itself.

“ But not to insist on this, nor to rest the cause on the authority or examples of men, the best of whom are imperfect and fallible, let us consult the Scriptures, which, as they furnish us with the whole subject-matter of our ministry, so they afford us perfect precepts and patterns for its due and orderly dispensation. With respect to the subject of our inquiry, the examples of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His authorised ministers, the Apostles, are both our rule and our warrant. The Lord Jesus was the great Preacher of free grace, ‘ who spake as never man spake;’ and His ministry, while it provided relief for the weary and heavy laden, was eminently designed to stain the pride of all human glory. He knew what was in man, and declared that none could come unto Him, unless drawn and taught of God (John vi. 44-46.) And yet He often speaks to sinners in terms, which, if they were not known to be His, might perhaps be censured as inconsistent and legal (John vi. 27; Luke xiii. 24-27; John xii. 35). It appears both from the context and the tenor of these passages, that they were immediately spoken, not to His disciples, but to the multitude.* The Apostles copied from their Lord; they taught

* We should ever remember that though man, by the fall, has lost all power to spiritually obey the call of God’s word, yet God holds him responsible for not doing so, according to the ability given him, at his creation, to obey “ every word that might proceed out of the mouth of God.” See the words of Jesus, John xli. 43.—Ed.

that we have no sufficiency of ourselves, even to think a good thought, and that 'it is not of him that willeth or of him that runneth, but of God who showeth mercy'; yet they plainly call upon sinners (and that before they had given evident signs that they were pricked in the heart, as Acts ii. 37), 'to repent, and to turn from their vanities to the living God' (Acts iii. 19; xiv. 15; and xvii. 30). Peter's advice to Simon Magus is very full and express to this point; for though he perceived him to be 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity,' he exhorted him 'to repent, and to pray, if perhaps the thought of his heart might be forgiven.' It may be presumed that we cannot have stronger evidence, that any of our hearers are in a carnal and unconverted state, than Peter had in the case of Simon Magus; and therefore there seems no sufficient reason why we should hesitate to follow the Apostle's example.

"You have been told, that repentance and faith are spiritual acts, for the performance of which a principle of spiritual life is absolutely necessary, and that therefore to exhort an unregenerate sinner to repent or believe, must be as vain and fruitless as to call a dead person out of his grave. To this it may be answered, that we might cheerfully and confidently undertake even to call the dead out of their graves, if we had the command and promise of God to warrant the attempt, for then we might expect His power would accompany our word. The vision of Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii., may be fitly accommodated to illustrate both the difficulties and the encouragement of a Gospel minister. The deplorable state of many of our hearers, may often remind us of the Lord's question to the prophet, 'Can these dry bones live?' Our resource, like that of the prophet, is entirely in the sovereignty, grace, and power of the Lord: 'O Lord, Thou knowest, impossible as it is to us, it is easy for Thee to raise them unto life; therefore we renounce our own reasonings, and though we see that they are dead, we call upon them at Thy bidding, as if they were alive, and say, O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord! The means is our part, the work is Thine, and to Thee be all the praise.' The dry bones could not hear the prophet; but while he spoke, the Lord caused breath to enter into them, and they lived, but the word was spoken to them considered as dry and dead.

"We should undoubtedly endeavour to maintain a consistency in our preaching; but unless we keep the plan and manner of the Scripture constantly in view, and attend to *every part* of it, a design of consistency may fetter our sentiments, and greatly preclude our usefulness. We need not wish to be more consistent than the inspired writers, nor be afraid of speaking, as they have spoken before us. We may easily perplex ourselves and our

hearers, by nice reasonings on the nature of human liberty, and the Divine agency on the hearts of men; but such disquisitions are better avoided. We shall, perhaps, never have full satisfaction on these subjects till we arrive in the world of light. In the meantime the path of duty, the good old way, lies plain before us. If, when you are in the pulpit, the Lord favours you with a lively sense of the greatness of the trust, and the worth of the souls committed to your charge, and fills your heart with His constraining love, many little curious distinctions, which amused you at other times, will be forgotten. Your soul will go forth with your words; and while your bowels yearn over poor sinners, you will not hesitate a moment whether you ought to warn them of their danger or not. That great champion of free grace, Dr. Owen, has a very solemn address to sinners, the running title to which is, 'Exhortations unto believing.' It is in his Exposition of the 130th Psalm, from p. 242-247, Lond. edit. 1609, which I recommend to your attentive consideration.

I am, &c.,

JOHN NEWTON.*

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

"I have given them Thy Word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."—
JOHN xvii. 14.

THE Word tells us that the friendship of the world is enmity against God, and here we learn that the hatred of the world is an evidence of being reconciled to God in Christ. Noah was the friend of God, and by the building of the ark for the saving of his house he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith. Christ gives His disciples His Word, revealing Christ crucified, dying for His people's offences, and raised again for their justification, and that Word being displayed as a banner of the truth, they overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. Saul was anointed king, *professed* to receive God's Word, and had another heart—but not the promised new covenant heart—given him, for, being sent against the Amalekites, he proved his profession false, since he dealt deceitfully, and spared (sin) that which God gave up to utter destruction, and fell from his profession, and was lost. How different was the case with David. He was anointed king, received a *new* heart, was established in the sure mercies of the

* The whole of the above excellent letter may be obtained from W. Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street, Fleet London, E.C., price one penny.

everlasting covenant, and went against the Philistine, Goliath of Gath; not in Saul's armour (man's wisdom and learning, science and philosophy), but with the smooth stones of the brook, the name and Word of God in living spiritual experience and power, in the sling of divine faith; and he overcame the proud enemy. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

What an awful and yet sublime subject is Divine sovereignty; one is taken and another left. Oh that He would not take His mercy from us as He did from Saul, but give us the sure mercies of David. Oh that He would never turn away from us to do us good, and give us a heart never to depart from Him. So if we truly get the Word of Christ from His mouth as His sheep, we shall truly repent of and forsake sin, all sin, and come out from the world, and testify of its works that they are evil. Then they will hate us. Modern religions are of the world, and the world will love its own; the world heareth them. But he that is born of God, born from above, hath the unction of the Spirit, heareth Christ, and followeth Him, the good Shepherd, but will not follow the voice of strangers. "The Lord knoweth them that are His; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." We need the effectual drawing of the Father and the Son, with the renewing of the Holy Ghost, else we shall not and cannot come truly to Christ. But if we come, He will not cast us out because of our guilt and vileness. Infinite grace and wisdom in the councils of eternity put the question which He alone can solve, "How shall I put thee among the children?" He says, "I will take away the hard and stony heart out of their flesh, and I will give them a heart of flesh." This is the new covenant promise (Ezek. xi. 19, 20).
J. A.

PRAYER exports wants, and imports blessings.

THERE is no true prayer in hell. Dives did not pray to God; he said, "I pray thee, father Abraham, send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue." You may depend upon it he would not have listened to anything poor Lazarus said when alive. He would not have been polished or polite enough; he would have been too outspoken to suit the gentleman. Now he would listen to Lazarus. So it will be in days to come. Thousands have turned their backs on God's servants as not being eloquent; they want something pretty, smooth, and nice, not to bring God and their consciences together, hell and their souls to meet; that does not do for delicate ears.

—Covell.

THE SEEKERS' CORNER

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FLORRIE,—I have been expecting to hear from you for some time, in answer to my last letter. However, I felt that I must write now to tell you how glad and thankful I am to hear that you have been led like Ruth of old, to cast in your lot with the Lord's dear people, and to follow Him in His appointed ways. I should much like to hear a little about your exercises of mind respecting this important step. To my mind, it is a solemn step to take, and one which requires much prayer and consideration, but I know you have thought about the matter for some time. May the Lord bless you abundantly, dear Florrie, and grant you much of His sweet presence.

I know He *will* bless you, for He has said, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." Oh, what an honour to follow Him thus! May He keep your feet, and preserve you from temptation. The world will watch you, dear, and His people will watch you. May you live and grow up to be an ornament to your profession, a light to those around you. And when you feel cast down, because of the way, look up and remember that everything you can possibly need is in your blessed Redeemer. "In Him dwelleth all fulness." "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and even your spiritual life is "hid with Christ in God." He will never leave you, nor will let you quite leave Him.

I heard dear Mr. H—— last Friday, at B——, and it was a good time to me. For several weeks I had been in great darkness of mind, and several things had happened to wound and grieve me, but a few days before going to B——, these words came with some sweetness, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." I hoped then that I should obtain something at B——, that the Lord would meet me there, and truly He was faithful to His promise. I went into the chapel bowed down with a heavy heart, and a wounded spirit. These lines came just before the sermon—

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend."

Dear Mr. H—— gave out as his text, Psalm xxxi., latter part of verse 7, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities." As he began to speak, I felt such a sweet hope spring up in my heart that I really was in the footsteps of the flock. He traced out all my exercises. Speaking of the past, he said, "Can you not say in looking back over all the trials of your past experience, 'Thou

hadst known,' and oh," he said, "we still need His long arm to reach down to us, and lift us out of the mire. He must take our hand in His when we cannot give all up to Him as we would." He spoke of Jesus as a Friend who loveth at all times. I cannot begin to tell you one-half of what was said, but I was comforted, the cloud was lifted from my spirit, and I felt the dear Lord was very near to me in that little chapel. I wept nearly all the time, my heart was so melted with the Lord's goodness and mercy. I spoke to Mr. H — after tea, but could not tell him much just then.

In the evening, dear Mr. Hazlerigg was very sweet on Psalm lxxi. 17, 18. I thought of you, dear, how God has taught you from your youth, and I trust He has also taught me. You see what a long letter I am writing, but I could not help telling you about this blessed season at B——. You know—don't you?—what it is to walk in darkness, and for the Lord to appear with some comforting word. Oh, how good He is to bear so patiently with all our sins and infirmities.

Now, dear, I shall look for a long letter from you. I think Maud is going to write soon. I hope you will be able to come to G—— again, some day. I must now close, wishing you every blessing; and with much love, believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

October 17th, 1895.

M. L. D.

"BEHOLD, I AM VILE."

(JOB xl. 4.)

Low at Thy cross, my God, I fall,
A sinner black, and vile, and foul;
Beneath the blood of Calvary's tree,
I cast my helpless soul on Thee.

Not one e'er led to mourn and sigh
O'er sin, has fall'n so low as I;
Nor is there one in torment's fire
That's wallowed in such filth and mire.

Lord Jesus, wash me in Thy blood,
And all my guilt and dross remove;
Ease me of sin's accursed load,
And throw o'er me Thy righteous robe.

Save me, Lord Jesus, save my soul;
Thou, Thou alone canst make me whole;
I look, I cleave, I cling to Thee;
Save me, Thou Lamb of Calvary.

P. I.

SINGING IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR SIR,—As one who has experienced the charm of singing, I feel led to address you on the subject proposed in your issue for September. Blessed by God with a good tenor voice, in days past I have taken part in the exercise of it, singing anthems in connection with one of our chapels where such performances were encouraged. Looking back upon these occasions, I must give in my experience of them as consisting of a maximum of pride, mixed with a minimum of spiritual benefit. In fact, I feel ashamed when I reflect upon the gracious words used in a light-hearted manner, amounting at times to a spirit of levity. I find this was also indulged in by the rest of our number, and so I feel now, as years of much maturer judgment have followed, to discountenance altogether these performances, and desire to use such gifts in a less ostentatious manner—that is, to confine them to the ordinary psalmody of our simple services. The singing of the glorious words of Scripture by those who have “passed from death unto life” seems to me appropriate, when employed in the right spirit. The objection I have named, of course, applies to oratorios, in which the singing qualification is the paramount consideration.

Yours truly,

Catford, September 9th, 1895.

W. C. B.

DEAR SIR,—One of the sweetest parts of the service of God's house is praising God, singing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in the *heart* unto God. But the question is asked, “Is it consistent for the choirs of Baptist Churches to get up singing performances?” To answer this question, I would put another to those ministers and promoters of this movement, who love the truth as in Jesus, “Have they not professed to be called out of the world? Have they not (some of them) professed to have been called from the concert room?” &c. Yes. Then is not this a step backward? “What hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor?” Do not these meetings resolve themselves into worldly entertainments? Are they for the glory of God, from the heart? or, are they not rather for the glorying of the flesh? They will, perhaps, say, “We meet for mutual friendship, as choirs of Baptist Churches.” But is it not, in the practice of these meetings, often, a thoughtless use of solemn truths on the tongue, when the mind is absorbed on the beauties (or otherwise) of the tune or piece of music? Fellow-leaders who possess the truth,

is not this deadening to the soul? does not barrenness ensue? Can you lay your head on your pillow at night, after such a day spent, and thank God it has been to you a day of savour and blessing? When can you record any soul-melting seasons, or solemn and hallowed feelings, such as are sometimes felt in the service of praise in God's house? I say, when can you record having felt them at these meetings? Has it not rather been self-adulation, pride, excitement of the flesh? or, on the other side, bitter disappointment or vexation in some way or another?

Personally we have found, at times, whilst leading this part of the service in God's house, our heart broken, our voice choked, and but little power to sing, when overwhelmed with a sense of God's mercy to our poor unworthy soul; especially was it so, some years since, when singing those words of dear Hart—

“Sinner, thou stand'st in Me complete;
Though they accuse thee, I acquit;
I bore for thee th' avenging ire,
And plucked thee burning from the fire.”

But then the congregation could go on with it, even if *our* voice failed, having a tune which they could sing, which is very necessary.

We must remember this truth, “God is not mocked.” He is a holy God, “fearful in praises, doing wonders,” and His glory He will not give to another; and I cannot believe He will give His blessing to thoughtless performances in the flesh. God give us, then, to be jealous of His honour, and with humility, and harmony of heart and voice, “praise the Lord with joyful lips.”

I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

October 15th, 1895.

A TWENTY-SIX-YEARS LEADER.

[We have received several other letters commending congregational singing, but have selected those which appear to us to put in a concise form and way the subject in question before our readers; our own views and feelings are decidedly and strongly in favour of congregational singing in the service of God. We object to singing or musical performances, on just the same ground as we do to mere oratorical displays in preaching; they are both equally unsuited to, and unbecoming the solemn service of God, who is a Spirit, and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. While giving our best in His service, we should do it with becoming reverence, and the more plain and simple the manner, the more becoming the simplicity of Christ is our service and worship. We pray that what we have inserted on the subject of singing performances may be the means of leading those ministers and singers who promote them to seriously consider as to the solemn results which may arise therefrom.—ED.]

REVIEWS

Warnings and Encouragements. Four Sermons by Mr. Thomas Hull. Price Threepence (in tinted Cover). E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, London.

THESE sermons by the esteemed Editor of the *SOWER* are cheap in price (four sermons for threepence), suitable in length for reading at any public service, and their contents are full of savoury meat, such as all the seed of godly Isaac will love. Our space will only allow one or two pithy extracts: "What a mercy to have a salvation that is comprised in four letters, *done!* some have one of only two letters, *do.*" "It is worn-out people that are glad of Jesus Christ." "He wore the crown of thorns that we might wear the crown of loving-kindness and of glory."

Here and there we get interesting glimpses of the author's personal history: "The bow was drawn at a venture, and the arrow hit its mark. I felt in a moment I was a sinner. That is about forty years ago. It was in 1853. He brought me to His feet, a poor seeking sinner. 'Lord,' I said, 'if I had the whole world, I could lay it down to be able to say, 'Thou art mine,' and He said, 'Ye are complete in Me.' 'Lord,' I said, 'what a wonder this is! My sins, that were my trouble, are all gone!' I felt I was set free." "I wish I could exalt Him more. I do not wonder at Lady Huntingdon, who, when she heard George Whitfield, exclaimed, 'Lift Him up, George, lift Him up!'"

We can heartily recommend every sentence in these discourses; and as four copies are sent post free by the Publisher for one shilling, we hope that many readers will forward a shilling for them, and we are sure they will never regret the outlay.

The Young People's Treasury and Little Gleaner. Annual Volume for 1895. Price 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. cloth. E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, London.

THIS excellent work for young people is a treasury indeed of instruction, placed in an interesting form, beautifully illustrated. Given to young friends at Christmas, it will fill their hearts with delight.

The Sower Volume for 1895. Cloth, 2s. E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, London.

FULL of choice pieces. The portraits of many gracious ministers, with some account of their lives, make the volume look attractive. The life of Mr. Francis Covell, of Croydon, is particularly interesting, and is of itself well worth the price of the volume

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING WORDS FOR 1895.

DEAR READERS,—Once more we are permitted, through the sparing mercy of our gracious God, to give a few closing words as we end another year's work in connection with the SOWER. Far be it from us to eulogise our own labours, which the Lord knows we feel are only feeble and poor; but since He "has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," we desire grace ever to leave our all with Him who will "judge the people righteously." Happy are those who are "accepted with Him." One cheering evidence of this is by signs following the Word and receiving tokens of the Lord's favour. This, we are thankful to say, we have had from Him, and from His witnesses, far and near, so that our heart has often been sweetly encouraged and much strengthened. Therefore, we desire to again "thank God and take courage," hoping that He will still be our sufficiency in all our labours, and that we shall have the prayers and help of our godly faithful friends. Yes, you can do much to strengthen our hands by kind Christian correspondence, thereby making the SOWER a lively messenger to many anxious seekers, and by doing your best to further the increase of its circulation. Let us all put our hands to this good work, looking unto Jesus for His blessing to make our efforts prosperous among both saints and sinners. And may He, with whom is the increase, cause the good seed to bring forth much precious fruit, to the glory of His great and adorable name.

Now, dear friends, again thanking our covenant God for all His mercies and loving-kindnesses granted unto us, and all our kind helpers, whose loving contributions have greatly assisted us, we say with a full heart, The Lord be with you all, as this year closes and another begins, yea, and even for evermore. Amen.

Yours in Him,

THE EDITOR.

It is impossible that any ray and beam of Christ's glory can be rightly taken up by the eye of faith, but the beholder of it is humbled by the sight of it. And the brighter the discovery be, the more humble will it make the man to be.—*Trail*.

ALL men set too high a value upon their own services; sinful creatures would fain make God a debtor to them, and be purchasers of felicity; they would not have it conveyed to them by God's sovereign bounty, but by an obligation of justice upon the value of their works. This is natural to corrupted man.—*Charnock*.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY

AND LITTLE GLEANER.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Religious and General Instruction for Children.

The Editor seeks as much as possible to make this Magazine both interesting and useful to its readers, and hopes that all true friends of the young will try to secure for it a still wider circulation.

Published on the first of every Month. Price One Penny.

THE SOWER

Is well adapted for general circulation, since it aims to spread abroad the pure truth of the Gospel of Christ.

Seeing how very industriously the abettors of error sow their tares, lovers of truth, with equal or greater industry, should sow that truth which is "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The Editor earnestly solicits all who desire the spread of Bible truth to help him in this work by increasing the circulation of **THE SOWER** and **THE LITTLE GLEANER**.

Two, four, six, or more copies of the above Magazines post free of the EDITOR, 117, High Street, Hastings.

London: HOULSTON and SONS, Paternoster Buildings.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

This is a little work of four pages, **GLEANER** size, which we publish monthly, for the purpose of supplying friends with a sheet of short readings, which will suit many who do not care to read page after page of a magazine or lengthy tract. It has a front-page illustration, which renders it very attractive in general distribution. We hope our friends will spread them freely everywhere. "Wherever I distribute **FRIENDLY WORDS**, I find they are most heartily welcomed and eagerly read. I hope they will be widely circulated, and that the Lord will make them very useful among the masses.—L. T." "I am pleased to see how eagerly **FRIENDLY WORDS** are received and read where I distribute them. I only wish that all who desire the good of souls would spread them abroad wherever they can do so.—S." Will other friends kindly try this plan? Price 1s. 6d. per 100; 3d. per dozen. Post free from the EDITOR, 117, High Street, Hastings. We can send assorted packets of back Nos. 1s. per 100, and postage. Localized Nos. 1s. 3d. per 100, and postage.

THE ANNUAL VOLUMES of "GLEANER" and "SOWER."

These Volumes are acknowledged to be most admirably adapted for Presents, where sound and interesting books are desired.

The LITTLE GLEANER , Boards, Illustrated ..	1s. 6d., or six vols. for	8s.
The LITTLE GLEANER , Cloth, ..	2s. do.	10s.
The SOWER , Cloth, ..	2s. do.	10s.

Sent, at above prices, post free, if ordered of the Editor, Mr. HULL, 117, High Street, Hastings.

Fact Superior to Fiction.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY.—Vols. I. and II.

These little Volumes contain a collection of interesting narratives, setting forth the good old truths of the Gospel, and will, we believe, help to meet a want greatly felt in our families and schools, as they supply sound Scriptural reading in an interesting form, without resorting to fictitious tales. We earnestly commend them to all who seek the good of the rising race, as books which may, with the Lord's blessing, be of great spiritual use among the young.

Price One Shilling each, or eight volumes for 6s. 6d., post free, if ordered of the Editor, Mr. T. HULL, 117, High Street, Hastings.