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THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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VOL. VI., 1840.

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THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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No. 49.            JANUARY, 1840.            VOL. VI.

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AN ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke ix. 62.) Solemn word to all who have put their hand to the work of the Lord; and, in a measure, applicable to those, who are engaged, like us, in periodically publishing truth for the benefit of God's quickened family. Unless, then, absolutely stopped, we feel that we must go on as long as the blessed Lord seems to provide us with supplies, and as long as He appears to shine upon our publication. Our feet, indeed, are often blistered and sore with stumbling among the clods; our hands rubbed and galled with holding the stilts; our legs, sides, and back stiff and weary with toiling along through the stiff hard clay; but still on, on must we drive the plough, since we have put it into the furrow, as long as any corn remains in the seed-basket. For many reasons we would fain unyoke, and leave the plough under the hedge, till the share was eaten up with the rust, and the wood mouldered with the rot; but still as the weeks roll round, and our table is spread with communications from all parts of England, we feel ourselves compelled to go on issuing our monthly publication for the profit of the children of God. Not but that we have our sunny moments as well as our cloudy hours, and are sometimes partakers of the fruits as well as drivers of the plough. And, in truth, if it were all bitter and no sweet, all work and no supper, we should soon want to throw our *Standard* to the moles and to the bats. But that our spiritual readers may sympathize with us a little in our castings down and liftings up, we will set before them a few of our inducements to stop and our in-

VOL. VI.

duancements to go on ; our discouragements on the one hand, and our encouragements on the other. And first for the bitter draught which we have so often to swallow. We will give our readers a taste of the ingredients.

1. *We have to suffer from our enemies.* We believe from our very hearts that the *Standard* is too honest and straightforward for the great bulk of religious professors. Thrust a straight stick into a serpent's crooked hole, and it will not be long before it hitches somewhere. We do not want our *Standard* to be made of tape to measure round corners, and fit in with every crook and turn, but to be a stiff bit of box that will lie only in a straight line. But such a rigid rule will never measure the way of a serpent upon a rock, nor follow its slimy trail, and this is sufficient to make the whole brood hiss. By our enemies we do not altogether mean the Arminian army, however numerous or however hostile such opponents may be, for we believe that there are very few of these who would admit our periodical into their houses, or let its red cover peep from under Russell's Sermons or Wesley's works. Our heaviest blows come from professing brethren. The arrow by night has flown from a Calvinistic bow; the sword by day has been wielded by a Calvinistic hand. And what is our trespass and what is our sin, that these "false brethren" have so hotly pursued after us? Is our doctrine erroneous, or our experience delusive? Do we advocate presumption, speak lightly of sin, encourage loose professors, burn incense to free-will, or offer sacrifice to human merit? Let our adversaries point out any such errors, and we will confess what we feel to be wrong, or explain what we believe to be right.

Their main charges, however, are against what they term our bitterness and scurrility; and this not only in the pieces of our correspondents, but also in our Reviews, for which latter they justly consider us more answerable than for the former. Now, we confess that some of our correspondents, and we ourselves in some of our Reviews, have used strong expressions, because we have felt strongly. A man whose religion is all in his head, never got through fire and water, will express himself gently and softly, because his own reputation is dearer to him than truth. His honeyed words and soft sentences will suit silken professors, the Agags that walk delicately, and the wanton daughters of Zion that walk and mince as they go, and make a tinkling with their feet. But he that has bought truth and paid dearly for it, will put a high value upon it, and will esteem it more than thousands of gold and silver. Will a man see his property rifled, his wife insulted, his children torn away, and his dwelling ransacked, without strong expressions, aye, and strong actions too? And are we, who love and value truth, to see the ark spoiled, the word of God perverted, and precious souls entangled, and whisper like a perfumed sprig of nobility in the presence of queen Victoria?

If we have spoken against mere doctrinal preachers and writers, it is not that we condemn their doctrines, (God forbid!) but because we have felt that the nearer the truth, if not the truth, the worse was

the counterfeit. And to set up doctrines in the head in the place of grace in the heart, is a counterfeit, and the worst of counterfeits. But we have reason to believe, from what we have seen and known, that of these enemies of our periodical, many of whom are Calvinistic ministers, some are heretics in doctrine, and others loose in conduct, and most destitute of a broken heart. Yet have they wounded us, as well as injured us by spreading their secret enmity under a garb of godliness, and influencing their hearers and people to discontinue taking in our publication.

2. *But some of our discouragements also arise from our friends.* Supported as the *Gospel Standard* is almost solely by the communications of correspondents, it must depend upon them almost entirely for its continuance. It was not commenced, nor is it continued as a matter of pecuniary advantage, but as a vehicle of spiritual profit for the family of God. Our business, as Editors, is to examine the contributions of our correspondents, and, according to our measure of spiritual discernment, to approve or reject what is sent us. In this, as in most cases, those who are best qualified write least, whilst those who had better be swift to hear and slow to speak, are most ready to write what the deepest taught of God's children are least willing to read. The blame for the insertion of unsavoury pieces rests upon us, when, for want of better communications, we have often been obliged to insert what we, as well as our readers, could not heartily approve. The alternative with us has been sometimes this, "Shall this piece be inserted, or the page left blank?" We would prefer a blank page indeed, or to drop a number altogether, to inserting error, but we think the pieces we insert are mostly free from that, though, like Ezekiel's bones in the valley of vision, some are "very dry." We do not, then, call upon our spiritual friends and supporters to write and send us pieces whether they feel or not; but we would say, "If your soul is visited with dew and rain from heaven, sometimes favour us with a taste of the banquet. Eat not your morsel alone, but open your doors to our traveller; for he travels north, south, east, and west." The parsons, we know, love to keep all their choice bits for their own congregations, but we would say even to them, "We can give you a larger congregation than any you can preach to. We have some thousands of readers, and our little work travels where your voice cannot come. But pray don't send us fag-ends of sermons, and what you have preached all the sweetness and savour out of. Send us something warm and fresh out of your heart; and don't sit down on the Monday to write out the cut and dry divisions and subdivisions of the Sunday. We want the show-bread warm, not dry and mouldy, like that which came out of the sacks of the Gibeonites."

3. But the third ingredient in our bitter draught is, *that which arises from ourselves.* Our unfitness and incompetency for the work we have undertaken casts us down. We are carnal, and our publication we desire to be spiritual. We are blind and ignorant, and yet wish to be "as eyes" to those in the wilderness, (Num. x. 31.) and to feed them with knowledge and understanding. We are



earthly, and wish our periodical to be heavenly; are foolish, and yet need continual wisdom to guide us in our monthly labours; are often lifeless and unfeeling, and have, notwithstanding, to conduct a work which needs life and feeling in every page.

We will not, however, weary our readers with our complaints, but will proceed to mention some of our encouragements.

1. We feel then encouraged by *the support we have already received*. Surely God has smiled on our publication. Neither the opposition of many enemies, nor the coldness of some friends has injured our publication, but it has gone on steadily increasing in spite of one and the other. Some of our friends, whose names we forbear to mention, as we are sure it would sicken rather than please them, we are indeed deeply indebted to. By sending us sometimes pieces of their own, and sometimes savoury letters from friends, they have maintained the experimental tone of our periodical. But we want their aid more and more, as every year makes our task more difficult, and we dread falling into a cold, barren, lifeless state, as has been the case with other periodical publications that we could name, which seemed at first to run well, but are now little else than vehicles for controversy or dry doctrine.

2. We feel induced to go on *from the blessing that has rested upon our magazine*. We see and lament its many faults, its short comings, its constant imperfections; but we cannot but acknowledge that the blessing of God has rested upon it. In some cases we have known of an immediate blessing communicated to some of the poor and needy of God's family by what has appeared in its pages. Many a savoury letter, which would only have been read perhaps by three or four persons, has been read, through us, by as many thousands. What has been spoken in secret has thus, by our instrumentality, been proclaimed upon the house-top. Like throwing a stone into the water, a choice experience appearing in our pages, has spread a continually increasing circle to the farthest edge of our circulation. And besides what has reached our ears, how many hearts have been stirred and moved with that gentle ripple, and have risen or fallen in sympathy with that wave. Many choice testimonies would have been utterly lost, or at least very little known, but for appearing in our pages. And we consider too that we are publishing for the future generation as well as the present; and when the hand that has penned these lines shall be mouldered in the grave, and the eyes that read them shall have dropped from their sockets, the dusty volumes of the *Standard* may still survive to instruct or comfort our children's children. But besides immediate blessings, we do hope and believe that *our Standard* has, in many cases, wrought a silent and gradual work in the hearts of our readers. Truths which they may have turned from at first, they may now feel the power of. What was too naked at first or too cutting and stripping, they may now submit to and receive as the truth of God. Some doubtless have been secretly cut by what has healed others. The experience has been too great for them, and perhaps their want of it deeply cut them, but as the edge of truth forced its way into their heart, and let out all the pharisaical gas which had

blown them up like a bladder, they began to sigh, cry, and groan for a similar blessing, and what they have sought they have found, or will find in God's time. Thus we hope and believe the weak have been strengthened, the erring reclaimed, the backsliding healed, the ignorant instructed, the lofty pulled down, and the lowly built up; and yet all in so silent a way that perhaps the very persons who have received the benefit could hardly trace out its steps, or some are perhaps too proud to own it. As under a preacher of righteousness there is often a silent and slow work going on which proves more solid than that which is more sudden and perceptible, so we believe our publication has had a gradual effect, which may prove deeper and sounder than a more immediate operation. If spiritual hearers in bondage to a letter preacher have, through us, seen his leanness, good has been done. If men and works of truth have become wider known, profit has been communicated. If a bond of union, amongst experimental people throughout England has been originated or continued through us, good has been effected. If secret encouragement has been given, through us, to champions of truth, if we have ever blown the coals or turned the grindstone so as to give their spiritual weapons a better temper or a keener edge, our publication has not been issued in vain. And if truth in our pages has stirred up and made manifest enemies, if that which has been crushed has broken out into a viper; and if experimental and heaven-sent ambassadors have been more widely separated from doctrinal preachers of the letter, our correspondents have not written, nor we published in vain. But we need every encouragement to keep our heads above water, and in the strength and name of the Tri-une God of Israel, do we hope still to continue our publication.

December, 1839.

THE EDITORS.

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### DAILY EXPERIENCE.

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My dear Friend,—I received your kind letter, and hope I can say that I read it with some degree of comfort, for it has been the means of silencing, in some measure, the suggestions of Satan and the unbelief of my heart, and also of increasing that union which I hope is the production of the Spirit of God in my soul to you; and therefore I feel encouraged at this time, according to your request, to state some of the exercises of my mind. You do not ask for a particular account from the first of my experience until you came round these parts, but I feel as if I must say a little about it to come at what I have passed under since. For some time after I was brought into liberty I was favoured with the light of God's countenance, and from a feeling sense of the Lord's love and mercy was found attending upon the ordinances of his house; but afterwards I did not feel that nearness to, and communion with the Lord which I had experienced in earnestly supplicating him for his aid and support, nor yet in praising him for his delivering mercy; yet I hope I was not altogether without feeling, for I had checks of conscience that things were not right, for I really knew that where the grace of God was in exercise, it certainly had a different effect from what I then felt. When I have read about the trials and soul-conflicts which some of the people of God have passed under, I have found I did not come up to them; but I was soon eased in some such manner as this. I

thought the Lord's family were not all led into the same depths of soul-trouble; and as I was in the habit of hearing the everlasting love and decrees of God, with the security of the saints and the doctrines of grace, in a measure contended for, I was lulled into carnal security, without hearing the state of the soul in the day of prosperity or yet in adversity described, nor yet the effects of divine grace upon the soul traced out. Having stated so far, I would now say a little about what I have passed under whilst attending your ministry. From your first preaching at Rochford it has been very searching to me, for at times you have seemed to take away every prop and refuge, so that I have felt as if I had nothing to rest upon; and I have been tossed to and fro, and brought to my wit's end; and when you have been speaking of the effects of grace upon the soul, and tracing out what the fruits of the Spirit were, and showing, as well, how far hypocrites may go in embracing and contending for the doctrines of grace, I have felt my nature rise in rebellion against you to that degree that it seemed as if I could not bear you for any length of time, for you appeared to leave me without any hope at all; and yet, at times I have felt a softness of affection towards you, and have said to myself, he seems to cut me right off, and yet I feel a love to him, too. So that I can say, though it cut deep, yet there was a cleaving to it, for I have been obliged to say it is truth, and have felt persuaded that truth would stand, however I might fight against it; and my conscience told me that these things were essentially necessary to prove me a partaker of grace. You often speak against having to go back ten or twelve years for an experience, and that you firmly believe that where the grace of God is implanted in the soul, the person must meet with continual trials and soul-conflicts; for the effects of grace cannot be seen unless it be tried. And in such as did not meet with those things there was ground work enough to doubt whether ever they knew anything about a work of grace at all; and I can truly say, on account of the divisions that I felt within, there were great searchings of heart. But when you spoke from Jeremiah xxxi. 9, showing how the Lord led his people, and of the different stages of experience they passed through, and how they were enabled, by grace, to walk in a strait way, and testified of some of the things which they did not stumble at, it seemed as if I had no part in it, and I told you you had cut me off, and I found I had been weighed in the balances of God's truth, and been found wanting; and my mind was very much tried about it. I looked back for my way-marks, but could not find that I had any that I could say were real evidences of my being a child of God. I went back to what I called a beginning; but O dear! as I could not find any middle mark, I was left to doubt the beginning altogether; and under these feelings I wanted to speak to you about it, but I felt as if I could not. But if you recollect, I did say a word or two to you one night in going to Rochford about my first convictions of sin, and what you said I thought made against me, so that my feelings were worse than before; and from that time Satan set in upon me, that it was all over with me now, for I had plainly manifested what I was, and that I had been deceiving myself and others, and therefore it was of no use to make a profession any longer. I was in a sad state of confusion, for I dreaded the thought of going into the world; and yet I could not think I had anything to rest upon, for my hope seemed quite cut away; and what I felt I cannot fully relate. I felt fearful I should be quite given up to the power of the enemy. I could not plead with the Lord. I concluded I had no reason to think I was one of his children, but had been mocking him hitherto; and I thought it would

he presumption to beg for mercy any more ; and how I should be able to come to Rochford I could not tell. I thought I could not bear to hear you, for I felt persuaded you would preach my condemnation ; and I thought I should be forced to go out of the chapel, and it would be best for me not to go. When I was going after the horse in the morning to go to chapel, I felt of all persons the most miserable, for I could not see I had any evidence of being a partaker of grace. My first convictions, I concluded, were only from nature, and, if so, of course I had nothing to rest upon as an evidence, but, after making a profession so long, should be a cast-away at last. But as I was returning home, I felt a little relief from these words, and, in the bitterness of my soul, I exclaimed, "O Lord, deliver me, for thy name's sake." I did not know I was going to utter them, but they darted, as it were, into my soul, and then into words from my mouth, and I felt a little glimmering of hope ; but when I came into the chapel, I was sunk very low in my feelings. You were in the pulpit when I came in, and I felt something like a man in the presence of his judge, expecting to hear the sentence of death passed upon him ; but during your prayer I felt as if you really were praying particularly for me. Your words just suited my case ; and I felt a going out of soul with you to the Lord for his mercy, and my soul was truly knit to yours. When you read your text, which was from 1 Cor. x. 13, it seemed as if you spoke it pointedly to me, and I felt crumbled down, as it were, to the dust in my feelings at the goodness and mercy of God ; and as you spoke of the different conflicts and temptations which the children of God are called to pass through, I was enabled to see and believe that my distress was a temptation from the enemy of my soul, and that the Lord gave you that text to be the means of delivering me from it ; and I could admire the faithfulness of God in bearing me up under the same, and of proving to me that what I thought would be to my condemnation was to be the very way of escape ; and I could feelingly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." You say you had a little talk with friend D. concerning the exercises of his mind upon what you advanced in your preaching. I have spoken to him also myself, as it has been a matter of concern to me, and is to the present time, to know whether any of the Lord's family have been left so long without an anxious concern about their state. I feel yet many strugglings in my mind to know how the case stands with me. Sometimes I have hope in the Lord's mercy, but it seems almost impossible that I should be interested in so great a salvation. I want to feel more of the power of grace in my soul, and to have a spiritual discernment, to know whether what I feel is the effect of grace, or whether it only arises from Satan working upon the fleshly feelings of my nature. May the Lord bless you in your own soul, and give you encouragement by blessing your labours to the real good of his family. Amen.

May 15, 1839.

M--a N--g.

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## AN ANSWER TO CLAUDIA.

Messrs. Editors,—I think, instead of being offended, we have reason rather to be pleased with "Claudia" for pointing out in your number for November, (p. 259) an error which had unwittingly crept into the "Address to the Friends of Vital Godliness." She (for I presume the writer is a female) objects, and, I believe, justly, to the expression, "their *purchased* inheritance;" and as I feel sure that none of those

whose names stand as trustees hold the doctrine of purchased grace, there will doubtless be a willingness to erase the expression, and substitute the word "promised," or "prepared," in its place.

It would, however, be doing injustice to the trustees to leave an impression that they drew up the address in concert, and published it as the expression of their faith. The address arose simply thus. When it was proposed to build a chapel for Mr. Tryon, it seemed necessary to state a few particulars of the principles upon which it was to be built. This was accordingly done by a friend of the cause at Deeping, and the statement was shown to myself as well as others who were considered friends to truth. In this statement I suggested some corrections, and the friend who drew it up left it in my hands to alter as I saw fit. After some vain attempts to correct it to my mind, I thought it best to model it afresh, and write a new piece altogether, which I accordingly did under the title of "An Address to the Friends of Vital Godliness." The intention was to circulate this in manuscript among the friends in the neighbourhood, but a zealous friend of truth offering to print it at his own expense, his kind proposal was embraced, and, being in print, it was thought desirable to send it for insertion in the *Gospel Standard*. Thus I am willing to take upon myself the blame of the error pointed out, whilst I exculpate my brother trustees, most of whom never saw the address till it was in print. It must have crept in as an oversight, for most assuredly I do not believe that Christ purchased the inheritance, though he purchased the church of God with his own blood, that it might inherit the kingdom prepared for the sheep from the foundation of the world.

And now, having acknowledged the error, as one good turn deserves another, let me ask Claudia what she means by the elect "being redeemed by the power of the Spirit?" The blessed office of the Holy Ghost is to apply and manifest redemption; but to talk of their being redeemed by the power of the Spirit is, I think, if not an erroneous, at least an unsafe and unwise expression, as confounding the distinct work of the second and third Person in the adorable Trinity. And what does Claudia mean by the elect "entering the same, (*i. e.*, the inheritance incorruptible, &c., reserved in heaven) through Christ the door, by the almighty drawings of the Father and the *propelling*" (please to erase that word, Claudia, from your spiritual vocabulary) "influences of the Spirit?" Does the inspired record tell us *how* the saints enter into glory? "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," said the dying Stephen. But *how* it is received we are not informed. As the saint passes through the valley of the shadow of death the Lord will be with him, and his rod and staff, they will comfort him; but we are no where told he will enter through Christ the door, &c. This he did when he entered into the first fruits of the inheritance *below*, for he then entered through Christ the door, by the almighty drawings of the Father and the influences of the Holy Spirit. But what means "*propelling*," Claudia? You have taken hold of my beam, suffer me to extract your mote. To propel is not in the Bible, but Johnson defines it, "*drive forward*." Does the Spirit *drive* the soul, Claudia? Ah! no. He "leads," (Rom. viii. 14;) "guides," (John xvi. 13;) "teaches," (John xiv. 26;) "testifies of Jesus," &c.; but he never drives forward or propels the soul, much less propels it into heaven when it drops its mortal clay.

I am, Messrs. Editors,  
Yours faithfully,

Stamford, Nov. 8, 1839.

J. C. PHILPOT.

## ALONE, BUT NOT ALONE.

Dear Father in the Lord,—I am never better employed than when writing of the Lord's favours. It struck me this morning that I was kept grazing on the common till I got my growth, which was the appointed time of the Father; then I was placed in the rich pastures of fatness, there to take my fill and lie down; then methought while I was feeding on the rich dainties, I desired not the common food, not but that it is pleasant still, but you cannot crave after a treasure which you are in full possession of. There is a perfume in the gospel that none can even smell the sweet scent of but the true believer, and they who are favoured with it cannot describe it, with their utmost strivings, only it has a peculiar flavour, a powerful scent that strikes the inmost part of the soul. Blessed be the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, it is hid in him, or we should try to teach the professors that also.

I went to Parthie Bourn on Friday, and in the church yard I had some sweet and awful reflections on the dying and the dead, and methought I could lie down beside the graves, and give up the ghost. I stood gazing on the graves, some stoned, some bricked, some brambled, some flat, and yet they will all open at the same call. Ah! what is all earthly security! On a tombstone it was written concerning a lady's pocket charity, that she had delighted every heart, and that her guardian angel could declare it, which I believe to be false. I looked up to the church with a heavy sigh, and exclaimed, "Dark and mournful are all thy ways." Blessed be God who has brought me out of it, and in sweet solitude I enjoyed myself very much indeed.

Sir, you do not understand me when I say, "What can I expect from men?" I do not mean they cannot be the means of instructing in the scripture, for I know they have instructed me very much, but the blessing belongeth to God only. When the Lord sends passages into my soul, and applies them to me as my own, and enables me to feed upon them, this is riches indeed which no man can bestow. When I used to sit under the word, it was mostly an inquiry with me, and when I got any thing, the answer within was, "Well, surely I can come in there," and so on. But when the Great King has taken me by the hand and said, "Come in," I could not walk back, and ask his subjects if I might go in. No, Sir; I think you could not. Pray, Sir, think not that I am haughty because I speak so firmly. I rejoice in nothing save in Christ Jesus my Lord and my everlasting Husband. Having once made love to me, will he deceive me? I firmly answer, with tears of love and gratitude, No. How good and merciful is the Lord in sending messages of consolation from his mouth to me. I had almost made up my mind not to go to Sturry chapel any more, but the moment I heard that wicked Balaam blessed the people, I was reconciled. I thought you were very beautiful on it. I knew the passage very well, but who but a man of God could have brought it forth and opened it so experimentally? I am happy to say, my heart being my companion, my tongue can faintly express the communion I have with Christ, and the sweet peace with which he blesses us under all the troubles we meet with on earth. Again, I do not see that worldly troubles belong to us any more than worldly pleasures. Nothing but the affliction of soul belongeth to us, and the blessed opening of the most holy Scriptures in my sight. No; even our children, as we call them, belong not to us. Why are we so troubled, at times, about them, to prolong their lives, and, in a word, to do as we please with them? We bring them not up for ourselves I plainly see by the inspiration of the blessed

Spirit. Thanks be to God, I have the two greatest jewels that can be obtained, and not only that, but I have all things. Pray, Sir, think not that I scorn your paper, although, I believe, I left it at Canterbury, but I have not had much to write about lately but sweet resting in the lovely Lamb of God, the Saviour of all those that believe in sincerity and in truth. Ah! what can I say to say enough? Transporting thought, that I can say as I do! "Glory be to the Father." I tried last night if I could say, "Our Father," and I could say it all; and when Christ once says, "Thou art all fair, my love," we can say the other, as they work together sweetly, there being no roughness in the way. All my paths are then peace, and Christ is my song, my everlasting song, and I then can say, "He is mine."

May the Lord give me strength to triumph in him till the day of my death. Amen.

July 14, 1839.

S. T.

### A PROMISE SURE.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

What a mercy for thee, poor cast-down, dejected, tried Christian, that, amidst all the changing vicissitudes which thou art called to wade through, both in a way of providence and grace, thy God is immutably and unchangeably the same; and what an unspeakable mercy that, in every intricate path thou hast to travel, and however rugged the path may be, it shall at length lead thee to thy desired haven. Perhaps, poor soul, thou art feeling thy sins as mountains rising within thee, so as to block up all communion with God. Unbelief, base ingratitude, temptations of the devil, a wicked, depraved nature, all unite to sink thee almost into despair; and thou art constrained to cry out, in the bitterness of thy soul, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth; O bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Perhaps thou art looking back to those moments when thou wast delivered from under the galling yoke of the law, and thy soul could walk at large; when the candle of the Lord shone upon thee; when thou couldst, by faith, embrace a bleeding Jesus; feel his righteousness, by imputation, thine, and see all thy sins washed away in the crimson fountain that flowed from his wounded side; when thou couldst, with holy faith, exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am his;" when he was unto thee the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. What holy wonder, sweet communion, nearness of access to a throne of grace, filled thy happy breast, and the very desire of thy soul was towards him! And now that the sensible presence of thy God is withdrawn, and all things seem to be working against thee, dost thou think thy God will also forsake thee? O no, my dear brother, for in six troubles he will be with thee; yea, in seven he will not forsake thee. Then may the sweet Spirit of all truth enable thee to cast thy every care upon him, for he careth for thee. Perhaps a smiling Providence has long crowned thee with success, and thou hast been carried away with the pride of thy heart and the pleasures of this vain and wicked world; but now thou hast

the painful mortification of seeing thy prosperity changed into adversity, and all thy fair purposes and intentions frustrated, and art now anticipating thy downfall, and art fearing it will soon be made manifest that thou art a cast-away. Perhaps thou hast to endure the frowns of those whom thou once thoughtest to be thy bosom friends, but who now, in the day of adversity, stand aloof from thee. Poor disconsolate Christian, art thou thus brought to conclude thy hope is perished from the Lord, and that he hath, in anger, shut up his bowels of mercy towards thee? Thou shalt, ere long, be brought to see that in infinite wisdom he has corrected thee, to wean thee from an arm of flesh, to humble and bring down thy lofty looks, to teach thee thy own nothingness, to keep thee humble at his footstool, to teach thee how to pray and what to pray for, to show thee that every good and perfect gift cometh from God, and that in him is thy strength found; so that thou shalt eventually be brought to acquiesce in the will of thy heavenly Father, and to see that all things, however painful and mortifying to proud nature, have been working together for thy good; that he is a God too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. May the sweet Spirit of all truth give thee a thankful heart, fellow-traveller in tribulation, to bless his dear name that thou art out of hell; and may the feeble worm who is writing, and thou who art reading, be helped to remember that if we are without correction whereof all are partakers, then are we bastards, and not sons; but if we endure chastening, God dealeth with us as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? Yea, I have found it good even to have my gourd withered, for then a spirit of prayer and supplication has been poured into my soul, so that I have been enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, who has mercifully sustained me; and I have ever found him to be a God near at hand, and not afar off; a friend in need, and a very present help in the time of trouble.

“O that our souls could love and praise him more,  
His beauties trace, his majesty adore;  
Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean,  
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem.”

May the Lord bless these feeble remarks to those who are in the path of tribulation, and his name shall have all the glory.

Trowbridge, September 24, 1839.

S. M.

## A GLORIOUS DISPLAY OF DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY,

*In the Triumphant Death of Western Eve, of West Hanningfield, in the county of Essex, occasioned by the Bite of a Mad Dog in July, 1826.*

The following is a relation of the living sayings of a departing friend and brother in our common Lord, by name Western Eve, whose death, according to the All-wise disposer of all events, was occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, which took place in July, 1826, from which time he laboured under great distress of mind, from painful apprehensions of circumstances commonly attending



such a cause, and particularly as it related to his eternal state. On the 17th of December he was taken very unwell, and believed that death was very nigh. He broke out and said, "O, if I am taken away this night, what will become of my poor soul?" His brother asked him if he loved the Lord Jesus Christ; to which he replied, "I nope I do, but I feel such a hard and deceitful heart that I cannot tell you whether I love the Lord or not, for I am very fearful I shall be left to do as Job's wife told him to do; that is, to curse God and die, and if he leaves me, I know I shall;" and then added, "O that the Lord would keep me from it." His brother replied that he believed there never was one that had that fear who was left to do it. He then smiled and said, "I hope I shall have a little rest, and if I do, O that I may rest where Christian did, with my window open towards the rising of the sun; and O that the name of my chamber may be 'Peace.'" He then sent for the doctor, for he said he felt a desire to be spared to live a little longer with his dear wife and children, if it were the Lord's will. When the doctor came he told him he had been bitten by a mad dog, and that he could do him no good. Directly a fit seized him, which continued about five minutes. After it was over he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, and receive my poor soul this night, if it be thy will." To one who stood by him, whom he believed to be in a state of nature, he said, "You see that dying is hard work; but, remember, you are on the road; I am, as it were, but a step before; I can only point out the way to you, but I cannot say that you shall walk in that new and living way; and O that the Lord may support me." Then his sister repeated a few words from one of Herbert's hymns, which the Lord made to suit his case; and he said, "What! that dear good man?" and smiled again, and then said, "As the fountain is pure, the streams are pure also; but do I belong to these streams?" His brother answered he believed he did, but Western said, "I have many doubts and fears concerning it." He was told the "Lord's people are subject to those infirmities," to which he said, "What! doubters and fearers go to heaven?" He was told, Yes. He then took hold of his brother's hand, and said, "I am not dismayed at going, or at leaving you; for I have often seen the Lord's people, (be it understood that he was in the habit of meeting with a few of his dear friends, who are maliciously called Antinomians at Galley-wood Common, and other places where the everlasting gospel is preached,) and have walked out of my way rather than meet them, because I felt such a deceitful heart. I thought they all condemned me for a hypocrite, which made me go with my head hanging down like a bull rush; but there is a treasure hid in the sand for me. You may say that is a strange place to hide it, but so it is; and, moreover, it is for me! The waves of trouble and distress may beat against it, but they never can wash it away. These things may seem strange, coming from such a poor man as I; but Christ visited poor fishermen, and went into the vessel with them. Then they were sure to arrive safe on shore, and so shall I, for he sits at the helm, and manages the whole of it. It is not left for me to do; if it were, I should most certainly steer it wrong." "But it is finished," it was said

to him, "and you did not do it; it was finished on the cross." And with a smile he said, "Yes, for I can as soon raise my body from this affliction as I can do anything to save my soul; yet, through Christ, I can do all things." Upon this came up several gentlemen to see him, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, I hope you will keep silent; now, you see I am a dying man; let me speak, and do you stand still and see the salvation of God." But one of them said, "Eve, I hope you have made your peace with God." Then he shook his head and said, "What! me make peace with God? The Lord made peace with me, or there never would have been any made; no whited sepulchre will do for me. You may build large buildings upon the sands, with untempered mortar, but the floods will wash them all away. I do not mean Noah's flood, but I mean God's wrath; for such not coming in at the door, but climbing up some other way, the same are thieves and robbers. But we are built upon a rock, and that is the way for me. You will excuse me, gentlemen; I am a dying man, and must be faithful with you; for that which is truth is truth, and that which is a lie is a lie; and there is no mixing them together. It is very likely that some of you will go away, and say I am not sensible; and well you may, for a madman cannot be sensible; yet the things that I speak I am sensible of, for he loved me from everlasting, therefore I am compelled to love him. He is not Christ and Co., but Christ all in all; the King's gold is pure, and no mixture or counterfeit will do for me. You see my glass is almost run out, and I do not wish to turn it again; neither would I if I could, for I see the doors are open for me, and the streets are paved with gold. I shall walk, and hold my head up there; I shall not hold it down, as I have done here; I shall not want my old rusty tools there, for I shall not be in the King's palace only, and with the King's friends, but I shall be with the King himself, whom I shall see for myself, and not for another, for the Lord hath a feast of fat things for me, of wines on the lees well refined. The devil often told me that I should lay violent hands upon myself, and that he should gain his ends; but he is a liar, and was so from the beginning, for he is a conquered enemy, and I shall overcome him, for the door is open for my entrance I believe, and as the word reads, 'and yet there is room,' but who that room remains for, is not for me to know; but this I do know, there is room for me; and this also I know, that when the last elect vessel is brought home, there will be shouting 'Grace unto it;' and then the door will be for ever shut, and there will be no more room." His brother then said to one present, "See how sensible he is, poor thing!" Upon which he looked at him, and with a smile said, "What! call me poor? there is a jewel hid in me richer than the Indies. I am in the cold arms of death, as you see, but do not think that I am loath to die, for I am not. Before this my present confinement to my bed, the Lord was pleased to bless me with two sweet enjoyments in my soul. The first was in coming from Stock to my home. It was so sweet, (though but short,) that I scarcely knew whether I was in the world or not, but it very soon left me. The next was as I was coming from my

work. I had been very much cast down in my mind, the moon shone very bright, and I had a load on my back, which I laid down in order to rest, and the Lord blessed me with such a sweet promise, that the load fell from off my mind, as Christian's did, and I cannot tell you how I felt; but I felt such a love to him, that I thought I would live as holy as an angel, which I purposed, but my purposes soon failed, and I began to patch up my old building again; but according to my views, it fell before I had scarce begun, for no man can put a piece of new cloth to an old garment, but the rent is made worse." Then, addressing himself to his wife, and his brother and his wife, "I may say the words of Mr. Saunders's text, more than thirty years ago, 'Time is short;' and I hope you will not leave me in my dying hour, but stand and see my heart-strings break,

"And while you see my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll."

And patting his cheek with his hands, he said,

"A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
But glory in my soul."

Then a Mr. T—, asked him if he had taken anything, to which he replied, "No; I have neither laid me down, nor have I had any sleep, no, nor have broken my fast, for nearly forty hours, and I am neither sleepy, weary, hungry, nor thirsty, only for the Lord Jesus Christ, and him do I thirst for."

Several gentlemen coming to see him, to one of them he thus addressed himself; "Come in, Sir; for your countenance takes my fancy more than any young person that I have seen to day, and I hope not to puff you up with pride, for if you belong to the Lord, you will feel plenty of that, and if the Lord has been pleased to plant a spark of grace in your soul, the devil will never let you rest long, but he will be trying to get it away, but he shall never be able to do that." Then they shook hands, and he bid him good night, saying, "This is the last time I shall bid you good night, for I am dying, and my eyes grow dim; you all appear to me of different countenances, yet I believe the Lord has bound up this poor body of mine to speak to some of my dear friends as long as I have breath remaining." Upon this, his master for whom he laboured came to see him, to whom he said, "I am very glad to see you, Sir; you have always behaved as a gentleman to me; and as I know it is in your power to befriend my poor wife and children, I hope you will so do, for you see, Sir, that I shall be here but a short time. My poor dying legs have done carrying my body to labour for you, and I hope you will use your influence to prevent my wife and children being turned out of doors;" which his master promised he would do, and then he thanked him, and delivered up his son to him, and added, "This is all I have to say to you, Sir." But to the doctor, who stood by, he said, "I dare say, Sir, you think my body is in great distress;" to which he replied, "Yes." "But I do declare unto you it is not in any distress whatever, for the Lord has been pleased to bless this bed of affliction to my soul, so that it is no affliction to me. I will

not call him a hard master; and though I am thus naked as to my body, (he having in his fits greatly torn his shirt,) I have a better dress than this; I do not mean a fig-leaf one; no, I mean the robe of Christ's righteousness, which will cover my poor, naked soul, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." He then called for his youngest child that he might take his leave of it; the child being fearful, clung to its mother, upon which he observed, "Just so the Lord Jesus Christ will hug and take care of me." To his wife he said, "You have been a good wife to me, although I have sometimes been crooked to you, yet I love you and my children, but this is a natural love; the love that I have to Christ is above all this. I did think at first that I should like to have lived a little longer with you, if it had been the Lord's will, but since it is not, I am willing to lay down these earthly weapons, and let his will be done; and I hope you will be a good mother to your children as you have been, and I can give you and my children up into the hands of the Lord, knowing that he has promised to be 'a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow.' It will be a dull Christmas with you, but it will be a merry one with me." Then he said, "My dear brother and sister in the flesh and spirit too, I firmly believe I shall soon be in the New Jerusalem, and sing, and you will say, 'What will you sing?' Why, I shall sing the new song. My body is nearly dead you see, but my soul is alive in Christ Jesus. I doubt not but some of you who have heard me, may be ready to say, that what I have said, is not the truth. But look at the 22nd chap. of Revelation, 18th and 19th verses, and you will find that it reads thus, 'For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.'" After this, he was not able to speak any more, but even then the faithfulness of the Lord was most gloriously manifested, as he testified, "According to thy day, so shall thy strength be;" for it is believed by faithful witnesses, who were present with him, that the Spirit of God spoke through his features when he was nearly dead, to the astonishment of those present, as well medical gentlemen as others.

A sermon was preached on the occasion, from Hosea chap. ii., and part of the 14th and 15th verses; "And speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there."

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### LIVING WORDS FROM LIVING WITNESSES.

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Dear E—,—To my ever invaluable friend in the path of tribulation, grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I continue as to my health nearly the same at present. But I am persuaded that such is the will of my covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, that he will do all things well for me. Though he afflict sore, he will

not give me over unto death ; and though his hand may go out against me, yet his everlasting arms are underneath me to support me ; and though he may appear angry with me, yet he is still my God and Father in Christ Jesus, and he will surely have mercy upon me.

I have heard that there is a person in my line of business set up at R— ; but blessed be his holy name, none of these things move me. I am willing to go to R—, or to stay where I am, or to leave this world, or to do whatever my heavenly Father sees fit. I can put my hearty Amen to this. If he sees fit to restore me to health, I shall have many things to encounter besides an old man of sin, a fierce and cruel enemy, and a deceitful and evil world ; but he promises that as my days are, so my strength shall be. But should he call me out of this world, it will be with, " Friend, come up higher ;" then shall I leave this world and all its vanity, and get rid of this body of death and dross, this frail tabernacle with all its infirmities, at the foot of the cross ; whilst the nobler part of this rich treasure of God's grace, shall ascend into the hill of the Lord. O happy day, O happy moment, when this shall take place ; then I shall leave sin and sorrow, and every thing that causes sorrow, and all sorrow and sighing shall be done away, and the days of my mourning will be at an end ; for God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and there shall be no more trouble. How does my soul at times long to be gone, " to be with Christ, which is far better." I do acknowledge, to the glory of his name, that I feel my mind sweetly reconciled, come what may, for I know that he will do all these things well ; and though I have awfully rebelled, yet his love is still the same ; and the reason is this, that his love was fixed upon us from all eternity in Christ Jesus, and that nothing can alter it, or disannul it, or make it void. No, not all the evil of our nature, nor yet the perverseness of our wills, nor the natural enmity of the heart, nor the unbelief that we are the subjects of, nor Satan himself shall ever frustrate the purposes of God, or make the promises of no effect ; and the reason is this ; he hath loved us with an everlasting love, and " he is God and changeth not, therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." And how can it be otherwise, when our blessed Jesus paid the ransom price that was due against us ? " He died the just for the unjust," to bring sinners to God ; so that the work was completed before we had a being ; therefore, we have nothing to pay, and nothing to do. But when the Lord gives us eyes to see it, like Manoah and his wife, we can look on and see what a Triune God has done, and wonder at the provision that he has made in his dear Son ; and when he gives us faith and love, faith to believe it, and love to embrace it, so that the contents of it are received into the conscience, we then are enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory ; and when he appears to us in all his finished work, and brings salvation to the heart, we then cry out, " Lo ! this is our God, we have waited for him, he will save us." I hope the Lord will be with you, and sanctify your afflictions to you. There is nothing beneath the sun that will bring any comfort or peace when affliction comes, but as he gives us submission. I know what it is

to be bowed down with affliction, and to be looking to second causes, with nothing but murmuring and complaining, and thinking that we are hardly dealt by; but this cannot be, for his thoughts are thoughts of mercy and of peace, that he may give us an expected end.

Yours affectionately,

Bayswater, Feb. 23, 1820.

T. C.

My dear Miss W—,—I hope by this time, if it be the sovereign pleasure of the Lord, that you are revived both in body and mind; and that whatever the Lord designs concerning your body, he has graciously been pleased to reveal “Christ in you, the hope of glory;” and if so, you will be enabled to say, All is well. Remember my dear young friend, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” (Prov. ix. 10.) To be brought by the power of God the Holy Ghost to fear the Lord, to have a tender conscience, and to tremble at God’s word, is, in very deed, the beginning of wisdom. And to such poor trembling, broken-hearted souls, the Lord will, in his own time, look with a look of manifestive mercy, “For to this man will the Lord look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.” (Isa. lxvi. 2.) It is one part of true wisdom to feel ourselves real fools, that the whole of our life has been a life of folly, sin, and shame, and that we are such poor besotted fools, that we are unable to alter it to any good purpose; and feeling that all our foolishness has been sin against a holy, just, and good God, we tremble before him, and are quite broken down in spirit under a deep sense of our vileness before a holy God, and we mourn over our guilt, sin, and filthiness; and then we cry to the Lord for mercy, and pant for pardon made manifest by the revelation of Christ in our souls. Thus we thirst and sigh, and groan, and long for salvation; and yet, often fear it will never be ours. We feel we neither have, nor can have any rest without it; and though now and then we feel a little hope, yet we dare not say, “My Lord and my God.” To us our path seems very, very gloomy indeed, and we are ready to wish we had never been born; and yet at times we appear as if we had got into a deathly sloth and carelessness, and our only feeling appears to be a painful one to find such ease under such circumstances; and again we cry, Lord have mercy upon us, and save us from carnal ease and dead sloth; and, Save us dear Lord, save us in thyself, with an everlasting salvation. Were we asked what we want, we should, if we could speak out our real desires, say, I want neither to be deceived myself, nor to deceive others. I want, in very deed, to experience “Christ in me the hope of glory;” I want to feel pardon through his precious blood, and to love, praise, and adore him. O how I thirst and pant, and sigh and groan, to be able to say, truly say, “He loved me, and gave himself for me.” Could I but feel his precious, pardoning love, my poor cast down soul would sing for joy; but I fear this joy will never be mine, though I really feel that I can have no rest, comfort, or true consolation without it. By this time methinks my young friend is saying, “These are some of my feelings; but I am such a poor, bewildered, strange creature, that I cannot describe all my feelings, nor do I think any one else can.” Well, my dear friend, if the above is your case, the Lord has begun to make you wise; and eternal truth has said, “The wise shall inherit glory.” (Prov. iii. 35.) Never, my dear friend, give up the point till the Lord is graciously pleased to say unto your soul, “I am thy salvation.” “The Lord is nigh unto all them that

call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them." (Psa. cxlv. 18, 19.) Do you say, I do cry, and cry again, and yet the Lord does not answer me? Remember, my dear friend, how often you sinned, and sinned again, and yet the Lord did not visit you with deserved wrath. And shall we be weary of crying for mercy, and waiting the Lord's time to manifest it? He may appear to bear long, but "Shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily." (Luke xviii. 7, 8.) Thus, my dear young friend, you see that God's elect have to cry day and night, and sometimes the Lord appears not to regard them, but in the end he does send deliverance; "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." (Hab. ii. 3.) Go on, my dear friend, breathing after the sweet power, presence, and love of the Lord Jesus Christ, for you shall not cry and wait in vain. He will come and call you his love, his dove, his fair one; and enable you to say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

That the Lord may be with you, and cause his face to shine upon you, give you sweet rest and peace, by faith in the blood and obedience of Christ, is the prayer of yours in the Lord,

Oct. 11, 1838.

W. G.

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My dear Father in the Lord,—I forward you a scull-cap. In absence of measure or shape, I have shot at random, but hope it may fit your head, and please your fancy. Alas! my nature-head wants either a cap, or brace to-day, for the devil is turning it round like a whirligig. But I draw comfort, through the Spirit, from the consideration that our Redeemer is mighty, (Prov. xxiii. 11,) and that his left hand is under my head, and with his right hand he doth embrace me. Yes; he keeps my feet from falling, and, by expressions of his love, cheers up my spirit to run the race set before me, assuring my soul that he will not leave me nor forsake me, and thus convinces me that he is Alpha in the upper streams of everlasting love, and Omega in these low lands in my underfall way, and that all my springs in nature, grace, and glory are in him my glorious Head, whose fulness the church is, although he filleth all in all. Happy for me that it is so, for of myself I am a poor dull stupid creature; from necessity, a dependant upon his bounties; being wet with the dews of the mountains, I embrace the rock for want of a shelter. My miseries are my only recommendations at the pardon office, or I should meet with no encouragement there; but how truly it may be said of our dear Lord, "This God-Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." I sail to heaven on a sea of the richest mercy, but very many storms of temptation, persecution, and soul affliction come down upon it, attended with mighty head winds which seem to threaten me with stranding almost every moment, and I should most certainly go to the bottom only for a certain Pilot called Jesus who came on board at the Cape of Good Hope, who is wisdom and immortality, and, therefore, can neither sink nor drown. He is truth essentially, and cannot lie; wise, and cannot err; infinite, and cannot be overcome, and hath engaged to save me, therefore I live, being kept as the apple of his eye, and amidst outward fightings and inward fears he gives me rest, through believing, in a strong city having gates and bars. "He opens, and no man shuts; he shuts, and no man opens;" opens to receive the doves flying to the windows, and shuts

the door of the ark against the enemy and avenger, and the troubled soul in the ark to ride upon, and weather out the storm; so that I am privileged to go in and out and find pasture; when in, to be nursed and dandled, to suck and to be satisfied, to be comforted and counselled, to draw out and be delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory; and when out, to be tried, exercised, hated, persecuted, spoken against, (and that falsely) maltreated, laughed to scorn, held up to derision, buffeted, tempted, and evil treated, and all to prove to my soul that God is faithful, who hath engaged that grace shall reign; grace, the last principle manifested, but the first in existence; for although corruption be the first with respect to communication, the elder shall serve the younger, for grace took its rise in eternity, but sin in time, therefore grace must have the preeminence in as much as I had life in the second Adam before I died in the first, and was complete in the Lord from heaven, before I existed in the flesh of an Adam-nature. I have often been tempted to smile, since I saw you, at the various reports which have been presented to my mind, and you, no doubt, have heard much of the wonderful. Alas! for human nature, I cannot but weep for it, although, as a public person, I am exposed to its venom; but I love my Master, whose work often galls my shoulder, and chafes my nature-mind; but still I hear him say, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The recompense of the reward gilds my prospects, and makes hard things easy, and heavy burdens light. He tells me that I am justified, and gives me the spirit of faith to receive his testimony, which brings peace home to my conscience and seals it there, through which I am enabled, at times, to joy in God, my Jesus, my Lord, who made the reconciliation and brought me nigh unto God, who speaks to my soul and saith, "Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die?" I am held fast by these means to the work in which I have been long engaged, but which I should at once relinquish if left to my own will for a single week, but having received momentarily supplies, I continue to the present day.

It strikes me that the days are at hand when you ought to be with us. I fear you make a labour of our pleasure. Your presence cheers us, your testimony helps us on our way; let us hear your voice in Providence chapel ere long.

In gospel bonds, yours most truly,

Liverpool, Oct., 1839.

D. K.

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## INQUIRY.

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"If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God."—1 Pet. iv. 11; 1 Cor. iv. 1.

What are the true marks of a true minister of Christ? If any one taught of God the Holy Ghost will favour me with an answer, I, and I think many of our dear brethren, who labour and groan, being burdened, will feel obliged; for there are many professed ministers, who, instead of administering bread, give chaff; instead of fish, a scorpion; instead of food, gravel stones; in short, who appear not to be God's mouth to the people.

Sept. 12, 1839.

A REJECTED ONE.



## POETRY.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—  
1<sup>st</sup> John, xvi. 16.

Ye heirs of salvation, to you I would tell  
The works of the great Three in One;  
He saved me, a sinner, from wrath and from hell,  
And made me complete in his Son.

The word of his truth, like a two-edged sword,  
With power did enter my heart;  
I fell at his feet, and his mercy implored,  
But fear'd he would bid me depart.

The sins of my youth now encompass'd my mind,  
And I became greatly distress'd,  
I look'd in the word, but no promise could find,  
On which my poor soul dared to rest.

But still, in my trouble, for mercy I cried,  
And sometimes I thought I could see  
Some beauty in Jesus, the Lamb crucified,  
And hoped that he suffer'd for me.

And then, in an instant, my hope would give way,  
And darkness would cover my mind;  
And Satan, in triumph, would tauntingly say,  
Salvation I never should find.

But still to God's house I must constantly go,  
Of Christ and his gospel to hear,  
The preacher he seem'd all my feelings to know,  
Describing my hope and my fear.

This often encouraged my soul in the way,  
Still hoping the work was begun,  
And trusting that God would, in some future day,  
Smile on me through Jesus, his Son.

The gospel of Christ did now comfort my soul;  
I often with pleasure did hear  
How Jesus the sick and the wounded makes whole,  
How perfect love casteth out fear.

But while, in this state, I found no settled rest,  
Being fearful that something was wrong;  
For with the white stone I had never been blest,  
Nor could I yet sing the new song.

Then Satan he told me my heart was not right,  
And that my religion was vain;  
No comfort or peace I could find day or night,  
So great was my grief and my pain.

My heart now began to discover itself,  
And I to shrink back from the sight;  
The burden of sin now most keenly I felt;  
My soul was as dark as the night.

And then like a flood the tempter came in,  
And told me all hope was now pass'd,  
He told me that God would not pardon my sin,  
But would send me to hell at the last.

I feared that Satan would make me his prey;  
 So helpless and hopeless was I,  
 That I scarcely could feel a desire e'en to pray,  
 Nor a heart for God's mercy to cry.

Now Satan, he told me there could be no hope,  
 For one in the state I was in,  
 And now, as the God of all grace had forsook,  
 I had sinn'd the unpardonable sin.

Now Balaam, and Judas the traitor, and Cain,  
 Were constantly passing my mind,  
 I knew they were ever tormented with pain,  
 Where hope no admission could find.

I thought that at last I should share the same fate,  
 I fear'd this my portion would be,  
 Where torment can never, no never abate,  
 From sufferings never be free.

But God, in his mercy was pleased to reveal  
 Himself as a pardoning God,  
 The wounds of my spirit he quickly did heal,  
 And wash'd me in Calvary's blood.

My Jesus, my Saviour, by faith I did see,  
 As bearing the load of my sin,  
 The Spirit bore witness that all was for me,  
 That I his high praises might sing.

My soul felt a peace that it knew not before,  
 While Satan he seem'd to be chain'd;  
 With pleasure to heaven my spirit would soar,  
 While I in this rapture remain'd.

All things were made right between me and my God;  
 With pleasure I came to his feet;  
 I found free access through Immanuel's blood,  
 My fellowship with him was sweet.

Lord, grant that this still may be my sweet lot,  
 While in this sad desert below;  
 Rejoicing in Jesus, whose love changes not,  
 As I on my pilgrimage go.

March, Isle of Ely, 1839.

A TEACHER OF BABES.

### HE DIED FOR ME.

My mind with various scenes is toss'd; And when I pass thro' death's cold flood.  
 Sometimes 'tis pleased, at others cross'd; To feel the virtues of his blood,  
 But what is best, my soul is free, My soul, from sin and sorrow free,  
 For Jesus shed his blood for me. Shall sing, his blood was shed for me.

My soul at times in tears is drown'd, When the last trump of God shall sound  
 To weep for mercy I have found, To awake the saints laid under ground,  
 To know that Jesus, on the tree, My glorious song e'en then shall be  
 Shed his own precious blood for me. That Jesus shed his blood for me.

His love, I cannot cease to tell, Then boldly with the saints I'll press  
 Hath sav'd me from the jaws of hell! To see the Lord my righteousness;  
 For evermore my song shall be, United then our song shall be.  
 His precious blood was shed for me. That Jesus shed his blood for me.

While in this world with sin oppress'd, And when to glory I attain,  
 I find no place of solid rest, I'll sing, I'll shout, and sing again,  
 Only in Jesus, when I see, This is my God, while on the tree,  
 By faith, he shed his blood for me. Pour'd forth his precious blood for me.

Stonehouse

LAST BUT ONE

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

How vain, how empty, although fair, Thy love,—O mystery profound!—  
Do man and all his arts appear, To comprehend, our thoughts are drown'd,  
When once compar'd with thee, Lost in omniscience.  
My Saviour, Brother, Zion's King, When we can know how Deity  
Who rules o'er all with pow'r supreme, Existed from eternity,  
With a majestic sway. Then we shall know thy love.

But ah! how fickle is my mind, Reason, with all her boasted skill,  
Averse to good, and all that's kind, Vainly attempts to reach the goal  
Of my Redeemer God; Of knowledge so divine.  
I stray from him, and run in sin, Forbear, vain man, forbear to pry  
In act, in deed, in thought obscure, In truths so sacred and so high,  
Though he strays not from me. Unless by God reveal'd.

He throws a hedge about my path, The counsel, will, and love of God  
And keeps my soul from the great smart To all the chosen, bought by blood,  
Of death's eternal woe. Shall, through the Spirit, know  
This is the why and wherefore, link'd, How Three in One and One in Three  
My soul's not left in hell to sink; Essential are to Deity;  
Tis grace from first to last. Mysterious and divine.

This hedge is love,—a love divine,— Be this my object, this my care,  
Beyond the ken of mortal mind, To honour thee while biding here,  
Or th' angelic host. In life's tempestuous path.  
Its heights & depths can ne'er be known, Keep me from error, Lord, I pray;  
Or its dimensions overthrown, O never, never let me stray;  
Through heaven's eternal bounds. May I abide in thee.

'Tis true this love we know in part And when this cord breaks here below,  
When Christ is form'd within our heart And mortal life does cease to flow,  
Th' eternal bope of glory; Be thou my all in all.  
But then how little do we see O make my exit from this life  
Of the great love of the great Three Uninterrupted from the strife  
Immutable Jehovah. Of death, sin, world, and hell.

Middlesex. INFANT.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Where shall I go for help and cure? Can such a soul as mine be saved,  
There's none can tell what I endure, Whose nature is so much depraved,  
Through sin and unbelief; A lump of loathful sin?  
I'm tortured by the fiends of hell, It cannot be; I am too vile,  
And by my own sad fears as well, And fit to be a poor exile,  
Nor can I get relief. My wretched state to moan;  
But, hearing of a mercy seat,  
My shatter'd bark is tempest-toss'd, But, I'll lay me at my Jesus' feet,  
My anchor too I think is lost, And pray, and sigh, and groan.  
And all seems black despair;  
I hear there is a throne of grace, Thus thinking o'er my forlorn state,  
Where souls can see a Saviour's face; And mourning as the dove her mate,  
O, could I but get there! A secret whisper came;  
It was his mouth, who, when he speaks,  
Before him I would prostrate lie, Up to himself the soul directs,  
Unto him I would send my cry, Yes, He, the bleeding Lamb.  
And there I'd leave my load.  
Nothing but precious blood divine, Come, come, poor soul, and do not fear,  
Can cleanse a wretched soul like mine, You shall not die in black despair,  
And bring me near to God. For I have ransom'd you.  
Sin is my burden and my sore, 'Tis I that led you all the way;  
It seems to gain a greater power I will not let you further stray,  
O'er all my thoughts within. But prove that I am true.

What melting down of soul came on,  
 When he reveal'd what he had done,  
 To save a wretch like me;  
 I died that you might live, he said,  
 I broke with vengeance Satan's head,  
 And I have set you free.

My arm is long enough to save,  
 And you shall all your foes outbrave,  
 By faith to overcome;  
 Westham, April 23, 1839.

And when my will is done in you,  
 And you have prov'd me very true,  
 Then I will take you home.  
 Enough, dear Lord, this is indeed;  
 There's nothing else, I surely need;  
 Fulfil thy blessed word;  
 Then praise shall be my whole employ,  
 For thou hast fill'd me full of joy,  
 My Father and my Lord.

J. C.

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*CHRISTIAN HOPE.*

'Tis to the soul what lungs are to the breast;  
 There life begins, and runs to all the rest;  
 The throne on which mortality may sit,  
 And quiet rest amidst this changing state.  
 Spring up, O well, with living waters flow,  
 And sweeten all the desert here below.

Thus when the Christian's contest does begin,  
 Hope fights with doubts, till faith's reserves come in;  
 Hope comes desiring, and expects relief,  
 Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief;  
 Just like co-partners in joint stock of trade,  
 What one contracts is by the other paid.  
 We see all things alike with either eye,  
 So faith and hope the self-same objects spy.  
 But what is hope? 'Tis foresight of redress,  
 Prospect of ease when troubles downward press,  
 A distant view of what is wrong amended,  
 Pleasure to be obtain'd, or grievance ended.

Yes, O my soul, when troubles strike thee dumb,  
 Hold fast thy hope, thy kingdom is to come.  
 My fellow-toilers, who still onward press,  
 Our hope is in the Lord our righteousness,  
 Who is a rock, where thou may'st safely pitch  
 Thy hiding-place, where sorrow cannot reach;  
 There, when around is trouble, thou may'st find  
 Security of soul and peace of mind.

Westham.

LYDIA.

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*THE HIDINGS OF CHRIST'S FACE.*

Yes, they have flown, those blissful hours have flown,  
 Those moments sweet of intercourse with God;  
 No more I view sweet Jesus as my own,  
 But mourn and tremble 'neath his chastening rod.

Where art thou gone, O blessed Jesus, where?  
 When shall I see again thy smiling face?  
 When shall my soul again with joy repair,  
 To meet her Saviour at his throne of grace?

As once I lov'd, O that I now could love,  
 And feel the holy rapture once I felt,  
 When I could view my all in all above,  
 And praise his love for everything he dealt.

But now, O wretch, I murmur and repine,  
 Rebel against his holy will and ways;  
 Hard thoughts arise in this hard heart of mine,  
 My prayers how feeble, and how cold my praise.

O, how I long again to hear his voice,  
 In whispers speaking peace without alloy;  
 His presence makes my burden'd heart rejoice;  
 His absence shuts me out from every joy.

O, Jesus, Jesus, when wilt thou return,  
 That I again may lean upon thy breast,  
 That this cold heart again with love may burn,  
 And find in thee a peaceful happy rest.

Where shall I flee, or where for shelter go?  
 Thou, Jesus, only art my comfort here,  
 Thou art my all above, my all below,  
 The softener of my care, th' assuager of my fear.

London.

A SINNER.

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## GLEANINGS.

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Now I saw, that as God had his hand in all the providences and dispensations that overtook his elect, so he had his hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against him; not to animate them to wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them for a time, to such things only that might not destroy but humble them, as might not put them beyond, but lay them in the way of the renewing of his mercy. But O, what love, what care, what kindness and mercy did I now see, mixing itself with the most severe and dreadful of all God's ways to his people. He would let David, Hezekiah, Solomon, Peter, and others fall, but he would not let them fall into sin unpardonable, nor into hell for sin. O, thought I, these be the men that God hath loved; these be the men that God, though he chastiseth them, keeps them in safety by him; and they whom he makes to abide under the shadow of the Almighty. But all these thoughts added sorrow, grief, and horror to me, as whatever I now thought on, it was killing to me. If I thought how God kept his own, that was killing to me; if I thought how I was fallen myself, that was killing to me. As all things wrought together for the best, and to do good to them that were the called according to his purpose; so I thought that all things wrought for my damage, and for my eternal overthrow.—*Bunyan*.

When you pray it is the Spirit that endites your prayers, and that makes intercession for you in your own hearts; (Rom. viii. 26;) which intercession of his is but the echo of Christ's intercession in heaven. The Spirit prays in you, because Christ prays for you. He is an intercessor on earth, because Christ is an intercessor in heaven; as he did take of Christ's words, and use the same, that he before had uttered, when he spake to his disciples the words of life, so he takes of Christ's prayers also, when he prays in us. The Holy Ghost takes, as it were, the words out of Christ's mouth, or rather heart, and directs our hearts to offer them up to God.—*Goodwin*.

I have no notion of a timid, sneaking profession of Christ. Such preachers and professors are like a rat playing at hide and seek behind wainscot, who pops his head through a hole, to see if the coast is clear, and ventures out if nobody is in the way; but slinks back again, when danger appears. We cannot be honest to Christ, unless we are bold for him. He is either worth all we can lose for him, or he is worth nothing.—*Toptady*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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No. 50. FEBRUARY, 1840. VOL. VI.

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THE RIGHTEOUS ARE SAFE.

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"The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish."—Prov. x. 3.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Many are the ups and downs of a poor weak believer in Jesus; many are the difficulties that he has to contend with, and the straits he is daily brought into, and that often by his own wicked and deceitful heart, for a man's worst enemies are those of his own household, and "out of the heart proceeds all manner of evil." How prone is he to wander and leave the Lord that bought him and paid so great a price for his ransom, even his own life; how prone is he to disbelieve his gracious and all-sufficient promise that he will never leave him nor forsake him, nor suffer his soul to be famished. He restrains prayer before God, and is filled with fretfulness, murmurings, and rebellions against such a kind and beneficent covenant God and Father. Envy and jealousy enter his heart against his Maker and his fellow-creatures. He sees others walking at large while he himself is shut up and cannot come forth. He hears others of the Lord's family telling what God hath done for their souls, and how good and kind He is to them, and he is weighed down and perplexed with the law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death which is in his members. He looks back at his past experience of the Lord's gracious dealings with him, but fears it is all a delusion, and only a trap laid by that arch enemy of souls, the devil, to lull him to sleep in carnal security, and keep him senseless of the true enjoyment of that endless happiness, even Christ in the heart, the hope

of glory. He thinks the Lord is unkind to him, and deals with him in a very austere way; nay, he often fears he is gone for ever. "Is thy mercy clean gone for ever? will the Lord be favourable no more?" "Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget, but I will not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." Yes, all this is very well, says such a poor soul; I know it is the word of him that cannot lie, and I believe that it will stand when the world and all that is in it is burnt up. I am satisfied that the Lord has a people formed for himself, and they shall show forth his praise, and tell of his goodness, long-suffering, and long-forbearing; but I cannot, I dare not lay hold of it. It kills me to see in the letter of God's truth so many sweet and precious promises, while I cannot come at them for myself; they are intended for others better than I. I am so black; my sins cry out to heaven against me; they are more than the hairs of my head, they cannot be numbered; they are as the sands on the sea shore for multitude. They keep me back; they press me so sore that I cannot touch the hem of his garment. I cannot come at him for the press, or, in touching, I know I should be whole, for he is sufficient to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Here the soul makes an acknowledgment that it has renounced its own works, its self-dependence, self-sufficiency, and that through necessity and a consciousness of its own unworthiness, its many weaknesses and backslidings from him. "Well, now, thou poor, disconsolate, law-tormented, sin-burdened, devil-hunted sinner, thou art come to the place of stopping of mouths. Look at the words which I have selected, which form one of the many precious passages in the word of life." "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish." See how he fed the children of Israel in the wilderness for forty years with manna from heaven. He suffered them not to famish, although a rebellious and headstrong people, neither will he you. He is the same gracious God still, the same loving Father and true friend. Hath he said it, and will he not perform it? Yes; "though heaven and earth pass away, yet his word abideth for ever;" his people shall not famish for lack of any good thing, but he will supply all their needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Many a time have I proved the Lord to be faithful to his promise when I have been led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, (Matt. iv. 1,) to deny my most gracious, ever-loving, and kind Lord, and to call all the work he has done for me into question, and to disbelieve it altogether; but, bless his dear name, I am still spared to prove that I never have perished, no, nor ever shall; and when the greatest temptations have been upon me, and I have well nigh fallen into them, the good Lord has come in again with some sweet help by the way, and given me fresh discoveries in his word that he is faithful, which has so warmed my heart with love towards him that I have been melted like wax before the flame. O the riches of distinguishing grace! How has it brought me to the footstool of

Jehovah, made me to mourn over him, to pity him, to thank him, and to praise him, and to acknowledge him Lord of all; renouncing my own works as nothing worth, as filthy rags, as a bed too short, as a covering too narrow. Then joy and gladness have filled my heart, and I have been as a bottle filled with new wine, ready to burst. (Job xxxii. 19.) Is this famishing? Is this perishing for hunger and for lack of knowledge? No. When we come here, we know all that is desirable to be known in this time state. What is this world and all its allurements to me, if I cannot see Christ directing my paths? But when his good hand is seen, I count the world as dung and dross. The prodigal tried it as long as he was able. But when a famine came on, that is, a spiritual famine, he went into the field to feed swine, and would fain have fed with them, but could not. But being now come to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father and confess my sins, and tell him of my unworthiness to be called his son." But see how his loving father saw him a great way off, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The best robe was put upon him, a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; the fatted calf was killed, and they began to be merry. So the Lord leads his people about in the wilderness, to humble them, and to prove them. But he never finally suffers them to famish, nor lack any good thing. May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

Heckington, Nov. 4th, 1839.

J. T.

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## REVIVING TIME.

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Dear Sir,—As I was returning home after hearing your farewell discourse at Zoar, on Monday evening, I was led to meditate on what I had heard, and the comfort which my poor soul enjoyed, and the great mercy the dear Lord once more vouchsafed toward his hunger-bitten family, who had, for so long a time, been kept very short of the bread of life, and the mercy I had experienced, not only in seeing an answer to prayer in your being raised up a pastor after God's own heart, but of his goodness and mercy in sending you so many miles amongst a poor, hunger-bitten, dispersed people as the hearers of that dear man of God, Mr. Huntington, are, and others of God's dear children. I was highly gratified in seeing so many of my old companions in tribulation once more, as one family, assembling together to partake of that bread which shall never perish; and on looking at each other, I could perceive, by their countenances, (which is often an index of the mind) a ray of gladness, expressive of the joy of their hearts, in seeing each other once more in the flesh. It brought to my mind the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, and truly there was, I doubt not, a shaking among the dry bones. If one may speak for another, I do believe much spiritual life, and unction, and dew from your preaching were communicated to the broken hearts of God's dear children. You will, in all probability, say, what makes you think so? Because they, as in days of old, sent to one another saying, Come and see, here is Christ; and the house was filled with the blind, the lame, and the halt, and during



your stay the number was not diminished. In leaving the chapel, on the last evening, some came and shook hands most affectionately, whom I had almost forgotten; so that I was astonished, the remembrance of which, while writing, melts my stony heart with gratitude, feeling my unworthiness. For many years past, while under the first work, these words often came into my mind, to the distress of my soul; "How shall I put thee amongst the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the host of nations?" Often were that and many more portions of God's word brought to me by Satan to the great discomfort of my poor, heavy-burdened soul, which cut off all my hopes in a propitious God and Father in Christ Jesus, my dear Lord and Saviour; but, through rich mercy, I have proved the devil again and again a liar, and the father of lies. O, what humility, what self-abasement has the dear Lord poured into my soul in your coming amongst us, causing his dear blood-bought family once more in the flesh to assemble together; the like has not been since the death of our dear pastor. Praise ye the Lord! A little revival is now much prized. Time has been we were fed to the full; then, as in old, we loathed the honeycomb, but now the day of small things is highly prized. As to myself, I am glad to travel many miles to pick up the crumbs, should any fall, from the master's table. Thus some would rob the dogs, but, as it is written, a *living dog* is better than a *dead lion*. Poverty within, and poverty without in years that are passed, were severe trials to me; now, extreme outward poverty is not my lot, through mercy, although nothing to boast of but the goodness of my dear Lord; yet poverty of spirit within is much greater at times than that which was without, to the casting down of my poor soul; therefore I am constrained, through necessity, to pray that the dear Lord would raise up pastors to feed the hungry with good things, and he who fed the thousands in the wilderness has promised to hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer. To this end I am constrained to supplicate the ever-blessed Jesus to do as he did in the days of his flesh, viz., to cause the multitude to sit down, (which is a posture of rest) and that he would take of the five barley loaves, and break, and give to his servants that they may give to his people, his chosen, in this our day of famine, not of bread and of water, but of hearing of the word of God. In great mercy he has heard and answered (although long delayed for years) my poor broken petitions, and brought two servants out of Egyptian darkness to lead his chosen into the land of Canaan, viz., Mr. P. and yourself. Bless his dear name, you, sir, we have seen and heard. I do pray and hope that Mr. P. will, through the constraining power of God the eternal Spirit, be made to come amongst us full of the blessings of the gospel of peace; and that each of your souls may be kept as a well-watered garden, and as springs of water whose waters fail not. This is the prayer of my poor soul, which, through rich mercy, has proved that the Lord is gracious, slow to anger, and of great goodness to the children of men. In this day of awful delusion and declension, the wise virgins as well as the foolish do slumber and sleep. If one may speak for the rest, they are continually backsliding, either in heart, lip, or life, and are in a cold, lukewarm state, for the want of the golden oil flowing from the candlesticks, through the golden pipes. As to myself, I do find it is winter almost all the year round with me, for the want of a searching ministry, the Lord's vineyard being grown over with briars and thorns. Such a ministry is wanted in this great city, to go through and burn all up. Such, sir, has yours been, that I trust you

will some day find, if you have not already found, you have not spent your strength for nought, nor laboured in vain for the Lord, but that you have left a blessing behind. "For as the rain cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The whole of that verse cast a great light upon a promise which formerly came with divine power into my soul when crying for mercy. Just before it was applied, while on my knees, at eight o'clock at night, thus said the Lord; "In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee." Such was the divine power and unction that attended the words, that my eyes flowed with tears of gratitude. I blessed and praised my God faster in my spirit than words could flow out. I should first have mentioned, that after prayer, I was reading the 49th chapter of Isaiah, and when I came to the 8th verse, that blessed portion was suddenly applied. As soon as I was recovered to see to read again, these words were applied; "My words shall not return unto me void," &c., which conveyed great light to my understanding, by the eternal God the Spirit, seeing that that which came from the God of all grace caused thanksgiving and praise to ascend to him who spake to my poor distressed soul. This did not deliver me fully, although it brought great comfort into my soul, which did not last long, having much tribulation, sorrow, and distress to pass through within and without, for many years afterwards, and great fightings of affliction to endure. As an ass was I crouching down between two burdens, the law of mount Sinai in my conscience, poverty and distress on all sides, the world, the flesh, and the devil, to combat with; and like Job, heavy tidings following one after another, destruction and misery in all my paths, kicking and plunging like a wild bull in a net, being unaccustomed to the yoke. O how often have I stood astonished at the merciful forbearance of a covenant God in Christ Jesus, in not cutting so vile a wretch off, and consigning me to that place where hope never comes, and the worm never dies, for my repeated rebellion. O what a long-suffering God in Christ Jesus have we rebels to do with! When I remember these things, I am constrained to cry out, "Not unto us, not unto us. but to his ever blessed name be all the praise and glory, now and for ever." Job, David, and Jeremiah were my constant companions. Often have I been blessed while reading the 3rd chap. of Lamentations, seeing that the trials I had to pass through were the footsteps of Christ's flock, however painful the path might be. Oftentimes I have determined to give all up, and fly out of his hands. Again blessed with a little hope; again called to hope against hope. O blessed be his dear name, this promise has often proved an anchor to my distressed soul. "I have overcome the world, and ye through me shall (blessed shall) overcome also." The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering; so must all his followers be. This is to crucify us to the world, and the world unto us. I am now, through nearly forty years' hard campaign, and the tender mercy of my propitious God and Father in Christ Jesus, left a living monument of his mercy, to show forth his praise; and to declare to his tried and afflicted people what great things he has done unto my soul. O, who need despair since I have found mercy! "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." When I look

back and consider what at times has been uttered from my polluted lips, that I did not care what I suffered if I could make my calling and election sure. But when called into the field of battle to be crucified unto the world, how I have shrunk back, and thought how hardly I was dealt with, forgetting my vows and promises, yea, vows that never can be paid. As you justly observed, a young recruit, when first entering the army, little thought what he was called to pass through; so it is with a soldier of Christ. This brought to my remembrance the answer to Zebedee's sons; "Are you able to drink of the cup?" &c. As our dear Lord was derided, mocked, scorned, and spit upon, so I have been, and pelted with stones and mud by men and boys, without any provocation. Having a black coat on, and my countenance witnessing against me, I have been taken for a Methodist parson, and have heard men say in a stone-yard which I had to pass by at C—, "Here comes the parson; let us stone him." Some of my servants, after I was out of business, have treated me with contempt, as Job's did him, without any just cause; therefore, Sir, I have not been in the school of Christ without being called out into the field of battle, to endure hardships as a soldier. The promise, nevertheless, stood sure; "All things shall work together for good to them that are called according to his purpose," and strength has been given equal unto the day. Therefore, in the day of adversity, we are called on to consider, and in the day of prosperity, to be joyful. You know, Sir, the furnace comes first, and joy succeeds. The dear Lord does not willingly afflict the children of men, but it is a proof of sonship. These prove purging draughts to take away our dross and tin. And here we should certainly sink, but for the mercy of the Lord, who "sits as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years." As it was in the beginning, so is it now, praise is comely for the upright in heart. Who are to show forth the praises of our God, but those whom he has brought out of great tribulation? I shall never forget reading the 13th and 14th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation, because the blessed eternal God the Spirit poured such unction and savour into my poor soul when in deep affliction, and ready to halt. When in the furnace of affliction, my companions used to say, "Here comes old master Ready-to-Halt." To me it was very significant, for I was often fearful that I should draw back to perdition. But ever blessed be my dear Lord, we are safe in his hands; his compassion fails not; therefore, the sons of Jacob are not consumed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Yours most affectionately, in the best of bonds,

Walworth, 27th March, 1839.

J. H.

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### LIVING WORDS FROM LIVING WITNESSES.

My dear Brother,—May mercy and peace be with you, and the God of all comfort ever stand by you. Don't be offended with me for not writing sooner. I can assure you it has not been for want of affection, as my spare time has been so much taken up with scraping together my ins and outs at Trowbridge, for the second part of my poor life, that when I have had a little time, I have had no heart.

Indeed I do not know how you get on, but I find it, most of my time, dragging work, a deal up-hill in soul matters, and a deal of infirmities in the old tabernacle. My last journey to Leicester, Oakham, and Stamford shook my frame much. I believe I got a cold, which so fell into my legs that I could scarce walk all the time I was at Leicester, but I hope they are coming round now. I have had a good deal of giddiness in my head, and been nearly deaf in the left ear, but I have had some sweet moments of communion with God in my last journey. I had two or three visits from him, that quite overcame me with thankfulness for his loving-kindness and tender mercies both in providence and grace to one so very unworthy. O how I did sing, when I was at Bedworth, that I had three or four days' liberty. I would have gone to Coventry, and, by the railway, have proceeded to Manchester, and had a day or two with you, for my very soul longed for it; and when they told me at Bedworth that I might leave there in the morning and arrive at Manchester in the afternoon, I believe I should have done so had I not had to preach at Leicester the following evening. I believe I should have enjoyed it much, but it was not to be so. How easily we can plan and appoint, but how easily can God upset all.

I baptized Mr. and Mrs. T—, Mr. de M—, and two more the last Sunday I was at Stamford. I like Mr. T— very well. I think he is one of the right sort. I still hobble on in my preaching much as usual. Sometimes much in the dark and afraid whether I shall be able to hold it on long, but somehow I keep saying something every week. I can assure you I have no room to say, "Well done I." I am mostly in the dust of self-abasement, and cannot tell where to put my shameful face. But now and then I can bless and praise the Lord from my very heart, that he does keep me, a poor pauper, at his feet. It is very sweet to know nothing, to be nothing, and for Christ to be all and in all. I then can be content to be as the Lord has fixed it, and willing, from my very heart, to take the lowest room, and be under all, and less than the least of all saints, and wonder and adore my God and Saviour for his tender mercies and boundless loving-kindness manifested to the very vilest of the vile. But these times are very seldom, and very short in their duration, for no sooner does he leave off communing with me, than I return unto my own place, to some empty, fleshly, worldly traffic, that my poor soul is dragged into from north to east, from west to south, and I sometimes wonder what can be in my heart. It appears to me to be the devil's workshop, for lately I have not been troubled with such calamities as I had to grapple with for about thirty-five or thirty-six years, namely, over head and ears in debt, and sometimes fearing I should never live to see it paid; but, blessed be the Lord, I have lived to see the happy day that no man can ask me for one penny but what I have it to pay him with. I once did vainly think I never should have much trouble if the Lord would grant me this blessing. But, alas, alas! what a fool I was. I find the troubles of my heart are enlarged, and have to cry, again and again, "O bring me out of my distresses!" Never was there such a sleepy, carnal, careless, stupid, dead, lifeless wretch

as I am, crawling in and out of the earth, in this world, nor ever will there be.

My dear friend, in my feelings I could stick my head into a dung-hole. I am sometimes ashamed to show my face in the street, for I think everybody can see what I am. I wonder sometimes how the people can bear with me, from year to year, as they do; and yet some of them now and then come into the vestry, and bless God for the good times they have had, and often say that I am much improved in my preaching, and thank the Lord for me as the pipe of conveyance. O how my very soul stands astonished, and wonders at his power and glory, that he should give testimony to the word of his grace through such a pipe. I can assure you I cannot stand up, and tell the people my abilities provide for me. If I have anything to say for myself, it must be, "Wretch that I am, to wander thus in chase of false delights." It seems to me that the longer I live the greater fool I am, and I can assure you it sometimes does my soul good that it pleases God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe, and I can at times be quite satisfied to be nothing, and Him to be all and in all. But I am such a contradiction to myself, that day after day, and week after week, the very things I mention in the pulpit as bold as a lion, fearing no frowns, and courting no man's smiles, there is a something in my heart that hates them, abhors them, and despises them; so that the very truth of God, that is the foundation of all my hope, is pointed out in my heart to be more ugly, base, and despicable than the witch of Endor. O, my dear brother, I little thought once that my heart was such a den of devils! O the cries and groans, the bitter sighs and tears that this devilish heart causes my poor soul. To have it I know is the greatest grief I have in this world, and I am sorry to see and feel myself so earthly, sensual, and devilish, that after all the tender mercies, wonderful deliverances, the many soul-melting visits, the many devil-conquering times, the number of dead lifts my dear Lord and Father has given me for upwards of forty years in this vale of tears, and he has never failed to assist me in time of need; to think I should abuse him in the manner I do in my feelings; my friend, it grieves me to the very heart. O wretched man that I am! O what a beast I am! what a dragon, what an old ugly owl. Surely I am the wretch of all wretches, to abuse the kindness, mercy, and grace of Him who has helped and delivered me in ten thousand instances, all these years, in this terrible wilderness, to the present day; and yet what astonishes me the most is, that he can ever love me after. How he did but break my poor soul a little time back, and caused all the devilish crew of the carnal heart to take to their heels, and run helter skelter into their dens. When I was entirely giving it all up, and believing I was as destitute of one spark of grace as the devil, the Lord spoke with such majesty, kindness, power, and love, "The beasts of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls, because I give water in the wilderness and streams in the desert, to give drink to my people my chosen; this people have I formed for myself, and they shall show

forth my praise." O what a bursting forth of praise I had to my covenant God. Truly groans were turned into songs, a stinking dungeon turned into a palace. I exclaimed, "I will praise thee and honour thee, living and dying, and crown thee for ever Lord of all."

My dear brother, this is the way I have ever learned the truth of God, and this is the way I am ever learning it now, and I find it is the old beaten path that God has marked out in the Bible,—night and morning, sorrow and joy, famishing and feeding, sinking and rising, wounding and healing, stripping and clothing, groaning and sinking. I never found it anything else yet but in and out, finding pasture. O what a way it is to confound flesh and blood, and to stain all our cursed pride; and what a way to teach us what fools we are; how it confirms our souls that none can teach like God. We are at a point that every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. What an unspeakable mercy for such poor wretches, that our God rests in his love; at least I find it so when he is pleased to indulge me with a sweet shedding abroad of his love in my heart. I then find it casts out fear and torment. O that it would please the Lord to bless me with more of it! it is so sweet, and produces such humility, contentedness, and resignation to his blessed will in providence and grace. It is so sweet and blessed to say, from a feeling sense of his loving-kindness, "Not my will, but thine be done." I am at a downright point that it is God that works in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. Let the life-giving powers and operations of the Holy Ghost be withdrawn from my soul, and I am like a dead post. It is little comfort to my soul, even all my knowledge of the doctrines of grace, if the dear Comforter does not cause those doctrines to drop as the rain and his speech to distil as the dew. The letter is but little to me without the spirit; the form does me no good without the power. My soul is after the substance. O that I might have more of the light of his countenance, who is the chiefest among ten thousand. It is my soul's desire. What David breathed out, "There be many that say, who will show us any good? O Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." There is such light and glory when his countenance shines as my Father, that I can look backward and forward and see it is all right and straight, and wonder how I could have a rebellious thought against his dear Majesty, who has been so good and kind to the vilest wretch upon earth. O how easy I believe when he gives faith; nay, I can do all things, through Christ, which strengtheneth me. I care neither for men nor devils when matters are straight between God and my soul; so that you will perceive I am still a poor pensioner upon charity; and what a mercy charity has provided every blessing and favour that such poor paupers need, without money and without price, all rich and free. Charity never fails.

I still remain your poor unworthy brother in the closest bonds, for truth's sake,

Trowbridge, Sep. 6, 1839.

J. W.

## THE GOODNESS AND SEVERITY OF GOD.

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O how mysterious and astonishing are the ways of God! Many are left under darkness, hardness, enmity, and the curse; others are enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and melted down into love to the Lord Jesus, and brought into blessing to inherit it for ever. O how terrible is God out of his holy place! I have been reading of his plagues in Egypt, how he hardened Pharaoh's heart, and destroyed the host in the Red Sea. Who can read this account, and not discover the goodness and severity of God, the terribleness of his judgments on the wicked, and the brightness and glory of his grace and sovereign mercy on his people? Who can read this account, and then say that the Lord is trying to save all men if they will but do their duty, when here it is repeatedly said that he hardened Pharaoh's heart, and raised him up purposely to show forth his power in him? Ah! men may preach themselves stone blind literally, as it is evident they are mentally, in opposing the sovereignty of God, but even then the truth must stand. "He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." And as Pharaoh, the Egyptians, and the magicians, with all the sorcerers and wise men, were literally blinded and hardened to their own destruction, so all Satan's ministers, which appear as ministers of righteousness, but are as witches and wizards in the land to bewitch and deceive the people, are all blinded, and many in the forms of religion, to their own destruction. Hear the words of the sovereign Lord, Jesus Christ; "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. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. ii. 25.) Is this doctrine true? If not, let some one contradict it, if they can, by the word of God. O! with God is terrible majesty! How dreadful is the thought to be left under his displeasure. Satan, like Pharaoh, is hardened under all the judgment and wrath of God upon him, and so are the wicked; some in profanity, others in pharisaical blindness, preaching against the truths of the Holy Ghost; "But the Lord shall arise and have mercy upon Zion." O, it is rich, sovereign, and astonishing mercy to the vilest of sinners. Angels veil their faces before the shining throne, adoring their Creator for their eternal election and preservation in their ineffable glory, while they see others cast down to hell in chains of darkness. And, O, with what intense desire they looked into the mystery of redeeming love, when Jesus, the dear Son of God, writhed, bleeding with agony in the garden; and with wonder they look down upon filthy worms like us, and are astonished that we should be taken into a closer union than themselves with the ineffably bright and glorious Jehovah; but they adore, and ask not the reason why.

The dying groans of the Lord Jesus astonished the angels! and when I have mused upon the wonderful way of saving sinners by the blood of the Son of man, yet the Son of God, in whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth, it has struck my soul with astonish-

ment! "Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth," at the astonishing and dying groans of the Son of God!

Hark, hark! what groans do meet my ear?  
That bring the angels down to hear;  
'Twas in the garden's dark abode  
My Saviour sweat great drops of blood.

Hark, hark! what cries are these I hear?  
That pierce the skies and rend the air;  
They've nail'd him to the bloody tree;  
'Tis Jesus bleeds in misery.

Tremble, thou earth; turn black, ye skies;  
"Lo!" a centurion loudly cries,  
While Jesus hangs all bath'd in blood,  
"Truly this was the Son of God!"

Lord, may I say he died for me!  
Lord, lead me daily to this tree;  
Nothing can do vile sinners good  
But Jesus and his streaming blood.

Dunmow.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

### BREATHINGS OF THE HEART.

Dear Sister in the Lord,—At times I can address you with confidence as my sister; at other times I think it a piece of the greatest presumption to join or reckon myself with the Lord's family, as I believe he has made choice of you as one set apart for himself, and has made you to feel and know your vileness and helpless condition, and to feel that you are a poor, miserable sinner, who must everlastingly perish without a completeness in Jesus, exclusive of any works or worthiness, in part or in whole, of any thing in yourself; and if such are not my brethren and sisters I know not who are, for I cannot find the least communion with any who are not made to feel these things for themselves. O, my dear friend, what a mercy it is that while thousands of thousands are left to talk about religion, and to be satisfied with its form and pleased with their doings, as being meritorious before the Lord; I say, what a mercy it is that you and I have had the ministration of condemnation in our conscience, the consequence of which has killed us to all such soul-destroying delusions, and has brought us, with broken hearts, to come unto Christ the chief Corner Stone; and mark his promise to such, "They shall not be confounded;" while all who are not brought to come unto him for mercy, and righteousness, and strength, and are not broken to pieces in themselves, and by the law, and in their own conscience, and broken from all resting places that the devil and men can ever invent, and are not brought, with broken-down spirits, to fall upon him, he will fall upon them with his heavy wrath, and grind them to powder. And why were ever you and I made to feel what we are, as vile, loathsome creatures in ourselves? why did the Lord give us to see what sin had done for us, and what are the best things that nature can produce? was it any thing in us that was the cause of it? No; it was the effect of his great love wherewith he loved us before the



world began; and having loved us, he hath sent his Spirit and grace into our hearts, hath separated us from the world, and made us feel what sin is and what self is. And, blessed be his name, he has given me to taste a little of his love and mercy; and if you have never been satisfied with his mercy as yet, I verily believe it is laid up for you, and every poor, burdened, heavy-laden sinner; and as to his love, what a mercy it is that it hath no variation, that he is of one mind; though we change, he abideth faithful; his thoughts are the same to a thousand generations. And while thousands fight and rage at these things, it has many times been, and still is, a sweet consolation to my poor, labouring soul; for at times I feel sin to be very lively, and as if it would reign in word, thought, and deed. I find the world, the flesh, and the devil, as an army, combined against the peace and happiness of my soul; the world, with its bewitching snares and vanities, and thousands of cares, which sometimes burden down my spirit that I cannot rise to God, nor have but little desire; my fleshly nature, with every sinful inclination, and full of covetousness, lust, and pride; the devil, as an arch foe, always lying in ambush and working on these principles of nature, bringing me into captivity, and often telling me that I was never elected, nor ever regenerated, and that all my past experience is a delusion, and that I am a child of hell twofold more than I was before I made any profession, tempting me to give up all for lost, and that a madhouse will be my place, or to put an end to my existence; and then I view God as being angry with me, and his holy law in rigour against me, my conscience accusing and condemning me! O, my dear friend, what can I say of the dear Lord who has preserved such a poor, sinful wretch as I to the present moment through dismal deeps and dangerous snares and feelings that no tongue can describe? Must I say that I am preserved because I acted faithfully to the Lord, or that it was on the ground of my obedience and watchfulness, or any thing else that was in me? No; I would take all my good works with my bad ones and cast them to hell's mouth, or under my feet, and exalt the Lord Jesus Christ and the riches of his grace, who first took me out of the devil's mouth, who has kept me to this day, and will not let me go, or I should go. O that I could exalt him! but I only can as he enables me. I love his dear ministers that do lift him up, and every poor sinner that is brought from necessity to come to Christ, as their last resort, by the Holy Spirit. May the Lord give you to see that the arms of everlasting love are beneath you. We often pray that the arms of his love may be underneath his afflicted family; and they always are; but our mercy is to feel it, and know it; and that will surely be in the Lord's own time. May the Lord bear you up in all your afflictions, and pain of body, and circumstances of this mortal life, and under all the various trials of your mind and soul. I believe the time will come when you, with all the Lord's family, will say, "I have not had one too many;" till then, may he grant us patience to run the race. I hear that the ministers and people that assemble at C— for the worship of the Lord God of Israel, are mightily stormed at by hypocrites, pharisees, and graceless professors. This I do not wonder at; but it

is an evident proof that the precious are separated from the vile; and if the above characters are famished and starved, I believe that the Lord's family are fed; for while some stumble at that stumbling stone, to them that believe he is precious. The Lord is worshipped in spirit and in truth; and he seeketh such to worship him; and the groans of poor, sin-burdened prisoners come up with acceptance before him, through Jesus our Advocate; whilst all the grand chauntings of an ungodly choir of wicked men, that can sing praises to God in the chapel and carnal songs in the alehouse, are an awful mockery and abomination unto him. Dear sister, may the Lord be more and more precious to us, for it is only as he is pleased to draw us that we can run after him, enjoy him, and have full communion with him. Then the world is under our feet; then we can cast our burdens upon him; then we can be reconciled to his way; then are rough places made plain, and crooked things straight. May we experience more of this in our hearts while in this barren wilderness. Please to excuse the unconnectedness of these lines, as I can only catch a few fluttering moments in a busy life. May the Lord grant us an entrance into that world where confusion never comes. I remain, yours in the bond of love that cannot be broken,

Quinton, Wilts., Oct. 14, 1839.

J—s H—y.

### PRECIOUS DROPS.

Dear Friends,—I once more visit you with a few lines, although Satan and the evils of my heart have for a long time kept me in bondage, and have drawn my heart far away, and I have felt almost as careless as though I had never had a desire after a dear Redeemer. But, blessed be the Lord's holy and dear name, the dew drops have descended upon me this day, and melted my flinty heart to pieces, and caused it to flow with thanksgivings and praise; and O how my heart did bless and praise the dear Lord for such unspeakable mercy and favour! The Lord broke in upon me this day with these words of the poet;

“Delicious drops, like balmy dew,” &c.,

and then followed on with his everlasting love, which melted my heart into nothing. O how clear could I see the covenant agreement between the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! how sure I was of my eternal interest in the covenant of grace! and everything around seemed to rejoice with me. O how sweet were these words to me; “His glory covered the heavens, and the earth is full of his praise.” Surely I had a little heaven begun upon earth, for my past folly seemed to be all forgotten, and I was betrothed to the Lord in righteousness; yea, betrothed to him for ever. O what a close union there appeared to be between God and my soul, and my poor soul longed to fly away, and be with my dearly-beloved spouse. Everything around me seemed to be in love with me and I with it, for all was right and well with me. O blessed place! O happy spot! O sweet Jesus! What a softness in my heart do I now feel, for the Lord is come, he is come, he is come in all the riches of his grace and in the fulness of his glory. This causes joy unspeakable, for I am sure at this moment that I am at a loss how to set it forth. Blessed be the Lord, there is now a springing

up in my heart, and I still cry out, "Spring up, O well." Bless his precious name, he is most sweet; yea, he is the altogether lovely to my soul, and the chiefest among ten thousand. I now feel that I could die at this moment to be with him whom my soul loveth; for I now have a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. But you may perhaps say, "Do not be too sure about the matter;" which caution would be good and right; but, my dear friend, I have such a sweet witness within that all is right between God and my poor soul, and that I shall come off more than conqueror through him that has loved me and given himself for me, that I can no longer doubt that all is right with me. O, the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, yet he dwells in my poor filthy heart. I can join with that dear man of God, John Warburton, whom I love with all my heart; for I can bless, I can praise, and rejoice in the God of my salvation, without a fear or a doubt in my heart. Is not this a heaven begun below? Surely it is. But when we enter into the mansions of eternal glory, there we shall have it in full bliss. "O," says some one, "I have no doubt but this will be the case with you, but could I say such things as these for myself, what would I give!" Poor soul! what hast thou got to give? I answer, nothing but a sinful, polluted heart, and this the Lord has got possession of, whether you doubt it or not. Blessed be the Lord's dear name for his rich grace, atoning blood, and sanctifying love.

O my dear friends, this has been a happy day with me; and my soul seems to be now in glory. O the rich consolation it is to see the eternal God showing mercy to such a vile, sinful, and worthless wretch as I, who deserve nothing but the wrath and displeasure of the Almighty. But I can bless his precious name that he has not dealt with me according to my sin and transgression, but according to his own mercy and love. O could you but rejoice with me, then how could we extol the Three-One God in our very hearts and affections! The dear Lord knows what desires and cries have gone out of my heart for you, that your soul might magnify the Lord, and your spirit rejoice in God your Saviour, as mine now doth; then I know that it would be all well with you, I mean that then you would feel it to be so. Bless the Lord, he has put a true filial fear in your heart, and also in mine, although I feel that I am one of the vilest sinners upon earth. I thank the Lord that he has not left me in the hour of temptation, to fall a victim to the devil, or to fall into gross outward sin, so as to bring disgrace upon the cause of God, and likewise to bring guilt and distress upon my own conscience; and I hope and trust that the Almighty will ever keep me, for I feel that if I am left but one hour, I am gone. O the torments of the damned, how dreadful they appear! but my dear Lord has come in this day, and given Satan such a dreadful wound, that he and his hellish crew have fled; and I could wish in my heart that he may never come again; but I know that while in the flesh we shall have "wars, and rumours of wars;" and this also I know, that we have a glorious Captain, and he will be sure, at last, to gain us the victory over sin, death, and hell; for justice is now satisfied on our behalf, and the law has received full payment, because Christ has gone to the end of the law for righteousness, and given to justice its proper due by his death upon the cross, and has wrought out a full redemption for all our sins and transgressions. Now, ponder these things over in your own mind, and let not unbelief and your own wicked heart give God the lie. You know that you feel a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which is a real evidence that there is life in your soul, and in some future day you will be able to "comprehend

with all saints what is the breadth, the length, the depth, and the height, and to know the love of God, which passeth knowledge," and then I know that this will fill your heart with blessing and praise to the God of all grace.

In conclusion, I would say, "May the blessing of the Lord rest upon you, with the precious things of heaven, with the dew, and with the deep that coucheth beneath, and with the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and with the precious things put forth by the moon, and with the chief things of the ancient mountains, and with the precious things of the lasting hills, and with the precious things of the earth, and the fulness thereof, and the good will of him that dwelt in the bush;" so that you may be "blessed in your going out and in your coming in, in your lying down and in your rising up, in your basket and in your store;" and then you will know that "the Lord is the shield of your help, and the sword of your excellency, and your enemies shall be found liars unto you, and you shall tread upon their high places." These are the greatest blessings that we shall enjoy while on this side of eternity, but, blessed be God, our hope is fastened to that within the veil.

My dear Sirs, I read in your September number a piece entitled, "Days gone by of Love lamented," with the signature of "A Watchman on the Walls," which has been a precious piece to me; it has drawn out my very soul, for it speaks exactly the feelings of my heart. I have at one time enjoyed the heights of love and bliss, and have afterwards sunk into the lowest state of misery and unbelief. Little did I think of ever hearing of any person who had trodden so near the same path as myself. Truly I feel a sweet union with him. May he still go on sounding his trumpet, with his lantern in his hand, to give light to them that are in darkness. I bless God for such sounding voices as these. May they long sound to his praise.

June, 1839.

A WANDERER.

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### SINCERITY.

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This is a burning topic for any one to enter upon. It is a burning topic as far as this, however, that it will burn up all trash, wherever that trash may be found. There is as much trash in every spiritual man as makes him tremble. What an unmitigated mass of frightful rubbish must a natural man therefore be in the sight of God! (Rom. iii. 13; Ps. v. 9.) Many a time, more or less, have I had a ray of comfort dawn on me from this, that in the sight of God I was no impostor. Every one who has not something mysterious, supernatural, and unaccountable stirring in him is an impostor in the sight of God: if there is not something stirring above nature in him, if he professes Christianity. This is a sore touch for the wincing falseness of man to have! How came I by my christianity? Did I suck it in with my mother's milk? Is it natural? Is it supernatural? My dear friends, this is no easy fence for a man fairly to clear between good and evil. It is an alarming and a terrible contemplation. It is at least to those who are any thing else or better than impostors. I know that a fool beat with a pestle and mortar will be a fool still. The highest authority hath told us so, even the Spirit of God. (Prov. xxvii. 22.) The numerous quirks, corners, and subterfuges, therefore, whereby Satan trips up the heels of the non-elect and empty pro-

fessors of christianity, so that at any time the glorious gospel should not find them legs to run the heavenly race with, are successful through this, namely, that the **GODLY SINCERITY** of the divine life hath never strung their nerves for the heavenly race. (2 Cor. iv. 4; 2 Tim. iii. 7.)

Religion without sincerity is like an apple without any inside. It mocks the appetite and expectation of the eater. It is all rind. Now, sincerity of a godly sort is like a pulp, nourishing to those who digest it. Yes, and the whole body of honesty, therefore, which is part of the real stamina of a spiritual Christian, is infused into him at his regeneration. No thanks to him; for the cursed craft of nature, like a mighty thorn in the flesh, rankles and gurgles forth a continued opposition to honesty, or this part of the Divine nature within him. "*Godly sincerity:*" of God and not of man: not of self: not of nature: not of the world: for the world loveth its own, but is a sworn foe to "the sincerity, as of God, and of which, so speak we in Christ." O the mighty venom which rots, frets, and gurgles almost to madness in the heart of a Christian indeed against this Divine principle!—But he cannot sin the sin of final treachery nor spiritual dishonesty finally. "For his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin" the sin of final double-facedness!

O the glorious honour that thus have all his saints! There is no "leather, prunella," nor empty pretence *finally* about them. But, my friends, it is a melancholy truth that all who have not this sincerity as of God, truly are nothing but silken-faced impostors, however *well* they may look in Calvinism and water-immersion. The non-elect can get at every thing but the real thing itself. They can prattle about election and seeing baptism, but they never were baptized with salt and fire as something superior to their *natural* well-meaningness. "Every sacrifice shall be salted with salt." When this seasoning of salt is away, all is rusty. The tongue may glibly talk, and the heart may be full of much natural wild-fire about grace. But the grand cordial that cheers the *living*-elect saint is, that there is a certain mixture in his soul which will not mingle with aught else. And that is, a certain unmingled *singleness* of eye toward God. It was the flowery tint "in whom is no guile," that the Lord of heaven and earth set his stamp of approval on in Nathaniel. Very many of professing saints I meet with are destitute of this flowery tint. I cannot make them out. Many profess to be "somebody," but appear to be nobody. In wise men's eyes they fade as the glow-worm. The Redeemer declares that if a man's eye is single, his whole body shall be (more or less) full of light. The light of the glory of God shall touch his soul, more or less, with supernatural and fervid light. But what light? Not the presumptuous phrenzy of dead Calvinists, and letter christians taking the promises in the letter; but through the Spirit, with the fervid workings of foundation work, in a knowledge of self painfully as well as Christ happily. The pain of self is dreadful and greater in this life than any knowledge happily of Christ. The pain is ended in this life. The joy and happiness dawn here, and have their fuller and meridian lustre alone in the next life.

Therefore all our *great-light* men, are almost to a man destitute of any drop of gracious sincerity. For wherever this divine exotic takes root there will be a mountainous mass of contrary workings. "The flesh lusts and works against the spirit."

Divine sincerity, therefore, in the soul is an odd sort of jewel. It is perpetually cleansed by "fuller's soap, and the refiner's fire." It stands when the soap bubbles of mere notion and whim, only in the letter, burst and vanish.

It is this sincerity which all our great high-flying lights in religion disdain. Disdain, it may well be said! For if ever the burning lustre of this tremendously brilliant diamond, had actually shot into the rocky cavern of these men's notions, it would have startled all the croaking toads and ugly night-birds of these men's hearts. "The majestic owl," as Huntington speaks, sits the dominant president of these men's hearts. I need not add that the owl is no friend to light. But who but the owl in the night time? A pretty hubbub the owls will make in the darkness! And so the spouting orators in the pulpits make noise enough in the darkness of the mere letter. And trumpet-like christians, straightly can every one proclaim his own goodness and faith shrill enough in the letter. But if ever the all-searching radiant beam of sincerity, tinged with simplicity, shot supernaturally through their letter-perceptions of Christianity, away then would fly the night-birds of mere winged brain-religion! Away then would pounce the academy-made orators, owl-like, of the mere letter! Thus they would find the difference of faith or repentance standing in the demonstration of the spirit *livingly* in the soul, and mere en-crustated oratory about these, from the letter and by an academy-varnished tongue! Then would be found the difference between the bell of profession and a religion something more than sound!

In fact, I declare that I am stricken with real love to a religion any thing better than notion. Now, in steps sincerity of a godly sort, and declares that without it all religion is notion only. Thus how the framework of all insincerity is shaken in the sight of God! Thus what a stab do treachery, hollowness, and deceit receive. Thus, my dear brethren, we find that we can bear with, and love a man that is spiritually sincere and really regenerate, though there may be a vast of rubbish still unhappily cleaving to him. "For he that feareth God shall come forth of them all." The spiritual fear of God is the sweet ground whereon grows a whole crop of heaven-reared excellencies. A natural fear of God is the fear that the devil and non-elect have, and the fear of the wicked shall come upon them. (Prov. x, 24.) But the spiritual fear of God, tipped and genial with heavenly life, shall strike forth fibres of everlasting excellence. It begins in the fear of the law and its awful curse; and it never withers till it is safely encased in the ark of a certain and *felt* salvation. Then its blossoms, like Aaron's rod, are nourished in an everlasting life. "The grace of life" teems therethrough. And sodden in the caldron of truth, thus the meat of sincerity maketh fat the bones of the anointed ones of the Lord. But a set of poor starvelings, like hypocrites, pretenders, impostors, and natural men under the mask of

Christianity, the Lord will reward according to their deserts. "For my prayer that goeth *not out of feigned lips*," said the psalmist. a set of hypocrites and pretenders, as letter-made christians are, forsooth, perhaps, (and well they may,) are saying, we are afraid we are deceived: which is the rebuke of their *honest* conscience, (but they, to be sure, call it the old man!) Now, it is very true, that none are so afraid of being wrong as the elect. But this testifies their amazing sincerity. Jealousy is "the rage of an elect man, and is as cruel as the grave." And many times have I wished the grave of destruction to swallow up my religion, if it was not of the *right* kind. Godly sincerity burns like a coal in the elect. They are "violent:" they take the kingdom of heaven by force. Its radiant gates fly open to their astonished and transported feelings, so powerful are the Holy Spirit's *effectual* intercessions in them! But mark! the honesty and warmth thus powerfully in them, must be supernatural and divine, and *not natural*. Thus I shall add two or three scraps of rhyme, and then add a few words, and conclude.

Sincerity's a fibre strong,  
Mid the fair roots of life's green tree:  
Green; for pretension's wither'd tongue  
In sapless words, won't there agree.  
See, Grace's fair and budding leaves  
Peep forth from unctuous life's abode!  
Sincerity its chaplets weaves  
To wreath the saints' brows, mid arduous road!

How cool and grateful is the shade  
Mid glowing summer's fires!  
Sincerity's like welcome made;  
Where flimsy notion tires.

As whistling winds do roar and swell the main,  
Yet, ships well-anchored stand the stormy test,  
So who the New Creation's riches gain,  
Mid life's wild billows feel a secret rest.  
See how the grace-taught soul does secret smile!  
He knows, events shall twist together well.  
Fast, firmly tied, he rides while here awhile  
At anchorage, victor over self and hell.  
Sincerity, not grace-built (vessel thin!)  
Soon sinks when met by God's tempestuous hand,  
Nature's best efforts thus from sin's sad bane;  
Poisoned, can not God's judgment ever stand.  
See! amply riding o'er the stormy main  
The fastest ships well-masted, and well-built!  
They storm the waves; deep-fronted battles gain;  
And vict'ry's flapping flag shows hopes not spilt.  
But little boats like man-made christians near  
The shores must moor; nor track these vast spread seas.  
The time *must* come, when, rent by fate and fear,  
Eternal shipwrecks, all but some *must* seize.  
Pondering, I stop and see the brilliant deep  
Raging betwixt best nature and God's grace.  
*Gracious* sincerity, heaven's wealth *shall* reap;  
Nature sincere is distanced in the race.

And so it is. Nature, though sincere, is not worth a button in the race to glory! O my soul, has God then infused into thy possession

*spiritual* sincerity? Have I this godly endowment making me acceptable in the eyes of the Bridegroom? Is my religion illicit intercourse? (Isa. lvii. 3.) Or is it, verily, a marriage with the Husband of the church? (Eph. v.)

My friends, I shall only say in conclusion, then, that mountainous waves of tremendous trials shall more or less try every one in whom this jewel of regenerate sincerity abides! Terrible blasts, more or less of trouble, from time to time, shall violently swell with greatest rage, and cruellest bitterness against the anchor of regenerate hope. The fretting cancer of indwelling sin shall, under the tuition of the devil, do all it can to upset us. The self-burning spite of the heart may boil in our awfully-wicked nature against God. But if the sincere rays of Divine life glitter at all within us, they are the harbinger of an everlasting day.

Abingdon.

I. K.

### AN OLD LETTER.

Messrs. Editors,—I copied a letter thirty years ago sent to a Mrs. Toger, who then resided at the late Ebenezer Huntington's, High-street, Bloomsbury. It was from a poor man at Plymouth, who had kept his bed twenty-four years at that time. And having lately seen in the late Mr. Fowler's life an account of this man, whose name was Jonas Eathorn, if you consider it likely to be of service to the afflicted household of faith, I hope you will find room for it in some number of the *Gospel Standard*, and you will oblige,

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

My very dear Sister in Jehovah Jesus the Sinner's Friend, who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother,—I received your kind and very welcome Christian letter, with the half crown and the book, for which I return you very many thanks. But I would desire at all times to be more thankful to the great Donor and Giver of all and every good gift, both spiritual and temporal. The praise belongs to him, and he only shall have the praise. "Not unto us, not unto us, but to the name of our Jesus be all the glory. Amen." I am happy to find that your soul is flourishing in Christ, as a well-watered garden, bringing forth its fruits in due season. I find by experience, that sweet intercourse with God is the real life of the soul. Without it we are lifeless and barren. Though we believe not, Jesus is faithful and cannot deny himself, for he hath sworn that he will never leave us nor forsake us; and when we walk in darkness, and have not the least glimmering light, Jesus exhorts us to trust in him; to stay ourselves upon God. O that you and I, my dear sister, through rich and divine grace, may be enabled always to keep this in view, that he is as much our God in dark seasons, as he is in the sunshine. It is a mercy, and we have great reason to rejoice for it, that Christ never shed his precious blood in vain. Jesus well knew all whom he died for; and he will bring all the purchased of his blood to mansions of bliss, to reign with him there to all eternity. Not on account of our works; no, no; but "according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world." But while here in this world, we are like our divine Master; treated



with scorn, and counted as the offscouring of all things. But Christ calls us his jewels, and he sees no spot in us, neither can he. Why? Because he hath washed all our sins away in the fountain of his most precious blood. O that you and I, through grace, my dear sister, may ever keep this in our minds, that whom Christ once loves, he loves to the end, and where he is we shall also be. O that our hearts may be deeply rooted and grounded upon the eternal Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus, and in the love of Christ, which passeth all human understanding. But our Almighty Redeemer, who never changes in his love, will make us more than conquerors by his almighty power of grace, working in us and for us. You and I, my dear sister, can set to our seals that God is true, from personal experience of his faithfulness to his divine promises, both in spiritual and temporal mercies, and can set up our Ebenezers in praises to the God of our salvation, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us;" and he will comfort and deliver us even to the end. Our blessed Lord, in the 17th chapter of John, 24th verse, says, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou has given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." So my dear sister, a few more conflicts with the enemy of our souls, and a few more weary steps, and we shall be at our Father's house, and the victory will be ours, through Christ, and an eternal peace commence. A few more mournings under sin and corruption, and then we shall enter into the joy of our Lord; and our joy no man taketh from us, no, nor the devil either; therefore, let us not faint, while there is the arm of Omnipotence to support us, and a God of power to guard and protect us, and to guide us; a comforting Jehovah to receive us, and a God of truth and faithfulness to perform all the promises that he has made to us. But in all trials and wants, may we be enabled with faith in exercise to approach a throne of grace, and ask and receive, that our joy may be full. Tribulation was the pathway of our dear Jesus when he travelled through this wilderness, to his own and to his Father's glory; and tribulation will be the pathway of every child of grace that arrives there. But as our Head is at rest from all his sufferings and trials, so will all his members be. He will (blessings be on his name) feed us while here with hidden manna, and with water from the rock; so that we shall not perish in our journey with hunger and thirst. He will comfort us at times with his presence, and guide us by his unerring spirit, and at the end of our journey receive us to glory; and with ecstasy of soul we shall join with the redeemed above in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, through the endless ages of eternity; which, may God of his infinite mercy grant, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen and Amen. So prays he who is in the furnace of God's everlasting love to his soul, as

JONAS EATHORN.

PS. My wife joins in Christian love to you. She feels old nature break off very fast; for she can scarce go about to help herself, or me either. She is seventy-eight, and I am turned seventy years of age. I have kept my bed twenty-four years last November. The Lord does all things well. Not one second too long for God; for I find, by happy experience, that it is good to be the Lord's prisoner. May the Lord give me faith with patience to wait till he is pleased to release me, and take me home to be with him for ever. Brother Fowler joins in Christian love to you, likewise brother Triggs, and all friends. When you go to court, (as I know you do,) I must entreat a favour of you, and that is, to bear me and mine in your arms to the King of kings. Your son and daughter called upon me about five

weeks ago; they were very well then; I have not seen them since. I shall be glad to hear from you soon; nay, at all times. Remember me to all who love our Jesus, though unknown, yet well known.

Plymouth, June 13th, 1809.

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## INQUIRIES.

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Messrs. Editors,— Being a constant reader of your monthly periodical, and having frequently seen inquiries inserted concerning different portions of Scripture, it occurred to my mind to make a request concerning a passage which has frequently been like a sword in the flesh, insomuch, that when opening the word of God, I have been afraid of opening to that passage—having opened to it several times, when it has driven me almost to despair, taking it as a seal to my own damnation. The passage is Isaiah xvii. 10, 11; “ Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength, therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips; in the day shalt thou make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish; but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and desperate sorrow.”

Should you, or any of your kind correspondents, give a few spiritual remarks upon it, you will oblige,

Hulme, Nov. 17th, 1839.

AN INQUIRER.

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Will the worthy Editors of the *Gospel Standard* condescend to instruct the ignorant, by making a few remarks upon a statement or two in the 52nd hymn, 1st book, Watts' Hymns? The request is made, I trust, with a view to edification, consequently, the praise of the glory of God's grace to poor sinners.

“ Repent, and be baptiz'd, (he saith)  
For the remission of your sins :'  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his gospel means.

“ Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean ;  
And the good spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

“ Then we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;  
O may the great Eternal Three  
In heav'n our solemn vows record !”

The above verses speak of “ sense assisting faith” and baptism, as a “ sealing our covenant with God,” and a “ seal to God's covenant ;” and the last verse calls upon God to record “ our solemn vows.” Having heard the aforesaid hymn sung in a place where the gospel is preached, and feeling poverty-stricken, utterly unable to make any engagement, or seal any covenant with God, or ask his blessed Majesty to record any “ solemn vows” of mine, and feeling pretty well assured

that that faith which is of God's operation, can perform wonders without the assistance of sense, I am induced to make the above request. May the Lord our God remember his covenant, look upon the face of his anointed, and cause our souls to rejoice in that covenant which is well ordered in all things and sure.

Peterborough.

AN EMPTY VESSEL.

### EDITORS' REMARKS.

We are not surprised at the objections that "An Empty Vessel" makes to the expressions quoted from Dr. Watts, as we think them justly objectionable. If sense can assist faith, then faith is not the pure unmixed gift and work of God. But all the elect are deeply and spiritually taught that living faith is breathed into a living soul by a living God; and such a faith as this, which stands in the power of God, can never be helped nor assisted by sense. So far from sense assisting faith, all its effects are to hinder it, and the triumph of faith is to believe in spite of sense. Thus Abraham believed he should have the child of promise, in spite of sense; and "being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body, now dead, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb." (Rom. iv. 19.) Sense said, "The thing is impossible;" but faith said, "God hath promised;" and in holding fast the promise against and in spite of sense consisted the strength of his faith. In the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, sense says, "Here is nothing but water;" "Here is only bread and wine." Sense cannot rise beyond the natural, literal, carnal objects which the eye sees. But faith sees in the baptismal waters the Saviour's agonizing sufferings and death when all the billows and waves went over him. And in the bread, faith sees the flesh, and in the wine, the blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. And those who know anything aright, know that in the partaking of the ordinances, there is a continual struggle and conflict between sense and faith, and that as the one rises, the other sinks.

As to our making covenants with God, woe be to the hapless soul that is thus entangled in that yoke of bondage. The rod of Moses will surely flog such folly out of the heart of every such foolish child. Nor do we know of any other sealing of the covenant, ordered in all things and sure, but the sealing of the Holy Spirit of promise upon the heart and conscience of elect vessels of mercy, which is the earnest of their inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession.

We feel ourselves obliged often to correct errors that occur in the pieces of our correspondents, much perhaps at times to their annoyance. But as being responsible for what appears in our pages, we cannot conscientiously allow any error, however slight, to go forth, and therefore shall continue to erase or alter whatever appears to us to be objectionable.

## EDITORS' REVIEW.

*Mercies of a Covenant God; or, An Account of some of the Lord's Dealings in Providence and Grace with John Warburton, Minister of the Gospel, Trowbridge. Second Part.*—Gadsby, Manchester; Groombridge, London. Price 1s. 3d.

Whatever some of our readers may think to the contrary, we can say from our hearts that we rejoice when we can with a good conscience give a favourable review of a work. We love not to cut and slash about, and wound the feelings of authors; but honesty is one of the indispensable requisites of a Reviewer, and if knowingly and wilfully he use false scales and weights, he deserves to be hooted out of the market, and be well flogged into the bargain. We rejoice then when honesty bids us approve of the works of gracious men; and with a clear conscience we can put the second part of John Warburton's experience into the scale and pronounce it thorough good weight. We did not expect to find it equal to the first part, and had a suspicion whether it might not have been spun out threadbare, and whether the meat had not all come on for the first course, and some hashed mutton, or perhaps bones have been reserved for the second course. But we confess that we read it with more sweetness and feeling than even the first part. Sometimes we smiled, and sometimes the tear, which with us does not lie very near the surface, struggled into the eye. Poor John and his pigs made us well nigh laugh outright, and other parts of his work well nigh made us cry: and so we went on moved and melted pretty nearly from the first page to the last. O, John, John, thou art a highly favoured man. Would we had some of thy sweet and precious lifts, thy striking deliverances, thy answers to prayer, thy blessed manifestations of love and blood, and the unction, feeling, and power, with which thy God and Saviour hath anointed thee. But we are glad too, that thou findest thyself carnal, and sensual, and devilish, a beast and a brute, and that thou dost groan under the same body of sin and death that makes us sigh and groan also. It may appear presumption in us to set our seal of approbation to a work which carries with it such a weight of evidence. We can only say then that it is a book which we shall put on our very top shelf, side by side with Hart, Bunyan, and Huntington. We believe the work will be blessed for generations to come, when the writer shall have entered into his eternal rest. By it, when dead, he will yet speak; and heartily glad are we that he has sent forth this account of the Lord's dealings with his soul; that as he has fed hundreds of God's family with his mouth, so he may feed them with his pen when he is safely landed from every storm. We make one extract to show with what sweetness and unction the work is written:

“Blessings and honours be unto thee, O Holy God the Father, that ever thy love and choice was fixed upon such a brat of bell as I. Honours, blessings, majesty, praises, and glories for ever crown thy head, O Holy God the Son, equal with the Father, and one with him, that ever thou didst condescend to take my nature into union with thy divine person, didst obey and righteously

fulfil all the demands of the holy law, and didst satisfy divine justice for all my cursed sins; didst conquer death, and him that hath the power of death, even the devil; and hast ascended up on high, and taken possession of the inheritance, and ever livest to make intercession for my poor soul. And O thou Holy God, thou blessed Spirit, one with the Father and the Son, blessings, honours, majesty, and glories for ever be unto thee, that ever thou didst pick up my poor soul out of the ruins of the fall; didst kill me to all works of righteousness which I could do; didst reveal justifying righteousness and pardoning blood to my heart, and didst bear thy solemn witness to my spirit, that I am an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ. O thou that hast preserved me from falling a prey to the world, the flesh, and the devil, all these years up to this moment; that hast lifted up a standard in my soul again and again when the floods of horrid, awful, and unspeakable blasphemies have plunged my poor trembling soul into such despair that I have many times given it all up as a lost matter. O holy, blessed, Trinity of persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, whom reason cannot fathom, but faith believes, love embraces, and praise adores, bless thy holy name; it is in thy light that I see light; it is thy smiles that make my smiles; it is thy strength and power made manifest in me that holds me up and makes me strong; it is thy Spirit of grace and supplications poured into my heart that brings my soul to pour it out unto thee; it is thy precious gift of faith, and thy precious power, that draws it into exercise, which enables my soul to come with confidence, and say, "My Lord and my God; it is thy precious presence as my Father, and my Friend, and my eternal All, that changes a dungeon into a palace. Without thee I am more and more confident that I can do nothing. O ever keep me, ever teach me, ever uphold me. O never leave me to myself, my dear Lord, for two are better than one."

## POETRY.

Messrs. Editors,—Having been favoured with the perusal of some hymns and other short poems written by a young man now no more, but whom when living I highly esteemed and loved, and whose memory I affectionately cherish, I have asked permission of his friends to insert one or two occasionally in the *Gospel Standard*. They breathe such a spirit of humility and godly sincerity that I believe they need no other recommendation.

Stamford, Dec. 3, 1839.

J. C. P.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."  
(Judges xiv. 14.)

<p>We read of one in days of old Who met a lion fiercely bold, And loudly roaring too— 'Twas Sampson, full of power and might, Who boldly ventur'd to the fight, And quick the monster slew.</p> <p>Again when walking Timmath's way He turn'd to where the carcase lay, And found a treasure there— His hand put forth, and took from thence Some food, which made him recompense, And sweetened all his care.</p> <p>Refreshed, he traced his onward road, Again to meet affliction's load, And wear a heavier chain; So from the eater meat is found, And from the strong one sweets abound; My riddle now explain.</p>	<p>'Twas put to Sampson's friends we learn, But now, my soul, to thee I turn, The mystery to tell— Though feebly 'tis, methinks I can, True wisdom's learnt with grief and pain, And sighs, and groans as well.</p> <p>Temptation like a lion roar'd, Alarm'd my soul, my hopes devour'd; I fear'd to fall a prey. Such evils I could not withstand, But Jesus came with helping hand, And turn'd my night to day.</p> <p>Then I could sing of vanquished foes, From whence the sweetest honey flows; The eater yields the meat— And though afflictions linger'd long, And trials too were very strong; The issue was most sweet.</p>
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Oakham.

T. C.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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GRACE.

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What is grace as generally received by the religious world in our day? A cant phrase, a bubble, a Will-o'-the-wisp, a lifeless theme of lifeless professors' lifeless conversation. To hear the multitude of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram speak of this divine, eternal, glorious, saving, soul-melting blessing, essential to and revealed by the unchanging Jehovah in his work of salvation, externally and internally, one would think it a matter of little import, a toy for full-grown pious children, a kill-time hobby, a round-about for school boys to ride in, a swing to please a mob at a fair, a something to be talked of, but nothing to be felt or enjoyed. How few know anything of grace as it is in Christ Jesus, as set forth in the pure faithful word of God, the Holy Ghost! How few feel their need of it, as a free pardon to condemned criminals for all their sins and evil deeds; as an ark to save them from the flood of everlasting wrath, which is revealed from heaven against “every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile;” as the hand of a faithful, affectionate, and watchful Prince, who, though bated, opposed, fought against, despised, and spat upon, and used with the utmost contempt and scorn, yet still determined to do him every good, and to save him at all hazards, seeing him in distress and danger of destruction, his life demanded as the penalty of his offences, and tortures unspeakable to be inflicted, freely, joyfully, willingly, and with all his heart (disregarding all that is past, and knowing that his goodness will not keep the criminal from still fighting against him) steps forth, becomes surety for the stranger, lays down his life for

his sins, and rising again for his justification, ever lives to make intercession for him, so that he cannot damn himself, do what he may, however low and shamefully he may fall, or however bold and heartless, ungrateful or vile he may show himself, seeing "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion." How few, I say, know the nature of free grace on this wise, and from a sense of their wretchedness, rebellion, vileness, hell-deserving enmity, hardness, coldness, and ingratitude, are fully persuaded nothing but unchanging free grace can save them and deliver their souls from the wrath to come! And yet every one who is saved must be brought thus to receive it, and, like David, dance in their hearts naked before the ark, though Michals despise him, and dead professors shun him, because they cannot feel union with him in spirit, though they agree with him in doctrine. The grace of God that bringeth salvation cannot be known or enjoyed, but by supernatural and divine manifestation; it cannot be apprehended, but by the faith of God's elect; it cannot be sweet or precious, but when bitterness and soul-trouble have been felt, and the face has been turned to the wall. As in the case of Josiah, sooner or later, the book must be found and opened, read and felt in the conscience, and the seeker of God must fall down a convinced sinner, naked, unclean, and leprous before the Holy Jehovah, crying, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" "Woe is me for I am undone! because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Such, and such only know what it is to have a tender heart, to humble themselves before God when they hear his words against sin, and to rend their clothes, and weep before God. Nakedness, soul-poverty, a being humbled under the righteous hand of God, self-loathing, trembling at the word, perfect weakness, emptiness, want, total bankruptcy, and real fervent internal desire, and rejection of all salvation save that revealed in the soul, the blood of the atonement applied and sprinkled on the conscience, and righteousness imputed put on the soul, must be experienced in such a manner as to cut him off from all hopes or trust in an arm of flesh, the law, natural or notional religion, from a name to live only, and resting in mere opinions or sayings and traditions, before he can speak with power of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost. Grace is nothing unless felt; faith is a shadow, unless it bring "the substance of things hoped for" into the soul, and be "the evidence of things not seen." All hope is false but that which lays hold of God's mercy and love, faithfulness and truth, as revealed in Christ Jesus; and is the hope of the operation of God. Faith looks for grace only in "the new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." It cannot be satisfied as to salvation unless the love of God be shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, given unto him that has the faith of God's elect. Such a one cannot boast or lift up himself as being any better than others, for boasting is excluded. "By what law? Of

works? Nay, but by the law of faith." He cannot be satisfied with a ready flow of language and liberty in prayer, except that liberty comes from the Great Deliverer, making him free indeed, and testifying that there is, therefore, now no condemnation for him, for he is in Christ Jesus, and walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death. He cannot rejoice in Christ Jesus, unless he feels Christ rejoicing over him. He cannot cry, "Grace, grace unto it," unless he sees the Headstone, and his own name graven on it, while his feet are held fast and established in "the foundation of God which standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." He cannot feel all he receives to be mercies flowing from the grace or eternal love of God, except his heart be lying low before the throne of grace, and all the goodness of the Lord be passing before him, and Jehovah proclaiming himself, "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty," that is, those whose guilt is not atoned for and put away by Christ, who "having been made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," now justifies the ungodly, and in him God can be just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in Christ Jesus. (Rom. iii. 26.) To know what grace is savingly, is to know ourselves to be deservedly and justly damned, without an interest in Christ, and to feel that he can have mercy, and has had mercy on us who were ignorant and out of the way, and, therefore, the Spirit has glorified Him in our souls, by showing us that our sins and uncleannesses are cleansed and washed away in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; and that when dead in our sins and the uncircumcision of our flesh, God quickened us together with him, having forgiven us all trespasses; blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and has taken it out of the way, nailing it to the cross. Grace is in the mouth of millions, but in the heart of few; consequently, the multitude are never truly established in Christ, or receive all their consolation from him with humility, and wonder at his love, and earnestly desire to be kept free from sin, that it may not grieve them. But the few, the few men in the little city, that are delivered by the poor wise man, the followers of the Lord of Hosts, are all in due time—in the set time to favour Zion—established with grace by the Highest; and groan, being burdened with a body of sin, which they hate and feel to be their worst enemy and opposer. These are made sensible of what Christ has done for them, have fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and rejoice in Christ Jesus; have no confidence in the flesh; look to the Lord alone for help, strength, supply, comfort, and peace, and cannot bear the thought of foolishness, which is sin; are afraid of themselves as much as of the devil, and from their hearts cry, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion



over me :” “ Give me out of thy fulness grace for, or upon grace;” “ Keep me as the apple of thine eye ;” “ Guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory.” To such gracious men nothing is sweet in religion but Christ, the full, precious, and dropping honey-comb ; the mercy and consolation, love and kindness of the Father, and the soul-teaching witness and communion of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Works done by man, in his own strength, they hate ; and count all their righteousness as filthy rags, and enter into that worthy, precious saying, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise.” To all such, and to such only, do I say, “ The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the fellowship and communion of God the Holy Ghost be with you.”

Stoke.

G. I.

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## ON THE REAL CHRISTIAN'S BIRTH-DAY.

“ Ye must be born again.”—John iii 7.

There are very few in the age in which we live that know anything of the new birth, or the beginning of a real Christian's existence in the divine life. However, there are some who do, for Jehovah is not left without his witnesses, nor ever will be.

Jesus, the true God and eternal life says, concerning the other sheep which are not yet brought into the fold, (I mean those of the “ election of grace,” dead in sins,) “ Ye must be born again.” There is an imperative necessity ; “ *Ye must.*” And although a “ vessel of mercy afore ordained to glory” may be born of very pious parents, and be brought up as strictly and as piously as was Saul of Tarsus, insomuch that he thinks that as touching the law he is blameless, and exultingly asks, “ What lack I yet ?” yet this is not being born again. The individual is still in his sins, is still an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and hates the God of salvation by grace. Wretched soul ! whoever thou art, in such a case, thou art wholly earthly, sensual, and devilish. And although such *pious* being has decked himself off with a beautiful dress of human piety, human charity, human free-agency, &c., and has got to fleshly perfection according to the views he has of himself as reflected from a lying vision out of his own deceitful heart, yet he is going at full gallop in the way which seemeth right to man, not knowing that “ the end thereof is death.”

The soul in the state described is totally dead in a spiritual sense, and the whole man naturally loves nothing but sin ; every faculty of the soul is employed in the service of sin ; it hates the God of election, or salvation by grace with a perfect hatred ; it also hates with as perfect a hatred Jehovah's plan of salvation, and in opposition to it, is going about to establish its own righteousness, fully determined not to submit to the righteousness of God. What the soul in such a case calls righteousness, Jehovah in his revealed word calls “ filthy rags,” and “ a stink in his nostrils ;” and God calls things

by their proper names. The soul is in expectation of no small degree of glory for its piety, zeal, and faithfulness to grace, as it is called; but the eternal God has declared that "the wages of sin is death." Thus, the mind of God and the mind of the sinner are as opposite as the poles. The soul has as yet only been born once; but what says the text? "Ye must be born again."

However big a something the first Adam-soul may imagine itself to be, and very large indeed many are in their own esteem, yet, *spiritually* considered, it is a literal nonentity! The soul must certainly be created anew before it is brought into a new existence in the divine or spiritual life. And to show that a person may have a long natural existence before he begins to exist at all in a spiritual sense, the blessed Lord, with whom the wisdom of the world is foolishness, selects out a wise man, of a good age, a ruler of the Jews, to whom he makes use of the words of our text; "Ye must be born again." With all the boasted powers, and with all the mental faculties that the soul of man, in its dead state, is endued with, its wisdom in spiritual things amounts just to this; it calls light darkness, and darkness it calls light; sweet it calls bitter, and bitter it calls sweet; it calls the truth a lie, and a lie it calls the truth; it calls the enmity of the carnal mind charity, and the charity or love which is of God it calls bigotry! This is only just a sample of the *wisdom* attainable by the carnal soul of man in spiritual things, and you will be ready to say with the Scriptures, that indeed "the wisdom of the world is foolishness." But it is best to let the Lord himself answer the question, What occasion is there to be born again? Because "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them; (why?) because they are spiritually discerned." "No man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man that is in him; even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh;" (and a sample of fleshly wisdom in spiritual things is given above,) "and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." And as Jehovah accepts none but spiritual worshippers, and seeketh such only to worship him, there is a necessity of being born of the Spirit, and being taught of him.

It is probable that some *pious* Arminian may say, "Sir, I know as well as you do that it is written, 'Ye must be born again;' but I also affirm that every soul of man is capable of getting his soul born again, by complying with certain terms and conditions offered to him in the Bible, and if it were not so, God would be unjust for not giving every soul a *chance* of being saved." Well, let us come to experience. Now, none can create but God. He created you before you came into this world, and he must create you anew before you ever come into the spiritual world. For what saith the Scriptures? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 8. See also Eph. ii. 1, 5, 10; and again, 1 Peter i. 23.) The last witness that I shall bring (as more than two or three are already produced) to prove that

God is the Author of the second birth as well as the first, is recorded in the Gospel by John, i. 13; "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Now all the characters referred to in the aforementioned Scriptures had been born *twice*, and were all quite passive in both acts of God's creation; being nothings, they, as a matter of course, could offer no resistance to him by whom "all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as *nothing*; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" This new life, communicated to the soul in the second birth, is thus shown to be the free gift of God. God, in his Trinity of persons, is the Author of life. The ever-blessed Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, is the grand Fountain of life to "his people;" which spiritual life is communicated to every individual ordained to life exactly to a moment at "the set time," by the almighty operation of God the Holy Ghost. Now I am certain that a child, spiritually, does not know that it is "passed from death unto life" as soon as it is born; but, on the contrary, many are years before they know for themselves that they are the adopted children of the living God.

Come, poor soul! let us try, by the help of the blessed Spirit, to find thee out. Something ails thee, but thou canst not tell what it is; thou canst not take any delight in thy former enjoyments; thou feelest a worm in thy conscience biting thee every time thou attemptest to find a gratification to thy fleshly mind; and whatever thou hast recourse to to stifle the clamours of an aroused conscience, on the heels of every repeated experiment there follows a double hell. Poor child! thou art like the stricken deer. An arrow with a barbed end has stuck fast in the poor animal's side. He feels the pain, and off he starts, at first, as swift as thought. The arrow goes exactly the same speed. Poor thing! it is fast fixed enough. He begins to feel faint. His pace is slackened. At last, fairly worn out, the poor animal lies down, and dies! Thus it is with a soul born again of the Spirit. The arrow of conviction has stuck fast in his heart; he feels great pain in his mind for having sinned with a high hand against God; for in the light of God implanted in the soul he sees that the holy and eternal law of God is spiritual, the transgression of which is sin, and sin's only wages is death. Well, notwithstanding this being the case, Adam the first, not being yet willing to be excluded from glorying, sets to work lustily with a firm resolution to make himself better; so off he starts at full (free will) speed; but the arrow of conviction accompanies him; he cannot get rid of it; he vainly imagines that by his piety, charity, and good deeds, which he is resolved to do, he shall obtain the favour of God, who at present appears to frown upon him in a guilty conscience. Poor thing! how futile are thy endeavours! the more thou vowest, resolvest, or workest to obtain favour, the farther thou gettest off, in thy own feelings, and thy weakness is manifested to thyself more and more. The blessed Spirit, by the word of God, has made such deep gashes into thy soul, has shown thee such abominations lurking in the above-all-things-deceitful

human heart, that thou beginnest to feel faint; thy free-will and human-merit blood is all let out, so that thou now liest down, and diest to all hope of saving thyself, and art forced to cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish."

Well, but I am getting on too fast for thee, poor soul! Thou canst not enjoy thy former amusements; thou hatest sin; yes, and what is very wonderful, at the same time thy old fleshly man hates God, that is, the God of election, or salvation by grace alone; thou canst not submit to Jehovah's plan of salvation, for that would exclude all room for thee to boast; thou art yet very strong, but, as I have showed thee before, thou wilt soon get weaker under the teaching of the Spirit of God. Thy strength will gradually ooze out, for thy power must clean go until there be none shut up nor left in thee, before thou wilt prize the help of the Lord, and before he will give thee any sensible help. (Deut. xxxii. 36.) Thou must be feelingly lost, before thou wilt need the Saviour; thou must feel that thou art indeed sick, before thou wilt need the Physician; thou feelest now a hatred to sin, and yet a love to sin. There is a battle fought between the new man which cannot sin, nor consent for the flesh to sin, and the old man; and thou art often brought into captivity to the law of sin dwelling in thy members. But it is written, "The elder shall serve the younger;" and so it is; when Esau, the first born, at any time prevails, a tender conscience makes thee cry out, "O wretched man that I am!"

Now, poor dear soul, whoever thou art, if thou knowest, from experience, anything of the battle fought between flesh and spirit, in their strivings one against the other, which is manifested to thy soul on occasions such as these, thou findest in thee a principle desirous of nothing but the glorifying of God; thou wouldst do nothing on earth but what is well-pleasing to God; thou wouldst love God with all thy heart, mind, soul, strength, and thy neighbour as thyself; thou wouldst be continually praising the Lord, and, in a word, be as holy and free from sin as God himself, and thus thou wouldst do nothing but good. But, poor creature, when thou wouldst do all this good, thou findest, to thy sorrow, another principle, which is evil, present with thee, so that thou canst not do the things that thou wouldst. (Rom. vii. 15—23.)

But notwithstanding this conflict, a sure sign of spiritual life, thou shalt ultimately come off more than conqueror, through thy victorious captain, Christ Jesus; and I tell thee, whoever thou art thus exercised in thy mind, that thou art one made alive from the dead by the almighty operation of the quickening Spirit, and glory shall end what grace has begun in thy soul! But the very beginning of thy experience mars the beauty of those things in which thou boasted when thou wast in the Adam-ruin; thou couldst do everything then, choose or refuse, repent and believe, live or die. But now thou canst not do anything as thou wouldst. This causes thee to be sick of thyself and of all thy natural services, and the more the light of God shines in thy soul, the greater will be the contrast between thy wholly depraved and corrupt nature and the infinite purity and unsullied

holiness of the eternal God. The stench of thy once boasted free-will abilities and now felt depravity almost suffocates thy poor soul. All thy righteousnesses now are to thy renewed soul what they are in the eyes of the Lord, "filthy rags," emitting a horrible stench! In the contrast between thee and the holiness of God, thou art a mass of putrefaction, "wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." Being thus taught of the Lord, thou comest to this conclusion, that thou art totally lost, that there is no hope! Yet, nevertheless, thou knowest that power belongs to God, and although everything at present appears against thee, yet, having life, thou wilt cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" "O Lord, stretch forth thy right hand, and save me." And although thou hast but very little hope of obtaining mercy, yet hope in its infancy is not idle; it "hopes against hope." Thou sayest, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst save me, for all things are possible with thee."

Poor soul, thou art now a spiritual worshipper of God, although thou feelest thyself to be nothing but a vile stink in his nostrils; and he it known unto thee that God seeketh spiritual worshippers to worship him.

Thou, in the lowest and worst condition in thy own feelings, hast faith; and without faith it is impossible to please God: for by faith we "believe that God is, and that he is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him." And that faith that thou hast is the gift of God, also called "the faith of the operation of God," as well as "the faith of God." For the faith which is God's gift to the soul in the new creation, believes that there is a God, and believes that the Bible is the revealed will of God, and believes that God is true to his threatenings as well as to his promises, and especially believes this writing of the Lord, "The wages of sin is death," and "The soul that sinneth shall die." In God's light a man sees and feels himself a sinner, and is in trembling expectation of receiving his wages, which he apprehends to be the dreadful portion of weeping, lamentation, mourning, and woe! In the light of the spirituality of God's eternal law, he is completely horrified at seeing the revival of all his sins, which had been long ago buried in forgetfulness, but now in an instant rise from the dead, and each, as it were, hideously stare him in the face! All hope now of being saved by the deeds of the law vanishes for ever, for he knows the writing of God which says, "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." The soul upon the revival of sin dies to all hope of saving itself either in whole or part, and has little or no hope of being saved by the Lord, because at this stage of his experience he does not know how God can be just in saving such a wretch as he feels himself in very deed to be.

Poor soul! thy pains are now come on, not *before* thy second birth, but *after*. "Before Zion travailed she brought forth, and before her pain came, she was delivered of a man child." You perceive that it is *after* the second birth that the pains come on."

God is now teaching thee out of his law, and chastening thee sore. Yet, although unknown to thee, thou art in a blessed state. It

is written of such a one in such a case, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest out of thy law." Thus the blessed Spirit Jehovah works in a soul, and squares and polishes off all its roughness, crookedness, fleshy wisdom, creature strength, goodness, and power. And the soul feeling utterly lost and for ever ruined, all its strength clean gone, it is now in a fit state to be laid in mercy's building, a "living stone." The set time to especially favour this part of Zion is now come. The Holy Spirit exhibits Jesus Christ and his work to the soul thus taught and prepared. How exactly do they suit! A great sinner feelingly lost requires a great Saviour, which is found in a precious Christ.

A manifestive union has now taken place between Christ and the sinner, who has thus been "born again," chastened and taught out of God's own law, and thus made willing to be saved in God's "way," and to take the cup of his salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Therefore I say, what God has joined together, let no man attempt to put asunder.

Thus, my dear friends, I have attempted to describe the real Christian's birth-day; and although many a quickened soul may not be able to fix the day of his second birth, yet peradventure, the Lord the Holy Spirit being our teacher, we may know that we are alive from the dead, from a soul experience of the things here described. As it is not my intention at this time to attempt to describe the experience of a living soul after being brought into gospel liberty, I shall take my leave of this subject, praying that the Lord may make it in any measure instrumental in comforting his infants in grace, and consequently bring in additional glory to his great name, and truly He shall have all the praise.

Liverpool, August, 1839.

R. S.

## SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—I have read your *Gospel Standard* with much pleasure, and I have no doubt that some of God's elect who are scattered abroad in this country, where there is no standard bearer whom God has sent, read your *Standard* with more real delight than the wicked experience when their oil and wine increase. I read, in your Dec. number, Mr. Gadsby's reply to those fools who desire to be teachers of the law, but who know neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. Mr. G.'s remarks brought to my mind his preaching which I heard, nearly twenty-seven years ago, at the Baptist chapel, in York-street, Bath, in the days of my espousals unto Christ. Mr. G.'s text was from Hosea: "At that day thou shalt call me Ishi, and shalt call me no more Baali." I had known the Lord for about two years by the name Baali, but now I was to know him by the name Ishi, and I believe I ever shall know him as my Ishi. And if I were to live for five hundred years, whenever I read the text, or hear it read, I

shall always think of my much respected friend, Mr. Gadsby, for the truth's sake that is in us, and shall be with us for ever.

But, Sirs, do you know that Mr. Gadsby's preaching, which was a savour of life unto life to me, was a savour of death unto death to an Arminian parson who heard it, for he raged furiously the next morning against what Mr. G. preached; but, by the grace of God, I had a "Thus saith the Lord" for him in support of every thing which he objected to, which only made him rage the worse. He was a man in good circumstances, kept his horse and gig, drove about from village to village on Sundays, feeding swine, and filling his own belly with the husks which the swine do eat; and creeping into silly professors' houses, and leading captive silly professors, who are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

I do not know at what period of John Wesley's life he wrote his notes on the New Testament; but when he did write them, I believe in my soul that he had never been changed from vessel to vessel any more than Balaam or Simon Magus, for he once robbed me with his notes as sensibly as ever the certain man was robbed that went down from Jerusalem toward Jericho, and fell among the thieves. Contrast this with what Mr. Huntington's writings have instrumentally done, at different times, for my poor soul. Once, in particular, the reading of Mr. Huntington's "Wise Virgin" brought me health and cure, both in body and soul; for I had the lumbago very bad, and it almost cured the lumbago, and brought my poor soul up again to the "Cape of Good Hope;" so that I can say of Mr. H., though he is dead, he yet speaketh.

I must conclude with telling God's elect that I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of our Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Sirs, since I wrote the above, which was on Christmas Day morning, I have received your January Number. In your address to your readers, you complain of the archers shooting at you, and sorely grieving you; but, my dear sirs, if you send forth and vindicate truth, what more can you expect than to be despised and rejected of men; yea, the most religious men; yea, the most zealous men; yea, the most pious men (falsely so called)? None of them will ever believe your report which you are sending forth in your *Standard* from month to month; no, none but those to whom the arm of the Lord has been revealed. But let none of those things which you suffer from these empty professors move you; for as you are partakers of the sufferings of God's elect, so, according to your own confession, you are partakers also of the consolation; yea, and partakers of the consolation you shall be, which shall be an evident token unto you of your salvation, and that of God.

I am, your well wisher for the truth's sake,

Bath, Jan., 1840.

T. C.,

A PRIVATE IN HIS MAJESTY'S (THE KING OF KING'S) REAR BATTALION.

## A BRAND OUT OF THE FIRE.

To G. I.—, Stoke.

Dear Sir,—I feel a desire to give you a few of the outlines of the dealings of God, the blessed Spirit in Christ Jesus, in my soul, in bringing me out of darkness into his glorious light, and I am sure he will guide me into all truth. I was born in 1802 at W——, Devonshire, and went to London in 1821. I had never heard that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of his people, neither did I know the meaning of eternity. For years I went on in London as the greatest of sinners, and drank greedily into all manner of outward abominations, particularly swearing, and that without any inward check. The first time my eyes were opened to see that I was a sinner, was while fishing with some companions in a river near Uxbridge, on a Sunday morning, about eleven o'clock. All were catching fish but myself. This so roused my passion that I broke out into swearing. One of my shipmates asked me if I was accustomed to swear as much as he had noticed I had done since I had been with them; and added, that that was the reason I had not likewise caught fish. I was so struck with horror, that I threw down my rod, and took to my heels to run home, thinking that if I stopped there the devil had such power over me, that he might shove me into the water, drown me, and to hell I must go, for I thought damnation was my desert, and I saw that God would be just in sending me there. I thought that I would go home, and go that night to a place of worship, and that, if the Lord should strike me dead in a chapel, I was safe. I ran, scarcely stopping the whole of the ten miles. When I reached home, my wife expected by my countenance that some of my party were drowned, and asked the matter. I told her I had seen the devil, and to hell I must go, but had made up my mind to go to a place of worship that night. She burst into tears, and expressed her joy at my wishing to do so; told me that Christ came into the world to save sinners, but I did not even know how Christ came to die. The more she talked, the more I was convinced that to hell I must go. I got ready, and set off to find a place of worship, as I had never before entered into one, excepting once to see a piece of workmanship. The first I came to was Mr. Huntington's. A grey-headed, grave-looking man was in the pulpit. I forget the text, but he spoke of drunkenness, and then of a man being drunk with his sins. My heart sunk within me. I felt dead-drunk with sin, and in it I should lie until I awoke up in hell. I left the chapel before the sermon was finished, and told my wife that the minister had preached only to me. I was convinced to hell I must go. I read the Scriptures, but understood them no more than a dead man. Soon after I met with an old acquaintance, whom I had hated for his religion; he was a great champion for the Wesleyan cause. I told him my story. He said that I should go to hell if I did not repent, and that, as I had thought, it would be for fishing on Sunday. He then said he would take me to his class-leader, for he converted thirty people a week; some of them had been nearly as bad as myself. I begged he would ask him to convert me. He prayed with me, and we parted to meet again on Tuesday night, to go to this class-leader. I went, and was examined by him. I mentioned to him the life I had led. He told me I must truly repent, leave off all outward habits, pray to God for forgiveness, come to chapel and to their class-meetings, that others would pray for me, and read some of the books he would send me, and that it would all be right very soon: and sure enough I thought the man was an angel of light. I went home, told my wife that I should be a converted man before I had read



all through the books I held in my hand. For some time I was able to resist all outward profaneness, and, as I thought, had become a holy man for six or nine months, till I got among some of the people who had reached unto perfection. This staggered me, and I began to inquire if evil thoughts were not reckoned as sin in the sight of God? They replied that God would overlook all those; but the more I read the Scriptures, the more I believed that the Lord looked at inward sin, till at last I became so troublesome a scholar, that they held several special prayer-meetings to pray me out. I continued for two years in this way, the law cursing me in thought, word, and deed, and in every thing I read I saw God was a just God, but an angry one. Thousands of times have I wished it was in my power to kill the blessed Lord, and then I should have no judge to condemn me at the last day. My class leader asked me if I had committed any particular sin, which I did not like to confess publicly; if so, I might tell him in private, and he would pray particularly for me to be delivered! I said that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost; that my sins had murdered the Saviour. I saw I was bound for hell, and would have my fill of sin. I afterwards became acquainted with a good old man, who gave me much good advice, and told me that there were a people born to be lost, but he believed I never should be. This was a new doctrine to me, and I began to hate him. I mentioned it to some of the Wesleyans; they said that the chapel the old man went to had such damnable doctrines that it was called the devil's great gun, firing people to hell by thousands, and charged me never to speak to him again, nor to enter his meeting-house. I did go to see him, but it was to cavil. He asked me if I would go and hear Mr. Fowler. I replied, yes, if I thought I should not hear the doctrine of election. I had now left my class-meetings twice, missed attending one Sabbath, and neglected distributing my tracts. On next Sunday the tracts were sent to me to go my rounds. I left home with my mind undecided whether to hear Mr. Fowler or to deliver the tracts. To do the last, I had to pass Gower-street Chapel. I went by, and then made up my mind to do neither, but make myself quite drunk. I went into a spirit-shop, paid for half a pint of spirits, but before I put it to my mouth a thought struck me that I might die drunk, and then I should be sure to be damned. I left it, went out, and being close to the aforesaid chapel, I went in, and stuffed the tracts into my hat. The minister appeared to me like a devil. I hated him with a perfect hatred. He prayed, and as he prayed he went into my feelings, and he heartily begged of God to bring out such a one as myself. I felt that this man was taught of God, and I began to love him. He read a chapter, and expounded each verse; he pointed out the Saviour as a Mediator, and I began to see that if we sin we have an advocate with the Father. This raised a hope in my soul. He took his text from the 10th of John, 9th verse, "*I am the door.*" He began the chapter, and explained it till he came to the text, and then spoke of the person who got in over the wall as being a professor claiming salvation by his own works. As he proceeded, my eyes were opened, and the Scriptures revealed to me. I was brought to see with some comfort that Christ was the door, and that all that ever were saved, or would be saved, were saved in him before the world began. I then had a hope that I might be one of the number, and my body was bathed in sweat with my fears. It appeared as if I had murdered a person, and he had appeared to me in his blood—so Christ appeared to me. I could see no one but myself in the act, and yet felt HE had power to save me, and that all power was given him—and clearly saw none could be saved but his elect. I

loved the doctrine—I loved the preacher, and also the old man I lived with, and thought all who were in the chapel were elected people, with much more which I might speak of.

I went home, and on my knees begged God to let me know if I was in Christ. I had such a love to him as I had never felt before. I saw the Scriptures with new eyes, and understanding. I went to chapel again in the evening, and the text was, “Be still, and know that I am God.” He spoke of free-will when in affliction, and how the Lord gave the inner man to groan under it, who disallowed it and hated it. He spoke of all the experience I had gone through. I went home, and at my door met the old man: he said to me, “Friend, I want to speak with you.” “So do I to you,” replied I. He told me that his soul had been in great trouble all that day for me, and that he wished I had been to hear Mr. Fowler, as he had gone into my case in both sermons. I told him I had heard them both. He took me by the hand, and we had such love for each other, that we were in a flood of tears. He gave me great consolation: every thing he said appeared like pure gold, which same things I had so much hated before. I burnt my bundle of tracts, which I had afterwards to pay for to the society, at the full price, as they sold them singly. I had several parsons to visit me during the week. The Lord gave me speech to tell them what I had seen and received of him. They left me looking at me as a devil, and said they had expected I should be caught in that damnable error. After this I sat under the word at Mr. Fowler’s chapel with a hope and a longing that Christ would be revealed to me as the pardoner of my sins. I was introduced to many of God’s people by my old friend, and my love increased by their conversation. But what I wanted was kept back, that was, the atonement of his blood applied to my conscience; I understood what was preached, and was brought to act on him, having been brought off from any dependence on self, and I was told by many that sooner or later I should have him revealed to my soul. I went on for some time, hoping in his mercy. I spoke to Mr. Fowler, and had some sweet conversation with him; still the main object was wanting. At last the word became dry, and Christ appeared at a greater distance. I saw him as a Saviour for his elect, but could not believe that I was one for whom he died. It appeared that he was kept from me by my sins being so black, that I had pierced him deeper than any creature living. Many kind souls felt for my distress and anguish of mind. I tried to hear other men, but received nothing but condemnation. I loved the men, and envied many I heard say had received comfort by the same sermon. At last I thought I would go back into the world again, and that was a hell to me. From that time I got into a cold and careless state, and thought that I would go as far from London as I could—to Guernsey or any where; thinking that if I returned to the world here it would not wound the dear people of God with whom I had acquaintance, and if I went away, they would know nothing about it.

One day I met the man who had noticed my swearing on the Sunday we had been fishing together: he was going to Plymouth, and advised me to go with him. I inquired the distance. He said two hundred miles. I consented, and was glad to go. We set sail, cast anchor through contrary winds, drifted to sea, lost two anchors, sprung our bowsprit, with other damages, and reached Plymouth after nearly a month’s passage, the vessel being a total wreck. My friend upbraided me, and said he should soon see me as bad as himself. I arrived at Plymouth on Saturday, and heard Mr. Triggs on Sunday. I was

frightened to hear him preach the same doctrine I had heard in London, and all to my condemnation. Yet I loved the man, and had a hope that the Lord might make him an instrument to bring me out, and sincerely wished I might never meet with my companion more. On Monday I sought for work, got it, and never wanted for work since, though my companion was in his native place, and was six weeks without employ. I was able to see the Lord's hand in this, and felt thankful. I prospered in trade, met my old companion, and became as openly profane as he was. I became well known in the town, was thought clever in my business, and was courted as a pleasant companion; but the dear and precious Jesus never left himself without a witness. I often felt great pricks of conscience, convinced that if a change was not wrought in me, hell must be my portion. I often heard Mr. Triggs, and longed to be brought out. At last I thought I had wounded the soul of a dear child of God, knowing at the time it was a lie, by speaking against Thomas Hardy, a servant of God. It struck me that this had caused me to fall away so grossly, but I see now, *it was not because I spoke against him that I fell, but it was because I had fallen that I spoke against him.* This troubled me for some time, but I never opened my mind to any one. At last I began to think it was no difference. If I am elected I shall be saved; and yet sometimes in company, and in the greatest mirth, I have had such awful thoughts of eternity, that I have left my companions, run home, and have been afraid that I should be cut off, and drop into hell; and then have banished these feelings. Sometimes in the midst of the greatest pleasures, I have been able to see them as the greatest of vanity, and to wish that the Lord would cause me to hate them, and plant his fear in my heart, *that I would rather be any thing, or less than nothing hereafter, if he would only make me to live to his glory here, and have communion with him on earth.* One time I saw that dear man of God, Mr. Triggs, pass through Union-street, and what thoughts I had! I loved him, as I knew him to be a favoured child of God. I wished the Lord would cause his word to be made known to me by him; and I had a hope it would be the case some day. Thus I went on for eight years. For the last two years I have been in more trouble about my soul. I felt very ill through inward grief, and could open my mind to no one. To drown it I went into company, and was often very tipsy; but bless his dear and faithful name, he would sometimes give me a sort of humbling, and a hope. I fed on these words, "And a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name." One night about ten o'clock I saw the bow in the clouds. I had a cry put into me that the Lord would show me his covenant in my dark state, as he had now the bow in the cloud. I tried to read the word; it was a sealed book, and so was preaching; it was a burden to me the last year.

Mr. Fowler being dead, I gave up all, as I had a hope that something might turn up, that I might hear him once more, and receive the word with power. I was tempted to destroy myself, and go to hell at once. I became so ill that a medical man told me that he could do nothing for me, and forgave me all the debt I owed him, which I thought would be a heavy one. He said to a lady (whose servant told me of it) I should not live six months; but I knew if I could get the great Physician, all would be well.

The latter end of October last, I was told that there was a man, an out and out hero for the doctrines of election, that preached at Stoke, and I had better go and hear him; he was spoken of very disrespectfully.

I thought I would go on Sunday to hear him, but forgot it till near eight o'clock. I asked my wife to go for a walk: we went up, and you were engaged in your concluding prayer. When I stood at the door, you asked the Lord to bless the word that had been spoken; observing that it must be his power. I believed it, and had such an humbling at his dear feet in one instant, and a hope that he would yet appear: you concluded, and I went home. I said to my wife, I know that is a man of God, as I have received the prayer with power to my soul, and I will hear him the next sermon. I longed for Monday night. I went, and every word I heard was the feeling of my soul. You assured me the Lord would bring back his backsliding people; and I was able to believe that the Lord would once more appear for me under your ministry. Then I felt that Jesus was coming over all the mountains of unbelief, doubts, and fears. The ease I felt in body and mind, and the love I had for you, none can tell: every sermon I heard gave me greater hope that the Lord was about to appear for the salvation of my soul. You entered into my feelings more and more. The word became the food of my soul; in reading, it was like lumps of gold to me. I felt like a person awoke out of a deep sleep, and having a good wash after. I could feel and believe but with trembling, that I had been with Jesus, and that it was he who had appeared to me hundreds of times before. At last you took your text from Jeremiah xxxviii. 6 and following verses—showed the soul's being in the dungeon, and described it to be like a cockle under the sand, which was known to be there by bubbles rising to the top of it; which show that there is life at the bottom, and that a soul may be in such a state, viewing itself to be a mass of nothing but corruption, full of sin and iniquity, and yet there was a breathing after Jesus that he would appear. And you said that God would bring that soul out, sooner or later. I felt myself to be the man, and that was the place I was in. I felt that it must be the mighty power of God to bring me out of it, as I had no power in myself. I had great hope, and was praying night and day that the Lord would lead you deeper and deeper into my case, and that he would have mercy on me. I was then troubled as to the Trinity. Sometimes I thought that I did not look to the Father, and then to the Holy Spirit enough. In the next sermon you particularly spoke on the very subject, and said that if we prayed to Jesus, we prayed to the Father and to the Spirit; and I felt that I had been praying right. O the love I had to Jesus! I felt his smiles, I saw that the Three in One would soon come to the salvation of my soul. Mercy was my song and cry every moment. At last the second Sunday in November came, which was *my great birth-day*. You spoke of the prophet praying in the dungeon. I felt myself to be the man—starving, wanting the bread of life. You described the cords, cast clouts, and rotten rags let down to bring up the soul, and I felt and saw Jesus come right into my soul. I was melted down at his feet. I saw that I was saved in him with an everlasting salvation. I felt his blood had cleansed and purged away my sins. I viewed myself as holy as he was, as I stood in him, and that it was utterly impossible for me to be damned. I felt that I was bound up in the bundle of life. I lost my senses and the discourse for many minutes, but was able to say, My Lord, and my God. His love overcame me. I was afraid I should say aloud, Praise the Lord, O my soul, for I was full of praise. I felt at the time the sweet savour of his name: not unto us, but unto him that loved and washed me from my sins in his blood, be all the glory. His angry face was gone, and his smiles appeared. I lost all my sins there and then, nor ever

have they been brought to me since. How clearly I saw myself in glory with you; it has brought you very near to me in union as we stand in Christ. I know it was not in the power of man to give me this great lift; but that it was the great power of God, my ever blessed Jesus, who ever liveth to make intercession for you and me, and all the dear children whom he predestinated, before the world was, to be called out of nature's darkness *into his great light*. I feel that it is not of works of righteousness that we can do. No person knows it *so truly as I do*—no soul has sinned *so wilfully as I have*. The next sermon was on Hannah's prayer. I was led to look back on the eleven years that I had been praying in my heart, that Jesus would appear, but did not know it; the dew rested on me for many days; my cup was running over—lost in wonder why the Lord should save me. I could not help longing to tell you what the Lord had done in my soul by you. I tried to keep away, but the thought cut me to the heart, as I thought you might have been in travail for me, and ought I not to tell you that a child was brought to the birth. I have had many love-tokens under you since; from my Jesus I have had great establishment. I have sometimes felt very dead, but my anchor is fixed on my rock firm and sure. I know I must go in and out to find the pasture sweet; and I know that I never shall be lost, let my feelings appear what they may to me, having this seal that the Lord knoweth them that are his. The Lord has since given me a travail in my soul for you, that you may be a blessing to me and others, that you may enjoy his dear presence in it to cheer you by the way. I can prove him to be a faithful God, that hears and answers prayer. And may the dear Lord God Almighty lead us into his green pastures more and more, and he shall have all the glory. This is the prayer of,

Your brother in Jesus,

A BRAND OUT OF THE FIRE.

## OBITUARY.

As Mr. John Shaw, late of Nateby, near Garstang, was well known to many of God's family, the following short narrative of part of his life and latter end may be interesting to those who knew him; and it may not be uninteresting to others, as he is another striking instance of God's wisdom confounding the wisdom of this world by foolish things, weak things, base things, and despised things, but things which God hath chosen to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence. (1 Cor. i. 27, 28.) He was a plain, unlettered, country farmer; so much so, that he could not read many passages in the Bible properly; and if the success of his ministry, and power of his speech had depended on his human learning, he would have cut as poor a figure in the church of God as some academy and college-taught poor creatures do in natural churches, who are void of all natural talent for teaching. But he was taught and instructed in his soul's experience by God the Holy Ghost, concerning the things of the kingdom of Jesus; his speech, therefore, stood not in words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, (1 Cor. ii. 4,) commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; (2 Cor. iv. 2;) and the gospel came by him to the hearts of the people, not in word only, but also in power,

and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, (1 Thes. i. 5,) that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) God took him, rough and unpolished as he was, there and then, (for he could not spare him to serve four years at the academy to learn the art of man's wisdom,) and sent him to gather and feed his people Israel. And though the herd of Satan-deceived Pharisees hated him, and heaped upon him, his doctrine, and his people, calumnies without measure, yet "the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hand;" and though he was thus spoken against for truth's sake, yet, as a man, he had a good report of them that are without, and was much respected by his neighbours.

In the beginning of his religious life he was a strenuous advocate for Arminianism, though at the same time his experience bore direct testimony against free-will, he being deeply ploughed up in his conscience by the force and spirituality of God's most holy law; but being ignorant in his judgment of the harmony of divine truth, he endeavoured to appease and satisfy the demands of the law and of his guilty conscience by his own righteous obedience and holy and pious living, but always came short. He was even promised considerable property, if he would become a staunch churchman; but, to use his own expression, "The Lord drove him away in spite of his teeth." After this he joined the Independents, but their dry, dead, empty, chaffy sermons, and their milk and water, yea-and-nay puddle, wearied, sickened, and killed his soul, till he was forced out of their assembly. Still he held the invitations of the gospel as indiscriminate, till Mr. Gadsby's work entitled, "Gawthorn brought to the Test," was published. This work opened up his understanding to the subject, and swept away his false ideas respecting it. About this time he became a decided advocate for truth. He was satisfied as to the mode of baptism, but as he said, he "remained as stupid as an ass" about the subject fit for baptism, till that passage struck his conscience with power; "for he is not a Jew which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter." (Rom. ii. 28, 29.) Again; "No uncircumcised person shall eat thereof." (Exod. xii. 48.) And again; "Now also the axe is laid to the root of the trees; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire." (Matt. iii. 10.) Thus he was made willing to submit to be baptized by immersion in water. Then he said to one of his friends, who is still in the path of tribulation, "I am ready and willing to meet you any where now." After this, three or four of us met together, first in one friend's house, and then in another's, hobbling on as well as we could in reading and praying, and sometimes he spoke a little, and at other times he could say nothing. About this time, we appointed him pastor over us, and the Lord was with him, and blessed him, and honoured him, as a ram's-horn trumpet in his hand, to gather in and build up some of his elect family. His doctrine "dropped as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew." (Deut. xxxii. 2.) For many years we met in an old, low, clay, thatched cottage, more like an old cow-house than

the house of God; but God is not confined to houses made with men's hands, for even here the glory of the Lord has filled the old clay building many a time. (2 Chron. v. 14.) He often stood behind the old chest which he had for his pulpit, with his soul filled with the glory of God's sovereign salvation, his eyes sparkling, and his arm stretched out at full length, and with heavenly glee he would exclaim, "Saved! saved! the church of God is saved with an everlasting salvation." He frequently used to say, "Friends, it is not fine words well adjusted that qualify a man to be a minister of Jesus Christ, but it is the Holy Ghost applying his speech with power to the conscience." He was taught well the plague and deceitfulness of his heart, and would sometimes say, "I have rebellions of every kind, and a thousand unbelieving fears; but under all, and in the midst of all, I have a something which I would not part with for a thousand worlds, and I believe all will end well." During the latter end of his days, he was blessed with a strong confidence and firm hope that he would land in glory, particularly the last year of his life. He had suffered many years under the disease which ended his life, and the pain which he suffered at times was unutterable; but, as he said, it was overruled to bring him down into the dust of self-abasement, and make him cry to God, and he considered it a just chastisement from the Lord for his sins. Like Micah, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him;" and Jeremiab, "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" As the complaint advanced towards its fatal stage, he often said, if he could get a comfortable place erected for his brethren to meet in before he died, he did not care how soon he was taken away, and this he saw completed only a very little time before he died. He saw a neat little chapel built, with a good burying ground, and preached in it a few times, before he died, and was buried there. The last time he preached, it was deeply impressed upon his mind that his "departure was at hand." In the morning he preached from Matt. xxvi. 13, and in the afternoon from John xxi. 17; and in one of his discourses he said, "I thought I would preach the gospel to-day, lest I should never preach it again." So he did preach it, and it was his last time. The disease rapidly advanced, till it resisted all medical efforts, and he felt death upon him, and would say, "I am a dead man;" but his brethren still entertained hopes of his recovery, and many a prayer was offered up for him to that effect; but the Lord of Hosts was of one mind, and who could turn him? He was determined to take him whether they could give him up or not, and who can stay the hand of the Almighty? The first Lord's day that he was confined to the house, several of his brethren visited him, and engaged in reading and prayer, and he exhorted them to meet together, and to walk in love, and the Lord would bless them, and be with them; and to one of his brethren present he said, "The Lord has blessed you with no little talent, and I hope you will make use of it," and added, "You all know that it is not fine words that God will bless." Then he gave orders respecting his funeral. He

wished them to sing a hymn by Mr. Gadsby, called "Christ the Christian's sweet Home," the first part to be sung at the house, the second part to be sung at the chapel. To two of his friends who called to see him, he said, "Come near, and learn a lesson of me (alluding to his disease and death). I am going to die, but I am not afraid to die; I want nothing but the passport; but my pain is now indescribable." One observed to him, that it was very well salvation was finished, else what should we do in such extreme cases as these? He said, with energy, "Aye, the Lord Jesus Christ is my hope and my refuge; he only can help me. Good night, and God bless you." At another time, he wished his friends to sing part of a hymn as he sat on the bed side. As they sung it, his eyes sparkled, and he said, "There, it is quite refreshing, and makes me forget my pain." One of his neighbours, an Arminian, called to see him, and questioned him about his principles, and the foundation of his hope, and he said to his friends, "I gave him enough, poorly as I was." To a friend he said, "I shall soon be away, and free from this body, and I shall be as light as a feather, and mount up and meet the Lord in the air." At another time he said, "I am going a little before you, and you will lose a friend and well-wisher, but you have a comfortable place to meet in, and you may consider yourselves blessed of the Lord." One said to him, "Can you read at all?" He said, "No, but the job is done with me, (meaning his salvation was finished and settled;) it is settled; my hope is in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you know it says, 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is;' (Jer. xvii. 7;) and if love be a mark, I have it, for I love God's people, and his ways." Shortly before he died, a friend called to see him, and said to him, "Arminianism won't do for you now, John." With energy he replied, "No, nor ever would." Soon after this, he was no more able to speak. During his life he had a great attachment to his people, and would often say, "Meeting with my brethren is all the little comfort I have." In his last illness he was blessed with a sweet confidence and a hope that anchored within the vail on the Lord, and it never failed him, for he rode by it through the vale of the King of terrors in peace. Thus, "the righteous hath hope in his death;" (Prov. xiv. 32;) and his "flesh rests in hope, and God will show him the path of life; in his presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Psa. xvi. 9—11.) Amen.

January, 1840.

FOLLOWING ON.

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## EDITORS' REVIEW.

*Gospel Tracts.* By R. Hale, Vicar of Harewood. 1 vol.—London: Simpkin and Marshall; Leeds: J. Heaton.

However little credit some may give us for the assertion, we can honestly and with a good conscience say, we love the least trace of divine savour and feeling, and dare not breathe a word against any work or publication so far as this heavenly unction appears in it. But



where this is wanting, no religious book, however sound in doctrine, can find favour in our eyes. This is a mystery hidden from the wise and prudent, who think that a work sound in doctrine must necessarily be approved by all who hold the same truths. Before a man can see he must have eyes, and if some of our readers cannot perceive the grounds of our judgment, it does not necessarily follow that our judgment is incorrect. The fault may be in their lacking sight, not in the judgment itself. We write from soul-experience, and this none can overthrow, at least in our own minds, or in the consciences of those of similar experience with ourselves. We have reason to believe our remarks some time ago on Dr. Hawker gave great offence in many quarters, dissenting as well as established. Those remarks, and the comparison between him and Huntington, were written from an experience of some years. They were not written in a hasty moment, in a captious spirit, with *dissenting* feelings against a D.D. in the Establishment, but as the deliberate judgment of our hearts, formed from some years' experience in our souls, and what we could stand by, living and dying, in the most solemn, spiritual, heart-searching moments. We mean the general drift of what we said on "the two Doctors," and not particular expressions, some of which were figurative, and therefore not to be interpreted too strictly. Figures, if they have the advantage of setting forth truth more strikingly, have the disadvantage of lying open to being wrested or misinterpreted; and we therefore desire to justify more what we intended the comparisons to convey than the comparisons themselves. With this limitation, we can conscientiously justify what we advanced in the review which has offended so many, and some who think themselves masters in Israel. We said we believed him to be a good man, a bold champion of truth, not unacquainted with the plague of his heart. But the touching point was, declaring our honest opinion that he had begotten hundreds of bastard Calvinists. We adhere to this opinion still, and say there are hundreds of zealots for him, from whom were you to take all they had picked up from Gill and Hawker, they would cry; "You have taken away our gods, and what have we more?"

But we have digressed from the Vicar of Harewood's Tracts. What shall we say, then, of Mr. Hale, the Elah of the *Gospel Magazine*? We will say all we can in his favour, that is, as far as an honest conscience will suffer us. We will say, then, that his tracts are simple, plain, perspicuous, scriptural, sound, and straightforward in defence of doctrinal truth. The Vicar of Harewood is no time-server, no wavering, compromising coward, but a bold unflinching champion of the doctrines of grace. Among these tracts, which, by the by, are rather "sermons," there is one which the undaunted Vicar would have preached before the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, and we carefully looked over it to see if the fear of royal ears, and of the courtly party at Harewood House, would have softened down his bold testimony. We say *would*, because the Vicar tells us, in a note, that the Archbishop of York, taking possession of the pulpit, and shutting its rightful occupant out, prevented the sound of truth offending the ears of royalty. We could not discover any flinching in this sermon, and the Vicar would not have feared to tell royalty itself that there was a reprobate people foreordained to condemnation. So far as we like tracts at all, we think these the best and clearest we have seen, and far before those muddled sheets which are issued by millions from the Religious Tract Society. But (O that "*but*," how it seems to kick down the bucket of water just as it is safely landed on the edge of the

well!) we must, after all, say these tracts are very deficient in experience, in the lights and shades, ins and outs, ups and downs, lifts and falls, sweets and sour of the hidden life. We do not, we cannot find fault with what is in the tracts; our complaint is with what is not in them. They lack power, vitality, feeling, dew, savour, and unction. We believe the writer to be a good man, and there is a simplicity, honesty, and sincerity in his writing which we much admire, with a thorough absence of cant and whine. But there is that indescribable something wanting, which moves, melts, stirs, softens, warms, penetrates, enlarges, and courses, as the life-blood, through all the avenues of the heart. We do not sigh as we read them, nor feel our heart drawn upward with pantings and longings; the tear does not start into our eye, our cup does not run over; we do not feel the savour of what we have read in our soul; when we have closed the book, we approve what we have read, we see it scripturally proved, we honour the writer as an honest man, we gather information and knowledge, but (O that *but* again!) it leaves us pretty much as it found us. We do not feel as we do in reading Hart or Huntington, when the Lord shines on the page. If moved in reading Hale, it is by the scriptures he brings forward more than his exposition of them. We do not cry out, "O blessed book! O blessed man!" and feel as if we could kiss the lines, which so stir and move our hearts. We do not feel, if we may use the expression, "sanctified" by it, as if all earthly thoughts and cares were unholy, and out of place. But we put the book down, and are ready to follow our temporal pursuits, as if we had never taken it up. We do not sit and sigh after reading it, with our feet on the fender and looking upward, and panting after heavenly things, till breath well nigh fails. Nor does the book make us groan over our sins, backslidings, deficiencies, and short-comings. It might have suited us well several years ago, when we began to sip at the doctrines of grace, and wanted to be instructed or confirmed in the grand truths of election, particular redemption, and Christ's righteousness. Then, we were very much for holding the doctrines, but now we are much more for their holding us. And a daily experience of our blindness, darkness, and desperate wickedness, has made us sit more loose to doctrines, as doctrines, and taught us to value them much more as blessed experimental truths. Doctrines, then, become experience; and a savour, weight, and power flow from them into the heart. The dry rod then blossoms and bears almonds, the external truths become internal realities, and the Saviour in the word becomes the Saviour in the soul. Will our readers excuse this long review, in which we have endeavoured to lay our hearts bare on a point in which so much has been said against us, for, in the views we have taken of Mr. Hale, we have expressed our feeling pretty much of all that doctrinal school with which he is connected. Our experimental readers may perhaps be glad to see the grounds of our judgment, only intelligible to them; and if there be amongst our readers any who are just tasting the doctrines of grace, and perhaps puzzled by Arminian arguments, as well as bewildered by their own Arminian hearts, we can cordially recommend Mr. Hale's tracts, as ably defending the out-works of Christianity.

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*The Precious Jewels of the Church Rescued out of the Hands of Spoilers.* By C. Drawbridge. No. 15.—London: Bennett.

We tell thee honestly, friend Drawbridge, we do not fully like, nor cordially approve of these tracts of thine. They savour amazingly of self and of human reason, by which weapons precious jewels were never

yet wrested from spoilers. And what makes thee stick in bits of Greek here and there, printed in Roman letters? What good can it do any one who does not know the language, to see "kritbosi," and such cramped unintelligible words, in your tracts? And it is ridiculous and annoying to those who do understand the original, to see the words they have known in their beautiful Greek characters dressed up in Roman clothes, which fit them much as your coat would fit a lanky lad of sixteen. Look into your heart, friend, and see if a certain sin called pride has not some hand in sticking in these bits of Greek, that folks may know your learned attainments. But we have heavier charges against you. Is there not a secret cutting at experimental bearers and preachers? We will not judge you too harshly, and therefore will extract your opening passage at some considerable length for our spiritual readers to decide whether, under a thin disguise, there is not a secret cutting at tried and tempted souls. Many have trodden this path before you, and found a precipice at the end. Therefore, beware of what you are about, and take heed to your steps.

"Col. iv. 5. *Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.* Poor trembling believers in God, as beloved sons of God, I solemnly warn you to avoid professing preachers, writers, and talkers, who make a God of their inability, corruption, and rebellion; who are in high glee when they arrive at dung gate; who unlike Malchiah, the son of Rechab, forget to set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof; (Neh. iii. 14;) who unlike the princes of Judah, giving thanks on the right hand upon the wall, toward the dung gate, (Neh. xii. 31.) and unlike modern scavengers in our streets, in obedience to the law of the land, emptying all filth, and conveying it away in the dark and solitary night, descend into the brook Cedron, instead of going over it, as our Lord and his disciples did, (John xviii. 1.) and there, in broad daylight, throw up the filth of the city, to the great annoyance of all, who, like David when fleeing from Absalom, would quietly and speedily pass over it. (2. Sam. xv. 23.) Beware of such, ye tempted souls; they are in the bondage of corruption, they sow to their fleshly feelings, distresses, and pollutions, and of the flesh they reap corruption. (Gal. vi. 8.) By violence and haste they attempt to crush the modest, prudent, discreet and wise, in the family of God, who have no taste for exposing their wounds where they are confident they will be made worse, nor for telling their complaints where they will be aggravated rather than remedied; who dare not boastfully speak and write without ceasing of their black hearts, devilish feelings, awful blasphemies, and desperate depravities, one to another; who dare not recklessly carry sparks to this powder magazine, being confident that the fool-hardy who do so, will one day be blown to atoms in their folly. Let those who prefer it, ride in the dung cart on their road to heaven; but be ye wise unto salvation, ascending the chariot paved with love, and riding therein as joint heirs with Christ. (Jude 8; Sol. Song iii. 9.) Hast thou the infectious leprosy of sin now raging in thee, because thou hast done foolishly in lifting up thyself? Lay thine hand upon thy mouth and go thy way, take up thy dwelling in a several house, (2 Kings xv. 5,) and send for the priest, who will go forth out of the camp, and look upon thee and cleanse thee, and after that thou shalt come into the camp, and tarry abroad out of thy tent, that thou mayest then lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and tell aloud thy complaint and thy cure, in one melodious strain of cheerful wisdom. Be assured, beloved, that all time spent in telling your failings, temptations, besetments, and sorrows to your fellow-travellers, unconnected with the brilliant victories of Jesus over them, will prove lost time to you; therefore, walk in wisdom toward them that are without in these matters, for unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all things are done in parables." (Mark iv. 11.)

Another passage too has stumbled us, in which you seem to wish to sink vital points into indifferent questions, which it would be wise for ministers to avoid handling.

"I would to God that the partakers of like precious faith in Great Britain, especially preachers, would take this question into their solemn and prayerful consideration for a similar end, viz., whether the elevation of the 'pre-existence of Jesus Christ's soul before the world was formed,' 'The law as a rule of life,' 'The law not a rule of life,' 'Experience of corruption a criterion of divine life,' 'Soundness of doctrine a proof of interest in everlasting realities,' 'Strong faith against weak faith,' &c. &c., doth not, to a certain extent, restrain, impede, hinder, or as our text hath it, quench the Spirit in many precious souls, who without doubt are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ?"

Can you call it quenching the Spirit for a minister to testify *against* the pre-existerian doctrine, *against* the law as a rule of life, *against* "soundness of doctrine being a proof of interest in eternal realities?" and must a faithful steward, who is to take forth the precious from the vile, be silent or neutral on such important points? And is it not a most important part of his office to show how far experience of corruption (in other words a deep sense of guilt and misery) is a criterion of divine life? Is he not bound to preach the gospel, and the blessed deliverance from the shackles of the law as a rule? And is he not called upon to trace out the workings and exploits of strong faith, as well as the struggles and wrestlings of weak faith? See what silence or neutrality on these important points reduces a man of God to. He must not condemn error, however his soul has been racked by it. He must not say a word about experience of corruption as a proof of life, that is, he must not drop a sentence to the tried and tempted, to the mourner, the seeker, the groaning backslider, the weary and heavy laden, nor encourage them to think groans and sighs a proof of divine life. This cuts off at a stroke two thirds, if not, what is more probable, nine tenths of all who have ears to hear. He must not say the law is not a rule of life, nor show how the believer is delivered into a glorious liberty from its entangling shackles. This cuts off all preaching to the remaining third, or tenth. He must not trace out strong faith; therefore give no meat to men: he must not describe weak faith; therefore give no milk to babes. And when he has taken all this away, what has Mr. D. left us? bones, dry bones, from which all meat is scraped, and all marrow scooped. He had better seal up the Psalms, Job, the Lamentations, much of Jeremiah, a great part of the epistle to the Romans, and the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. Hart's hymns he must throw into the hog trough, Huntington's volumes into the coal hole, Warburton's experience into the scavengers' cart, Gadsby's "Perfect Law of Liberty" over dung gate, and all the cries, sighs, groans, and tears of the tempted and afflicted into the hands of the spoilers, who will want something in return for the precious jewels he has rescued from them. There is little use his rescuing texts from Arminian robbers, if he takes the children's bread away too, and, in his hurry to seize a thief, pushes honest men into the kennel.

And now, friend Drawbridge, we have told you frankly our mind, and not to give all blame, we will extract two short passages, which, with due limitation, we quite approve of, and wish they were generally acted upon.

"Redeem the time from all unprofitable and vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers. Don't imitate the 'Gracious Gods,' 'Heavenly Fathers,' 'If it might be thy wills,' 'If not awfully deceived,' 'O Lords,' and all the rest of such awful mockery, which grey heads, in what are called prayer meetings, gabble and chatter over in solemn insult to God, Christian wisdom, and common sense: I beseech you if you value your time, redeem it out of the hands of all such wanton time killers, who desire to be heard in their irreverent harangues for thirty or forty minutes, to the great grief of all wise men in divine

things, the great waste of precious time, and the great disgrace of religious profession. But pray ye with the spirit and with the understanding also. (1 Cor. xiv. 15.)"

"Beware of a canting imitation of hackneyed speeches in conversation and prayer; even though grey-headed ministers and heavy-pursed deacons, in their proud bigotry and bloated ignorance, may set you the example."

*The Character of a Notorious Criminal, &c. By J. Packsmith.—*  
J. Philo, Wymondham.

This small pamphlet is a brief relation of the natural death and spiritual life of the thief on the cross, and the circumstances connected therewith. It notices the character of the person, the extraordinary change produced in him, and the transcendent effects displayed in his death. It is written on the side of truth, but there is nothing very remarkable in it besides the case itself. We think eight small pages dear at 3d.

### EDITORS' REMARKS.

Mr. Gad Southall has written us a letter, couched, we think, in somewhat haughty language, demanding an explanation of our conduct in inserting a letter from "J. T." in our September number, in which Mr. S. was indirectly accused of countenancing a minister who called the *Gospel Standard*, from the pulpit, "the *Standard of corruption*," whilst we refused to admit letters from "Geo. I." and "Last but One," which would have exculpated him. We have mislaid, or destroyed, with a number of others, the letters he wishes to be inserted, or would willingly admit them into our present number. Nor have we a distinct recollection of their contents. We would wish, however, to ask Mr. Southall a question or two. On Thursday, July 18th, Mr. S. was present in the chapel when the objectionable expression, as well as others of the same import, were used from the pulpit. On August the 7th, Mr. S. preached in the same pulpit. Did he, in any part of his sermon, bear testimony against the expression he had heard? We don't ask him his private sentiments, or what he said out of the pulpit about it. We want to know, did he honestly and boldly condemn the expression, and stand up for experimental religion against all such bush-rangers and sharpshooters, who aim their arrows against the life of God in the soul, under the flimsy pretext of censuring "corruption preaching?" If he did, we fully exculpate him from countenancing the minister who uttered the objectionable expression. If he did not, we cannot hold him guiltless; and decidedly think he should, as a friend, not so much of our periodical as the principles it advocates, either have declined preaching there at all, or, if he accepted the invitation, should boldly and publicly have declared his sentiments on the subject.

ERRATA.—In our last No., page 43, line 2 under the head "Old Letter," the name *Toger*, should be *Tozer*.

Page 44, line 4 from the bottom, *Triggs* should be *Trego*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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No. 52.

APRIL, 1840.

VOL. VI.

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SEPARATION.

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“All that are with me salute thee.”—Titus iii. 15.

Dear Brother M—, Grace be with thee. May the Spirit of the Lord exhort thee by me to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. I am fully persuaded from internal and external testimony, that thou art set for the defence of the gospel. (Phil. i. 17.)

I understand thou art shut out of the pulpit at C— for speaking the truth in love, and contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. Dear brother M—, this day I leave our dearly-beloved sister M. C., and she informs me she has been brought through fire and water, yet she has been neither burned nor drowned. The Lord Jesus Christ hath been made precious to her immortal soul; hath said unto her, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee” out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, out of the hands of Satan, and as a brand out of the fire, from under the law and its curse into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Our dear sister informs me she heard on Lord’s day last a glorious voice of inquiry, thus, “Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?” And the blessed Spirit of the Lord led her to search the large town of Cirencester, upon the ground of her inquiring text, that she might find some of the despised and rejected of men; and she found, shut up in a small room, about seven poor people, yet rich in faith and heirs of eternal glory, and a servant of God ministering unto them the finest of the wheat. The wine and the

oil, and the glory of God filled the place. On inquiry they informed her that they belonged to a Baptist Church, that they contended earnestly for the faith of the gospel; insisted upon church rule, order, and discipline; were made God's witnesses to testify of him; refused to say a confederacy to all them to whom the people say a confederacy; hated false love and mock zeal; could not drink the waters of the sanctuary when mudded, neither feed upon the flesh of swine, nor eat the serpent's meat; therefore they were counted narrow-minded, untractable, wicked, Calvinistic Antinomians, and were obliged to come out from amongst others, and be reckoned the offscouring of all things. Thus, dear brother M—, our beloved sister M. C. was instrumental in strengthening and encouraging my soul by the way, in bearing tidings that we were not left alone to fight the Lord's battles.

Dear brother M—, we congratulate thee in that thou art counted worthy to suffer shame, to be cast out, and to be hated of all men for Christ's sake. Great is thy reward, for so dealt they with the prophets of old. The blessed Lord hath commanded us to "Come out from among them, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.) "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" Further it is written, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils."

Dear brother, the following are the reasons why we, (and we trust they are thine also,) came out of the church at C—.

1st. There is fulfilled in them the declaration of the Holy Ghost (1 Tim. iv. 1, 2); "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." Does not this witness against them, my brother? Does not the church at C— suffer their pastor to become all things to all people that he may gain all? Does he not minister to the people called a church, south of C—, who deny the third person in the Godhead, and his work in a sinner's heart? Yes, he does. Also, does he not furnish a table for that troop on the east side of C—, whose very elders can with impunity follow after gambling, and daringly affirm it to be as lawful to raffle for swine in a house of prayer as to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? Yes, he does. Does he not, at C— withhold the glorious doctrines of God's everlasting love, eternal purpose, electing choice, preserving power, calling grace, forgiveness of sins, and final perseverance of all true believers? Yes, all this he keeps back, and says it is dangerous to the villagers. Is he not calling the dead to arise and have life, to accept of offered mercy, to attend means of grace, to commit awful abominations by telling them

to pray and obtain, strengthening the hands of the wicked by promising them life if they will do, do, do? "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord," and do, do, do, is a stench in his nostrils.

Dear brother M—, the doctrines of devils are duty faith, free will, human power, universal redemption, universal charity, and love of the world. From such a nondescript pastor and people all that know the truth must exclaim, Good Lord, deliver us. "Because thou hast prepared a table for that troop, thou shalt no longer be a priest unto me." "Thus saith the Lord, if thou shalt separate the precious from the vile, then thou shalt be my mouth unto this people." "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully, for what hath the chaff to do with the wheat, saith the Lord?"

The second reason why we came out from amongst them is, they have not attended to the apostolic command, but have called a novice to be their bishop and deacon. "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience." (1 Tim. iii. 6, 8, 9.) A novice, who can give no account nor reason of the hope that is in him, except it is the hope of a hypocrite, which shall perish with him,—a novice, who hath followed a continual course of change from strict communion to mixed, from mixed to strict, from strict to open, from open to anything, if so be he might obtain a purse of gold,—a novice who is predicted by Paul to be one of the men who shall be "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, unthankful, unholy, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." Let us bless and praise the name of the Lord for giving us grace to come out from such; for of this sort are they "which creep into houses, and lead away silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth, men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." (2 Tim. iii. 1—13.)

But, brother M—, "continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." (2 Tim. iii. 14.) Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. May the Lord enable thee and me always to shun profane and vain babblings; such as duty to pray; the law a rule of life; perfection in the flesh; universal charity; creation-love; general union; and mixed communion; for "they will increase unto more ungodliness, and their word will eat as doth a gangrene, of whom is Hymeneus and Philetus, who, concerning the faith, have erred, and overthrow the faith of some." Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal; "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to



honour and some to dishonour; if a man, therefore, purge himself from these (that are of wood and earth,) he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." Blessed be the name of the Lord, he has given us grace to come out from amongst them, and has not allowed us to touch the unclean things of either open or mixed communion. The Lord's name be praised for ever and ever. Amen.

Dear brother, think it not strange that they should cast thee out of their synagogue, or separate thee from their company. Fret not thyself because of evil doers. Jezebel proclaimed a feast, and took from Naboth his vineyard. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? Fear them not, therefore; for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." (Matt. x.24—26.)

May the Lord bless thee abundantly, and keep thee valiant for the truth, and bless the labour of thy hands at C——. The Lord is saying unto thee, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Does the devil tell thee thou wilt go to prison for the want of means to pay thy way? Remember, he was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. God only is faithful and true; he is thy God and my God; and he hath said, "The gold is mine, and the silver is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." "My God, therefore, shall supply all thy need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ our Lord." It shall not be as it hath been aforetime, when they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes; yea, they said, "When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes?" (Amos ii. 6; viii. 6.) Do impassable mountains of difficulties beset thee? The Lord says, "Who art thou, thou great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." Do empty professors laugh and say, "Even if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall?" The Lord says, "Thy enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and the diviners made mad." "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings; for the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool." "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your day, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

Brother M—, the Lord saith, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of my hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, 'Thou art my people.'" And with astonishment we are constrained to make the important inquiry, "What hath God wrought?" Why, he has wrought a covenant with sinners before the foundation of the world; "He hath made a covenant with me, ordered in all things and sure,

before the foundation of the world." (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) Why, he has loved sinners with an everlasting love; "Thou lovedst them as thou lovedst me, and thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 23, 24.) Why, he has chosen sinners, preserved sinners in Christ, through time and for eternity; built mansions for sinners; "If it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." He hath redeemed sinners by the blood of his only begotten Son; ("It pleased the Father to bruise him;") justified sinners for his righteousness' sake; becomes the Father of sinners, experimentally, by giving them the Spirit of adoption, and makes them heirs of all things, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ; changes sinners from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord; makes them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; "Father, I will that all they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, to behold my glory." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

"*What hath God wrought?*" Why, built for himself a house at C——, gathered together his outcasts, bid his banished ones rejoice, and said unto them, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzab, comely as Jerusalem; thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee. How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! Put on thy beautiful garments, O virgin daughter of Jerusalem!"—Thine in the best of bonds,

Cheltenham.

S. B.

TO A MINISTER, UPON THE DEATH OF HIS  
INFANT GRAND-DAUGHTER, WHOSE MOTHER HAD DIED  
A FEW MONTHS PREVIOUSLY.

My dear Sir,—Your kind yet affecting letter, of yesterday, opens a fresh vein of sympathy and affection, which prompts me to trouble you once more with a few lines.

I can easily imagine, under your numerous exercises, that the enemy, in seasons of darkness, suggests that this stroke after stroke comes from an *angry God*, who is resolved to take away from you all your comforts, and to leave you in a hopeless, desponding condition. But suffer one of the weakest and the most unworthy in his family to say that such is not the case. Do remember that you are called to labour in his vineyard, and that as a faithful, and experienced labourer, it is needful for you to undergo these various trials and conflicts, in order that you may more clearly point out the way to the poor tried family of God. Depend on it, my dear sir, that it is when under these sore exercises that you come with most life, energy, and power, into the pulpit and before the people. If you were left without trial, and your path was strewed with flowers, you would be but a lifeless, dull messenger to the *tempted* and *buffeted* of God's family; but now, having, by *personal* trials, many an errand to the King on your *own* account, it is there—at his throne of mercy—that he is pleased to meet with you; and whilst he pours a cordial into your own bosom, and

with his own dear hand binds up your *own* wound, he gives you a sweet message to his saints. You come, as it were, fresh from the hospital, and are enabled to tell with more freedom, warmth, and power, of your interview with the beloved Physician; you can talk more freely of his skill in the cure of all diseases, his watchfulness over his patients, his tenderness towards them, and the blessed effect of every remedy that he is pleased to prescribe. Prescribe, did I say? Nay, he not merely prescribes, but administers; "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

And will my dear father strive (if I may so say) to go into the pulpit with even more of what I have often heard drop from his lips with so much unction and power—namely, of what you yourself have experienced? I do not mean by this, to suggest the mentioning of family trials; but I love—and I believe hundreds likewise—I love to hear you address particular people under particular trials, and then to close up the whole with what *you* have tasted, and handled, and felt. It is *this* preaching—this experimental preaching—that unites heart to heart, makes manifest that sweet bond of union which neither earth nor hell can snap asunder; and it is this preaching that God the Holy Ghost will own and bless. And I have no doubt, that when the last day shall reveal "where this and that man were born," and under what discourse, it will be more especially under such sermons as were directed to the poor tried family of God, when his dear ministering servants were led into their subjects through their own personal exercises. And whilst such sermons are sent home to the hearts of the Lord's family with *comforting power*, He who has declared "that the wind bloweth where it listeth," is pleased very frequently to commence his divine operation upon the hearts of poor sinners in a way of anxious inquiry and concern. "Whence," say they, "springs this people's comfort? I see, as it were, minister and people feeding upon bread which I know not of; they are drinking at a fountain of which I never tasted; they possess a joy which I am an utter stranger to." Thus, step by step, the Spirit leads the awakened soul—first with inquiry, then with anxious concern for the consequences of its present condition, then desire after pardon, justification, and eternal life; and I do think, that the work thus commenced, proves, very often, much more genuine than that which springs from a mere sudden impulse of zeal, terror, or dismay.

Trusting, my dear sir, that what I have hastily penned may not be received as written in a dictatorial spirit,

I am ever yours in sincere affection,

London.

D. A. D.

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### A WORD IN SEASON.

Very dear Sir, in the infinitely precious Lord Jesus,—It is with very much pleasure that I have taken up a pen to write to you. Your memory will be ever dear to me, as I shall never forget the great blessing you were made ministerially to me on the Lord's day on which I rode with you from Dorchester to Weymouth. Be-

fore or after preaching that morning, you remarked that you had intended, in your own mind, to have preached from that text the Lord's day before, but that you could not do it until now, and that you could not tell the reason why; but I now know the reason for its being postponed, as at that time I was upwards of a hundred miles distant. The text was from Ps. xxxvii. 24, and the chapter that you read before your sermon was as suitable to me, it being in exact accordance with the circumstances of my leaving my situation a hundred miles off, with the many trying things attending it, as was also your text and sermon. At times I am led to adore and praise my ever blessed God, for that very visible display of his most undeserved kindness and love to my poor soul. He knew well the soul-tormenting feelings which I had been the painful subject of for a long time before that. Sometimes, when a blessed sense of the Lord's unmerited kindness is fresh on my spirit, I think that I shall never doubt his love to me again; but, alas, I soon get at the old God-dishonouring work; but, although this is the case, my ever-gracious God does not leave me altogether without the enjoyment of himself, for he comes down on me at times as rain on the new mown grass. Only a few days ago, as I was very dark in soul and very much distressed within, all on a sudden as I was walking about, telling him my woes, the Lord sent home this promise with indescribable sweetness to my heart, "O Israel, thou shalt never be forgotten of me." This, as it pushed itself, as it were, amongst my worldly thoughts, made me say to myself, it is surely from God. The blessed Spirit broke my heart in a moment, and made the tears of gratitude to flow. O what a blessed way is this of knowing God as a promise-making, promise-keeping, and promise-fulfilling God. Yes, and this is the only way, I am sure, that we can know God, so as to be taken up with him as the only object worthy of our thoughts, estimation, love, praise, and adoration; and when he reveals himself thus to us, then we sing with heartfelt joy, "this God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death." And I believe that this is the blessed way by which we are brought to know that we are heirs of promise; for we are heirs to all the promises, which we shall as surely find will be all fulfilled in our experience to the joy of our souls as that all the promises relative to Christ concerning his mission into the world, his work on behalf of his elect, and his triumphant entrance into heaven, were fulfilled. And this also we may firmly believe, that as he (Christ), the Father's great promise to the elect, has done all that is necessary for the salvation of his people, all the promises must certainly be yea and amen in him. And it is a blessed thought to me that Jesus, through his death, is such a blessed way of communication to our souls, and that all the promises, yea, all the blessings of grace and glory are, and ever must be sure to all the seed. The testament is of force most surely, because the testator has died to open a way of communication, and now ever lives to communicate; for out of his fulness do we all receive, and grace for grace. Christ is thus become the true manna from heaven, by which, as we are enabled to eat, we live for ever, and know in truth that he is our life.

“And when he who is thus our life shall again appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.” And, having this blessed experience of Jesus in our souls, we know something of the apostle’s meaning, where he says, “Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ.” O what an infinite blessing it is to have such a precious religion as this in this great day of little else beside bare profession of the name of Jesus. It appears to me that the light which most professors have is nothing but gross darkness, for they are building on forms rather than the sure foundation which God hath laid in Zion, feeding on husks instead of the fatted calf; and there is so much of that cursed boasting spirit, “neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments,” that they do with all the powers of their soul thrust the pure free-grace gospel of God away from them with disdain, as a thing too bad and licentious in its tendency for their supposed holy hands to have anything to do with. But however, though this is the desperate blindness and darkness of the professing world, yet we bless our most gracious God that he hath opened our eyes to see that we are so deeply fallen and run in debt, that we are brought to confess in truth, “by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.” I hope that the Lord still enables you boldly and fearlessly to lift up the free-grace standard to the people, and that you still have given you a mouth and wisdom which none of your adversaries will ever be able to gainsay or resist.

Dear Sir, this is a day of great blaze of the bare professors of Christianity; worldly interest keeps the mighty religious world in motion; preachers will take care (most of them) to preach anything and everything which is congenial to man’s self-saving principles, which they know is a wonderfully good way to be respected amongst religious folk, and to increase the size of their loaf. I sometimes think that it will not be long before this professional world or church will be spewed out of the mouth of God, or that we are not far distant from the midnight cry, “Behold! the bridegroom cometh,” &c., for surely it is midnight now as to the pure preaching of the unadulterated truth as it is in Jesus; and those who appear to have any love to it seem to be sleeping with the foolish virgins, for what cringing and hiding is there by the true church with the false church, when they should be attending to that Bible admonition, “Come out from amongst them, my people, and be not partakers of her plagues.” O that the Lord would be pleased to strengthen the few names that have not defiled their garments with an hypocritical profession! yes, these few things which remain that appear ready to die; but, blessed be God! they can never die wholly, because they have oil in their vessels with their lamps. And as the Lord has enabled us to cleave unto himself as our only wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; and as through his being lifted up to the eye of our faith as the only suitable remedy that can deliver us from our miseries, death and hell, we have beheld such heart-attracting beauty in his person and work, that all worldly honours, riches, and greatness have sunk into nothing but dung and dross in comparison to him,

we shall surely enter with him into the marriage supper of the Lamb with that welcome and heart-cheering voice, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom," &c.

My paper is almost full, therefore I must draw to a close, and in so doing I would entreat that a large portion of the dew of heaven may rest upon you, so that in the ministration of God's eternal truth your hands may be made and kept strong by the mighty God of Jacob. Ever yours truly in Jesus and the bonds of eternal truth,

Gloucestershire.

A PILGRIM.

## EXTRACTS FROM RUTHERFORD.

In the dearth of savoury communications from our correspondents, it has seemed advisable to us to insert, occasionally, extracts from experimental authors, whose writings may not be generally known to our readers. We do not mean this to supersele any pieces from our correspondents which have life and power in them, nor to occupy any large portion of our pages, nor to appear regularly in every number. We should prefer original communications, but we believe our spiritual readers would peruse, with more pleasure and profit, a savoury extract from an old author, than a dry barren piece from a modern scribbler. With these feelings, we have inserted this month two extracts from *Rutherford's Letters*; and as some of our readers may not be acquainted with his name or history, we have put together a few particulars concerning him. Samuel Rutherford was a minister in the Scotch Kirk, from about A.D. 1624 to 1668. He lived during those troublous times when King Charles I. was attempting to impose upon the Scotch Kirk, the English prayer-book, government by Bishops, and Arminian doctrines. These innovations Rutherford resisted with all his might, and was summoned before the High Commission Court, which discharged him to exercise any part of his ministry in Scotland under pain of rebellion, and ordered him to confine himself within the city of Aberdeen, during the King's pleasure. From Aberdeen he wrote many of his letters, from which it is evident, that, as the sufferings of Christ abounded in him, so his consolations also abounded by Christ. And if many of our readers cannot mount with him, as on eagles' wings, let them bear in mind, that he was carrying a heavy cross; and, therefore, needed, as well as enjoyed, much consolation.

"I find one thing now which I saw not well before, that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries and war-shouts in the conscience. In prosperity, conscience is a pope to give dispensations, and let out and in, and give latitude and elbow-room to our heart. O how little care we for pardon at Christ's hand, when we make these dispensations! and all is but child's play, till a cross without begets a heavier cross within, and then we play no longer with our idols. It is good still to be severe against ourselves, for we often transform God's mercy itself into an idol, and an idol too that can give a dispensation to us to turn the grace of God into licentiousness. O but Christ hath a saving eye! salvation is in his eyelids. When he

first looked on me, I was saved. It cost him but a look to make hell quit of me. O merits, free merits, of the dear blood of the God-man was the best way by which we could have got out of hell! O what a safe and sure way is it to come out of hell leaning on a Saviour!

"Till now I never knew the pain, labour, and difficulty that there is to reach home, nor did I understand so well before this what that meaneth; "The righteous shall scarcely be saved." O how many a poor professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again. I see ordinary profession, and to be ranked amongst the children of God, and to have a name among men, is now thought good enough to carry professors to heaven; but certainly a name is but a name, and will never bide a blast of God's storm. I counsel you not to give your soul or Christ rest, till you have got something that will bide the fire, and stand out the storm. I am sure if one of my feet were in heaven, and Jesus should then say, 'Shift for thyself; I will keep my hold of thee no longer,' I should go no farther, but at once fall down into so many pieces of dead nature."

"They are happy for evermore who are over head and ears in love with Christ, and know no sickness but love-sickness for Christ, and feel no pain but the pain of an absent and hidden well-beloved. We run our souls out of breath, and tire them in coursing and galloping after our night-dreams; such are the rovings of our miscarrying hearts to get some created good thing in this life, and on this side of death. We would fain stay and spin out a heaven to ourselves on this side of the water; but sorrow, want, changes, crosses, and sin are both woof and warp in that ill-spun web. I wish our thoughts were more frequently than they are toward that heavenly country! O but heaven casteth a sweet smell afar off to those who have spiritual smelling! God hath made many fair flowers, but the fairest of them all is heaven, and the flower of all flowers is Christ. Fie, fie upon us who love fair things, as fair gold, fair houses, fair lands, fair pleasures, fair honours, and fair persons, and do not pine and melt away with love to Christ. O would to God I had more love for his sake! O for as much as would lie betwixt me and heaven! O for as much as would go round about the earth, and over the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens, and ten thousand worlds, that I might let it all out upon fair, fair, only fair Christ! But alas! I have nothing for him; yet he hath much for me. O if we could but draw the curtains, and look into the inner side of the ark, and behold how the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily. O who would not say, 'Let me die, let me die ten times to have a sight of him.' Ten thousand deaths were no great price to give for him. O how happy then are they who get Christ for nothing! Christ is worthy of all your love, though it should swell upon you from the earth to the uppermost circle of the heaven of heavens."

"S. R."

NOTE.—A few verbal alterations have been made in some obsolete and Scotch phrases, &c. of this eminent believer, in order to make his meaning more generally intelligible to our readers.—EDS.

## SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord. I thank my God on every remembrance of you, that he has thought you

worthy to be standard-bearers of the truths contained in the everlasting Gospel. May the mighty God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, keep you honest, and give you understanding to discern the difference between vital godliness and that mixture of grace and works which is so predominant in this day of general profession, so that the contents of your magazine may be the means, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, of administering comfort to the weaklings of the household of faith, raising up those that are cast down, strengthening the weak hands, and confirming the feeble knees. The Lord having wrought another deliverance for me, who am among the least of all saints, I am constrained to cast my mite into the treasury, and record the tender compassion, loving-kindness, long forbearance, and faithfulness of my covenant God. I had for some time been rearing castles in the air, and in my mind laid down many fair purposes and intentions; but an unforeseen and unexpected circumstance took place which completely upset all that I had intended; so that, as one amazed and confounded, I cried out in my heart, "The Lord hath forsaken me," and "My Lord hath forgotten me." Rebellion now began to arise in my heart, and I verily thought the hand of God was gone out against me. This was on a Saturday evening, and having laboured under a slight illness, I thought this would be a good excuse to refrain from going to the house of God on the approaching Lord's day. With this determination, I retired to rest; the Lord's day morning approached, and I felt as stubborn and rebellious as ever; yet I thought, as a matter of form, I would accompany my wife, as being then almost recovered from illness, no justifiable excuse could be formed for my absence. I entered the chapel, without even a petition or a desire that the Lord would sanctify and bless the opportunity to the comforting of my cast down soul. But O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out; how irresistible his grace, for he shutteth and no man openeth, and he openeth and no man shutteth; and thus I experienced it; for in finding out the hymn they were singing when I entered the house of God, which was composed by that dear man of God, Mr. Gadsby, from these words, "The Lord trieth the righteous," I was struck with the solemnity and beauty of the words, and began to think that perhaps the disappointment I had experienced was rather an indication of my Father's chastising rod than of his displeasure. But when the minister engaged in prayer, every expression he uttered seemed directed to me, so that if I had informed him of every minute circumstance that had transpired, he could not have spoken more sympathizingly or feelingly than he did, and the words being brought home with sweet power by the Holy Ghost, I began to feel my rebellious nature give way, and a spirit of prayer and supplication springing up. But on giving out the second hymn, which commences thus, "Poor angry bosom, hush," O how the arms of my hostility were shattered at a blow! what floods of tears flowed from my eyes, and my heart felt ready to break, to think I had been so very distrustful, and had proved myself to be such a base, rebellious, ungrateful wretch. Shame and confusion of face now covered me, and I felt



astonished at the long forbearing mercies of God. I was now, in my feelings, in a similar situation to Mary, for I could have washed the Saviour's precious feet with my tears, and wiped them with the hair of my head; for amidst all the rebellion I had felt, love and holy wonder sprung up in my soul, and my mouth was now filled with praise to God. But this was not all, for the minister giving out the text, his whole discourse seemed to be directed to me, and it was unto me as honey dropping from the honeycomb; for every word seemed to bring comfort to my soul, so that I could set my seal to the word of God, that he is faithful to his promise where he says, "Misery may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thus, I entered the chapel as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, but I returned blessing and praising God; therefore, I could put my foot on the neck of the formidable enemy, Unbelief, and triumphantly exclaim, "Rejoice not over me, O my enemy, for when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." Ye mourners in Zion, may you be encouraged to believe there is hope in Israel concerning you, for he saveth even to the very uttermost, having made known again and again the saving health of his salvation, even to worthless me.

Trowbridge, January 13, 1840.

S. M.

Messrs. Editors,—I take the liberty of troubling you with a few lines, which, should you think them unfit or unworthy of a place in your *Gospel Standard*, will, nevertheless, give me pleasure if you will receive and read them. I only write what is true, and though you will soon perceive I can say but little, yet I feel the subject, one of most unspeakable thankfulness to my own heart. I have always lived in the religious world, and have heard all descriptions of preachers, from the low Arminian to the high Calvinist. I have held the views entertained by the latter for years, but I can with truth say, I never heard vital religion and the work of God's Spirit on the soul of his elect people, set forth and maintained, till I read the writings of Messrs. Gadsby, Philpot, and a few others, together with your periodical. I can assure you so little do people generally agree with you, that, comparing the few with the many, it may with truth be said, "It is a sect every where spoken against."

What you contend for is not the work of men but the work of God; not how much man can give to God, but the blessedness of receiving any thing from Him. When this is revealed to the soul, the first effect is, that it clears away all the refuges of lies, which have been accumulating for years; it sifts and separates heart religion from head knowledge, and leaves a sense of poverty in proportion to the depth of the work. I also know that when the truth is advanced by a heaven-taught servant of the Lord, it comes with experimental truth and certainty. The work of the Spirit, in his various offices, is described and cleared up; but when I first became acquainted with those who are led by the same blessed Spirit, if I had been asked the question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" my only honest answer must have been, "I have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

I have just said so much, because I desire to see those who are enabled to stand out boldly for the cause of God encouraged; and though my testimony is of little weight, yet we all know that whatever magnitude any substance may acquire, it is always composed of individual atoms.

Though I have written in the singular number, yet I assure you that this letter comes from "two of a family."

That God may grant his blessing on you, and enable you to continue your labours for his glory, is the sincere wish of your constant reader,  
January, 1840. M—.

Messrs. Editors,—Will you allow me to express my thanks to the sovereign Giver of all good, for inclining you to go on publishing your little work; for I can truly say that I, for one, and I believe many hundreds more, would be truly grieved were you to discontinue it. I trust I can say the dear Lord has blessed the reading-of different pieces that have been inserted therein, to the establishing, comforting, and supporting of my soul amidst all its trying, distressing doubts and fears, which it has to encounter from day to day, and although it has been, as you say in your address, a silent and slow work, yet I do hope it has been an effectual one upon me, and I have found that one single piece has been worth more to me than all the *Standards* have cost me during all the time that I have taken them. That letter signed "W. T.," in your last November number, has been a very sweet and encouraging letter to me, and I do hope that I am the subject of many of those feelings there stated; and I should be glad if the dear Lord would grant the will and the power to "W. T." to write a little oftener in your *Gospel Standard*. That letter of J. M'K., in your November number, 1838, in answer to G. Hunt, was a very profitable letter to me, for although his preceding piece rather staggered me, yet when the key came, it set all right. So I can truly say I should be very glad to see a little more of his writings in the *Standard*; and then there are those unflinching friends to truth, "J. C. P.," "I. K.," and some few others; may the dear Lord incline them, and enable them to let their light shine often in your little work, for I do believe the Lord does, and will own and bless the writings of such men, to the little remnant, saved by grace in this dark day of empty profession. Although the devil and empty professors will be fighting against real life in the soul, yet the Lord will carry on his own work, and defend his own cause, and make all things work together for good to his redeemed family, in spite of all the rage of men and devils. May the dear Lord, Messrs. Editors, bless you with wisdom and strength to go on with your arduous undertaking, and make you and keep you honest and faithful in the work, fearless of the rage of men and devils, and bless you with many sweet refreshing seasons, that you may truly be strengthened in the Lord your God.

Yours, I trust, in the best of bonds,

Rochford, Jan. 14th, 1840.

G. W.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—In reading this month's *Standard*, I find that Mr. Philpot is the person who drew up the "Address to the Friends of Vital Godliness," wherein he states the doctrines of faith which he believes; at the latter part of which there is a statement of his belief in the two standing ordinances of Christ for his church, viz., the baptism of believers by immersion and the Lord's supper, and the latter to be restricted to those who have been through the former, which I consider is making it a door into the church, and excluding many a believing brother and sister who might have a desire to partake of the Lord's supper, and yet may not have had the ordinance of baptism clearly revealed to them; whereas, Christ says, "I am the door," &c. Perhaps Mr. Philpot will be kind enough to

state as early as convenient from what part of the word of God he and all other Particular Baptists found their authority for making that statement; and by so doing he will greatly oblige, yours, &c.,

Darlington, Jan. 6, 1840.

H. J.

[We give the above insertion that friend P. may have an opportunity of gathering up such chaff and straw and burning it, that the truth of God may appear. Who would think that there is so much fleshly lumber and carnal reasoning and notions among so many of those who we have some reason to believe are God's people, stirred up and drawn forth occasionally from them by the force of separating truth? With no little pleasure, we have constantly observed that the purest clauses and most separating sentences of truth which appear in our pages never fail to manifest some rotten hearts, or rotten spots in living hearts. We thank God that such is the case.—Eds.]

### JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

My dearest —,—The wise man says it is better to be of a humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud. This came to my mind last night, going to bed. Ah, thought I, proud flesh will not have it so; but this truth I have proved many times in my experience, that, "before honour is humility," and this I was made sweetly to know again the evening before last, whilst hearing Mr. F., after being brought low. "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad." This good word I received when Mr. F. gave out the text, (Isa. xli. 17,) and during the preaching I felt the dear Lord "a place of broad rivers and streams" to my soul, while the Holy Spirit of promise sealed the exceeding great and precious promises as *mine*. It is at such blessed seasons as these we are assured of being "partakers of the divine nature." (2 Peter i. 4.) "This is honour indeed, and this honour have all his saints." I have not had such a sweet season for a long time. Our dear brother is mistaken in supposing me to be much on the mount. It is very seldom I am so elevated, though, through mercy, I am often favoured with a little sip by the way of the waters of life, after having been made thirsty enough after the refreshing wherewith he causeth the weary to rest. He who knoweth my frame knows what a heavy clog this body of sin and death is to me, and how weary it often makes me; and through the little hope I have at the bottom, in my bitter moments, how much I long for rest from death, corruption, vanity, and lies. Well, yet a little while, and the former things shall be done away; the God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly, wipe away all tears from our eyes, and fill us as full of glory as we can hold. God himself shall be with us, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Yes,

"My soul is e'en now on the wing,  
His glory refulgent to see."

There will be no night there; and, blessed be his name, the clear shining I now feel on my spirit does more than make amends for the long night I have lately passed through.

Bridgenorth.

### OBITUARY.

Died, on the 20th September, 1839, Mr. George Stocker, aged seventy years, deacon of the Baptist church of Christ, meeting in Providence chapel, Bedford. By his death his wife has lost a good husband, his children an affectionate father, and the church a sincere

friend. But shall we murmur? No! Let us rather be still, and know that He whom we profess to serve is God; he has done that which is perfectly right; he has removed this lily from the garden of grace here below to the paradise of glory above, where it will ever bloom with unfaded beauty. Our loss is his eternal gain. He is now for ever free from sin, which was once his daily burden; he has got beyond the reach of Satan's temptations and the troubles of the world; he is now in the presence and before the throne of God and the Lamb; he is now quite satisfied upon that which he frequently had his doubts and fears about while here, namely, his interest in the Lord and his safe arrival at that world in which all the inhabitants are constantly praising him "who loved them, and gave himself a ransom price for them."

G. Stocker was brought up to the church of England, and, like many more who claim a sort of relation to that church, he knew nothing of divine things, neither did he care anything about them, but was a lover of sinful pleasures, and whenever he had an opportunity, he would go to pleasure parties and dances with his companions; but as Jehovah had fixed his eternal love upon him, and marked out the place where that love should be made known to him, he, in his own wise providence, removed him from the place where he first settled (Elsworth) to Godmanchester, and after-circumstances proved that that was the place at which God had before-ordained to show surpassing grace to him; for, in consequence of not being able to get seats at the parish church, he went to a dissenting meeting-house, in which place the Lord met with him, and gave him to see and feel his guilty state as a sinner before a holy God, the necessity of salvation for himself, and also a knowledge of salvation through the forgiveness of sin. Still his knowledge of God's truth was very small; but, under the spiritual ministry of Mr. Freeman, his knowledge of divine truth was much increased, his faith established, and his soul abundantly fed with the finest of the wheat and honey out of the Rock, so that he was much attached to Mr. F. and his ministry, and used to speak in the highest terms of both. But, as Mr. F. was mortal in common with all other men, he was taken away by death in the midst of his apparent usefulness, to the great grief of G. S. and many others. However, the Lord was pleased to provide him another teacher in the person of Mr. S——, the present minister of the place, to whom he was much attached also. He (G. S.) was a member and deacon of the church at Godmanchester for several years, and was highly esteemed by all with whom he was connected in church-fellowship. From Godmanchester he was removed to Bedford; but, alas! there was no gospel here which he could listen to; therefore he did not know what to do for a place to go to on the Lord's day, to hear of him whom his soul loved. After having tried all places of worship in the town, without finding what he wanted, (food for the soul,) he heard of a few discontented ones who met in a little place to pray, and read the word of God, and other good books. To this place he went the next Lord's day, and found it good to be there. He cast in his lot among the few discontented ones,

for he was as discontented with Bedford divinity as they were, and he was the means of several of the dear Lord's servants (Hardy, &c.) coming to Bedford, and preaching a free-grace gospel to the people.

Once, in the year 1829, he and some others exerted themselves to obtain a suitable place to meet in, and also to get a minister to preach the word of God to them, both of which the Lord favoured them with in the following year. A congregation was collected and a church formed, and he was chosen as one of the deacons, which office he filled up to the period of his death. I always found him to be a steady friend, an admirer of sterling truth, a lover of God's people, regular in his attendance upon the means of grace, and one that rejoiced at the prosperity of God's Zion. He had very mean thoughts of himself and exalted ones of Jesus. He would frequently speak of his own sinfulness, ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness, and of the great mercy of God in saving such a wretch as he felt himself to be. He was frequently favoured with the Lord's presence and blessing when sitting under the sound of the gospel, for I have often seen his countenance shine, and his eyes flow with tears while his ears have been listening to the tale of love. He had no hope of immortal happiness but in Jesus crucified; his faith remained firm to the end, so that he died in the unaltered confidence of the truth of what he had professed for many years, and which will be seen by what dropped from his lips during his illness. He was taken ill of the typhus fever on the 2nd of September, and on the third day after he said to Mr. Collins, who went to shave him, "I am again laid on the bed of affliction, and what may be the result of it I cannot tell; but if death shall be the consequence, I am perfectly prepared for it, for being built upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, I can triumph over death." The first night his nurse sat up with him, he said to her, "What place of worship do you go to?" She replied, "The old meeting," (that is, the place in which John Bunyan preached.) He said, "There is death in the pot there; I go to the despised place called Providence chapel, where I believe the gospel is preached." After a little more conversation with her, he said, "Let us pray," which, leaning upon his elbow, he did in a very earnest manner for his children, those who were near to him in the bonds of the gospel, and for the prosperity of Zion. To another friend he spoke of the comfort he felt in his mind, for the Lord had favoured him with a blessed faith's view of the atonement of Christ, and of all his sins being for ever removed from him and swallowed up in the sea of atoning blood.

On the Lord's day previous to his death, his daughter (Eliza) asked him how he felt in his mind. He said his soul well knew his standing, which was upon the Rock of Ages; but while I have this combustible (meaning depraved nature) I shall have gun-shot from the enemy, but in a few days the conflict will be over, and I shall be laid in a very small focus. To his surgeon he said, "We are all upon a level, and salvation is all of grace from first to last."

On the morning before his death, two of his sons came to my house between five and six o'clock, and told me that he was much worse.

I immediately went with them to see him, and when I got into the room I asked him how he was. He said, "Rather better." I then asked him if he knew me, (for he had been insensible before.) He said, "Yes." I then said to him, "Who am I?" to which he immediately replied, "My beloved pastor." Having thus ascertained that he was sensible, I asked him if he was quite satisfied in his mind of the truth of the things which he had professed for so many years; to which he replied in the affirmative, and that in a way which fully proved that he knew his need of the things of God, and also felt something of the blessedness of them in his own soul. I further said to him, "I suppose you cannot give up any part of the truth which you hope the Holy Ghost has taught you?" "No;" said he, "if I give up one part I must give up the whole; but I cannot do without it all; nothing but a whole Christ and complete salvation will do for me." I also asked him if he saw a real suitability in Jesus to his case as a poor sinner; to which he replied with some degree of feeling, "O yes!" I then spoke to him of the blessedness of being brought by the Spirit to know Jesus and his finished salvation for ourselves. After which he spoke of his unworthiness, and of its being an exceeding great mercy for him that salvation is entirely of grace. We then endeavoured to approach the mercy seat to ask the Lord for his much-needed blessing, and, after bidding him "Good morning," I returned home to my wife (who was at that time, to all appearance, at death's door, having been very severely afflicted with the fever, but from which the good Lord has in mercy restored her) in hopes that the affliction was not unto death, but for the glory of God. But when I went again in the afternoon, I found him to be in what was considered a dying state, and not capable of understanding what was said to him. In the interval between these two visits he attempted to sing the 143rd hymn,

"Rock of Ages, shelter me," &c.;

but he could only get through the first verse. He revived a little before he died, and said, "A poor sinner going to Jesus! Sweet Jesus! My dear Lord Jesus." The last thing that he was heard to say was the conclusion of a prayer, which was, "in whom (Jesus) may I be found in life, and in death, and be enabled to ascribe the kingdom, power, and glory, to Father, Son, and Spirit, to-night and for ever. Amen." Soon after this, he fell asleep in Jesus.

On Monday the 24th, his body was interred in a grave at the north-west end of St. Paul's church yard, and his funeral sermon was preached in Providence chapel on the Lord's day morning, by his beloved minister, from Solomon's Song ii. 2.

Bedford, 1839.

E. C. T.

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### EDITORS' REVIEWS.

*The Crown Placed upon the Right Head.* By Septimus Sears.—  
Manchester, J. Gadsby; London, R. Groombridge. Price 6d.

Septimus Sears is no trimmer nor time-server; no spruce and essenced courtier, who with gentle breath and whispering humbleness just hints his suspicions that such a thing perhaps may be right, and such

an opinion possibly may be wrong. Septimus much more nearly resembles a Waterloo life-guard, who rushes into the thickest of the fight, and cuts down all who oppose him. Believing that Septimus has put the crown on the right head, we are well pleased with his boldness, though we think his fiery charger sometimes carries him away. He is so fond of strong expressions that they often lead him into mere rant and bombast. Some preachers think that to split people's ears is to preach with power; and some writers seem to fancy that to use the strongest, most out-of-the-way words they can find, is to write with power. It is strong *ideas*, not strong words; the power of the Holy Ghost, not raving to the top of the voice, that move and stir men's hearts. "The words of wise men are heard in quiet." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." He into whose lips grace was poured, the messenger of the Lord of Hosts, spoke in the plainest, simplest language; nor did he strive, nor cry, nor was his voice heard in the streets. Now, such expressions as "swallowing Horeb's thunderbolts," (p. 14); "the dreadful sentence rattle through my hell-stricken ghost," (p. 13); "a whole nest of infernal vipers erecting what modern piety, (alias painted popery,) terms a family altar, and offering upon the same, with hellish impudence, the stinking incense of their mischievous desires,"—all such inflated language, which "small folks" admire and think wondrous grand and fine, wise men are inclined to value at its real worth. Gaudy colouring and strained attitudes do not make a good picture in the eyes of judges, however they may suit a travelling caravan. Gorgeous robes and rich trappings do not make a little man great. And so, such words as "devil-delighting," and "devil-frightening," and a long list of strangely compounded epithets, add no real strength nor force to an idea, but rather puzzle and weary the mind. The idea itself is so embraced and surrounded with epithets that it is well nigh suffocated, as we have read of men being choked by the pressure of an admiring crowd. Like a poor packhorse, it is ready to sink under the weight of what it carries, and the panniers are so loaded with all manner of good things, that the poor idea's head and ears are all that are seen as it staggers along. We have dropped these remarks, as really liking and approving the substance of what he has written, and believing, as well as wishing, he will put pen to paper again. One passage we think Septimus will do well to alter in a second edition, as it savours strongly of what we will not accuse him of holding, viz., Sabellian views. "Israel's one only true and wise God, *bearing a trinity of divine appellations*, and sustaining three distinct personal *offices* of everlasting love to his elect bride, namely, a living Father, a compassionate Redeemer, and an omnipotent Quickener." Such language is in the highest degree tinctured with Sabellian heresy. Is the triune Jehovah nothing but "*a trinity of divine appellations*," i. e., one God under three different names? And is the Trinity in Unity nothing but a Trinity of "*offices*?" The Trinity in Unity is that of three *Persons*, (not appellations and offices, i. e., mere names and titles) in one undivided Godhead; and any doctrine that confounds the Persons, or divides the Essence, is an abominable heresy. To be unsound on the cardinal point of the glorious Trinity, is to be unsound at the root; and this we will not impute to Septimus Sears, without better evidence. But he will do well to abstain from the very appearance of evil, and avoid such language as we have quoted from his book.

One more remark we must make, in all friendliness. In riding down

his opponent, Septimus has hardly reined up his fiery steed within due limits. In taking the crown off the head of prayer, and putting it on the head of Jesus, he has almost done what conquerors usually do to deposed monarchs, put it quite out of the way. We should like him to have handled, in some respects, the subject differently, and to have shown how the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. A wise man will travel cautiously on such tender ground. Nor do we quite like the spirit of his remarks, (p. 30,) on what is usually called family prayer; for whilst "he highly commends the laudable practice of a Christian man praying before his family," he says, "he cannot, in conscience, call the same 'family prayer' except the whole family are praying people—regenerated by the Spirit of God." Now, if two or three of the family are quickened souls, is that not a sufficient warrant to act, upon the promise, (Matt. xviii. 19, 20,) "If two of you shall agree on earth," &c.? We might as well wait for every member of the congregation to be Christians before we prayed in public, as to wait till every person in the family was regenerated before we prayed in their presence. Family prayer does not mean that all the family pray, but is a praying in the family, as distinct from praying in private or in public; and that carnal members of a family are not to be excluded from being present is evident from Acts xxi. 5, where Paul knelt down on the shore and prayed with the disciples, their wives, and *children*, some of whom, doubtless, were unregenerate characters. If Septimus allows the *practice*, to object to the *expression* "family prayer" is to quibble about a word; and he lays himself open to the imputation of condemning that of which he really approves. The phrase "family altar," which S. S. justly objects to, we believe to be a piece of unmitigated cant, to be banished from every Christian mouth; and that it is a great idol throughout the whole of what is called "the religious world," we readily admit; but if we discard every thing that Pharisees have abused, we run a great risk of despising the Lord's own commandments. The path between Pharisaic self-righteousness and Antinomian presumption is what the vulture's eye hath not seen; and, as Hart wisely says, "Between these two millstones is the church ground."

But, with all these exceptions, we like much of what Septimus has written, and admire the sterling gold which shines in this little piece. When he has lived more years and had more experience, he will write, we believe, with equal boldness and faithfulness, but with more wisdom and holy caution.

We subjoin two long extracts, that our readers may form their own judgment, both upon his writing and our criticism of it. May neither stand, if opposed to God's holy will and word.

"Now suppose poor John Necessitous, by name, nature, state, and experience, should be informed that there lives, at a great distance, a certain gentleman who, by conduct as well as name, is called Mr. Hospitable, whose door, whose bath, whose surgery, whose table, and whose wardrobe is ever open to the necessities of all the sick, the afflicted, the hungry, and the naked that come to him; would it not be natural for poor John to be anxious to find his way thither? But suppose he was so completely paralyzed that he could stir neither hand nor foot; but suppose his kind neighbour, Mr. Compassionate, should lift him up from his bed of wretchedness, set him on his own beast, (Luke x. 34,) or in his own vehicle, and straightway convey him to the door of the gentleman's mansion, and, by lifting his poor, paralyzed, and withered hand, enable him to knock at a golden rapper, on which is inscribed, in burnished letters, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek, and ye shall find;' (Matt. vii. 7.); when the firstborn son of Mr. H., named Lovingheart, should



open the door, and pass him into the presence of the good gentleman, who should sweetly smile upon him, when poor Necessitous should begin to tell a tale something like the following; 'Sir, I am a poor, helpless, hungry, naked, barefoot, and destitute paralytic, and having heard that your conduct toward such needy creatures as myself has ever corresponded with your name, I have humbly taken the liberty to beg you will render me that assistance that my deplorable situation so loudly calls for. I have no demand upon you; but humbly submit my case to your hospitable consideration.' And suppose Mr. H. should himself condescend to clasp the poor, filthy, helpless creature in his arms, and administer to him a sweet dose of Gilead's cordial balm, which should act as a sort of charm upon his whole frame in a moment, and completely loose him from his infirmity; after which, his host should wash him in an open fountain, dress him in splendid robes, put shoes on his naked feet, and introduce him to his own sumptuous banquet, would it not be reasonable to suppose that Mr. H.'s admirable conduct should stir up the most remote and dormant morsel of gratitude that lurks within the breast of poor Necessitous? Methinks I hear every rational being ready to answer in the affirmative. But if the case should be so much the reverse, that this favoured man should go from the house of his kind benefactor, and arrogate to himself the name of my Lord Independence, and strut about exclaiming, (as he exhibited his robes, as a peacock would his tail,) 'See what begging has done for me! I owe all this to my well-formed petitions; for my complaint of being sick has healed me; my desire to be washed has cleansed me; my cry for clothing has clad me; my request for shoes has shod me; and my begging for food has satisfied my appetite; so that I am altogether independent of every person but myself, and my own petitions and requests!' would not such conduct as this be termed the height of ingratitude, and such a speech as the above a complete compound of insolence, ignorance, impudence, and arrogance?

"Base, vile, and ungrateful as the above conduct would be, it would not bear a comparison for baseness, villainy, and ingratitude, with the speeches and conduct of those who profess they were once darkness, but now they are light in the Lord, and will ascribe that change to the power of prayer; whereas, it is the Lord, and the Lord alone, that can translate a soul from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son: and, therefore, he alone is worthy of the praise, for it is a common saying, 'If I do all the work, I shall have all the pay.' So the Lord doing all the work of grace, shall have all the praise ascribed to 'the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.'"

"Yes, in a spiritual sense, man, as he comes into the world, is totally blind, deaf, dumb, and senseless, yea, as completely destitute of a single spark of heavenly and divine life and feeling as a cobbler's lapstone; and no matter how you thump him with the terrific hammer of God's law, pelt him with the thunderbolts of the smoking mount, smother him with the flaming billows that perpetually roll forth in fiery threats from Sinai's bursting sides, enshroud him with the prayers of God's saints, drench him with the tears of compassion, or strike fire upon his seared conscience with the glittering sword of divine vengeance, you can never make him feel the dead state he is in. No, no; such is the lifeless state of man, by nature, that all the most energetic prayers and performances of the whole church of the living God, whether good or bad, never did, nor can, nor ever will save one poor sinner from this his naturally dead state and condition; and full well am I assured that his own self-invented, man-manufactured, and Satan-commended prayers can do nothing for him but display his ignorance, and invite the sword of vengeance from its scabbard to thrust him through for his hypocrisy; for he is as destitute of saving faith as the devil himself, and the apostle says, 'without faith it is impossible to please God;' and whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'

"I say, no other voice nor any other power but his that speaks, and it is done, that commands, and it stands fast for ever, who once stood at the silent tomb over the lifeless clay of a Lazarus, and cried with a voice so loud and powerful that hell must tremble, the devil leer, the world wonder, death unclench its icy fist, and the fearful maw of the grave open and quiver as though ten thousand

thunders had rattled with redoubled echoes through its dusty carcase, or as if millions of millions of bombshells had exploded with ten thousand thundering echoes through its insatiable bowels, 'Lazarus, Lazarus, come forth!' not "Dead Lazarus, up, and be doing; do this, and do that, to help yourself out of your present situation." That man would be supposed to have deserted some mad-house who should run to a grave-yard and offer life to a dead corpse upon condition that he should ask for it; and to say that prayer can do any good in the salvation of a sinner from the state of death and distance in which he is born, is no better; for he must be saved from spiritual death by an impartation of spiritual life, before he can perform a living, spiritual act; so that a man being a praying man is an evidence he is a living man, and being a living man is an evidence he is a saved man. Though prayer never did nor ever can do any good, either in contriving, executing, or applying salvation, yet it is a necessary effect of an application of the same."

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*Hints for the Amelioration of the Moral Condition of a Village Population.* By S. Godolphin Osborne. 12mo, pp. 92.—London: T. and W. Boone, 29, New Bond-street.

Books are occasionally sent to us for review which do not fall within our province to take notice of,—books, which, however morally or temporally good in themselves, from their want of religion do not deserve any attention from us. The publisher of the above little work has sent it, and several others of the same complexion, for us to review; and we would willingly do with it what we do with others of the same kind,—take no notice of them. Lacking salt, they lack that which is everything in the eyes, and to the taste of our spiritual readers. Yet we cannot altogether persuade ourselves to pass by in silence the amiable and benevolent author of these publications. There is such a sincere desire for the amelioration of the poor, such a keenness and accuracy of observation, such force and truthfulness of description, such simplicity, and, at times, pointed homeliness of remark combined with practical wisdom, that we cannot but respect and esteem the author. Were his plans generally acted on, as far as they are practicable, they would doubtless prove morally and temporally beneficial. But the benevolent author, we are compelled to say, is sadly ignorant of spiritual and experimental religion. He speaks indeed of religion as the foundation of his plans, but it is not that religion which is alone worthy the name. We cannot, therefore, recommend these tracts to our spiritual readers; and the plans are too *Churchified* for dissenting congregations, were they even founded on spiritual principles, besides being little suited to manufacturing districts. We could almost lament that one so amiable and disinterested, so alive to the feelings of the poor, and so desirous to benefit them, should be so dark on eternal realities and the things of the Spirit. But we must bow to the sovereign will of God, as Jesus said on earth, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

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*Reminiscences of Past Experience.* By the late Mrs. G. Soper, of Plymouth. London: Darton and Clarke, Holborn-hill. 1839.

We like this little unpretending book very well, and believe Mrs. Soper to have been a gracious woman. These "reminiscences" appear in the form of letters to her sons in London, and are rather fragments of her experience, collected some years after she knew the things of God in her soul, than a detailed account of the Lord's work within. She says she kept no memoranda nor diary, and it

evidently appears she had no eye to their publication. It seems that she died in 1830, and thus nine years have elapsed before her friends have seen good to send forth these reminiscences. As she was first divinely wrought upon at the age of 18, and lived to nearly 64, and experienced many spiritual as well as temporal changes, trials, and deliverances, a small volume like the present can only contain broken fragments of the Lord's dealings with her. Mrs. Soper sat many years under the late Dr. Hawker's ministry, and we will extract, without comment, what she says upon this subject, page 148 :

"I have some recollection that after our arrival at Plymouth, and had seated ourselves regularly under the preaching of Dr. Hawker, my spiritual appetite was increased, and I received the word with pure affection; every Sabbath was a festival day; and the Lord was pleased to give me such a relish for what was delivered, that my eyes were filled with tears of heartfelt joy, while I pondered over the abundant favour of God in settling us in so pleasant a part of his vineyard.

"I may say, in truth, that I found a wise and efficient ministry so opportune and wholesome, that it was a kind of comparative earthly Paradise to my mind. One whole year was a year of jubilee. The trumpet of the gospel was sounded sweetly to me, and my captive soul experienced a liberty and freedom most blessed indeed. Ever since that period, I have found the same stated ministry to be a salutary help and support under my various infirmities; proving, that faith cometh by hearing, or rather grew and improved by hearing; and, by the soft gales and refreshing dews of the Holy Ghost, I have had abundance of solid comfort, amidst all the stormy tempests of the way."

We would be understood to commend this little book more as a piece of religious biography, good as far as it goes, than to put it into the same scale with Warburton or Triggs's experience. It is more adapted to seekers and inquirers than to fathers; and there is something interesting in it, which, like light diet, sometimes suits a weak stomach better than more solid substantial food. The spiritual appetite, in most Christians, is sometimes bad, and the spiritual digestion worse; and, in these circumstances, when the pure unmixed food of the Bible is too strong and substantial for the sickly soul, a simple unpretending statement of the Lord's dealings with any of his family will often nourish and refresh the drooping spirit.

In this way, without setting up this little work very high, we might say there are seasons when to read its simple statement might, with God's blessing, draw forth faith and prayer in the soul, and thus whet the appetite for stronger food. Books of this kind are, so to speak, stepping-stones sometimes to the word of God; a bridge, as it were, from coldness and deadness to life and feeling; and, so far from superseding the blessed Scriptures, they prepare the mind to receive them with faith and affection. Spiritual parents, too, are tried sometimes what books they should put into the hands of their children. It grieves them to see them yawning in idleness on the Lord's day evening, or reading carnal books. The Bible is too pure for their impure appetite, and, if read at all, is read as a task and a drudgery. Some little work, then, of this kind being interesting as a piece of biography, and yet describing a work of grace on the soul, seems well adapted to such a purpose, and we are always glad to find some book of this kind that we can safely recommend.

We have drawn out our remarks on these "Reminiscences" to, perhaps, an unreasonable length, but having so many readers who are influenced in purchasing books by our review, we deem it right to state our reasons for approving or condemning the works that are sent us, and this cannot always be done in the compass of a few lines.

### EDITORS' REMARKS.

J. F. complains that we condemn works in our reviews because there is no unction in their perusal. Will J. F. tell us what weightier ground there can be for condemnation? If it were our province, supposing we were capable, to review books of history, science, or literature, we should look at their truth, or their style, or their eloquence. But can we put such natural qualifications into the balance of the sanctuary? What use is there or advantage in a religious book, but in its conveying power, unction, and savour to the soul? If it does not do this, more or less, it does nothing. It does not fulfil its assumed office. Its name and pretensions do not correspond to what it really is. We, therefore, pull off the mask, and show it in its real character. We know there is such a thing as power and savour, because we have felt it; and we know that a religious book without it is like a body without a soul. We do not ask J. F. to abide by our judgment; let him buy the books, and judge for himself. But let him not condemn us for expressing our honest opinion, often contrary to our own interest, and usually contrary to our natural feelings. We are conscious of our weakness and many failings, both in our reviews and in other matters; but at the same time it is a small thing for us to be judged of man's judgment; to God alone we stand or fall. Works for review are sent to us for our opinion, and our opinion we give as we judge and feel.

### POETRY.

#### A PRAYER.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—2 Chron. i. 7.

Simply, Lord, I would make known  
All my wants before thy throne;  
My desires express to thee,  
Feeble howsoever they be.

'Tis that I be taught each day  
How to wrestle, plead, and pray,  
Strength to fight with every foe,  
And come off victorious too.

Make me watch as well as pray,  
Wait for answers in thy way;  
What thy love designs to give  
I would cheerfully receive.

Make me love and fear thee more,  
At thy feet weep and adore;  
Know it is not feigned love,  
But descended from above,

From that fount of purest joy,  
Free from every base alloy:  
Feel its sweet refreshing power  
As in spring the genial shower.

Drawing out in exercise  
My affections to the skies,  
Longing for sweet rest above,  
In the bosom of thy love.

Oakham.

May I then, whilst here below,  
Often feel my bosom glow  
With love's secret hidden fire,  
Which alone Thou canst inspire.

When cast down thro' guilt and fear,  
Let me find a Saviour near;  
Tell my griefs to none but Thee,  
To no other refuge flee.

Bid me, Jesus, to thee come,  
As a little child runs home;  
See the smile upon thy face,  
Fall into thy kind embrace.

Let me hear thy voice within  
Sweetly whisper pardon'd sin—  
"To my bosom, sinner, run;  
Thou art my adopted son."

Lead me to the sacred tree,  
To see thee suffering, Lord, for me;  
Feel all knowledge dross beside  
Jesus and him crucified.

Nothing can, save gifts divine,  
Satisfy this heart of mine:  
These, dear Lord, thou hast to give—  
These I ask that I may live.

T. C.—D.

## THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

O Lord, how plaguesome is my heart!  
 How prone to act the liar's part:  
 How vile, Lord, none but thou canst tell;  
 It loves and seeks the road to hell.  
 'Tis hard as iron, stone, or steel;  
 Does neither wrath nor mercies feel;  
 'Tis unbelieving as a Jew;  
 Dear Christian, is it thus with you?  
 It is deceitful as the devil;  
 Full of every hateful evil;  
 Full of folly, sin, and madness,  
 Yet cannot lament its sadness.  
 It plagues my soul both night and day,  
 That I can scarcely read or pray:  
 This is no lie, I feel it true;  
 Dear Lord, dear Lord, what shall I do?  
 A plague at home, a plague abroad;  
 It plagues me in the house of God;  
 It plagues me at a throne of grace;  
 It plagues me much in every place.  
 When I read, or sing, or pray,  
 This heart runs out another way;  
 'Tis seeking every place for sin,  
 Sometimes runs out ere I begin.  
 Then I keep chattering like a crane,  
 And know not scarcely what I mean;  
 I say my prayers, then off to bed;  
 If I'm alive, my prayer seems dead.  
 O how rebellious is my heart!  
 It takes the cunning tempter's part;  
 Yea, oft goes out and asks him in,  
 Before his bellish pranks begin.  
 Then how he rages at my door,  
 Around my walls, behind, before,  
 And my old house (you know the name),  
 Can hardly stand the bellish flame.  
 He kindles fires of earth and hell,  
 My heart t' inflame, my soul to swell;

Dunmow, Sep., 1839.

If Jesus did not him control,  
 He would devour my troubled soul.  
 My heart's the pot, the fire is hell,  
 Where Satan blows to make it swell,  
 And boil up filth which is within;  
 With folly, vanity, and sin.  
 But lo! a nobler name we sing—  
 Jesus, our Captain and our King,  
 Who reigns in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
 And all our raging foes can quell.  
 Jesus, my Lord, I feel, I see,  
 These hateful fiends fear none but thee:  
 Speak, and they fly like frighted ghosts,  
 Down to their wild infernal coasts.  
 One word of thine can calm my soul,  
 Make tides of pleasure o'er me roll,  
 And lay my troubled heart at ease,  
 Smooth as the softest summer's sear.  
 O speak, dear Jesus, speak once more;  
 Speak as thou hast to me before;  
 Speak to the turn-key of my cell;  
 Speak, and I'm free, I'm whole, I'm well.  
 Speak to me now; I know thy voice;  
 Speak, and 'twill make my soul rejoice;  
 Speak, thou fair Prince, immortal King;  
 My soul shall dance, leap, laugh, and sing.  
 Dear Jesus, while I write thou'rt come!  
 O make my house thy constant home!  
 O live, and sup, and lodge with me!  
 O may I live and sup with thee!  
 For if thou leave me as before,  
 Those fiends will soon be at my door;  
 Soon as the they peep, and spy not thee,  
 They'll all rush in, they fear not me.  
 O make my soul thy dwelling-place,  
 Then not one fiend dare show his face:  
 O take thy lodging near my heart,  
 And sin and hell must soon depart.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

## THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

T ho' false professors bend their bow,  
 H elp open foes to bring thee low,  
 E ternal truth shall still prevail;  
 G o on, and let the rebels rail.  
 O mniscience has them all in view;  
 S till, then, thy arduous task pursue;  
 P rovide things, through the power of God,  
 E ssential to his people's good.  
 L ord, grant a blessing on this cause;  
 S end labourers who know thy laws  
 T o prophecy, to preach, and write,  
 A ccording as thou dost indite,  
 N e'er let proud men our prospects blight.  
 D efend thy cause throughout the world,  
 A nd, where thy standard is unfurl'd,  
 R eanimate the sons of peace  
 D ependent on thy sovereign grace.

ERRATUM.—In last month's number, page 71, line 37, for *twelfth* chapter of the Hebrews, read *eleventh* chapter.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

## FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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### STRICT COMMUNION.

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Dear Messrs. Editors,—However averse I feel to controversy, yet as your correspondent, "H. J.," in your April number, calls upon me by name to prove from scripture what authority the Particular Baptists have for making Baptism a door into the church, and as you have inserted his letter that I may take up the question, I feel disposed not to pass it over in silence, especially as circumstances have drawn from me the acknowledgment that I was the author of the "Address," in which the principle of strict communion is avowed. I could wish, indeed, to see the point taken up by abler writers and more experienced Christians than myself; but as I fear these will not come forward for that purpose in your periodical, I haste, without further preface, to defend the practice objected to.

As H. J. calls upon me for scripture proof, and as this alone can really satisfy those who fear God, I will endeavour chiefly to confine myself thereto, though I might observe by the way that the opponents of strict communion refer very little to the word of truth to support their system, and a great deal to expediency, altered circumstances of the church from apostolic times, and vague ideas of Christian charity and unity.

I presume, then, H. J. is satisfied upon two points closely connected with the practice of strict communion. 1. That the baptism of believers by immersion in water is an ordinance of Christ. 2. That the administration of the Lord's supper is to be restricted to a church, meeting together as a body for that purpose. To prove from scripture these two points would occupy too much room, and is unnecessary, because the first is admitted by all Baptists, and the second by all Independents.

The point, then, in controversy, and which I have to prove is this; "Is baptism such a door to the church that there is no other?" It

this point be proved, it necessarily follows that none but baptized persons may eat of the Lord's supper, as it is granted that the latter ordinance can only be partaken of by a church.

To prove this point, we must come to scripture precept and scripture practice. The first precept, then, which I shall bring forward is the well known commission given by Christ to his disciples after his resurrection; (Matt. xxviii. 19;) "Go ye, therefore, and teach ("make disciples of," *margin*) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Here "teaching," or "making disciples" out of all nations, is the first step, baptizing the disciples so made is the second, and teaching them to observe all the precepts and ordinances of the gospel, the third. H. J. will not deny that the Lord's supper is one of these ordinances, and that the precept, "Do this in remembrance of me," (Luke xxii. 19,) is one of the commandments which disciples are to be taught to observe. How, then, dares any man that fears God break through this divine order, and join together in unhallowed union the first and third steps, over-leaping, or setting aside the second? The Independent, who calls infant-sprinkling baptism, according to his own admission inverts and alters the steps of this divine order, his baptism (so called) *preceding* his discipleship, and not *following* it. And the open communion Baptist, who, in his own case, preserves the divine succession of first discipleship, and then baptism, when he joins or presides over a mixed communion church, destroys what he has thus builded up, and makes himself a transgressor by bringing together steps first and third, which the Lord has separated by step the second. Thus the strict Baptist alone follows the precept of the Lord of the house by holding and practising first, discipleship; secondly, baptism; thirdly, communion.

Thus far for scripture precept; and now for scripture practice. What was the practice of the apostles to whom this divine commission was delivered? They showed it first on the day of Pentecost, when they had not only the letter of their Lord's precept to guide them, but the blessed outpouring of the Holy Ghost to work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure. We find Peter then acting on the successive steps of his Lord's commission. First, he preaches the word. (Acts ii. 14.) The Holy Ghost blesses his preaching, and makes disciples by pricking his hearers in their heart; and they cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter does not, like the open communion Baptist, break down his master's hedge, and say, "Come to the Lord's supper;" but says, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you," &c. He rigidly observes step the second, and baptizes, or has them baptized. Nor did they shun the cross, but "they that gladly received the word were baptized." And now comes step the third; "And the same day there were added to them (that is, "added to the church," ver. 47) about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, (*i. e.*, church communion) and in breaking of bread (*i. e.*, the Lord's supper) and in prayers, (*i. e.*, assembling themselves for the worship of God.)"

Now, can any one deny that this first gospel church was formed upon strict Baptist principles? Have we not traced out the three successive steps laid down by Christ himself; first, discipleship, then baptism, and then communion?

And now let us see whether we can trace a similar formation of the second gospel church, namely, that of Samaria. (Acts viii.)

The church at Jerusalem being dispersed by persecution, Philip,

deacon of that church, (Acts vi. 5,) goes down into the city of Samaria, and preaches Christ unto them. (Acts viii. 5.) The Holy Ghost blesses the word, and raises up faith in some of their hearts. "They believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ." Here, then, we have step the first as before, viz., *discipleship*. And now follows step the second, "They were baptized, both men and women." (Acts viii. 12.) Philip, being a deacon, and not an apostle, had not authority to form churches; and, therefore, "when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John." Now, it appears that these apostles, when they came down, formed them into a church, for we read that "they prayed for them, and laid hands on them that they might receive the Holy Ghost," that is, in his miraculous gifts, not in his quickening operations, for these they had already experienced. And that this descent of the Holy Ghost was something *visible*, which his regenerating operations are not, (John iii. 8; Luke xvii. 20, 21) is plain from Simon Magus "seeing that through the laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given," and offering money that he might do the same, hoping, no doubt, to make a pretty penny by imparting power to heal diseases and speak with tongues.

Now, it is clear, from 1 Cor. xii. and xiv., that these miraculous gifts were confined to the church. "And God hath set some in the church, first; apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that miracles; then gifts of healing, &c." (1 Cor. xii. 28.) See also, 1 Cor. xiv. 4, 5, 12, 18, 19, 23, 25, 28, 33. It is, therefore, evident that the Samaritan believers were formed into a church before the apostles laid hands on them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Thus, in the case of this second church, the divine order as commanded by Christ was observed; first, discipleship; secondly, baptism; thirdly, communion.

In the setting up of the first Gentile church in the house of Cornelius, the same order was observed. Peter preached the word; (Acts x.) the Holy Ghost fell upon those who were present, in this case in his miraculous operations previous to baptism, to show those of the circumcision who came with Peter that "on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." Here again, then, is the first step, *discipleship*. And now immediately follows the second, *baptism*. "Then answered Peter, can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts x. 46—48.) And now followed step the third, *communion*. For we read that when Peter returned to Jerusalem, "they of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest into men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." That is, didst sit down with them at the Lord's supper.

The practice of individuals was the same as the practice of churches. Paul was first made a disciple, in his case, "not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ" himself appearing to him on his journey to Damascus. Here was the first step, *discipleship*. He was then baptized. (Acts ix. 18.) Here was step the second, "Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascens." As they brake bread, in some cases, every day, (Acts ii. 46,) in others, every Lord's day, (Acts xx. 7,) it is plain that Paul, after baptism, partook of the Lord's supper with the church. Here is step the third, viz., *communion*.



Again, the apostle Paul is led by the Spirit to Corinth, where he preaches the word to the Gentiles. (Acts xviii. 6.) "Crispus and many of the Corinthians hearing, believed:" here again was the first step, *discipleship*; "and were baptized:" here is the second, *baptism*. Paul forms them into a church, for he addresses his first epistle "To the church of God which is at Corinth;" (1 Cor. i. 2.); and gives them particular directions about the Lord's supper, which they celebrated improperly. (1 Cor. xi. 20—24.) Here is step the third, *communion*. But some might answer, Paul says, "Christ sent him not to baptize, but to preach the gospel; and, therefore, Paul occasionally neglected, or overlooked baptism, and admitted persons into the church without it." I believe that Paul did no such thing. Any officer in the church could baptize, but any could not preach with demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Paul left, therefore, that to be done by others which they were able to do, and confined himself chiefly to preaching the word, which they could not do. But because the sower attends to the seed-basket only, and leaves the harrowing in to the boy who follows his steps, is that a reason why the sown land should not be harrowed at all? The sower might say, "My master sent me to sow the corn, not to harrow the field, as any one can do the latter; but it requires a skilful hand to do the former." Does it then follow that the seed is not to be covered in, because the abler workman has something better to do? Another may say, Paul "thanks God he baptized none but Crispus and Gaius; he therefore did not think so highly of baptism." But why did he thank God, but for this reason, "lest any should say, he baptized in his own name?" He abhorred that spirit of division which made them say, "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos, and I of Cephas," and was therefore glad that by baptizing so few, he could not be the head of a numerous party, who would say, "I am of Paul, for he baptized me." But that they were all baptized persons, is very plain from his question; "Were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" (1 Cor. i. 13.) So Peter does not himself baptize Cornelius and his friends, but "commands them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts x. 48.)

Again, Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, sets before them the typical character of the church in the wilderness. He says that "all our fathers were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink." (1 Cor. x. 2-4.) Here he plainly says that the passage through the Red Sea typified baptism, and the manna and the water out of the rock typified the Lord's supper. The word "*baptized*" shows the former, and his words, (verses 16 and 17,) "The cup of blessing which we bless, &c.," show the latter. Now, on which side of the Red Sea was the manna eaten—before they passed through it, or after? They were baptized, then, in the Red Sea before they eat the spiritual manna and drank the spiritual drink.

Now, what right and authority has any man to overthrow this order, commanded by the Lord, practised by his apostles without a single exception, and typified by the church in the wilderness? Surely we need some precept to the contrary, or some example to the contrary, before we dare alter or subvert this divine order of succession. Can the lax Baptist show the one or the other? And if he can bring forward no scripture precept, and no scripture example for unbaptized persons partaking of the Lord's supper, what have we to do with vague arguments about expediency and charity? The best expediency is to follow apostolic practice, and the best charity is to keep Christ's commandments. It is a poor way to show love to his people to encourage them in disobe-

dience, and a poor way to show love to Him to despise what he has commanded. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." The apostle bids the Thessalonian brethren "stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle." (2 Thess. ii. 15.) The strict Baptist stands fast and holds them; the lax Baptist swerves and departs from them. Which acts the more scripturally?

But H. J. says, "Christ is the door." So he is, blessed be God. But he is a door in several ways. In his blood and righteousness, he is a door of salvation; in his heavenly teachings, he is a door of regeneration; and in his ordinances, he is a door of church communion. He cannot be set aside in any one of these. One might say, for instance, "Christ is a door of salvation in his blood and righteousness; therefore we may set him aside as a door of regeneration." Another may say, "Christ is a door of regeneration, and therefore we may set him aside as a door of church communion." The first is the fatal error of the doctrinal Antinomian; the second, the error of the general Baptist. If Christ has made baptism a door to the Lord's supper, as I most firmly believe he has, dare we despise his commandments in this matter? Are we to break down the door, and leave one little bar, which some may climb over, and others stoop under, and then say, "Christ is the door?"

A lax Baptist can only suppose two reasons which influence men's minds to wish communion without baptism—ignorance, or obstinacy. His Independent hearers either cannot see baptism, or see it and will not submit to it. Now, as to the first reason, if they cannot see baptism, let them wait till they can. "If any be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." The Socinian might come and say, "I can't see Christ's Godhead, and the personality of the Holy Ghost;" and the Arminian might say, "I can't see election and final perseverance." Our answer would justly be; "Your ignorance is a sufficient bar." Now, though I don't mean for a moment to compare a godly Independent to a Socinian or an Arminian, yet as far as church communion is concerned, I feel fully justified to say to him; "Your ignorance of a most solemn and plainly revealed ordinance is a sufficient bar to Church fellowship."

Take the other assignable cause, obstinacy and unwillingness to take up the cross. I know from experience that baptism is a very heavy cross, and I can honestly say that I felt it a much keener trial to be baptized than to leave the Establishment. I was tempted in soul and body, in the first, to think I was a hypocrite, and, in the second, to believe I should have an inflammation of the lungs, or a pleurisy, and so die. I know very well I would have shunned the cross if I dared. Is the Baptist, then, to allow others to trample on this cross which he has taken up, and has found to be so heavy, because they would rather be smuggled into the church, than go through an open profession of their faith in Christ?

But what a situation a lax Baptist is placed in! I will suppose that half of his church are Baptists, and half Independents. The latter want their children to be sprinkled. Is the accommodating pastor to do that, and thus renounce and deny his own baptism? He refuses therefore to do what he is asked. But he has already admitted sprinkling to be baptism by allowing Independents to sit down at the table, for I presume no one ever carried his politeness so far as to admit persons neither sprinkled nor baptized into the church. The late Robert Hall, the great advocate for open communion, made a stand here, and would not admit persons who had neither been sprinkled nor baptized. But we will suppose that a person, the child of Baptist parents, comes

forward with a good experience, and seeks admission into this mixed church. Is he to be baptized, or sprinkled, or to sit down without either? If baptized, he offends the Independent members; if sprinkled, he offends the Baptist members; and if neither, he offends both. And how is the accommodating pastor to act consistently? If he baptizes him he declares sprinkling false, if he sprinkles him he declares baptism false, if he does neither, he declares both false. Again, this motley pastor of a motley body has his mouth effectually stopped from preaching or contending for baptism, as if he does he will be frowned upon by his Independent deacons. Or if he has courage to break through this restraint, and advocates baptism from the pulpit, he condemns all his members who practise sprinkling, and after he has set forth the ordinance of Baptism as a divine command, his Independent clerk, piqued with his parson, will perhaps pick out from Watts a stanza of this kind, which the Independents will sing lustily, whilst the Baptists sit still, and the parson looks the picture of mortification.

“By milder ways does Jesus prove  
His Father’s covenant and love;  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids *their infant race.*”

Down however comes the pastor from the pulpit into the table pew, puts all his vexation as well as his baptism with his hat and gloves under the seat, and breaks bread to this divided church, the Independents triumphing with their victorious clerk, and the Baptists galled with their defeated parson—a pretty time for their boasted love and unity, to obtain which an ordinance has been sacrificed!

But why this feverish anxiety for the Lord’s supper? Why this undue setting up one ordinance, and undue thrusting down the other? Is baptism less clearly revealed, less pointedly commanded, less plainly practised in the New Testament than the Lord’s supper? I believe not, but the contrary. And why are Baptists to give way to this “partiality in God’s law,” (Mal. ii. 9,) and not rather say to those who profess they cannot see baptism, “If any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant,” (1 Cor. xiv. 38,) “but we have no such custom, neither the churches of God;” and to those who see it, but wish to shun it, “He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.” (Matt. x. 38.)

And after all, what advantage is gained by breaking down this hedge? I have several dear and highly esteemed friends who cannot or will not see baptism. Does this lessen my love for them, or hinder communion? Not a whit. We are glad to talk of our agreements, not our differences; and I would be the last to cram baptism down their throat. It is true that we cannot sit down at the Lord’s table together, and I have more than once felt pain at seeing them sit by, whilst I broke bread to others with whom I had little or no communion. But because in this time state such things will occur, and they might be much remedied by making the door into the church a great deal more narrow than is the practice, I am not to do evil that good may come, nor violate a clear command that I may bring about more unity, lest I make myself wiser than God. If I love and esteem my friend, I shall not wish him to act wrong by leaping over one ordinance to partake of the other; and if he loves and esteems me, he will not wish me to act wrong by admitting him to the Lord’s supper, contrary to my conscience.

I put, in conclusion, these two questions to every advocate for open communion. 1. Is there, in the New Testament, one instance of an

unbaptized church celebrating the Lord's supper? 2. Are we to have union at the price of disobedience? When they have proved the affirmative to these two questions, we shall be ready to listen to their usual arguments.

I feel I have handled this important subject in a very feeble manner, and had I chosen to hash up dead men's brains, I might perhaps have furnished a more solid dish. But I have preferred to deliver my own thoughts and what I have handled and tasted of the word of life to plucking Dr. Gill of his plumes. I must beg your indulgence for the length of this communication, and am,

Yours in the best bonds,

Stamford, April 11, 1840.

J. C. PHILPOT.

### BREATHINGS FROM THE HEART.

My dear Friend,—I have looked for and wished to see you again and again, and not having done so, my husband and I begin to fear that that subtle enemy, whose delight it is to separate friends, had endeavoured to insinuate something to cause division. However, we hope not. From the communion we have been favoured with in days that are past, I am convinced that no lasting division can take place between us. No, blessed be the Lord, the bond of union stands as fast and indissoluble between the members as between the Head and members, who has confidently told us, that nothing shall separate us from his love,—neither tribulation, persecution, nor affliction of any kind. The soul once quickened by his Spirit, possesses a life that never dies. The belief of this often cheers me up in the midst of much; yea, very much felt weakness, darkness, and, I may sum it up and say, wickedness of my deceitful heart. It is indeed animating to believe that one day we shall drop it all. All sin will be for ever done with; and, in consequence of that blessed bond which subsists between Christ and us, we shall be raised up a glorious body, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. O, it is most pleasing to contemplate, that Christ has entered heaven as our forerunner, in our nature, and now appears in the presence of God for us, and has told us, in his word and by the witness of his blessed Spirit in our consciences, that he is gone to prepare a place for us. The faith of this—to be with him, to be like him—sometimes makes me sing as I pass on through difficulties:

“ 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,  
I walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide and faith our light.  
The want of sight, faith well supplies;  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glory near.”

Even the glory of the God-Man; God that was manifested in the flesh for our salvation; who became a man of sorrow, and acquainted with griefs many, and at last bled and died on our behalf. O, inestimable love for traitors like us, that had joined and taken part with

the prince of darkness. O! wondrous love! for in this we do rejoice, that Christ died for us; but more, that he not only died, but rose again, fully proving our justification, and sending his Holy Spirit down into our hearts, to testify unto us that we have full redemption, and that where he is, there we shall be also, according to his own desire, before his bodily departure, in that blessed 17th chapter of John. The subject warms my cold heart, and makes me unwilling to return from it; but time, &c., admonishes me for the present to leave it.

We hope you are all well in health, or, if not, that every illness may be much sanctified and the Lord glorified.

I have been compelled to stay at home for some weeks past, through affliction in the family and in my own body. But, blessed be the Lord, he has been better to me than all my unbelieving fears. So you see we have a little work in hand for faith and patience, like the rest of our brethren; for we are told that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren that are in this world, if not in the same manner, I believe they have their share, as it is written, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But the following words are sweet; "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world; in me ye shall have peace." May that peace, my dear friends, be experienced by you both to the very end of your journey—be abundantly enjoyed as you pass over Jordan, when you will behold your Peace-Maker, and may you enjoy it for ever and ever. With our united regards to you, we remain your very affectionate friends,

L. & H. R.

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### GOD, UNCHANGEABLE.

"But he is in one mind, and who can turn him?"

Beloved Brethren,—How strange to reason's eye is the way that our God takes to teach his children the lessons they learn under his instruction! for, as David said, "By terrible things in righteousness, wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation." I often think of all that ever presumed to take the name of Christ upon them that I am one of the most obstinate, stubborn, hard-to-learn wretches that ever lived, for when my soul is a little broken by a sense of my aggravating and desperate heart, I wonder how ever it is that his fearful indignation and hot displeasure does not dash me to pieces like a potter's vessel. O my soul, it is a mercy of mercies for thee that, though thy best works have nothing at all in them towards thy salvation, the awful gulphs of desperation and madness in thee cannot damn thee. O Lord, how precious it is when thou dost, of thy free favour and undeserved love and mercy, bless me to know and feel that I am indeed thy child, by thy sweet testimony felt in my soul, after a long night of desertion, when I have concluded that my poor soul was eternally purposed to be a vessel of wrath, being deceived into a profession of religion, and, in this awful state, fitting for destruction; feeling as though the grave was opening its jaws to receive me as its prey; an angry judge and a yawning hell presenting itself to my tortured soul; the awfulness of being a deceiver racking me; my heart sometimes

beating with a longing desire after salvation to be felt in my poor sinking soul, and crying, "O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation!" O Lord, am I a bastard? am I a Judas? is my poor soul eternally purposed to believe a lie, to be damned? O Lord, how I long for thy salvation! if I am deceived, satisfy me, so that I may rest a little while I swallow down my spittle, for "wherefore is life given to a man whose way is hid? thou hast made my paths crooked, I am forgotten of the Lord as a dead man out of mind, I am like a broken vessel." Thus I cry and shout, but he appears to shut out my prayer. Sometimes I see by reading the sorrows of Job, David, and Jeremiah, that their case was really something like mine; but then I am driven from this by the consideration that theirs was a right beginning, but mine was a wrong one, for the law work was not right; so I cry out, O Lord, leave not my soul destitute. Then such desperation will seize me that I declare I will give it all up. Then such awful floods of blasphemy and rebellion will rise up in my desperately wicked heart. Well might David cry out, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?" Truly, when the Lord appears to me, I feel to be more like a devil in human shape than a vessel of mercy, and never could I believe myself to be a Christian if the workings of faith were not more powerful than the body of sin in me. O Lord, what a boundless depth and an immortal ocean must thy love be that continues to be of one mind towards such double-died brats of hell. I say, after a night of great desertion, for the Lord to cause my soul once more to hope that what he has made crooked he will make straight, and cause the happy time to come when I shall, without a faltering fear, prove that my life is hid with Christ in God, is more desirable than anything that I can express. I seem at times to see a distant glory in the salvation of the righteous, and I know it is of the Lord. If, indeed, there were any doubt as to the safety of the feeblest vessel of mercy, I should as assuredly wander to hell as there is a God. But, eternal thanks to a Triune Jehovah, that that monster which is the plague of every living child, the body of sin in him, with all its power and working, with the help of the devil too, cannot damn him. O my soul, there is indeed something here for thee to rest upon. When thou hast any hope, it is settled here, and if this foundation sinks to hell, thou must sink there too. While millions of mortals are building for their salvation on their doing their best and trusting to the mercy of God for the rest, thou hast been hunted from this refuge of lies, where so many have perished, or thou wouldst gladly have settled there; and even when the Lord was destroying thy refuge, and teaching thee to feel thy need of him as a sure foundation, with all the impudence of a fallen fiend thy desperate heart declared, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." What love, O Lord, was thine that bore such contradiction of sinners, being still of one mind, and that to save them in spite of all! Lord, what could I say, under a feeling sense of my awful apostacy, if thou hadst damned me at a stroke? I must declare that "true and righteous are thy judgments, O Lord," But I am still proving that great is his faithfulness, and

that he is mighty to save. Dear Lord, may I never more so dishonour thee with that devil-like monster, unbelief. How it has served me! Lord, give me the neck of this enemy, so that I may ride upon his high places.

Bradford, Wilts.

D. G.

### THE TWO DEEPS.

My dear Friend,—I am, more or less, living in the engagement of wading into two great deeps, but cannot fathom either of them, and I often think I am a greater bungling fool in the work than ever; I mean the awful deep of sin, and the glorious deep of God's matchless grace. O the horrible springing up and belching forth of sin that my poor soul is obliged to wade in at times! I once thought that if I should live to be old, I should get rid of some of the branches of the boilings up of sin; but I now live to prove that the decay of nature does not mend the corruption of the heart, and that the internal filth of sin can belch up with as much stench and venom when nature is quite unable to put it into execution, as it did before. Well, in such a horrible pit I am often led to cry out almost distracted, "I sink in deep mire;" "My wounds stink and are corrupt;" "I abhor myself," &c.; but what is worse still, I at times feel as if I did not abhor myself, but wished to nurse these cursed workings. Then I am horror-struck to find myself so unfeeling, or nursing such filthy feelings. Then my dear Lord appears, and with a power divine breaks into my poor soul, applies the atonement, gives me a glimpse of his glory, breaks my heart with love-looks, love-touches, and love-kisses; I drop my abominable head in the dust, confessing my sin, and from my very soul say, "Behold, I am vile!" His gracious Majesty is pleased to embrace me in his arms, and give me to feel that he has wrapped me up in his heart, and then gives me a sweet and solemn plunge into the sea of his love and blood; and thus, for a few moments, I bathe in blood and love. But can I fathom this glorious deep? No, never. It is indescribably glorious to swim in it for a few moments, and then what must the depth of it be? Nothing confounds me more than that the Lord should show such wonders of grace to such a vile wretch; but such is a covenant God, and such are his ways, that he has proved the matchless abounding of grace in my poor soul thousands of times. It is now nearly fifty years since he first revealed Christ in me, the hope of glory; and if anything could have so insulted his Majesty as to make him withdraw his love from one of his children, I am sure he would have withdrawn it from me long ago. But, adored be his holy and loving name, he loves through thick and thin; yea, he loves to the end. Sometimes I have to go into the pulpit as hard as Satan and sin can make me, and as dark and as blind as a bat, and at times am obliged to hobble on in that way to the end of what is called a sermon; and sure I am that no vagabond of a thief ever felt worse than I feel at such times. At other times, the Lord is graciously pleased to break into my poor soul with light, life, and liberty, and then, O then, how I can and do shout the wonders of God's grace.

Thus, my dear friend, I am going on,—in and out; up and down; dark and light; hard and tender; shameless and full of shame; too hard to mourn, then mourning, and then singing; trying to prove that God is a liar, and then with my whole soul vindicating his truth, and Him, as faithful and true. All I am and have of true godliness, I am and have by the grace of God.

I have had but a poor winter, as regards my bodily health, but now and then I have been enabled to feel that all is well.

That the Lord may be with you, and bless you with much of his presence, is the prayer of yours, with love to all friends,  
Manchester.

W. G.

## SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—In looking over your address to the readers of the *Gospel Standard* in January number for this year, after speaking of some of the trials and difficulties you meet with in your office as editors of a living work, (and sure I am it is a living work,) you say, "But we stand in need of much and continual help; therefore, conclude this lengthened address, by inviting our spiritual correspondents to send us such letters, pieces, and communications, as are commended to their consciences." Therefore, without professing to be a spiritual correspondent, (for on this point my doubts and fears are many,) I have humbly made bold to write a few lines; in doing which I would wish to bear testimony to the usefulness of your little book to the spiritually taught in the place in which I reside. I live in a small town in the county of Kent, in which there are a few (and I fear but a few) that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. We have no gospel minister, at least such as we can hear to our satisfaction, living in the place; but we are occasionally visited by some who give us one or two sermons; therefore we anxiously look forward to the time when your little work is to make its appearance amongst us; and should it happen, as it sometimes does, that its arrival is at the end of the week, when we have no preaching on the Lord's Day following, a few of us meet together and peruse its pages with pleasure and delight, and I think I can say a blessing has rested upon it; therefore, I would say, in the language of a poet,

"Go, little book, and take a circuit round,  
And cheer the hearts of sinners vile and base;  
The rich\* despise thee, and will not be found  
Reading such vile unlearned stuff as this.  
But God's rich mercy is in thee display'd,  
In making poor unlearned sinners wise;  
While thousands more are passed, unheeded, by,  
And left to perish in their evil ways."

But what has most particularly induced me to write these lines is, in consequence of reading a piece in your last number, entitled, "A Few Words to W. J., of Suffolk." The feelings I experienced while reading this piece were such as I am unable to describe; but this I do know, that I felt as though it was written entirely for my comfort. When I read W. J.'s piece in June number, I thought there was such a similarity in our feelings, that I could almost adopt it as my own, and say his very sentiments were those of my heart. I could see eye to eye and go step by step with him almost through all the piece.

\* Rich in works of their own righteousness.



We differ a little in the beginning: I was not born of believing parents, consequently did not receive a religious education, nor did I in my youth, as he did, imbibe and retain the doctrines of the gospel; but I can say that from my earliest days I had thoughts of God, and feared to do many things that my companions used to enjoy themselves in; but when I came to the years of manhood, my thoughts of God were of a very imperfect character, and I could drink down iniquity as the ox drinketh down water, and cared not what I did or said, so that I could hide it from my fellow-men.

In this state I went on, sometimes having a religious fit in my way, till about the age of 27, when my mind was very much arrested in reading a piece, in a work called the *Gospel Magazine*, on election. What I felt when, for the first time, I read about that cursed doctrine, as I then thought, I cannot express; but I remember I then said I would not believe it, and, like Mr. Hart, was tempted almost to say that God himself could not make me. O the horrid wickedness and abomination of the human heart! None can know it but those to whom the Lord in his mercy is pleased to show it. I believe this book was the instrument, in the Lord's hand, of opening in some measure my blind eyes; for from this time I could not rest, day or night, till the Lord in his mercy showed me that the doctrine of election was a truth, and that unless I was one of that number I should be for ever lost. What has taken place in my experience since then is more than I can now state at large, as it would occupy more space than you will perhaps be disposed to spare; suffice it to say, that, through hopes and fears, springings-up and sinkings-down, sometimes thinking the Lord has done something for my soul and at others fearing I am nothing but a hypocrite among the Lord's people, I am, through mercy, brought to the present time, and can bless God that I am out of hell.

And now, dear sirs, in conclusion, permit me to ask one favour. Sometimes when I am sitting under the word preached, should the minister be led to debase the sinner and exalt the Saviour, and speak sweetly of what he has done for poor, lost, ruined, and undone sinners, my heart is knit to the man for the Lord's sake, and I can bless God for his goodness; but should the man of God be led, in any part of his subject, to describe the hypocrite in Zion, conscience goes to work, and powerfully says, "Thou art the man;" then all my enjoyment is gone, and I go home as miserable as any poor soul can be. At other times, I think if the Lord had never, in any small measure, shed abroad his love in my heart, why do I sometimes feel (and that powerfully too) love to him, his people, and his ways? This is what I cannot reconcile. Should you be disposed to give a word or two upon it, or deem this scrawl worthy a place in your valuable pages, you will greatly oblige, yours sincerely,

Kent, 1839.

H. W.

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Messrs. Editors,—For the Lord's glory and the comfort of that part of his flock who are under a barren ministry, the following is humbly offered; should it come up to the standard of your valuable magazine, through publicity, you will oblige a constant reader,

For many years, I was a member of the Independent church in this town. I and a few friends have often grieved over our barrenness of soul, experienced through the truths of the gospel being kept back by a letter preacher. For some time, we heard him only once on the Lord's day, and, in the evening, met at a friend's house for prayer and supplication to the God of Israel that he would bring us out from the fashionable religion of the day, and deliver us from the form were destitute of power, and that a place might be provided for us where the gospel might be preached, in all its fulness and freeness, to poor, sin-sick sinners. Our dear Lord at length appeared in a most providential and remarkable manner, working on the mind of a man, who let us a room after refusing several other tenants, and proved he was not regardless of our supplication. The place was opened for the public worship of Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons on the 28th April last. We were led to exclaim, "What has God wrought? Our prayers have been heard and answered. We are surely the sheep of his pasture and the flock of his hands. He has brought us up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, has set our feet on a rock, and established our goings." A pastor is raised up for us from our brethren, who boldly declares the truth as it is in Jesus, which has called up the envy of the nominal professor, and been the cause of much persecution and slander; but, in all, we have been able to rejoice and realize the truth of our blessed Saviour's declaration where he says, "Rejoice ye when they say all manner of evil of you, for my sake, falsely." We are enabled to go on in the old beaten path, through evil and good report, knowing it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. We live in such a dark, secluded corner of the earth where Arminianism and the self-righteous Pharisees are so prevailing that nothing less than the almighty power of the Triune God could make us differ from the professing world around us; and by him we are still kept through all our trials. Knowing our vileness and guilt, we wonder why we should be made the objects of his choice: it is because the Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.

To the weak in faith and those who are situated as we were, I would say, come out from amongst those who would starve you, and mingle not with those who would rob you of the little comfort you now enjoy. We were only five who were led thus to act. Our number is greatly increased. We enjoy all the ordinances of God's house in union with the great Head of the church; and when our dear Lord is pleased to smile on us, it causes more joy and gratitude in our hearts than it is possible for my weak capacity to express. Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever. Amen.

Fowey, Cornwall, Dec. 10, 1839.

E. H.

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## INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—A constant reader would be obliged to any of your correspondents, for the sake of information, if they would be kind enough to answer this inquiry; "Does God require the natural man's obedience to his law, or is he freed from obligation to obey it in his fallen state?"

May your bow abide in strength; may your hands be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob; that your race may be finished in the glorifying of his great name, and to the joy and rejoicing of your own soul.

Glinton, near Stamford, March 17, 1840.

W. S. V.

## AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.

Dear and esteemed Friend in the bonds of a sovereign God,—May the peace and mercy of God be upon you and dwell in you. I feel much inclined to write you at the present; but, alas! it is out of a heart rent with sorrow. The Lord, in his sovereign pleasure, has taken my dear wife to himself; she died on Tuesday morning, at half-past eight o'clock; and here I am, like a sparrow alone on the house top. My dear friend, the separation is more, I think, than I can bear; my loss is manifold; she is a great spiritual as well as natural loss to me; she was partaker with me in the afflictions and joys of the gospel, and a companion for me in natural things. Many and many times we have conversed together on spiritual things as if there had been only the Lord and ourselves in the whole universe; but, alas! all is gone; and where is it? It is like a "tale that is told." "The place that knew her now knows her no more." (Psa. ciii. 16.) But she made a glorious and most blessed end; her immortal soul is now, at this moment, in eternal bliss and blessedness; she is now swimming in the boundless ocean of Jehovah's unsearchable love, which her heart often heaved and reached after while here below. Her soul, with many an anxious longing, rose up within her to flee away and be at rest in the bosom of Jesus, from sin and sorrow. Her experience was of a blessed character; it was marked, distinct, and divine. She could give a clear account of her apprehension, conviction, and condemnation in her conscience, by God's most holy law, as a guilty and lost sinner; and many are the times when she had the love and mercy of God sealed upon her soul, warming and enlarging her heart, till I have seen her burst into a flood of tears, and weep with unspeakable joy. At seasons she also knew well what coldness, deadness, temptation, and an evil and corrupt heart were. Within the last eight months, the experience of her soul, in spiritual things, was solemn realities, clearly supernatural, and much to the point. She had had many clear testimonies of her calling and election, and much assurance of her interest in the covenant of grace. She would often speak with the greatest confidence and solemnity of the certainty of her soul being for ever with God and Christ when she died, and she longed to be gone. Towards her end, her soul burned with zeal for the honour of God's blessed name, and the doctrines of his blessed truth. She could not bear to hear the Arminians, or mongrels of the Hagarene breed, sully the glory of God, or defile his blessed name as the God of grace and salvation, with their filthy and vain conversation. She would have spoken against their principles with abhorrence, and then magnified the God of her salvation as the God of sovereign love and power. She felt at times darkness and temptations, but, as she said, Satan was kept at a great distance from her, and not permitted to distress her much. One night she went to bed with her heart very hard, and she prayed to the Lord to soften it; and at midnight she awoke with her heart as soft and sweet and blessed as if God himself had been in it (as, indeed, he was), and a passage of scripture came to her with sweetness—I think it was this, "God is love;" and her heart was filled with the love of God, and she sung and praised him and magnified his name; and Satan came to her, and said, "You see the Lord has given you this because you begged that money for J. S." (This was a female member of the church, in distress, whom she had herself relieved, and begged a trifle of others for her.) Her soul was filled with indignation, and she said to him, "Thou fiend of hell, get off to where thou belongest, for I am

none of thine, and thou shalt never have me," and he fled. Thus, by faith, she resisted the devil. (Jas. iv. 7.) She said, "He knew I hated the idea of being blessed for my works, but God put it into my heart to beg for her."

About three weeks before she died, the 271st hymn, commencing, "My Captain sounds the alarm of war," was sung to her, and the Lord so blessed it to her soul that she wept with joy, and almost every hymn and portion of the word that was read was blessed to her soul. Many days before her death she had a keen appetite given her for spiritual things. One morning at prayer I read the 8th chapter of Romans, and she said, "O what a sweet chapter that is; read from the 28th to the 35th verse again;" and, when I read it, she said, "I do feel so confident I am called of God," and she talked about the passage with much sweetness and power. The 53rd and 54th chapters of Isa., and 1st Cor. 15th chap. were much blessed to her, and she would have them read again and again, and many other parts of the word she felt sweet. On the Lord's day before she died, one of the members of the church called to see her, and in the evening she called me to her, and said, "The Lord blessed what E. said to me to-day." She said to me, "I feel I have that faith that will enable me to die if I have no more strong enjoyments of the love of God," and I just felt the very same, that I had that faith that would enable me to die if I had no more strong enjoyments; and the Lord did bless it to my soul, for the enemy had just been telling me what a presumptuous creature I was for having such faith at the point of death." On Monday evening, she called me to her again, and said, "When you read that chapter this morning (it was the 85th psalm), I thought it was like a newspaper, full of good news—good news from a far country," and added, "How sweet! he pardons iniquity, and covers every sin." (Ps. lxxxv. 2.) A little before she died, she kept thanking God for every little thing she tasted, and saying, "How good he is for sending me these things." She often said, there was nothing she wished to live for but me, (poor wretched me!) and that only because of the grief I should suffer; and at times she would say, "I do not wish to stay even for that." She often used to sing and hum to herself, and I would say, "You are singing." "Yes," she would say, "I feel him (God) so sweet and precious; I feel so comfortable in my mind;" then she would say, "I do long to go to him." At times she would shrink at the last struggle of death, and have a great fear of it, and she prayed to the Lord that she might not suffer much in it; and the Lord heard and answered her prayer, for she died as if she had been falling asleep, only breathing a little thicker than usual, without a groan or struggle, or motion of either hands, feet, or head. Thus she lived a life of sorrow and of joy, and died by faith, and entered into rest. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Dear friend, her experience, during her illness, had in it such a reality, power, weight, and heavenliness, that it has confirmed me more than almost any one thing in the reality of religion, the immortality of the soul, the joys of heaven, and the pains of hell, and the truth of sovereign mercy. But while I am telling you of her blessed end, here I am, sinking in sorrow. O, I feel "my wound incurable;" while, at the same time, I feel something that makes me glad when I think of her blessed end, but still I feel the pangs of sorrow sinking me almost through the earth, as if I could not be supported or comforted.

While she was living, her heart often went out to God to bless and support me under this trial, knowing what I should suffer. I prayed hard to the Lord to spare her, and many times did I that

ter myself he would; but he was determined to take her to himself, and when I saw this, I felt quarrelsome and rebellious with the blessed God for taking what he gave, and I thought he used me hard; but my heart is now soft enough, and I dare not say, "What doest thou?" and though I feel as if the flesh could not be pacified, yet I know the Judge of all the earth will do right. I know the building of the temple of God's glory in heaven must not be stopped to please me, and it would have been, if she had stayed with me any longer. Dear friend, I feel like clay in the hands of the potter. God has made my heart soft, (Job xxiii. 16,) and dissolved it in trouble. I feel compelled to leave all in his hands. I can neither sigh, nor groan, nor pray right, nor think right, nor do right, nor order my steps in temporal or spiritual things right. I am made to wait and see which way he will take. There is another storm awaits me, but the Lord must order it and plead my cause. This I have lived to prove, that the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity, and "if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many." (Eccles. vii. 14, xi. 8.) May the blessed God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ bless you and guide you into his heavenly kingdom. This is the prayer of a poor distressed worm,

J. M'KENZIE.

P.S. I have just opened into the 5th chapter of Job, and O how God has blessed it to my poor soul; the whole chapter, but particularly the 19th verse. My eyes now run tears of joy, and my heart is melted in love. I cannot write for tears of joy. I feel as if God's own mouth was speaking to me, and I can believe, though with trembling, what he says. I feel him in my heart, and I love him. Do read it, and may God bless it to your soul.

Preston, Dec. 13, 1839.

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## EDITORS' REVIEW.

*A Memorial of the Loving Kindnesses, Tender Mercies, and Sovereign Grace of the Lord God of Israel towards the chief of sinners, Arthur Triggs, Minister of the Gospel, Trinity Chapel, Plymouth.* Second edition. London: Groombridge. Manchester: J. Gadsby. 164 pages, 1s. 6d.

We would strongly recommend any living souls who are prejudiced against Arthur Triggs on account of his doctrinal preaching, to read this published memorial of his experience. They will find in it a very sweet and clear account of a deep experience both of bondage under the law, and of deliverance through the gospel, as well as a long chain of trials and deliverances, providential and spiritual, and the whole set forth in scriptural language, with sweetness, unction, and power. "The poor mason," as he calls himself, need not complain of his Devonshire dialect and ignorance of grammar, as it really is a very well written work, and the Lord has evidently blessed him with a gift to express himself in a clear, simple, scriptural style, without falling into either of two common extremes, offensive vulgarity, or no less offensive aiming at fine writing.

Arthur Triggs is "mighty in the Scriptures," and he has largely interwoven them with his book, but in such an experimental way that the pure gold of the word does not, like gold lace upon a thread-lace coat,

betray the poverty of that which it adorns, but gives it strength and lustre.

Most of the scriptures which he brings forward he had felt the power and sweetness of. They had been applied to his soul in seasons of necessity and distress, and thus, being words in season, they shine like apples of gold in pictures of silver. His memorial is calculated every way, under the teachings of God the Holy Ghost, to profit, instruct, and feed the church of God, and we heartily wish it success in the name of the Lord.

O that he preached in the same sweet experimental way that he has written, and would tell out his heart in the pulpit as he has in this book! We believe he is left greatly to err in being so doctrinal, and that by it he starves many living children and feeds many bold presumptuous hypocrites. Preachers and hearers, devoid of his experience, and who only know in their head what he knows in his heart, shelter themselves under him, and tried and tempted souls are distressed because he shoots over their heads. Friend Triggs, we love and esteem thee for the grace of God in thee. Bear, then, with us in telling thee these things, which thy flatterers will never hint in thine ears.

May you remember the words of your Lord and Master, "Feed my lambs;" "Condescend to men of low estate;" "To the weak become as weak, that you may gain the weak." If you would tell out your temptations and deliverances, and the workings of your soul under them, you would find indeed less favour amongst the presumptuous hypocrites of Plymouth and the metropolis, but you would, we believe, find out many mourners in Zion who are suffering from a famine in the word. We speak that we do know; and esteem for you, as well as love to the people of God, has drawn from us these, perhaps to you, unpalatable remarks.

We cordially, however, recommend this memorial to the perusal of the living family, as it has our hearty approbation and sincere desires that God may own and bless it abundantly to his glory.

## TWO LETTERS FROM MR. SOUTHALL.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Gentlemen,—In your last September number you inserted in *your regular pages* a letter from J. T., of Plymouth, in which it was insinuated that I approved of the denunciations of a certain minister against your magazine, which were made by him from his pulpit. Whoever your correspondent J. T. is, his communication to you was a wicked conspiracy, which must arise from his hatred to the experimental truths of the gospel.

But, immediately after his letter appeared in your pages, two of your own correspondents, viz., G. I., of Stoke, and "Last but One," of Stonehouse, voluntarily wrote you letters to convince you and your readers, *before whom you placed the accusation*, that you were imposed upon by J. T. in his inuendo representations, which communications you have never done me the *justice* to insert. The reasons for this you can best explain. Upon thus discovering that your pages were open to a wicked attack upon me, and yet closed against a refutation of that attack, I purposed at the time not to interfere, but to receive the injury in silence, under the feeling of this scripture, "Let him smite me, it shall be an excellent oil, it shall not break my head;" but I am now impelled, by suffering the effect of the injury, to ask you to act with that "straightforward honesty" for which you take credit in your new year's address, and which you give as a reason for your work obtaining enemies, and that you will deal with me with

that fairness and honesty which my office, as a minister of Christ's gospel, demands, by inserting the letters in your possession as early as possible.

I am instigated to make this request by a gentleman, a member of Gower-street, London, who sought of me an explanation for himself and some of his friends, who had been much hindered in receiving my testimony on account of my appearing by your pages mixed up with the party who denounce your magazine as a "standard of corruption."

Therefore, gentlemen, I feel called upon to request that you will make the refutation as public as you have the innendo accusation.

I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
 London, Jan. 25th, 1840. GAD SOUTHALL.

Gentlemen,—Your opening remarks upon me (page 72) this month, remind me of the Papists, who carefully conceal their authority and yet industriously circulate their interpretations of things, which I suppose is a convenient mode for Editors. You might have let your readers see the letter which you think haughty, and then at the foot placed your remarks.

But I shall, as briefly as possible, state the facts upon which J. T.'s letter was founded. When I was in Devonshire, Mr. C., of D—, took me into a chapel where Mr. Godden was preaching, whom I had never before seen; the preacher was, as we entered, reprobating the *Gospel Magazine*, and then added, the *Gospel Standard* ought to be called the "Standard of corruption;" when immediately Mr. C. touched me, and made motions for leaving the place, which we did. We had stayed at the top of the stairs, and were there about five minutes from first to last. This is the naked fact upon which your specious correspondent insinuates that I countenanced the conduct of the minister!! The next morning I was, for the first time, introduced to "G. I., of Stoke," a correspondent of your magazine, to whom I said I should be glad if Mr. G. were to ask me to preach for him, when I would set up a *Standard* in that pulpit, which our conversation led me to believe they despised in that place. This was fully explained to you the next month after J. T.'s letter appeared, by "G. I., of Stoke," which letter you did not do me the justice of inserting; therefore, from that time to this, I have been exposed to the misrepresentation of having preached there to countenance the denunciation of your magazine. Now, I ask, is this the private matter which you do so distinctly remember in G. I.'s letter, as to tell me you "do not ask for his private sentiments?" But this is not all you ask. "Did he (meaning myself) bear testimony against the expression he had heard?" "Last but One," another of your correspondents, wrote to you on this subject, whose letter also you did me the injustice of not admitting, who bore witness of what he heard, which was to this purport, viz., that the sermon I preached in that pulpit was an unwavering testimony in favour of the experimental truths of the everlasting gospel, and that I insisted upon the power of an internal religion taught and wrought by the Holy Spirit. Therefore, I contend, if G. I.'s and "Last but One's" letters had been inserted, no one could, by the facts of my thus bearing the expression and afterwards in such a manner preaching there, have identified me with Mr. Godden, or any of the errors which I am informed he holds.

But if it was necessary, in order to make me an honest man, that I should vindicate the *Gospel Standard* in that pulpit, I readily admit I never named the magazine, nor did I ever intend to do so, not considering it necessary in declaring that true testimony by which God is pleased to deliver souls, and therefore must be content to be counted dishonest, and yet I still complain of the want of "straightforward honesty" on the part of my accusers.

If I had named the *Gospel Standard* in favour, I could not have done so without making those exceptions which I have to that periodical. For instance, naming one case that just occurs to me. I do not feel at all prepared to be identified with such remarks as are made on that good and gracious man Dr. Hawker. I repeat, I am not disposed to trample down his works with as little scruple as is done by your reviewer, and therefore could not become the public advocate of a book without stating that wherein I do not agree with its editors. Indeed, you

are often inconsistent with yourselves, and never more so in my esteem than when you say, "you can honour Dr. Hawker as a bold champion for truth," and yet, in another part of the same review, tell us that his *sugar candy* writings are calculated for nothing but bastards. Have the writings of Dr. Hawker been beneficial to any of the real family of God? I should think even the editors of the *Standard* would consider this indisputable. Then suppose also bastards are begotten or fed by his writings. Because Ishmael gets food under Abraham's roof, is Isaac to go without? The patriarchal father had a bastard child of his fleshly impetuosity, therefore why belabour Dr. Hawker because hypocritical bastards surrounded him who were fed by the "*letter*," when it can be proved that the child Isaac was nourished and grew under his ministry? David, the man after God's own heart, had a bastard; the apostles were not without them; Mr. Huntington had many, and was not blind to the fact; every real minister of the living God, who has spiritual children, has also children of the flesh, or bastards; and I am at a point about this, that the *Gospel Standard* has its bastards, for *I have seen them*.

You generally object to a work where truth is maintained, because you cannot feel it, and find no unction, no dew, &c. Have you never read the Bible and found it a sealed book? Has it never been sapless and without unction to you? and yet it is the sacred truth of God notwithstanding. Therefore, if your hardness and coldness at the time of reading be an argument, it has equal force against the Bible itself; but you go to it again, and glory gilds the page, which enables you to dive into its recesses and fetch out some choice and valuable pearls, and without this unction the word of truth appears without its power.

Now, many have read Dr. Hawker's works, and, perhaps, yourselves amongst the number, and have felt them, and have been instructed, benefited, and blessed by them, where William Huntington's works would not have been so adapted to the state they were then in. Again, many have read William Huntington's works and have been lightened, helped, had their case interpreted, and their fetters broken off, where Dr. Hawker's would not have reached them. One minister has five talents, another has two. God has given them to each for distinct uses to his people. He giveth severally as he will; to one the gift of prophecy, to another the gift of healing, and to another the gift of interpretations, by the same Spirit; and when he reckons with them, it will be according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not. The man with two talents showed how he had, under the workings of the Spirit as a merchantman, not traded in the earth or in a fleshly religion, but "put out," like faith puts forth or out its groans, prayers, and cries to the Fountain of all riches, and so had obtained two other talents; and so also the man with five talents gains other five. Now, suppose Dr. Hawker possessed two talents, and William Huntington five talents, I think none can dispute but that they were carried on in merchandise at the same court, and Jehovah, doubtless, eminently used both of them to answer his secret purposes of grace.

There are other things that have come before me in the *Standard*, against which I have equal objections, and could not have spoken my honest views and feelings toward that periodical publicly, without stating both sides of the question; besides, I have other employ than this when my God gives me an open mouth, which he did in preaching at Mr. Godden's chapel. Then, as to vindicating the principles that, I believe, are held by the editors of the *Standard*, I can honestly, boldly, and fearlessly say *I did*. The whole drift of my discourse was to show that *darkness is light*, that sin and corruption opened up to view by the Spirit of God, make every believer nothing but a standard of corruption in himself; and so far from attempting to elude the charge of being a corruption-preacher, I proved that when he was under the weight, oppression, and misery occasioned by the sight and feeling of his corruption, that then he bore the precise fruits which demonstrated him pure, and was the evidence that he was interested and involved in all the righteousness, holiness, blessedness, and beauty of Christ; and further showed that it was the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus set up in his soul that brought him into all the misery he had been or was then the subject of.



But, whilst I dissent from some things in the *Gospel Standard*, there are many in which I cordially agree. I was once specially strengthened whilst reading a piece written by W. G. I had been, and was then under deep depression, but the light and power of the Spirit shone through what I read, and I was lightened and delivered. At another time I was encouraged and helped in reading a letter of J. Warburton's.

Feeling that your remarks have only deepened the injury you have before done, I ask you to insert this letter unmutilated, or not at all; and I shall not consider myself called upon to answer any remarks you may offer upon this letter unless you insert it.

Assuring you that I have no other wish but that there may be no strife between us, if we are brethren, and that I feel called upon for the above remarks, I remain, yours faithfully,

Doncaster, March 14, 1840.

GAD SOUTHALL.

## EDITORS' REMARKS.

Our readers will perceive the reason of our inserting the preceding letters; and that we put in the first, according to Mr. Southall's challenge, that they may judge how far we were correct in saying it was "couched in somewhat haughty language," and the second that we may allow Mr. S. to speak for himself, his letter being inserted, according to his wish, unmutilated.

We claim, however, our editorial privilege to make a few remarks on the latter of these two letters. We never said, then, that "Dr. Hawker's sugar-candy writings are calculated for nothing but bastards." Mr. S., who is so sensitive of any injustice to himself, should be careful not to do us the injustice of mis-quoting our words. We said that "the original want of a deep and clear experience runs through all his writings, and is the real root of many of those sugar-candy expressions which pall on the taste of spiritual beggars and bankrupts." This is a very different thing from saying that "his sugar-candy writings," *i.e.*, all his writings, "are calculated for nothing but bastards." Our objection was to *passages* in his writings, not to *all* his writings; and the objection was this, that spiritual beggars and bankrupts could not do what Dr. H. bade them; and that, therefore, such expressions as "Pause, my soul, over this sweet promise," "Fold up in thy bosom this precious text," &c., palled upon their taste. Can Mr. S. fold up in his bosom a precious text whenever he pleases, that it may be forthcoming when sin, the devil, and the world are all let loose upon him? When the doctor, therefore, bids his soul do that which a poor and needy soul can no more do than it can make a world, does it not, like sugar-candy on a feverish-tongue, clog and pall, instead of refresh?

Again, we do not deny that every gracious preacher and writer has his bastards, and if the *Standard* had not its *natural*, as well as its spiritual children, we should think that little power was manifested in it. But it is one thing to have bastards, and another to encourage them, that is, so to write and preach as not to take forth the precious from the vile, nor be a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth. If Ishmael was brought up in Abraham's house, he was not to be heir with Isaac, and the command was, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman." This Abraham did, and this we complain that Dr. Hawker did not. But because we believe he erred in this particular, it does not follow that he was not an "honest and bold champion of

truth," not that his writings have not been blessed to the church of God, which we fully believe them to have been.

As to the ground of our reviews of authors, Mr. S. must be well aware that there is such a thing as having a book commended to our conscience in the coldest frames, which is a different thing from feeling dew and unction in our souls. How often are experimental ministers heard coldly, and without one drop of dew resting on our branch; and yet our conscience approves of what we hear, and there is no jarring note to produce discord within. Let a spiritual man, for instance, read Hart's Experience in the darkest and dearest frame, and it will be commended to his conscience as full of unction and power, though not a drop of dew flows from it into his heart. We do not profess to feel unction and dew in all the works we approve of, but we dare not speak favourably of any where our conscience testifies to the lack of them.

But what will Mr. Southall say if we object to the very *Standard* which he sets up in the pulpit, from which our periodical was attacked in his hearing? We say, then, that "darkness is not light;" nay, more, that there is a woe against those who say it is. (Isa. v. 20.) Nor will we admit that when a quickened soul "is under the weight, oppression, and misery occasioned by the sight and feeling of his corruptions, that he then bears the precise fruits which demonstrate him pure; and is the evidence that he is interested and involved in all the righteousness, holiness, blessedness, and beauty of Christ." We fully believe that a feeling of darkness and corruption is a fruit and effect of divine life, but that a soul so burdened "bears the precise fruits which demonstrate," *i. e.*, *infallibly prove*, "him pure," &c., we deny.

To whom is it demonstrated, that is, *infallibly* proved? Not to himself; for a soul in bondage can no more draw a comforting evidence from his chains, than a prisoner in Newgate can believe in the king's pardon, because he is in the condemned cell. Not to the church; because whatever hope discerning persons may have from such evidences, they have, as yet, no certain proof, no "demonstration" that these convictions may not be the remorse of Judas or of Esau. We say that marks or tokens of divine favour, deliverances and testimonies from God, atoning blood sprinkled on the conscience, and Christ revealed in the soul, are the only fruits which *demonstrate*, *i. e.*, *infallibly prove*, a believer interested in the righteousness of Christ.

The minor evidences of groaning under sin, &c., we fully believe are blessed tokens of life, and as such are to be traced out, and insisted upon; but the grand, the decisive, the soul-satisfying evidence, "the demonstration of the Spirit of power" is not "darkness being light," but the manifestation of the Son of God, when felt light succeeds to felt darkness, and felt liberty to felt bondage.

In conclusion, we beg to express our opinion that Mr. S.'s leaving the chapel sufficiently testified his disapprobation of the preacher's language, and we are sorry that the insertion of J. T.'s unjustifiable letter should have opened up this matter which has been painful to us as well as to Mr. S., though, till Mr. S.'s letter showed us the contrary, we did think that our remarks on the wrapper of our November No. were sufficient to exonerate Mr. Southall, particularly as comparatively few of our readers would know who Mr. S. of N. was,—Mr. Southall's name not being given by J. T. in the September No.

[We owe our readers an apology for devoting so much space to the letters, to the exclusion of more profitable and interesting matter; yet, as Mr. Southall considered himself aggrieved, and we were not aware of the true state of the case, we have deemed it right to give insertion to his explanations.]

## POETRY.

## A LETTER.

## DIRECTION:

To Mr. Cook, the Minister,  
With pious looks, not sinister;  
His residence, at Maidenhead,  
Or with the Bride to Jesus wed.

## MY RESIDENCE:

Winchester Row,  
In Zion below.

## DATE:

The month of July;  
And that, by the bye,  
Eighty four,  
And just one more.

You did not call, and I was griev'd,  
Till your epistle safe arriv'd;  
With joy I read your letter kind,  
And said I'd answer it in rhyme.  
Of parables we often hear;  
With riddles some delighted are;  
The word's a crib, a priest the ox,  
And you must eat a paradox.  
Thro' this epistle, lo, I come,  
And hope to find you not at home,  
But always prowling out abroad,  
Yet firmly fix'd upon the Lord;  
I wish to find you truly poor,  
Without one penny left in store;  
No stock in hand of which to brag,  
But forced to starve or else to beg;  
I wish to find you sick at heart,  
Yet healthy in the better part;  
Yet no part whole, or no part sound,  
But left with here and there a wound;  
I wish to see you mounted high,  
If faith admits, beyond the sky,  
Yet hope the Lord will keep you down,  
The lowest man in all the room;  
I wish to see your health impair'd,  
And that your voice is seldom heard;  
I hope to hear you labour hard,  
Yet for your work get no reward;  
I hope to find you still at war,  
From peace and union ever far,  
Yet still engag'd with every man,  
With war in heart, and sword in hand;  
I hope no foe to you will yield,  
Nor let you say you've won the field;

I hope you'll fall and die in fight,  
Yet never put one foe to flight;  
I wish you quite beside yourself,  
All lunatics are stripp'd of self;  
I wish you joy, I wish you sad,  
Or what the world calls raving mad;  
I wish you, sir, a daily death,  
And forced to pray for want of breath;  
I hope you'll bid this world adieu,  
With blood of innocence on you.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I ask'd my flock if they approv'd,  
And if you spake as you were mov'd;  
I ask'd if you had food to feed,  
They all declar'd you had indeed;  
They love to feed beside a crib;  
And if I rove, their tongues are glib.  
"That ass," say they, "is prone to stray;  
Where is he gone to bray to-day?"  
But when they saw the stripling come,  
They all began to change their tone;  
They said, "The ass has left the ground;  
But lo! we see the foal is found;  
If we can get such foals to bray,  
We wish the ass would oftener stray;  
And as he brought good tidings then,  
We hope to see him rode again."  
They said, "He's broke for Christ to ride,"  
And ask'd how long he'd been untied.  
And as he seem'd both tame and trim,  
They thought the Lord had need of him.  
May Jesus Christ adorn thee well,  
With pomegranate and golden bell;  
And richly feed on bread and wine,  
Each soul that lives on food divine;  
I wish you in your work success,  
Bounding in peace and happiness,  
Your trade be "Cook" as well as name,  
And learn your book and preach the same.

Remember me to all your friends;  
To each of them my love extends;  
And when 'tis well with them and thee,  
I hope you'll all remember me.

Ever thine,

In heart and rhyme,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON,  
Dweller in Paddington.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Where shall I go for help and cure?  
For none can tell what I endure,  
Through sin and unbelief.  
My lot 'mongst thieves and robbers fell;  
Was tortured by the fiends of hell,  
And could not get relief.

My shatter'd bark is tempest-toss'd;  
My anchor, too, I think is lost,  
And all seems black despair.  
I hear there is a throne of grace,  
Where souls can see a Saviour's face;  
O could I but get there!

Before him I would prostrate lie,  
Unto him I would send my cry:  
And there I'd leave my load:  
Nothing but precious blood divine  
Can cleanse a wretched soul like mine,  
And bring me near to God.

Sin is my burden and my sore,  
It seems to gain a greater power  
O'er all my thoughts within.  
Can such a soul as mine be saved,  
Who's nature is so much depraved,—  
A lump of loathsome sin?

It cannot be; I am too vile;  
More fit to be a poor exile,  
My wretched state to mourn;  
But, hearing of a mercy-seat,  
I'll lay me at my Jesus' feet,  
And pray, and sigh, and groan.

Thus thinking o'er my forlorn state,  
And mourning as the dove her mate,  
A secret whisper came;  
It was his mouth, who, when he speaks,  
Up to himself the soul directs,—  
Yes, to the bleeding Lamb.

Westham, April 23, 1839.

"Come, come, poor soul, and do not fear;  
You shall not die in black despair,  
• For I have ransom'd you;  
'Tis I that led you all the way;  
I will not let you further stray,  
But prove that I am true."

What melting down of soul came on,  
When he reveal'd what he had done  
To save a wretch like me!  
"I died that you might live," he said;  
I broke with vengeance Satan's head,  
And I have set you free.

"My arm is long enough to save,  
And you shall all your foes outbrave,  
By faith to overcome;  
And when my will is done in you,  
And you have proved me very true,  
Then I will take you home."

Enough, dear Lord, this is indeed;  
There's nothing else that I can need;  
Fulfil thy blessed word;  
Then praise shall be my whole employ,  
For thou hast fill'd me full of joy,  
My Father and my God.

J. C.

### DIALOGUE.

OLD CHRISTIAN.  
O why art thou cast down, poor soul?  
Why thus disquieted within?  
Do waves of trouble o'er thee roll,—  
Or art thou plagued with raging sin?  
Fear not; for tho' thy trouble's great,  
And thou art vex'd from day to day,  
Thy Jesus will not, cannot hate,  
For he agreed thy debts to pay.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN.  
If Jesus loved me as you say,  
I sure should never be thus tried:  
The more I seek, the more I pray,  
The more I seem to be denied.  
And can this show a Father's care,  
To see me plagued both night and day;  
To see me almost in despair,  
While walking in this gloomy way?

OLD CHRISTIAN.  
'Tis even so, I can attest,  
For this is God's appointed way;  
And what he does is for the best,  
That he his wisdom may display;  
For all things are at his control,  
All things are subject to his will;  
He speaks—the raging thunders roll;  
He speaks—they instantly are still.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN.  
'Tis well that you can happy be,  
Yet I can see no cause of praise;  
But if from trouble I was free,  
I then my cheerful voice could raise.

I still with trouble am oppress'd,  
For I no respite do receive;  
I long, I pant to be at rest,—  
I long to have a blest reprieve.

OLD CHRISTIAN.  
Let patience be well exercised,  
While in the furnace you remain,  
Then self will not be idolized,  
And all your loss you'll prove is gain;  
For all are working for your good;  
The bitter and the sweet agree,  
To prove that you are bought by blood,  
Born to enjoy eternal day.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN.  
'Tis patience which I want to feel;  
I wish for grace to be resign'd.

OLD CHRISTIAN.  
'Tis grace which will thy breaches heal,  
And prove that God is not unkind.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN.  
Then O for grace to bow the knee  
To Him who welter'd in his blood.

OLD CHRISTIAN.  
By grace thou shalt his mercy see,  
For in thy sinful place he stood,  
And he must all the glory have:  
'Tis Christ, the plant of great renown;  
'Tis Christ, and Christ alone, cau save,  
And Christ alone must wear the crown.

## GLEANINGS.

A minister of the gospel, who is still living, was about thirty years ago called to the important work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, but being extremely diffident of his own abilities, and having preached for several years seemingly to little purpose, he came to a resolution to preach no more. Happening to be much straitened in his sermon on a Lord's day afternoon, and drinking tea afterwards with some Christian friends, he hinted his intention to them, and declared that he could not preach even that same evening. They represented the disappointment it must be to a large congregation who were assembling together, as no other minister could possibly be had then to supply his place, and therefore they begged he would try once more. He replied that it was in vain to argue with him, for he was quite determined not to preach any more. Just at that instant a person knocked at the door, and being admitted, she proved to be a good old experienced Christian, who lived at a considerable distance, and she said she came on purpose to desire Mr. — to preach that evening from a particular passage of Scripture; she said she could not account for it, but she could not be happy without coming from home to desire it might be preached from that evening. Being asked what the text was, she said she could not tell where it was, but the words were these: "Then I said, I will speak no more in his name, but his word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." This extraordinary circumstance so struck the preacher, that he submitted to preach from these words that evening, (Jer. xx. 9,) and experiencing much liberty, has continued in the work ever since with wonderful success and comfort.

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

A clergyman, named the Rev. T. Escott, vicar of Gedney, in Lincolnshire had refused to bury a child because it had been baptized by a Wesleyan minister. The Wesleyan superintendent of the circuit, Mr. Bond, wrote to the liberal bishop of that diocese, who replied that he had no power to compel the clergyman, but would advise him to concede; and recommended an application to the Ecclesiastical Court. The Wesleyan superintendent wrote to the clergyman, expressing in respectful, but earnest terms, his intention to apply to that court if the refusal was persisted in, and he received the following reply:

"Sir,—I have just read one of the most disgusting and impudent letters from you which I ever received in my life; but certainly well suited to those beings who pretend to be ministers of the gospel, and really are ministers of hell; I mean the dissenting mountebanks. You may, sir, apply to all the twenty-six bishops if you like, or do anything else which may please you, if you do not write to me—no bishop will interfere with me for not doing that which I promised on my ordination not to do. As to your threats, I am taught by the highest authority to treat them with the utmost defiance. If you write to me again, under any pretence whatever, I will either send the letter back to you unanswered, or place it in the hands of an attorney.—I am, your humble servant,

"T. S. ESCOTT."

—(*From a Newspaper.*)

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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VOL. VI.

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THE LOVE OF GOD.

*(Extract from a Letter.)*

What a mercy, my brother, that the love of God is not like that of the creature,—to-day warm, to-morrow cold as ice—to-day strong as death, to-morrow weak as water—to-day keen enough to pluck out the eye to give to those whom we profess to love, to-morrow seeking to pull out the eyes of our friends in order to fill our heads with the light of others. But the love of God is not so; there is no change in it. (John xiii. 1.) God is love; (1 John iv. 8;) and there is no change in God. (James i. 17.) The love of God has the very nature of God in it, (1 John iv. 18,) and therefore must be divine; it has the strength of God in it, and therefore cannot be broken; (Sol. Song. viii. 6;) it has the fulness of God in it, and therefore can never be exhausted; nor can it be lessened towards us, nor can we be lessened in the said love or estimation of God in Christ Jesus, nor in any way be separated from him or it. (Rom. viii. 38, 39.) It has the durability of God in it, and must of course remain as long as God himself remains; and as love must ever remain, and the life of God in love, we can never die. (John xiv. 19.) It has the nature of perfection in it, therefore we need not fear what flesh can do unto us. (John vi. 18.) If God be for us, who can be against us? (Rom. viii. 31.) Thus is the love of God like himself—the love of God is himself. Love draws sinners to God for all they need, and they find it in him; (Jer. xxxi. 3;) love conquers the most stubborn will; (Ps. cx. 3;) love levels the haughtiest rebel, and brings the most determined enemy to the feet of Jesus for mercy; (Luke vii. 37—40;) love stimulates to sincere obedience, (1 Peter i. 2—14,) and makes the possessor lively, happy, and active therein.

“’Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move:  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.”

The love of God is an ocean never to be exhausted—a river ever running—a fountain ever open—a well without a bottom—a spring never ceasing—a treasure never to be forfeited, expended, or lost. O boundless love!

“O love divine! all love excelling.”

It originates with the Father, centres in Jesus, and is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Love pardons sin, justifies the sinner, and effectually hides a multitude of transgressions. Love shines resplendently on every transaction of all the ‘Three in Jehovah towards the “heirs of promise.” The love of God is in every promise, in every doctrine, in every precept, and in every declaration concerning the Lord Jesus Christ and all the elect in him. It constrains sinners to love God, and influences them to love one another. (1 John iv. 19.) Nor can we love God without loving his people. “He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.”

S. L.

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## THE SACRIFICE OF THANKSGIVING.

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I arose this morning full of desire to offer some sweet savour unto the Lord, in the name of Him that answereth all things in the court of heaven. I said, “Thou art King eternal, God immortal, to whom be honour and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” What a privilege it is in these latter days to know the only true God, who sitteth in the heaven, and sways his sceptre over the whole universe! I wait for him more than those that wait for the morning. My soul, at this time, magnifies the Lord for his electing love and mercy. Truly I feel as though in myself I sink below all those that have found grace in his sight; so that I can exultingly say that I am the least of all. My thoughts lead me back to the day in which the Lord called me, when he spoke to me as never man spoke, for his voice was full of majesty. O he is God indeed! He spoke out of his most holy place, and said, “Hitherto, but no farther;” and O the power that attended his voice, and what eternal realities has he taught me! I worship him at this moment as very God, who shall save his people from their sins; and in the name of the Lord I call upon all those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious to wait upon him. Again I say, wait upon the Lord, for since I have found grace in his sight, let none despair that come to God by Christ. I am a living witness that the eye of the Lord is over the righteous for good. I have called on the Lord, and he has heard the voice of my supplication; and I desire this morning to pay my vows unto the Lord, and to offer unto him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, saying, “Power belongeth unto God.” When I reflect that he is the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and yet to think that he has respect unto the lowly, I lie before him with all those that do him homage. What beauty I see in the word of God when the dear Spirit comes with the key that unlocks the door, and I enter into Christ! I can walk about Zion, and count her towers, and view the bulwarks that are erected in her defence, and I can say with sweet confidence, “Nothing shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.” How different is a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ from a bare knowledge of the letter of the word! When I read the mere letter, I only read a sealed book; so that I am compelled to cry unto the Lord, “O Lord, do thou unseal the book, by causing thy holy Spirit’s influence to descend into that spot which thou didst consecrate for his reception, when the appointed time came that I should be called out of

nature's darkness into thy marvellous light; when thou showedst me what darkness I was in, and that the true light was with thee." Truly thou art a God of equity, and by thee I know that actions are weighed; for the Lord is my witness, that I shall never forget, when the Lord put my actions into the balance of the sanctuary, how I found myself wanting of every good, and felt as though I must sink into hell beneath, for the iniquity that I had committed against the God of heaven. Here I covered my face before the Lord, and cried, "Guilty." Whilst standing here, I saw an end to all perfection in the flesh; for I felt the commandment to be exceeding broad. But a voice said, "Repent immediately;" and godly repentance flowed like a river, and I repented before the God of heaven. Here I was astonished for an hour, for he said, "Pour out thy soul before him;" and while the voice sounded in my soul, I felt as though I could pour out my soul before him, as one poureth water out of a vessel, till I was filled with suitable words, and I cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." These were not bare words, but prayer that came up before the altar, where it lay smoking with the incense that indited it. Here I wrestled with the angel till break of day, when I exclaimed, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and yet that great God never frowned nor spurned me from him, which causes me at this moment to do him homage. Indeed, my soul does rejoice in God my Saviour, to think that ever I have found grace in his sight. When God the Father was about to sanctify me for the reception of that incorruptible seed which was sown in my soul at regeneration, he looked upon my iniquities with the greatest abhorrence; indeed, I felt as though his look would pierce me into hell; but, God be praised, the name of the holy child Jesus always meets with reception from the holy Father. I know that God is holy, and can in nowise acquit the guilty; no, for out of Christ he is a consuming fire; therefore, how sweet is the prayer that is offered up in this name! His name is as ointment poured forth, and that all the blood-bought host shall know, even in a time state. But what shall it be when we meet around the throne above, to sing the high praises of him that trod the wine-press alone to save his people from their sins? I really feel just now as though I could speak of his righteousness all the day long; but then, in this dark state of mortality, there is so much night season. When I reflect on the shortness of time, there appears but one step before we shall arrive at home, where sin and sorrow will be forever done away with, which serves as a star to guide us from the things that are behind, and enables us to press forward to the things that are before; and this brings me to that text where it is written, "Better is the day of one's death than the day of one's birth;" for the day cometh "when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." O what life-giving words there are in the word of God! The day cometh when he will arise, and shake terribly the earth; for thus it is written; "Earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord;" and I know that his word shall never return unto him void, but shall accomplish the desired effect. The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the earth, and who can trace his power? But I still find a desire to take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, and I know that virtue will come out of him, and, added to virtue, knowledge,—a knowledge that none but the Leaven-taught soul knows anything about. By prayer, I have taken hold of his garment, saying, "Lord, thou art rich, ever rich, so that if thou wouldst cause thy speech to distil as the dew on my soul, it would not impoverish thee, neither will it enrich thee to withhold it; therefore, I entreat this rich blessing



alone, for thy name and mercy's sake, because thou hast said, 'I will honour them that honour me;' and I have also said, "Nothing can come up before thee but what we have received out of thy fulness." Thus have I pleaded with him, till virtue has come out of him, and, added to virtue, such a knowledge of divinity, that I have dived deep, and have seen clearly that with his complete harmony every soul shall be filled brim full of praise to him that sitteth on the throne for ever. Amen.

May the Lord bless those of his servants whom he has set upon the walls of Zion with a double portion of his Spirit, that light and understanding may be given them in the word of eternal truth; for in this dark day of profession how little is known of that supernatural power which is given out of the most holy place. And may the Lord grant that we may worship God in the spirit, and learn of him that is meek and lowly of heart, and I know that we shall find rest.

Trowbridge, Feb. 9, 1840.

H. D.

### STRICT COMMUNION.

A Constant Reader of the *Gospel Standard* wishes Mr. Philpot, in the next number, to show him from the Scriptures where, or at what period the disciples were baptized, to whom our Lord administered the ordinance of his Supper; as it appears to the writer (who would be glad, if wrong, to be set right) that the ordinance in their case was step the second, and not step the third as Mr. P. has it; and whether that was not the first church, which our Lord himself instituted and to which he administered the ordinance of his Supper, when he said, "Do this in remembrance of me." (Luke xxii. 19.)

May, 1840.

### DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—With much pleasure I beg to hand you the following letter; it is from an old magazine printed in the year 1780, and written by that holy man and noble martyr of blessed memory, John Bradford.—Yours in covenant mercies,

Kingston-upon-Thames, Feb., 1840.

AND. NINER.

To a Faithful Woman in her heaviness and trouble,—God our good Father, for his mercy's sake in Christ, with his eternal consolation so comfort you as I desire to be comforted of him in my utmost need; yea, he will comfort you, my dear sister; only cast your care upon him, for he never can nor will forsake you, for his callings and gifts are such that he can never repent him of them. (Rom. xi. 29.) Whom he loveth he loveth to the end; none of his chosen can perish, of which number I know you are, my dearly beloved sister. God increase the faith thereof daily more and more in you; may he give unto you to hang wholly on him, and on his providence and protection, for whoso dwelleth under that sure strength and help of the Lord, he shall be sure for evermore. He that dwelleth, I say, (for if we be fitters and not dwellers, as was Lot a fitter from Zoar, where God promised him protection if he had dwelled there still,) we shall remove to our loss, as he did into the mountains. Dwell, therefore, that is, trust, and that finally unto the end, in the Lord, my dear sister, and you shall be as Mount Zion. "As mountains compass Jerusalem, so doth the Lord all his people."

How, then, can he forget you which are as the apple of his eye for his Son's sake? Ah! dear heart, that I were but one half hour with you to be a Sittion, to help to carry your cross with you. God send you some good Simon to be with you and help you. You complain in your letters of the blindness of your mind and the troubles that you feel. My dearly beloved, God make you thankful for that which he hath given unto you; may he open your eyes to see what and how great benefits you have received, that you may be less covetous (or rather impatient, for so, I fear me, it should be called) and more thankful. Have you not received, at his hands, sight to see your blindness, and thereto a desirous and seeking heart to see where he lieth in the mid-day, as his dear spouse speaketh of herself in the Canticles? O Joice, my good Joice, what a gift is this! Many have some sight, but few this sobbing and sighing, few this seeking which you have. I know that such as you he hath married unto him in his mercies; you are not content to kiss his feet with the Magdalene, but you would be kissed even with the kiss of his mouth; (Can. i. 1;) you would see his face with Moses, forgetting how he biddeth us to seek his face; (Ps. xxvii. 8;) yea, and that for ever, (Ps. cv. 4,) which signifieth no such sight as you desire to see in this present life, who would see God now face to face, whereas he cannot be seen but covered under something; yea, sometimes in that which is, as you would say, clean contrary to God, as to see his mercy in his anger. In bringing us to hell, faith seeth him to bring us to heaven; in darkness it beholdeth brightness; in hiding his face from us, it beholdeth his loving countenance. How did Job see God, but, as you would say, under Satan's cloak? For who cast the fire from heaven upon his goods? Who overthrew his house, and stirred up men to take away his cattle, but Satan? And yet Job pierced through all these, and saw God's work, saying, "The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away," &c. In reading the Psalms, he often do we see that David, in the shadow of death, saw God's sweet love; and so, my dearly beloved, I see that you, in your darkness and dimness, by faith do see love and brightness. By faith, I say, because faith is of things absent, of things hoped for, of things which I appeal to your conscience whether you desire not. And can you desire anything which you know not? And is there of heavenly things any other true knowledge than by faith? Therefore, my dear heart, be thankful, for before God I write it, you have great cause. Ah! my Joice, how happy is the state wherein you are; verily, you are even in the blessed state of God's children, for they mourn, and you do so; and that not for worldly wealth, but for spiritual riches, faith, hope, love, &c. Do you not hunger and thirst for righteousness? And I assure you, saith Christ, who cannot lie, that happy are such. How should God wipe away the tears from your eyes in heaven, if now on earth ye shed no tears? How could heaven be a place of rest, if on earth ye find it? How could you desire to be at home, if on your journey you found no grief? How could you so often call upon God, and talk with him, as I know you do, if your enemy should sleep all the day long? How should you elsewhere be made like unto Christ, I mean in joy, if in sorrow you sobbed not with him? If you will have joy and felicity, you must first needs feel sorrow and misery. If you will go to heaven, you must sail by hell. If you would embrace Christ in his robes, you must not think scorn of him in his rags. If you would sit at Christ's table in his kingdom, you must first abide with him in his temptations. If you will drink of his cup of glory, forsake not his cup of ignominy. Can the head corner-stone be rejected, and the other more base stones in

God's building, in this world, be esteemed? You are one of his lively stones; be content, therefore, to be hewn and snagged at, that you may be made more meet to be joined to your fellows which suffer with you Satan's assaults, the world's wounds, contempt of conscience, and threats of the flesh, through which they are enforced to cry, "O wretches that we are! who shall deliver us?" You are of God's corn; fear not, therefore, the flail, the fan, millstone, nor oven. You are one of God's lambs; look, therefore, to be fleeced, hurled at, and even slain. If you were a market sheep, you would go in more grassy pastures. If you were for the fair, you should be stall-fed, and want no weal; but because you are of God's own occupying, therefore, you must pasture on the bare common, abiding the storms and tempests that will fall. Happy, and twice happy are you, my dear sister, that God now haleth you whither you would not, that you might come whither you would. Suffer a little, and be still. Let Satan rage against you, let the world cry out, let conscience accuse you, let the law load you and press you down, yet shall they not prevail, for Christ is Immanuel, that is, God with us. If God be for us, who can be against us? The Lord is with you, your Father cannot forget you, your Husband loveth you. If the waves and surges arise, cry, with Peter, "Lord, help, or I perish," and he will put out his hand and help you. Cast out your anchor of hope, and it will not cease for the stormy surges, till it take hold on the rock of God's truth and mercy. Think not that he who hath given you so many things, as proofs of spiritual and heavenly mercies, and that without your deserts or desires, can deny you any spiritual comfort; for if he give to desire, he will give you to have and enjoy the thing desired. The desire to have, and the going about to ask ought to certify your conscience, that they be the earnest of the thing which, you asking, he will give you; yea, before you ask, and whilst you are about to ask, he will grant the same, as Isaiah saith, to his glory and your eternal consolation. He that spared not his own Son for you, will not nor cannot think anything too good for you, my heartily beloved. If he had not chosen you, as most certainly he hath, he would not have so called you; he would never have so exercised your faith with temptations as he hath done and doth, if, I say, he had not chosen you. If he hath chosen you, as doubtless, dear heart, he hath done in Christ, for in you I have seen his earnest, and before me and to me you could not deny it, I know both where and when; if, I say, he hath chosen you, then neither can you, nor ever shall you perish; for if you fall, he putteth under his hand. You shall not lie still, so careful is Christ, your keeper, over you. Never was a mother so mindful over her child as he is over you. And hath not he always been so? Speak, woman! when did he finally forsake you? and will he now, trow you, in your most need, do otherwise? Ah! my Joice, think you God to be mutable? Is he a changeling? Doth not he love to the end them whom he loveth? Are not his gifts and callings such that he cannot repent him of them? Otherwise, he were no God. If you should perish, then wanted he power; for I am certain his will towards you is not to be doubted of. Hath not the Spirit, which is the Spirit of truth, told you so? and will you now hearken, with Eve, to the lying spirit which would have you perhaps to despair? No, he goeth more craftily to work; howbeit to that end, if you should give ear unto it, which God forbid, and doubt and stand in mammering, so you should never love God, but serve him from a servile fear lest he should cast you off for your unworthiness and unthankfulness, as though your thankfulness or worthiness were any cause with God why he hath chosen you.

or will finally keep you. Ah! mine own dear heart, Christ only, Christ only and his mercy and truth. In him is the cause of your election. This Christ, this mercy, this truth of God remaineth for ever, is certain for ever—I say, for ever. If an angel from heaven should tell you the contrary, accursed be he. Your thankfulness and worthiness are fruits and effects of your election; they are no causes. These fruits and effects shall be so much more fruitful and effectual by how much you waver not; therefore, my dearly beloved, arise, and remember from whence you are fallen. You have a Shepherd who never slumbereth nor sleepeth: no man or devil can pull you out of his hands: night and day he commandeth his angels to keep you. Have you forgotten what I read to you from the Psalms? “The Lord is my Shepherd, I can want nothing.” Do you not know that God spared Noah in the ark, and shut him in, so that he could not get out? So hath he done to you. Ten thousand shall fall on your right hand, and twenty thousand on your left hand, yet no evil shall touch you. Say boldly, therefore, “Many a time, from my youth up, have they fought against me, but they have not prevailed;” no, nor never shall prevail, for the Lord is round about his people. And who are the people of God but such as hope in him? Happy are they that hope in the Lord. I have your words to show, most manifestly, and I know they are written unfeignedly; indeed, not to say that, even before God you have simply confessed to me no less, and that oftentimes. And if once you had this hope, as you doubtless had it, though now you feel it not, yet shall you feel it again. For the anger of the Lord lasteth but a moment, but his mercy lasteth for ever. Tell me, my dear heart, who hath so weakened you? Surely not a persuasion which came from him who called you. For why should you waver and be so heavy-hearted? Whom look you on? On yourself? on your worthiness? on your thankfulness? or on the graces of faith, hope, love, fear, joy, &c.? Then can you not but waver, indeed! Ah! my dearly beloved, have you so soon forgotten that which ever should be held in memory, namely, that when you would and should be certain and quiet in conscience, then should your faith burst throughout all things, not only that you have in you, or else are in heaven, earth, or hell, until it come to Christ crucified and the eternal sweet mercies and goodness of God in Christ? Here, here is the resting-place! Here is your Husband’s bed: creep into it, and, in your arms of faith, embrace him. Bewail your weakness, unworthiness, your diffidence, &c., and you shall see he will turn to you. What! said I, you shall see? nay, I should have said, you shall feel he will turn to you. You know that Moses, when he went to the Mount to talk with God, entered into a dark cloud; and Elias had his face covered when God passed by. Both these dear friends of God heard of God, but they saw him not; but you would be preferred before them. See now, my dear heart, how covetous you are. Ah! be thankful, be thankful. But, God be praised, your covetousness is Moses’s covetousness. Well, with him you shall be satisfied. But when? Forsooth, when he shall appear. Isaac was deceived because he was not content with hearing only. Therefore, to make an end of these many words, wherewith I fear me I do but trouble you from better exercises; inasmuch as you are, indeed, the child of God, elect in Christ before the beginning of all times; inasmuch as you are given to the custody of Christ, as one of God’s most precious jewels; inasmuch as Christ is faithful, and hitherto hath all power, so that you shall never perish, nor one hair of your head be lost; I beseech you, I pray you, I desire you, I crave at your hands, with all my very heart I ask of you, with hand,

pen, tongue, and mind in Christ, through Christ, for Christ, for His name, blood, mercies, power, and truth's sake, my most entirely beloved sister, that you admit no doubting of God's final mercies towards you, howsoever you feel for yourself; but to complain to God, and crave of him, as of your tender and dear Father, all things, you shall, in that time which shall be most opportune, find and feel far above all that your heart, or the heart of any creature can conceive, to your eternal joy. Amen, amen, amen.

### SUPPORT IN DEATH.

It is said, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Early in my spiritual life, in 1816, and 16th year of my age, I became acquainted with those poor, tried friends in the ways of Zion, Mr. G. S., his wife, and her sister, Mrs. D. I felt convinced they were subjects of the grace of God, and therefore felt a spiritual union to them; and now that they are numbered with the departed, I feel disposed to state a few recollections of them.

The Lord called Mr. S. in the following remarkable manner during his apprenticeship. Being at that time constantly in the habit of frequenting playhouses, and, on the Lord's day, having gone for pleasure to Richmond by water, it was in a playhouse that he heard a voice as if speaking to him thus: "You have no business here." He felt angry, but could not discover from whence the voice proceeded. Not long after this, he dreamed that while on a voyage to Richmond a most violent storm overtook them, and a thunderbolt falling into their boat, dashed it all to pieces. He then awoke, but could not get rid of the sensations of horror that it brought upon his mind. In consequence of which, he relinquished both the playhouse and the Sunday voyage. A true work being begun, it proceeded on, and soon was he found attending the ministry of Mr. Huntington, at Providence Chapel, London; where he attended till after the death of that great and good man. His deliverance was as follows. At a time when the distress of soul he endured and the horror of his mind was so great that he felt as sure of hell as if already in it, these words were laid upon his mind; "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The words at that time ministered not the least comfort to him; but he concluded them to mean that his firm belief that he should perish was sealed thereby, and that he had the evidence of eternal misery in his soul. Amidst all this distress, on the first Sunday morning, he went to Providence Chapel, but felt the most horrid blasphemies rising up within him, and, to prevent their bursting out, he crammed part of his handkerchief into his mouth. When Mr. Huntington gave out his text, it was, to his astonishment and surprise; "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Under this discourse the Lord was pleased to deliver his soul. At the time of my acquaintance with him, he was, in consequence of many adversities, very poor, living in a garret, and working at the trade of boot-closing, but, in his experience, so favoured, that he would at times say, "If there is a happy man it is George S." On one occasion, a distant relation, a mere professor, called on him, and said, "There are those in the religious world who think your afflictions are punishments for your sins." He replied, "And I have no doubt that you are of that opinion; but my Bible tells me there was a Job once, and once a Lazarus." He remarked that once on a time a destroying fever broke out in the house, in the upper part of which he and his wife were living, and they were altogether

untouched by it. A friend of the victims of the disease remarked, "Had it been S., I would not have cared." The hearing of this constrained him to say, "Lord, is it because thou hast put thy fear into my heart that I am so hated by those whom I have not offended?" After Mr. Huntington's death, he attended Mr. Robins's ministry, and, after his removal, joined Mr. Fowler's church, where he said he felt, as under Mr. Huntington's ministry, both reproof and comfort, and loved them both. The following dream he related to me. He thought he saw two sheep, one of which was dead, which he put into a box and buried; the other with a diseased fore foot, which it raised toward him, as it were, to obtain sympathy. This dream will require no comment when the sequel is related.

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I first saw Mrs. S. at the time alluded to above, as I returned from Conway-street Chapel after hearing Mr. Edmund Robins. She was confined to bed, as she had been for a long time before, but capable of conversation. She conversed very friendly with us, endeavouring to encourage us to hope that in seeking the Lord we should find him. She told us of her afflictions, and how they had been blessed to her, and of the awful apprehensions she had had of hell, even so as at times to imagine herself in it; and that, being released from the burden of her guilt, she knew what it was to be reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and to live in the light of the Lord's countenance for more than a month at a time. From this time till her death I frequently visited her, and witnessed many frames of mind that she had to pass through. Sometimes she would repine at the severity of her afflictions, and at other times say, "He knoweth the way that I take;" and that was to him in prayer. But for a short space before her death she had a great respite from her afflictions in body, and her soul also prospered. I was in her company three weeks before her death; she was very cheerful, and told me what great things God had done for her soul. After seven days from this time had elapsed, she told her husband she feared she was going to be very ill; and on that evening she took to her bed, nor left it till her death. She said that text was much upon her mind; "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" adding, "These waters I am now in." Till the following Sunday, she laboured under much darkness of soul, and endured much sore conflict from the enemy; but then the sun which had been beclouded shone forth, and she continued happy, blessing and praising God. She said, "Satan's attempts are now of no use; his power is broken. Blessed be God, there is no wrath, no curse, no guilt: my blessed Saviour has taken all that away for ever. I am going to a land that flows with milk and honey." She continued thus till her last moments, except at short intervals. She then desired her nurse to move her pillow while she reclined her head on her husband's arm; and at that moment she ceased to breathe. On the following Lord's Day I followed her earthly remains, as she had previously requested, to Spa-fields burying-ground. She died Oct. 15th, 1820, and I think about the 60th year of her age.

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Mrs. D., sister to the above Mrs. S., was called in early youth, and was a seal to the ministry of Mr. Jenkins, of Lewes, Sussex; but, through the monstrous depravity of her husband, was obliged to obtain her livelihood in the capacity of a monthly nurse. Just before her death, her kind and sympathizing brother-in-law, Mr. S., accompanied me to her distressing abode.

When I arrived, I found that she was suffering in the last stage of a cancer, which commenced in her breast, but had now frightfully extended itself throughout her arm and the utmost extremity of her hand. Keen indeed were my feelings to see my friend in such acute pain, who had, for a period of not less than fifteen years, rejoiced at my prosperity. We mingled our prayers and tears together. She was sweetly resigned, and requested me to read Mr. Newton's hymn, entitled, "Home in View," which she said was her present experience. Having read the hymn, and a few more words having passed between us, I took my last farewell; and in the space of a fortnight afterwards she was released from her sufferings, and was committed to the silent grave. Her brother-in-law, Mr. S., who had kindly assisted her in all her necessities to the utmost of his power, followed her to the grave, and on his return told Mr. Fowler he felt persuaded that he should not survive her long; which was the case, for he died just five weeks after her death, having had but a fortnight's illness. I followed his mortal remains, in the company of many of the Gower-street friends, to the spot where we buried his wife.

Thus is the Lord his people's guide in life, their support in death, and will be their portion for ever.

L. Z.

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### LITTLE THINGS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

I was sitting alone the other day in my kitchen, nursing my miseries, and poring over my wretchedness, barrenness, and hardness of heart, when suddenly I heard a buzzing noise at the window, which attracted my attention. I saw a bee caught in a spider's web, and struggling with all its might to get away. Ah, thought I, that spider is an emblem of the devil, and the entangled bee an emblem of my poor soul. Ah, silly bee, what did you come into this dark kitchen for? Why did not you keep in the gardens and open fields, extracting delicious nectar from the flowers, and sucking sweet honey from the bright blossoms? Why not rather fly at large o'er the level green, skimming the air with your fleeting wings, where every knot of cowslips, bending with the morning dew, stands as an inviting inn of refreshment to your humming tribes, where ambrosial sweets, and mellifluous dews, distilled by heaven, are quaffed, all free of charge? Why did you not flutter, dance, and play in the sun's golden beams; dining, banquetting, and frolicking among the sweet and pretty flowers of the plain; and, like an honest, industrious bee, fly home at night to your hive with the surplus of your sweet stores. Then you might have been happy, safe, and comfortable, and escaped this poisonous spider's entangling snare.

O, this is all very fine, so far as it goes; but this is the doctrine that poor Job's friends taught him, and my poor legal Arminian friends have taught me, and my deceitful Arminian heart preaches the same doctrine in me all the day long. And if the Spirit leaves me to preach alone, and does not preach in me, and by me, I preach the same doctrine to poor captive souls in Satan's chains, though a poor captive soul in legal chains, labouring hard under

guilt, bondage, and Satan's accusations, need not be told what he *should* have done, and what he *ought* to have done, but rather what *can be done for him*, and *what is done for him*.

Now, who will attempt to deny that the poor bee should have kept in the gardens, or fields at large, among the sweet flowers? Could the bee speak out and tell us, it would say plainly that it delighted much more in freedom, sweet flowers, honey, and the sheltering hive, than it did in bondage with a poisonous spider under fears of death. Besides, who can tell but this poor bee might have been pursued by enemies without, swallows, sparrows, or other enemies, and fled in-doors for refuge, taking my kitchen for an asylum; and in endeavouring to pass out at the window, found that all light had not liberty in it, and was taken by surprise, and then overtaken by the evil spider, and entangled in the snare. Oh, dear souls, how often has the great enemy employed his agents in the world to hunt you about, "like a partridge on the mountains," till they have hunted you into some unforeseen snare, where your soul has lain struggling between fear and hope, life and death, and Satan came down upon you to devour you.

But, after some famous efforts, the spider made a stand, looking steadfastly on the bee, for I suspect the bee drew his sword, and brandished his sting at him; there seemed to be a serious pause to know which should strike first. After looking each other in the face for some time, the spider took to his heels, and away he ran into his den. Whether he had received any slight wound or not, I am not certain, but doubtless he perceived that he had not caught a silly and defenceless fly, but an aerial soldier of the field who carried a sword, and knew how to use it when occasion required.

This text immediately struck my mind; "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." How? thought I; "Resist him steadfastly in the faith." Again thought I, "Lord, let me pluck up courage, and use it; and, above all, let me use the shield of faith, and be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked;" "and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," (Eph. vi. 17,) "and let me fight the good fight of faith, like a true soldier of Jesus Christ, depending on my all-glorious, all-conquering Captain." These thoughts a little revived me, especially as I saw the bee, (after some violent efforts,) make his escape from the spider's web.

I then arose, went, and looked into this murderous spider's den, and there I saw limbs, wings, and other remains of many silly flies which he had devoured. Ah, thought I, here is a striking emblem of many poor, light, empty, giddy-brained professors, who have taken to the wings of their own imagination, flown far in profession, and alighted on the cobweb of their own fancy, and have been entangled in Satan's wiles, and at last devoured by him. And are there not thousands of these poor butterfly professors now flying, flapping and buzzing about, who are thus taken and destroyed, speaking evil of the day of truth? "Speaking evil of the things that they understand not, and utterly perish in their own corruption." (2 Peter ii. 12.)

And, O my soul, art thou only as one of these silly flies, buzzing



about in the temporal sunshine of this blazing day of profession? Lord, give me light to look into my soul and examine my own affections, to see where they are, what they are doing, and on what object they are placed. •

Art thou, my soul, like the bee, sometimes sucking sweet honey from the flowers, the precious promises of God in Christ? Hast thou found his word, and eaten it; is it, at times, sweeter than honey to thy taste? Or dost thou “know the joyful sound” of the true gospel by which God’s holy swarm are tinkled into his hive, their covenant standing in the true church? Art thou gathering sweet honey from the silent dews that fall from heaven on the healing leaves of the Tree of Life? Art thou sucking delicious nectar and ambrosial dews from the Rose of Sharon, and all the sweet flowers (the promises) in the garden of God? And art thou gathering with Christ into the hive, storing up the sweetness of his words in thine heart, for thyself and the profit of others? And hast thou his holy word in thine heart as thy sword of defence? Art thou, like the bee, living on the sweet things which come down from heaven, honey, manna, and living bread? or art thou like the flies who bring nothing to hive, who can delight in, and live on corruptible carrion and corruptible things? Canst thou live on and suck the sweets out of thine own duties, thine own wisdom, prudence, and piety? If so, thou art sucking thy life and comforts from thine own righteousness, which is nothing but filthiness, rottenness, and corruption at best. Canst thou live comfortably on thine own corruption, and on corrupt doctrines from “men of corrupt mind, reprobates concerning the faith?” Canst thou live among routen and corrupt hypocrites comfortably? If so, thou art a silly hypocrite, and must perish in thine own corruption, and be devoured by death and the devil at last.

Speak out, my weak soul, hast thou tasted this honey,  
That cannot be purchased or bought with thy money,  
The sweet word of truth, and the dews of his love,  
Distilled from life’s fountain, that ocean above?

These floods of new honey, rich milk, and strong wine,  
Dear Jesus, I live on; they’re precious, they’re mine;  
They are mine by thy promise, thy death, and thy life,  
By thy Father’s own oath, which has ended all strife.

Thy flesh, and thy blood, and the truth of thy word  
Is my meat, drink, and life, my shield and my sword;  
My life is hid with thee, in God the most High.  
Dear Christ, I’m part of thee; then how can I die?

My soul is like the barometer, sometimes rising high, then sinking quite as low, according to the state of the atmosphere. When the sun shines warm and bright, then I rise, take to my wings like the bee, and suck sweets from the flowers in the garden of God. But when an anti-Christian air comes on, and the damp vapours from the pit arise, I sink, and can hardly crawl home to the hive. Then Satan rears out, and says he will certainly have me at last, as all giddy-winged, light-heeled, empty, hypocritical professors are blinded, and easily become his prey. “For the election hath obtained it, (all

things in Christ) and the rest were blinded." (Rom. xi. 7.) O, my soul, is this doctrine true? Most certainly. Come, then, my soul, gird up thy loins, and look about thee; and feel about in the dark for thy sword. Art thou, as one of these silly flies, to be devoured by death and the devil; or hast thou, as the bee, a sword of defence? O, my poor soul, should the "King's business require haste," and thou be suddenly called to combat with these devourers, death and the devil—hast thou a sword? Is it a real Jerusalem blade? Is it the sword of the Spirit? Is it "the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon,"—the sword of the Lord and his Christ? The whole volume of God's word all points to Christ and his great work. Is thy sword the great sword which a greater than David wrenched out of the giant's hand?

There is ONE that destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, even the devil. Yea, he took the sword out of great Goliath's hand, and destroyed him with it. "Through death, he destroyed death." He wrested the power out of death and the devil's hands, and took the power and the sword into his own hands for ever; and the sword is in the sanctuary now. "It is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod." Hast thou found it, my poor trembling soul? Yes, blessed Jesus, dear Captain of my salvation; yes, here it is, laid up in the garments of thine own dear flesh, once dipped and dyed in blood on the cross. There it is, and the ephod wrapped up in thy priestly and princely robes. And every priest or minister of the sanctuary will say to all the valiant soldiers of the cross, "Take it, take it; for there is no other, save that here." And every poor soldier that has been hard set in the war with hell, sin, and Satan, will say, with royal David, "There is none like that; give it me." (1 Sam. xxi. 9.)

Lord, when I die, give me this sword,  
The word and work of Christ my Lord,  
With skill to wield, an arm to fight  
Thy deadly foes in that dark night.

So, like this bee, not like the fly,  
O gird thy sword upon my thigh;  
Then, in thy strength, I'll fear no evil,  
But conquer death, and face the devil.

I have ofttimes found, after making a violent and home thrust at the devil, either in writing or preaching, that he has come down upon me soon after with double violence, as if he would rend me in pieces, either by the profane, the hypocrites in Zion, or his infernal ghostly crew, around my darkened soul; and sometimes he comes down upon me all at once, with other trying circumstances, enough to overwhelm me. And, doubtless, the old proud fallen angels will now be offended to find that I have compared his infernal majesty to an insignificant spider, and will soon be down upon me.

Therefore, you who have any Christian sympathy for a poor weak worm, warring with hell, sin, and Satan, just put up a word to the shining throne of love, for a poor

Dunmow, Sept. 7, 1839.

WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

## PURCHASED INHERITANCE.

Messrs. Editors,—I find that in various quarters, even amongst men of otherwise spiritual discernment, some doubts have been entertained whether Claudia was altogether right in objecting to the expression, “their purchased inheritance,” in your last November number. I confess for myself, that, not having at that time much thought on the subject, and being unwilling, in the pride of my heart, to own myself wrong, I at first felt disposed to defend the expression objected to. There was also a confusion in my mind between the people purchased for the inheritance and the inheritance purchased for the people; and the passage, Heb. ix. 12, “Having obtained eternal redemption for us,” seemed at first to confirm to my mind that the expression objected to was scriptural, for I argued thus; if Christ obtained it, he obtained it by giving his blood for it, and what is this but to purchase it? But I found on searching the Scriptures more closely, and considering the subject more deeply, that I was in error, and the conversation of a Christian friend, who dropped in whilst I was writing on the subject, confirmed my view, and led me to acknowledge the mistake without attempt at palliation.

But as I did not, in my reply to Claudia in your January number, state what scriptural grounds I had for considering the expression erroneous, and as a few thoughts on the subject may not be unacceptable to those who are still undecided on which side the truth lies, I have felt disposed to send you a simple statement of the reasons which have induced me to reject the expression, “their purchased inheritance,” as unscriptural.

Let me first, however, attempt to clear away a little of the confusion that may be in some minds, as formerly in mine, between a people purchased for the inheritance, and an inheritance purchased for the people, which two things are perfectly distinct. The word “inheritance” is used in Scripture sometimes for Christ’s inheritance, and sometimes for the church’s inheritance. “Ask of me,” says the Father to the Son, “and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance;” (Ps. ii. 8;) “Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance;” (Ps. xxviii. 9;) “The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance;” (Ps. xxxiii. 12;) “Israel is the rod of his inheritance.” (Jer. x. 16.) In these passages, and there are many others to the same purport, the whole of the elect family of God are spoken of as Christ’s inheritance. The apostle, therefore, speaks of “the riches of the glory of Christ’s inheritance in the saints,” (Eph. i. 18,) meaning thereby that the saints are his inheritance, and that He is richly glorified in them. Now, this inheritance, viz., the church of God, Christ purchased as the Goel, the near kinsman who had the right to redeem; (Ruth iii. 12, 13; iv. 4, 10; Jer. xxxii. 7—9;) for this possession of his by donation (John xvii. 9) having gone into captivity, and become sold under sin, it was needful for him to purchase it by his own blood; and to this the Scriptures bear witness: “Feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood;” (Acts xx. 28;) “Ye are bought with a price;” (1 Cor. vi. 20;) “These were redeemed” (*margin*, bought) “from among men. (Rev. xiv. 4.) That the blessed Redeemer, then, purchased the people for the inheritance is abundantly clear, for they were in captivity, and needed to be redeemed; but that he purchased the inheritance for the people by no means follows, unless it can be shown that the inheritance fell as well as the people, and became captive too with them, and so needed to be redeemed as well as they.

Though not very fond of divisions and subdivisions, yet for the sake of clearness, I will arrange my arguments against the doctrine of the inheritance of the saints being purchased, under three heads, and will attempt to show,

- I. That this doctrine disarranges and mars the harmony of the covenant of grace.
- II. That it is inconsistent with what is revealed concerning the inheritance itself.
- III. That it leads to unscriptural consequences.

I. It will not be denied by any who know and love the truth, that the covenant of grace, entered into between the Three Persons of the glorious Trinity, is the foundation of all the salvation, as well as of all the faith and hope of the church of God. Nor will it be denied by such, that this covenant was entered

into between Three *co-equal* and *co-eternal* Persons in one undivided Godhead, and that, therefore, any doctrine which mars the glory, and disarranges the harmony of this covenant is to be rejected as unscriptural.

Now, I would ask, was not the inheritance of the saints fixed and settled in this eternal covenant? and was not this inheritance of the saints then fixed to be *God himself*? In other words, did not the Triune Jehovah, in his plurality of Persons and Unity of Essence, engage to be their God, that they might see and enjoy Him as their inheritance in the realms of eternal day? The saints are therefore called "heirs of God;" (Rom. viii. 17; Gal. iv. 7;) and David says, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance;" (Ps. xvi. 5;) "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;" (Ps. lxxiii. 26;) "Thou art my portion, O Lord." (Ps. cxix. 57.) And this was typified in the Levites; "Therefore shall they (the Levites) have no inheritance among their brethren; the Lord is their inheritance, as he hath said unto them." (Deut. xviii. 2.)

Now, if this inheritance of the saints were fixed in these ancient settlements, and each person of the glorious Trinity covenanted to give himself to the elect as their inheritance, and all this was transacted before all time, how could the incarnation and death of the Son of God in the fulness of time purchase this inheritance? It was indeed fixed in this covenant that he should die to redeem the people, it being the will of God that they should go into captivity. But one part of the covenant could not purchase the other part, though, to a certain extent, one part might be dependent on the other. The people were to fall, but the inheritance could not fall. Sin was to mar and sully the heirs, but sin could not mar nor sully the inheritance, that being the Triune God himself. The heir of a noble estate may be carried away by pirates, and sold into captivity, but his fair fields and broad acres do not go into slavery too. They are free and unfettered at home, though the heir is in captivity; and if the present possessor were to offer himself in the room of the heir, and take his place in the galleys, the heir would indeed be purchased by this substitution, but the inheritance would remain as before, and could not be said to be purchased, because the heir was purchased, as it never went into captivity.

In this eternal covenant the Son of God gave himself as the inheritance of the saints. "We shall see him as he is," says John. "Then shall I know even as I am known," says Paul. "I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his likeness." "Whom I shall see for myself, and not for another." Now, to say that the Son of God purchased the inheritance, is to say that he purchased in time what he gave in eternity, in other words, that he purchased himself. Is not this to mar the harmony of the covenant?

But again, the Holy Ghost, as a coequal person in the Godhead, gave himself as the inheritance of the saints, for it the LORD, *i. e.*, Jehovah, is their inheritance, He is so in his Trinity of Persons. Did Christ's death in the fulness of time purchase this covenanting of the Holy Ghost, which was given in eternity? Surely to speak thus is to set aside the covenant engagements of that glorious Third Person in the Trinity, and to mar the harmony of the covenant itself.

This glorious Person also engaged to communicate an earnest and first fruits of this inheritance to the elect whilst on earth, to "make them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." (Col. i. 12.) Now as these first fruits of the Spirit (Rom. viii. 23) are a part and portion of the inheritance, the sheaf of the first ripe fruits being a part of the whole crop, (Lev. xxiii. 10,) if Christ purchased the inheritance, then he purchased the gifts and graces, the work and witness of the Holy Ghost, for if he purchased the whole, he purchased the individual parts. But is not this to set aside the coequality of the Holy Ghost, and to mar the harmony of the covenant, to say that the Son of God, by his incarnation and death, purchased these covenant engagements of that blessed Person?

But it may be said, "Would the inheritance have been enjoyed but through Christ's death and sufferings? And thus may these not be said in some way to have procured and purchased the inheritance?" It is certainly most true that the inheritance of the saints flows through the channel of Christ's mediation, but it does not thence follow that it was purchased by that mediation. The eternal covenant is the source and springhead of the inheritance, the incarua-

tion and death of the Son of God the channel through which it flows. But is not the source of the river one thing, and the channel of the river another? Does the channel make the source, or the source cause the channel? The grace and love of a Tri-une Jehovah in the everlasting covenant is the source, atoning blood the channel of the saints' inheritance. But to say that the mediation and atoning blood of Immanuel purchased the inheritance, is to make the channel cause the source, instead of the source causing the channel. We see this very sweetly typified by the waters, which Ezekiel saw "issuing out of the sanctuary," and go down into the desert. (Ezek. xlvi. 1—12.) What was the source of these healing waters? Not the altar, but the sanctuary. And yet these waters ran by "the south side of the altar." (v. 1.) Do we not gather hence that the work and witness of the Holy Ghost flow in blessed union and harmony, side by side, as it were, with the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, but are not purchased or procured thereby? The sanctuary—the solemn engagements of the Holy Three-in-One—is the source of the healing waters; the altar is but the course, the channel, by which they flow.

II. But the idea of a purchased inheritance is inconsistent with what is revealed concerning the inheritance itself. God, giving himself to the saints, gives with himself all that is communicable of his fulness. The apostle therefore says, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.) "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." (Rev. xxi. 7.) These distinct portions of the inheritance are as inconsistent with the idea of purchase as the whole of the inheritance.

One of these portions is *glory*. "The wise shall inherit glory." (Prov. iii. 35.) Was this glory purchased? What says the Lord himself? (John xvii. 5;) "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own glory which I had with thee before the world was." This glory of Christ is his mediatorial glory, for he says, "the glory which thou gavest me." (Ver. 22.) Will any one say then that Christ purchased this glory for himself, when he says expressly it was given him? Or will any one say that he purchased it for his people, when he himself says, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." (Ver. 22.) Could he purchase that for himself which was given to himself? Could he purchase that for his people which was given him in order that he might give it to his people? A gift surely excludes purchase.

Another portion of the saints' inheritance is *life*. "Heirs together of the grace (or gift) of life;" (1 Pet. iii. 7;) "The gift of God is eternal life." (Rom. vi. 23.) Did Christ purchase this eternal life, which is expressly called "a gift?" Nay, is he not himself "our life," (Col. iii. 4,) "the way, the truth, and the life?" (John xiv. 6.) And is not our "life hid with him in God?" (Col. iii. 3.) Did Christ then purchase himself? "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," (Col. i. 19,) and therefore fulness of life, for "in him was life." (John i. 4.) Did he purchase his own fulness?

Another portion is *love*; for the saints are heirs of God, and therefore of love, for "God is love." (1 John iv. 8.) Can love be bought and sold? "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be condemned." (Song viii. 7.) Was love the cause of mediation, or mediation the cause of love? Did love originate atoning blood, or did atoning blood originate love? But if Christ's death purchased the inheritance, then atoning blood purchased and procured love. But this is to upset the Scriptures with a witness, which with one voice declare that love was the cause, not the effect, of Christ's death. "God so loved the world," &c. (John iii. 16.) "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.)

It is most true that glory, life, and love, flow through the channel of the atonement, and enter the heart through the cross of Christ, but, as observed before, it by no means follows that his death purchased or procured them.

Again, the saints are "heirs of God." He therefore said to Abraham, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee." (Gen. xvii. 7.) Can God, with reverence be it spoken, be purchased? But if God is the inheritance of the saints, and that inheritance were purchased, then he must be purchased. A

heart made tender by grace shrinks from the unbecoming thought. The Socinians bring this objection against those who hold the doctrine of the atonement, that it represents an angry God pacified by the sufferings of an innocent person. Now, if the inheritance were purchased, this objection is a strong one. But it has no weight at all when we hold that the atonement did not pacify God, but was the channel in which love and justice, mercy and wrath, flowed in a harmonious stream,—in other words, that the atonement did not purchase mercy, but that mercy flowed through the atonement that justice might be satisfied.

It was the text "heirs of God" that fully satisfied me that the expression "their purchased inheritance" was incorrect, and beat out of my hands all the weapons I sought for to defend it; for I felt if God were the inheritance of the saints, it could not be said, with a shadow of propriety, that their inheritance was purchased.

III. The doctrine of the inheritance of the saints being purchased, leads to unscriptural consequences.

First,—It tends much to subvert the Supralapsarian,\* and set up the Sublapsarian† view of election. As all of my readers may not understand these terms, I will briefly explain them. The Supralapsarian Calvinist believes then that God the Father chose his people in the pure mass, and gave the church as a pure, unfallen bride to his dear Son. This was typified by the presentation and marriage of pure unfallen Eve to Adam, in Paradise. The Sublapsarian Calvinist holds that God the Father chose his people in the corrupt mass, viewed as fallen. Both acknowledge the fall; but the Supralapsarian views the fall as a part only, and that a subordinate part, of the great scheme; the Sublapsarian views it as the chief and most important feature of that scheme. The Supralapsarian views the church united to Christ before she fell, utterly distinct from the rest of Adam's reprobate race, and that though she fell in Adam, she fell not from her eternal union with the Son of God. The Sublapsarian views the church as fallen before elected, and that pity and love to a portion of the corrupt mass moved the Father to choose, and the Son to redeem them. The Supralapsarian believes that God consulted chiefly his own glory; the Sublapsarian hangs the greater stress on his consulting man's happiness.

I need scarcely observe that I believe the Supralapsarian scheme to be more scriptural than the Sublapsarian. The doctrine, then, of purchased inheritance favours the Sublapsarian view. According to the Supralapsarian scheme, in the covenant of grace the church is viewed as unfallen, and the inheritance suitable to the heirs. The people are pure, the inheritance pure; the bride unfallen, the Bridegroom loving her in her innocence. The inheritance was freely given to the Son, and eternally united with him. The inheritance fell into captivity, and the Bridegroom went through death to buy it back. All this is harmonious and consistent. But according to the Sublapsarians, the church was fallen before she was chosen, and therefore by means of the atonement all blessings were purchased for her, and the inheritance among them. What inconsistency and confusion is here! What disorder is thus introduced into the very courts of heaven!

Again, purchased inheritance favours the presumptuous doctrine of *claim*; for if the inheritance were purchased, then may the heirs claim it as their right. I know of no claim that the saints can put forward but that of deserving hell for their transgressions. All that they receive they receive as of pure mercy: they receive forgiveness as criminals on the gallows, clothing as naked and covered with shame, a free payment of their huge debts as beggars and bankrupts, and oblivion of all their misdeeds as rebels and traitors. Far from my lips be that presumptuous language of letter Calvinists, who claim blessings at God's hand. I am too happy to receive them on the footing of mercy as a guilty sinner to presume to claim them.

Again, it sets aside the pure grace and love of God the Father to the Church in the gift of his Son, and represents him as unwillingly won over, and bought into consent. It paints him as sternly holding the inheritance in his hands, and refusing to let it go or part with it, unless a price was paid for it. Whereas the

\* From the Latin *supra*, above, or before *lapsus*, the fall.

† From the Latin *sub*, under, or after *lapsus*, the fall.

Scriptures represent him as plenteous in mercy, ready to forgive, and the bountiful giver of every good and perfect gift.

Lastly, it represents God as a changing, and changeable being, withholding the inheritance till purchased, and then parting with it; first angry, and then pacified: moved into compassion by the sufferings of his Son, and not acting according to the purpose of his own unchanging and unchangeable will.

To wind up this long, and to some perhaps dry, and merely doctrinal discussion, let me ask all who hold the doctrine of the saints' inheritance being purchased, to bring forward Scripture proof. Two passages only occur to my mind which they might quote, and neither of them, in my judgment, to the point. The first is, "having obtained eternal redemption for us." (Heb. ix. 12.) But "redemption" is not "inheritance," neither is "obtained" "purchased." I believe the meaning of the passage to be this—that Christ by his death procured redemption, that is, he obtained deliverance for captives, and that eternally, he having by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified. But to redeem the captives is, as we said before, not to redeem the inheritance. The other passage is, "Which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession;" (Eph. i. 14,) which I believe proves it as little as the other. "Purchased possession," means not here the church's possession, but Christ's possession, that is his saints whom he purchased; and the first fruits of the Spirit are the earnest of the saints' inheritance, until the glorious day when this purchased possession of Christ shall be redeemed, that is, fully delivered from corruption in body, soul, and spirit. And therefore the same apostle says, (Rom. viii. 23,) "And not only *they*, but ourselves also which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the *redemption of our body*," i.e. the changing of the vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. (Phil. iii. 21.)

Should any one ask me how, with my present decided views on this point, such an expression as "their purchased inheritance" should have escaped my pen, I must confess I put it down, as David put on Saul's armour—I had not tried it. And if any throw this or any other slip of the pen or error in my teeth, I would say to my reprovèr:—1st, Hast thou never erred in heart, lip, or life? 2d, Hast thou confessed thy error, when pointed out to thee?

I hope never to defend error in myself or others; and my only apology for this long communication must be the feeling, that error in doctrine often leads to delusion in experience and inconsistency in practice, and that no point can be unimportant in so solemn a matter as the truth of the living God.

Yours in the best bonds,

Stamford, May, 1840.

J. C. PHILPOT.

## BITTERS AND SWEETS.

My dear Friend.—According to your request, I lose no time in answering your kind letter, which I received this morning. The present state of my health obliges me to decline complying with the wishes of yourself and the friends, in coming to supply for you during the month of May, for I attempted to speak twice on the 9th of last month, in a small chapel, and I found the exertion too much for me. It brought on an attack of my complaint, and I have been but poorly ever since; so, if the Lord should spare me, I feel altogether unfit and unable to make any engagement to supply at a large chapel like yours; for I find that the exertion of preaching, together with the exercises of mind respecting it, tend to retard my recovery, and to increase my complaint. My stomach wants tone and power, and has been weakened through much long and loud preaching; and it is a difficulty that I cannot surmount when I do preach, to speak lower and slower; consequently, I feel that it is not right to attempt to speak more than once on a Lord's day. Afflictions are not joyous,

but grievous, but I have found them good for my soul, and can at times bless God that I have been afflicted; but I have feelings of murmuring and rebellion at times, which incline me to despise the chastenings of the Lord, and my flesh earnestly desires to be free from every cross and every affliction. But I well know if our flesh had its own way, our religion would soon wither like grass upon the house top. We should have no heart for prayer, preaching, reading the word of God, or conversing with the Lord's people. We should, like Saul, have to force ourselves to offer a sacrifice, which I know from experience. So we have to preach the doctrine of tribulation as a blessed one, although so painful to flesh and blood. If we are led to offer unto the Lord offerings in righteousness, it is after we have had a visit from Him who sits to refine and purge his people as gold and silver, that we may know that if there were no purging, there would be no fruit; if no trials, no prayer; if no sinkings, no liftings-up; if no sufferings, no consolations; no wounds, no healing; no frowns, no smiles; no shuttings-up, no large room; no hardness of heart, no meltings of heart; no doubts, no faith; no fears, no hopes; no sorrows, no joys; no hell-deserving feelings, no sense of rich mercy; no adversity, no prosperity; no cross, no crown. Whoever tries to separate what God hath joined together will have to labour in vain; and whoever has a religion that will do to die by, has two sides to it, a dark and a bright one. Those who draw waters out of the wells of salvation with joy, have to experience deep and sore troubles to draw it out with, and find that such precious blessings are dearly bought. I am certain that all must pass through tribulation to glory, although some pass through much more than others, and we generally find those the choicest of the flock; for "take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer," and where there has been the most furnace work, there will be the least dross. So, the most tried and purified do not savour, in their conversation, so much of self-righteousness, mere letter knowledge, and man's wisdom and teaching, but they savour more of self-loathing, helplessness, and unworthiness, together with a deep sense of God's mercy, loving-kindness and goodness. Then, my friend, what shall we say respecting the furnace of affliction and manifold trials, "that they are not joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." What pleases the flesh deadens the spirit; and what prospers the spirit mortifies the flesh. So we are in a strait. We cannot serve two masters. This leads us to understand what Christ meant, when he said, "Count the cost." I have a desire to go to heaven as easily as I can, for I do not like crosses and troubles, afflictions and sorrows; yet I well know that all these attend the followers of the Lamb, and that they cannot enjoy the precious blessings and promises of the gospel without a share of these bitter herbs. I have wanted to get established on the rock, before or without sinking into the miry places; I have wanted to obtain precious faith, without doubts, fears, and despondency; I have wanted to sing of mercy, without crying out, as a hell-deserving sinner, through fear of wrath and judgments. But I have learnt that there is no escaping



God's rebukes and chastisements by those who are his children, for he will be true and faithful to all his promises; and he has said, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten;" and only the particular people, whom he has redeemed, will be so favoured of God as to be treated as his children, and thereby thus prepared for their mansions of glory. Moreover, I feel that afflictions and troubles separate us from the world, and tend to lead our minds towards heavenly things. They cause us to meditate, to examine ourselves, and to weigh up the evidences both for and against our religion, and, under the blessing of God, through searchings of heart, and various soul exercises about death and eternity, we cry out to God to clear up our difficulties, and to brighten our evidences, and to give us sweet testimonies that we are interested in his glorious covenant of grace. Any sense of his love and mercy manifested to our souls is more precious than gold; and then we are meek and patient, we can kiss the rod, and can say that we bless God for both bitters and sweets.

I find it a trial to preach, and I find it one to be laid aside. Through mercy I am encouraged in the work, for I hear from time to time that the Lord blesses the word of his grace through such an unworthy worm. If I did not hear of signs following my labours, I should be ready to faint and to halt. I have not got beyond great doubts respecting my call by grace, much more my call to the ministry; and if many children did not appear for me as seals and signs, the devil, my unbelieving heart, and those professing to have unshaken faith, would certainly argue me out of all authority to stand up in the Lord's name. But the Lord knows our need, and his mercy supplies help; he gives faith, and he tries it. Sometimes I sink very low, questioning everything, and think I have not a real mark of grace; and at other times I experience a little of the love of God, drawings out of soul to the brethren, and willingness to suffer and make sacrifices for the Lord's cause and people. What is a great trial at one time is a very little one at another, which makes me understand a little of what Paul means; "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." If faith work by love, we then move on well; but, if left alone, we find what man is, and can preach from heartfelt experience, the vileness, helplessness, and insufficiency of self; and thereby learn to exalt Christ in his glorious characters so suitable to poor unworthy worms, as their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and their all in all. The more I am tried, the more convinced I am how blind, dead, and dark are the Church of England people and the general dissenters, and how awfully deceived are thousands called Calvinists, who are unexercised and untried, and yet satisfied with their religion, and on good terms with themselves. I am glad that the *Gospel Standard* is such a faithful witness, so far and wide against the false profession of the day. I rejoice that it has so large a circulation, for it is by far the best and soundest magazine published. I have heard to-day that ninety-eight are sold monthly by one person in the little town of Oakham, and it is spreading much through the neighbourhood. I hope that it will ever contain such truths as will cause it to be hated and cast out by all except experimental Christians, "which is the sect

everywhere spoken against." I trust that you and the friends will fully understand that it is not in my power to accept your kind invitation, however willing I might be to comply with their wishes. Remember me very kindly to the friends. "Greet them by name."—Yours sincerely, for Christ's sake,

Abingdon, March 5, 1840.

W. TIPTAFT.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

(Continued from No. 48, page 272.)

The person of whom I took the house sold it shortly afterwards to Pharoah for £90. I was under him six years, during which time I paid £120. He put four executions in, (and that last mentioned in December number of the *Standard*); then I left him, having entered two or three weeks of the next quarter. At the expiration of the quarter he sent me a summons, and put me in prison for the £5. If the Lord had not been on my side, I surely should have been swallowed up; but bless the Lord, O my soul! as afflictions abounded, consolation much more abounded; never, no never, did I before or since experience such sweet communion and fellowship with my dear Lord and Saviour. Had he not stood by me, and strengthened me, and so repeatedly answered my poor broken petitions, I must have fainted; but, ever bless his dear name! strength was equal unto the day. Never, never shall I forget the wormwood and the gall I experienced in that house, and the fiery darts of Satan. While there I wrote to Mr. Huntington; and, as I did not receive an answer for six weeks or two months, Satan said, "You know he is a good man." I replied, "Yes." "Ah!" said he, "and he knows you are a hypocrite; therefore, he will never answer your letter." O the sinkings my poor soul experienced for weeks no tongue can tell; but, one Sunday morning, as I was going out at my door to Titchfield-street Chapel, the postman came with a letter, which I opened, and looked for the name of the writer. When I saw the dear man's name, a flood of tears flowed from my eyes, the bonds gave way, and I said, "Satan, you are a liar: here is an answer, and an invitation, too, to go to see him." But, to return. In that house, through great distress, I was called to a very mean employment, which, through necessity, I was obliged to accept; and while at work, these words were applied with power; "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." O how did I bless and praise my dear Lord for stripping me of all my property, and making me willing in the day of his power to submit to his blessed will in all things, however mean and despicable! O what a heaven on earth did I enjoy! whether in the body or out, I could hardly tell, walking up and down the garden, blessing and praising his dear name for bringing me down. At another time, on a Good Friday, I was so burdened I could not tell what to do, through distress of circumstances. I had borrowed some money, and was afraid I should not be able to repay it, and thereby bring disgrace upon the cause. I went up stairs and threw myself upon my knees, but could do nothing but groan. I got up and opened the Bible at 1 Samuel xxx. 6.; "And David was greatly distressed: for the people spake of stoning him; because the soul of all the people was grieved, every man for his sons and for his daughters; but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." It was so blessed to my soul, that such a weight of glory accompanied it

as I could scarce stand under. Bless the dear Lord, O my soul! forget not all his benefits. Although "no chastisements for the present are joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." In that house it was that I first went, much against my will, to hear Mr. Huntington, under whose preaching, the first time I heard him, I was bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, where were weeping and gnashing of teeth. This was a dreadful sentence pronounced against my poor soul and body. O the wormwood and the gall of my soul, which oftentimes it has in remembrance! But, as I was going out on the following morning to Kennington, with the wrath of God in my conscience, and sins more in number than the hairs of my head, expecting, every step I took, to drop into hell, (and never, oh never! shall I forget the anguish of my poor soul,) just as I got to the end of Penton-place, these words, "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you," from which Mr. H. had preached on the Sunday, darted into my poor distressed soul with life, light, and comfort, so that I leaped for joy, and wist not what was done unto me; but, as Mr. H. thought, so did I. "I looked for hell, he brought me heaven." My burden was gone, and peace and pardon flowed into my conscience. I endeavoured to bring my burden back, but could not, for this text followed; "In that day the sins of Judah shall be sought for, but shall not be found." I was so happy that I forgot the business upon which I had gone out. Bless my dear Redeemer! I found his blessed blood speak louder and sweeter than the blood of Abel to one of the vilest of the vile. This occurred on Monday, the day after I heard the sermon, while hearing which I envied the preacher, and said, "Ah! you are happy enough," (for I saw his face shine,) "but I am miserable." O the envy that sprung up in my desperately wicked heart! while jealousy I found to be as cruel as the grave. My time was Sunday, but the Lord's time was Monday, which proves we cannot apply, nor lay hold of peace till God the ever-blessed Spirit pleases, although there are those who teach that we should. From such teachers, who, in our days, are so very numerous, good Lord, deliver all thy dear family. O how sweetly could I sing, for some weeks, the first three verses of the 101st hymn of Mr. Hart's, but after some time I was obliged to go to the last three verses. I found afterwards my latter stages worse, and had to travel much by night. So, sirs, you see I had my bitters and sweets in that house of bondage. The Paschal Lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs; at least, so I found it, and that the bitters make the other more sweet. Bless the dear Lord! he will not lay on his people more than they are able to bear, but will, with the temptation, make a way for escape, that we may be able to bear it. I cannot now give you all the ups and downs of my life; but I hope the blood-bought family of God will not be slack in sending you their experience for the *Standard*, which the dear Lord has blessed to so many who have not the blessings of a true, living ministry; for faithful labourers are but few in this our day. I should have observed that I fell into the sin of serving on Sunday, when in the former house, and the dear Lord sent his arrow of conviction, one Lord's day, into my guilty conscience, by these words; "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" O! the distress and anguish of my soul was so great that I was thrust out to seek redemption under all the horrors of the damned, with a countenance like Cain, not knowing whither I was going. My parents brought me up to attend the Established Church, but into that I did not enter, my happy lot being, by God's everlasting

purpose, to cast my lot amongst spiritual dissenters; but shame took hold of me as I came to East-lane Chapel, where Mr. Jenkins preached. I looked every way to see if any one saw me before I went in. The coast being clear, I darted in, more like a thief to steal than for life and salvation; but there I found no rest. After attending there for some time, and not profiting, I went to G. Clayton; there was no rest there. From that awful place the dear Lord delivered me, and, much against my will at first, himself providing me a teacher, Mr. Huntington: then my teacher was no longer hid in a corner, ever, ever blessed be his dear name! Afterwards I once got into a by-path meadow, by being asked by a person who drank tea at my house, one Lord's day, if I would accompany her to her church? I was easily prevailed upon to go, for which I suffered severely; for, before service began, there were some men and women making a noise on the stairs of the church, which alarmed me very much, and the case of Dathan, Abiram, and Korah, came so terribly into my mind, that I expected the earth to open and swallow up me and all that were there, that all hope of escape seemed to be taken away, and I had no power to move. O the dreadful sorrow that pressed my poor guilty soul! I found the backslider in heart being filled with his own ways, verified in me. The Church laboured hard to bring me back, saying the doctrine preached was the same as that of Mr. Huntington, and why not be satisfied? It is a mercy that the blood-bought family are sure to hear the voice of their blessed Shepherd, and be separated and brought out from all such hirelings. Bless the dear Lord! no one shall pluck them out of his hand. So I found, to the honour and praise of his dear name. This cured me of itching ears.

With prayers for more spiritual correspondents to be raised up to declare, through the blessed instrumentality of the *Gospel Standard*, what the dear Lord hath done for their souls, I must leave what I have written, and remain, Messrs. Editors, most affectionately, in the best of bonds,

Walworth, 9th February, 1840.

A BRUISED REED.

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### ABSENCE NOT SEPARATION.

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My Dear Brother, and all the Brethren, whether in bondage or liberty, in peace or in trouble,—I am sorry to say that this letter must supply the place of my presence among you on Thursday night, as I promised you. I have a very severe cold with a cough, and can with difficulty attend to my labour at home. I am therefore compelled to postpone my visiting you until I am better, and the weather more favourable. But, if you please, you can read this to the friends, and pray among them, as I doubt not that a few will be together.

I will give you the substance of my last discourse at Gower-street Chapel. Text: "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*" (Rom. viii. 35.) This text is a bold challenge to all opposers—a precious act of that faith which overcometh the world. The apostle tells us, chapter the first, who the us are that are not to be separated; they are "beloved of God, called to be saints." Christ is the well-beloved of the Father; the very one upon whom his affections are forever fixed; and his beloved ones are distinguished by the same name,

and stand as nearly related to their Father; so that we have all one loving Father. "I ascend to my Father, and to your Father; to my God, and to your God."

"Called to be saints." There are no saints but such as are called; and God's gifts and callings are without repentance. Electing love in God is the cause of calling. "Whomsoever he did predestinate, them he also called." We were elected by free grace, and called by free grace. "He called me by his grace," saith Paul. (Gal. i. 15.) Such are joined to the Lord, and are made one spirit with him; yes, they are so joined as never to be separated. "Who shall separate us?"

Observe whose love it is in which we are interested; it is the love of Christ. He loved us when we were dead in sin, and manifested that love by dying for our sin; and by his dying for us we are reconciled to God. "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son."

His love was unquenchable. "Many waters cannot quench love, nor all the floods drown it." This must refer to Christ's love; for the strongest natural love is but feeble; but Christ "rests in his love." "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end." We are his own; and he loves us as his own, without variation or shadow of alteration. "Who shall separate us?"

What are the evidences of our being interested in this love? I answer, the fear of God in the heart, which is connected with true faith. The wicked have not the fear of God in their hearts; but the fear of the Lord is to depart from evil; and for them that fear the Lord a book of remembrance is written; "And they shall be mine," saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels." Faith is also one grand evidence. This faith is the gift of God; he gives it to none but to his jewels; and that gift is the evidence that they are his jewels. Poor sinner, did God ever give thee faith? was Christ ever precious to thee? If Christ is precious to thee, thou hast saving faith; for to them that believe Christ is precious. You may not be comfortable, and yet have saving faith. A soul may have faith, and not have present comfort; but he cannot have real comfort without faith. When a soul can say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," he has strong faith, but not strong consolation. Love to Christ is another evidence. "The upright love thee." But he that loves Christ may often complain of the want of love, and often feel as if he had no love at all; but he still loves him, or else he would not complain of his absence; and though there is a momentary absence, yet there can be no separation. "Who shall separate us?" This love to Christ is attended with another evidence, viz., love to the brethren, which is the new commandment; "And by this we know we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Now, though the brethren may fall out by the way, yet that cannot separate them from Christ; because their security is not their love to Christ, nor their love to each other, but Christ's love to them. "Who shall separate us?"

The saints often fear a separation: such will never realize their fears. The great thing that threatens a separation is sin, their own

sin, which they find in their members; but no sin can be a damning sin to God's elect; for there is no sin found in us but what Christ has made atonement for. "By his own offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Who, then, shall separate us?

My paper is done, or I could write more. Give my love to all the brethren, and I beg an interest in their prayers.

Yours, for Jesus' sake,

Pentonville, London, Jan. 22, 1823.

HENRY FOWLER.

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## EDITORS' REVIEW.

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*Gideon; or, the Humble Christian.* By Henry Watmuff.—London: Palmer.

We have no wish to depreciate unnecessarily the works of authors sent us for review, neither have we any wish to consult the feelings of authors at the expense of truth, and deception of the reader; and as most of the works sent us for review are of a religious kind, and bear the character of truth, it is the more requisite that we should be candid and decided in our reviews. But who can act with candour and decision in this path of judgment, without *getting to himself a blot*? We have had several letters condemnatory of our reviews,—some quarrelling with one thing, and some with another. But it must be borne in mind, that those who send us works for review, send them for our candid opinion of them, as far as our knowledge and judgment of divine things may enable us to give it, and to recommend or condemn them accordingly. And those who wish us not thus to act, had better save themselves the trouble and expense of forwarding us copies of their publications, for we have no wish to follow the group of author-pleasing reviewers, by puffing off works for sale. Sometimes we find it difficult to express exactly our opinion of some works; and are at a loss how to put upon paper our thoughts of them. Some works, indeed, bearing the mark of error in their forehead, we have no difficulty in despatching them at once with our disapproval. Others of decided truth and sound experience, written with unction, power, and life, we have as little difficulty in heartily recommending, and setting our seal of approval to them. But there is a third class, which neither has the glaring falseness and error of the former, nor the decision, life, and savour of the latter; of this class it is not so easy to speak. There is as much truth about them, perhaps, in both doctrine and experience, as bars us from wholly condemning them, and yet there is an indefinite looseness, want of decision, contradictory and insipid experience, and barrenness about them, which forbid us to recommend them to those who know the power of God, as works of vitality and power. In perusing such, we scarcely know, sometimes, where and how to find fault with them, yet they work in our feelings a general dissatisfaction with them; there is a triflingness, dryness, emptiness, nothingness, and tediousness about them which pushes away our souls from them, and wearies and freezes up our feelings, so that we feel inclined to lay them aside, finding it a task to read them. Now, though the work before us is not wholly of this description, yet we certainly think, according to our judgment, it is somewhat akin to it. It is not what we can wholly condemn, neither is it what we can heartily recommend. The subject of the work is the history of Gideon illustrated; but there is a great deal more of the mere letter of things treated of, and applied to churches

in an outward sense, than of the invaluable and all-engrossing operations of God the Spirit's living and supernatural religion in the quickened conscience. There is much said about outward religion, and the outward appearances, conditions, and actings of churches, kings, and nations, which are all very well in their place, but which do not find much place in a heart engrossed with the kingdom of God within it by divine life and power. If the writer had given us less of Dr. Gill's and other great men's opinions, and something more of the living God's living work in living souls, from his own experimental knowledge of inward killing and curing, and weakness and power, it would, we think, have been more acceptable to those whose acceptance is worth having. Through the whole of Gideon's history there is hidden a most blessed vein of godly experience as it is known and felt in the Christian's heart, of the reality of divine power and life in the soul, and of the mighty operations and revelations of God the Spirit within. The work is not void of experience, but it is scanty and poor, and some of it confused, misty, and contradictory; it is short of the massy fulness and clear and pointed leadings and teachings of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the elect. Nor is it void of some sound and precious doctrine, though in this point there are some things we disagree with. But although we cannot fully recommend the work to the weeping and longing, sorrowing and sighing sons and daughters of Zion, (Ps. cxxvi.; cxxvii. 1—4,) still it contains some good truths and some useful remarks; and those who wish to see the history of Gideon explained will find it here. We would recommend it to the general reader and the use of families before such Arminian rubbish as Wesley and Fletcher's works, or before such powerless writings as Fuller's, Scott's, or Matthew Henry's works. The work is published in two volumes, and divided into chapters, and each volume is embellished with five cuts, illustrating the various circumstances of the history.

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*My First Sermon, preached August 21st, 1823, in Waterloo Road, London. By C. Drawbridge.*—Higham, Chiswell-street, London. Price 1d.

"My first Sermon!" The little words "I," "me," and "my" usually sound far sweeter in the ears of the speaker, than in the ears of the hearer of those significant pronouns. And we believe that there is one case only where the use of such pronouns does not grate upon the ear, and that is, where the speaker or writer has something to tell about himself worth listening to; in other words, where he can speak of a sound and savoury experience in a feeling, unctuous manner. When a man can say with simplicity and godly sincerity, (Ps. lxxvi. 16,) "Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul," we are glad to listen to him with all our ears; and "I," "me," and "my" will sound sweetly, if in them appears that "it was not I, but the grace of God in me." The very title then of this sermon grates upon the ear at the outset, and unless redeemed by a clear and savoury personal experience, this harsh key note will sound through the whole piece, and its jarring tone not die away into sweet melody. Whether this is the case we shall see before we have done with our present review.

"My first Sermon." When was this first sermon preached? Why, nearly seventeen years ago. Where has it been lying all this time? In the preacher's memory, or in the preacher's drawer? The first supposition is manifestly next to impossible, and therefore we conclude that it has

been buried hitherto among his manuscripts. What motive has drawn it from its obscurity we know not, except that the preacher thought it was too good to be lost, or wished to show that he held and taught the same truths then that he preaches now. And now comes another question. Was this sermon written before it was preached, or after? Its laboured style would almost make us suspect the former; but wishing to judge as favourably as possible, we will suppose the latter to be the case, and that having preached the sermon, Mr. D. sat down immediately afterwards to write out the substance of what he had delivered.

As a statement then of doctrine the sermon is clear and unexceptionable. There is no trace of bashfulness or confusion in this first sermon, nor did the sound of his own voice for the first time, which, to most ministers, is a very nervous occasion, at all baffle the mind, or derange the thoughts of one preaching for the very first time, and that to a London congregation. Wonderful self-possession for a beginner, if the sermon be a correct transcript of what he then delivered, and far beyond poor Paul's weakness and fear and much trembling.

But who would not have expected in a first sermon, especially one thought worthy to be published seventeen years after delivery, some account of the preacher's call by grace, and call to the ministry? Now there is not one word of his own experience from beginning to end. Mark, we do not say he has none, that be far from us; but we say that there is no trace of any in this sermon. It is true indeed that he uses the experience of "we," "us," and "our;" but we all know that this is not the personal, individual experience of "I," "me," and "my." For instance, he says, p. 9, and it is almost the only experience in the sermon;

"We are called with an effectual call; (John x. 27;) when the Holy Spirit witnessed to our spirits that we were born of God, then we received the word of God from the ministers of Christ, not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh in all that believe. (1 Thess. ii. 13.) The word of life came from the King of kings to us, not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. We were made willing in the day of Immanuel's power; (1 Thess. i. 5, Ps. cx. 3.) to make our calling and election sure (2 Pet. i. 10) we fervently, diligently, and effectually cried unto the Lord; like Jacob, we would not let him go until he had blessed us with those doubt-dissolving and fear-dispersing words, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. (Jer. xxxi. 3.) Blessed be God we are called to know that the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever. (Isa. xxxii. 17.) For we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him (even the preservation of our souls and bodies, blood-washed and blameless) against that day when our Saviour, Christ, shall gloriously appear. (2 Tim. i. 12.)"

In such general statements of experience from the scripture all personal experience is lost, and we cannot gather, from this sermon at least, how, where, or when the preacher was himself led experimentally into these things. Let none think us captious in this matter. A first sermon certainly required something more precise and definite than what we have quoted.

We have said that the doctrine is sound and clear, and the style is what many would consider fervid and eloquent. But we confess it is not to our taste, and that it is too artificial, laboured, and got up to please us. We will quote a long paragraph, which is certainly written with ability, and will then offer our reasons for disapproving of it;

"On Calvary Mercy called the roll; every sheep of Christ was clearly and



distinctly mentioned by name; the Lamb's book of life shone with resplendent characters of grace and glory, as Mercy held it up, and read aloud, to the joy of Christ, the glory of the Father and the Holy Spirit, the wonder of angels, the triumph of saints, and the confusion of devils. Justice enumerated their individual sins upon the head of Christ; Love laid them upon the heart of Christ; and name and sin met together there; there they were identified and incorporated, there they were visited and atoned for. Wisdom claimed justification for her children—Power upheld the mighty load—Faithfulness produced the bond of the covenant, secured by Love—Justice took it and steeped it in the Almighty Saviour's blood, then handed it, reeking with purity, such as Jewish victim never could boast, to Mercy, who laid it upon the Lamb's book of life, even upon the names of all the election of Grace; then she shut the book in triumph, and the purple streams of blood flowed richly over the characters, of love in which the names of all the elect were then enrolled. She stretched her snowy wings and soared aloft, keeping the hallowed treasure until the King of glory rose, then in heaven's high glory, amid the smiles of our Father and the praises of our brethren, she delivered the book, sealed as it was with perfection in the blood of the Lamb, unto him that sat upon the throne: from his right hand shall Judah's Lion and heaven's Lamb shortly take that book, while all heaven shall join the chorus of praise, but only blood-washed, blood-registered sons shall sing, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth." (Rev. v. 9, 10.)

Now many persons would consider this passage forcibly and eloquently written. We do not think so; and even if it were, such a florid oratorical style is little suited to the solemn transactions it records. We are not against eloquence and good writing when they come from the heart. Isaiah, Habakkuk, and Paul have called forth the praises of ungodly men for the eloquence which we know that God gave them. Mr. Huntington again is one of the most eloquent writers in our language, and passages might be selected from him which would rival in beauty of expression even Edmund Burke.\* But this is the eloquence of divine thoughts and heavenly feelings, gushing forth from the soul as the Spirit gave him utterance, a well of water springing up into everlasting life, not an eloquence of words, laboriously pumped up from the imagination. "Not with *wisdom of words*, lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect." "My speech and my preaching, says Paul, was not with *enticing words of man's wisdom*, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Thus we do not find fault with the passage we have quoted because it is eloquent, but because it is eloquence of the wrong sort; human, not divine; earthly, not heavenly. It is not the simple outpouring of a feeling heart, the breathing, burning language of a Paul before Felix; but the elaborate, nicely framed, evenly balanced oratory of a Tertullus.

But we object to the matter as well as to the manner. What Scripture warrant is there for making an angel, or a god, of mercy, wisdom, power, or justice? Who is mercy? What divine or angelic being, *out of God*, called the roll, held it up, and read it aloud in the hearing of the holy Trinity? Whence did justice borrow "her snowy wings and soar aloft?" If the answer be that these are the attributes of Jehovah, we ask again, where is there Scripture authority to personify and deify them thus, and give them a separate independent existence? The separation of the attributes of God from the person of God, as objects of individual worship, was the original root of idolatry. And thus the heathen in Baal worshipped the sovereignty, (the word signifying Lord) in Moloch the wrath, in Dagon the productiveness, in

\* For proof of this, see our extract from him, p. 151.

Ashtoreth the creative energy, in Mercury or Mercurius (Acts xiv. 12) the expressive word, and in Jupiter the thunders and lightnings of the Most High. And poets and orators in all ages have abundantly followed this example, which, being unaware of its real root, Mr. D. has copied. But a Christian teacher should draw his wisdom and mode of utterance from the Scriptures, and should not thus "learn the way of the heathen," but avoiding all such poetical and oratorical language, should speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

We have thus largely commented on this passage, not from any personal unkind feeling to the writer, but as simply giving our thoughts on an important point. After we had read the passage, and formed our opinion of it, we incidentally saw it quoted with approbation in a religious periodical, and this has induced us to lay open our minds more fully perhaps than we should have otherwise done, that we might not condemn without assigning our reasons. When we do not fully approve of a work, we like to state our reasons, and at the same time give as long an extract as our limits will allow from the work itself. Here, we say, is the sample, and here is our opinion of it. Let our readers judge. We condemn it not without alleging evidence, and offering our reasons for our judgment. Whether that opinion be correct, must be left to the discernment of those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel the grounds on which that judgment rests.

#### *The Gospel Preached to Babes.*

This little work is intended for the use of children; it is written principally in words of two syllables, and is intended, as the author says, to "preach Jesus to a child, and to simplify the great truths of Christianity to the infantile understanding." The arrangement of the little book and the language are well adapted for the use of children; and the truths of the Bible simplified in this form for the purpose of teaching children first to read, we approve of; but as to considering this to be "the gospel preached to babes," it is foreign to the point, and gives a legal sound. Works of this kind should be written according to sound doctrine and truth, and not calculated to teach the child a system of fleshly religion and self-righteousness, which, indeed, is the strain that the most of such works are written in; nor is the book before us free. "Pray to God to pardon your faults, and to make you a good girl, for the sake of Jesus Christ." (p. 13.) This is the very foundation of the whole host of fleshly religion, and the very religion that every unregenerate heart has in it. Again: "If we are good, he will take us to heaven." (p. 8.) There are many sentences equally legal. If the book was written according to the harmony of truth, it might be useful in teaching children to read, but as it is, it would need to be much altered before we could recommend it.

## POETRY.

### *ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

See the bright, noble, living dawn,	Help, did I say? Help only comes
Where sharp repentance, thorny way,	From the blest Spirit's quick'ning pow'rs.
Where faith, that stills sin's sobbing moan,	'Tis He to death the wretch that dooms,
Twinkling, leads pardon forth to day.	'Tis He his pardon down does lower.
O the sad midnight of despair,	The Scriptures, fair and beautiful shell,
Which sin, as lead, does sink man in!	The kernel hid lies deep beneath;
The Gospel, constellation fair,	None by the Bible escape hell;
Helps him the port of peace to win,	'Tis God just on our dry bones breathe.

If victory over hell we gain, Something than Scripture more we want; Ah! something more, indeed! hell's pain, Nought less for reading, stings does plant.	The Bible is the echoing sound, But who from sounds can substance suck? To the High Lord, then, O my soul, Thine Alpha and Omega, look; Assured that nothing good can roll But what from Him its life-springs took
What serves the Bible, then? As reeds For arrows, which the Spirit shoots. Unless the Spirit sows the seeds, Vain are the crops, vain are the roots.	When reading, then, the sacred page, Dost thou feel God's electing power? Lighting repentance' fiery rage? Has faith's clock struck thee pardon's hour?
My soul, dost thou, then, keep in view, That 'tis God's hand these arrows shoots? Thus, never can the letter strew Seeds that yield ever living fruits.	May the bless'd Bible's glorious glow, Lit thus with supernatural fires, Wisdom's fair living seeds me sow, And guard me from the fowler's wires.
No: else the glory would redound To the mute Scripture's breathless book:	

### THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

"All thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart."  
1 Kings viii. 38.

Dear Lord, is it so, that thy people must know  
And feel, although but in part,  
The power of sin that rages within,  
The dreadful, sad plague of the heart?

Thy word doth declare that every heir  
To whom thou new life dost impart,  
That within him's a foe, he shall feel it, and know  
The plague, the sad plague of the heart.

Professors may run, and bastards may shun  
The rod, who for sin never smart;  
Deceiv'd, on they go, not feeling the woe,  
That springs from the plague of the heart.

But those whom God loves, he constantly proves  
In the furnace; their dross he will part  
From the gold till it shine: thus he will refine,  
And teach them the plague of their heart.

O it oft bows me down, and makes me to groan;  
Such a sight often makes me to start;  
It fills me with fear, that grace is not here,  
When I feel the sad plague of my heart.

Such a host of strong foes that me daily oppose,  
Are swarming in every part;  
Unbelief, lust, and pride, and a thousand beside:  
O the plague, the sad plague of my heart.

The world's a sad foe, oft makes me groan too,  
And Satan with his fiery dart;  
But tongue can't express the greatest distress  
That comes from the plague of my heart.

I never can tell the half that I feel,  
No, nor yet the ten thousandth part;  
I fail to repeat, the mystery's so great,  
The plague, the sad plague of the heart.

But none can e'er show, or make us to know,  
But the Spirit that new life doth impart,  
The fountain within of indwelling sin;  
He reveals the sad plague of the heart.

He sometimes unseals, and the mystery reveals;  
That Christ hath borne all my diseases.

Bore the curse due to me, when he hung on the tree—  
Sweet balm for the plague of my heart.

Then sweetly I prove that God rests in his love,  
Nor with me, a rebel, will part;  
Then I sink and I rise, low in self, high in grace,  
And soar o'er the plague of my heart;

Then I bless and I praise the riches of grace,  
That I in his love have a part.

Well, the time will soon come that I shall go home,  
And be freed from this plague of the heart.

Sutton Banjer.

A SMOKING FLAX.

## GLEANINGS.

“The more I strove to avoid him, the nearer he approached; the vision opened brighter and brighter, and the impression was made deeper upon my mind; and the more I condemned myself, and tried to creep into darkness from his sight, the more he smiled upon me, and the more he melted, renewed, and comforted my soul. When I found I could not shun him, nor shut out his dissolving beams, I arose from the ground and went into the garden. Here I found that all my temptations were fled; my hard thoughts of God, and the dreadful ideas I had of him in his righteous law were dissipated; my sins, which had stood before me during so many months with their ghastly and formidable appearance, had spread their wings and taken flight, as far from me as the East is from the West, so that no bird remained upon the sacrifice. My darkness was dispelled by the rays of ‘the Sun of Righteousness;’ and life and immortality appeared in such a glorious point of view, that I swooned in the soul-renewing and soul-transporting flames of everlasting love! All the horrors of the damned and my meditations upon their irrevocable doom, vanished; confusion and despair sunk into oblivion; the self-existent Jehovah, the God of armies, had put all to flight, and kept both throne and field alone, waving the banner of eternal love. The reprobate and the awful lines of threatenings were all set at the foot of the mount, and I was brought under the covenant line of God’s elect; while the unconditional promises of an everlasting gospel stood as numerous as the leaves in autumn to secure my interest in a finished salvation. My thoughts were sweetly established; my heart was firmly fixed; my mind was serenely composed; my doubts and fears were finally fled; my conscience appeared a mysterious principality, divinely governed by the Prince of Peace; my affections were rapturously inflamed; my heart sweetly resigned; and grace, with all her comforting operations, swaying her uncontrollable sceptre over every faculty of my soul. Thus sin, Satan, death, destruction, horror, despair, unbelief, confusion, and distraction struck their flags; and were routed, vanquished, and slain before the triumphant Redeemer’s artillery, displayed from the wonderful armoury, the mystery of the cross, where God and sinners meet. I went into the tool-house in all the agonies of the damned, and returned with the kingdom of God established in my heart. O happy year! happy day! blessed minute! sacred spot! Yea, rather, blessed be my dear Redeemer, who ‘delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.’ (Ps. cxvi. 8.)”—*Huntington’s Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer*, pp. 181.

## THE LATE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

Much interest having been excited in what is called the religious world by the unhappy massacre of the missionary Williams by some of the savage heathens of the New Hebrides, in the Pacific Ocean, I cannot forbear to tell a little anecdote connected with him. I was travelling a few years ago in a coach inside with him, (not knowing at the time who he was) and a young Oxford student. The subject of religion having come up, the student asked the missionary whether he thought the gospel was preached more among the Dissenters, or in the Church of England. The reply of the missionary of the South Seas was, "Why, Sir, if we except two sects, the Unitarians and the Antinomians, I believe every dissenting minister in England preaches the gospel." However we may lament the unhappy massacre of a most amiable and zealous individual, we can hardly, after such a speech, consider he knew any thing experimentally of the glorious doctrine of Jesus Christ.—*Aliquis.*

Mr. Huntington was once preaching from "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house: so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty; for he is the Lord; and worship thou him;" (Ps. xlv. 10;) when he was powerfully impressed that his text was given for some elect vessel present, who was at that time a member of the Romish Church; nor was he deceived, for my late friend, Mrs. Snelling, for the first time, was present, who answered in every respect to the character, and the Lord blessed the word to the quickening of her soul; and though her old connections strove to subvert her, she witnessed a long and good confession, and died in Mr. Fowler's communion, in London. I, who am now writing this account, being favoured with her acquaintance, witnessed her, a few days previous to her death, expressing her vehement desire to depart, to be with Christ; which she said she knew would be so very far better; and what was still more remarkable, she was at the time happy in mind, surrounded with every earthly comfort, and, for what I could see, in good health of body.—*L. Z.*

One Sunday morning, (said Mr. S.,) I heard Mr. Huntington preach, and he was, as it were, in the spirit and power of Elias. He preached from "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone;" (Hosea iv. 17,) observing as follows, "Let him alone conscience; let him alone wrath; let him alone law." From that discourse the word of God was as a sharp sword with two edges cutting two ways; it was made a savour of life and a savour of death, for one man, who had been in a backsliding state, was graciously restored, and another man went and put an end to his mortal existence.—*L. Z.*

I have sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under; and yet, at another time, the whole Bible hath been to me as a dry stick; or, rather, my heart hath been so dead and dry unto it, that I could not conceive the least dram of refreshment, though I have looked it all over.—*Bunyan.*

I have wondered much at this one thing, that though God doth visit my soul with ever so blessed a discovery of himself, yet I have found again, that such hours have attended me afterwards, and I have been in my spirit so filled with darkness, that I could not so much as once conceive what that God and that comfort was, with which I had been refreshed.—*Bunyan.*

Of all the temptations that ever I met with in my life, to question the being of God and truth of his gospel is the worst, and the worst to be borne.—*Bunyan.*

No human creature's life is peaceable without disquietness; every one hath his tribulations; and many a one, rather than be without them, will make and procure disquietness to himself; for no man is content with that which God giveth and sendeth. Hath one a wife? so wisheth he that he had her not; a single man desireth to have a wife; a master wisheth to be a servant; a poor man would willingly be rich, a rich man continually coveteth more—he cannot be filled nor satisfied. Even so fareth it with the heart of a human creature, which never can be at rest.—*Father.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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GOOD TIDINGS.

My dear friend does not, I trust, impute my long silence to any decrease of affection and esteem on my part, but to inability to write to him as I could wish. You heard that I was thinking of visiting Ireland for ten days or a fortnight; and had it not been for the violent tempests which have been very awful on our coast, I should in all human probability by this time have returned thence. Three weeks successively was I waiting for an opportunity to leave, but every time I made the attempt, the storm arose with redoubled violence, and the steamers could not leave the port. Seeing so manifestly that the hand of the Lord was against my desire, I at length abandoned it for the time being. No sooner had I done this, than the reason wherefore I was to remain here came to light. During the time of my detention, a person, who had been at the very brink of despair, was brought into glorious liberty by the Lord; and although wishing to keep it back, was constrained to make me acquainted therewith. When you hear who that person is, it will, I think, astonish you. It is, then, no other than Mrs. B. For the last eighteen months or more, she had been in the deepest distress of soul. Time after time the Lord broke her false confidence into pieces, and ripped open the deceit of her heart; and such has been her wretchedness, and the condemnation which she got under my ministry, that she has often determined in herself that she would leave the chapel, and thus escape being so lacerated and pierced; but she said she felt she dared not leave, and was obliged to continue coming. All her former religion she lost, and became convinced there was a something in God's regenerate children which was not in her, and this conviction so worked in her, that she often thought she must be eternally lost. About a week before her deliverance, she dreamed that she took a living child, which belonged to no one and to every one, and cut it into pieces as heartlessly as if it had been a piece of meat; after which, seeing a nail on the wall, she

took the head, and putting the nail into the child's mouth, dragged it through it with no more feeling than she had when she first commenced cutting it up. Upon this the child came to life again, and smiled on her, and she awoke. This dream threw her into great alarm, as she could not understand what it meant, and feared she was about to fall into the commission of some horrible crime. She could see nothing scriptural in it, but still it followed her wherever she went; and she could not bear to be with her family, or with any one, but wandered for days about the house, from one room to another, crying to the Lord in terror and distraction. On the Lord's day morning she went to chapel, and I preached from Ps. ciii. 3; "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Every word entered her soul. She felt she was nothing but sin, and had every disease in her own heart, which, to use her own words, seemed to boil up like a pot within her. She felt that there was no way of escape for her but by the blood of the Redeemer, and that if she had not an interest therein, she must go to hell, for there was no salvation but in him. She was then convinced of what she had so often rebelled against, when hearing me insisting on the truth and necessity thereof, and knew that I had not even painted her heart and her inward corruptions so black as they were, and that salvation in the blood of Jesus must be inwardly experienced, known, sealed, and felt with the witness of the Spirit to our adoption, for without this we cannot have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. She sat hearing inwardly, every word that was said sinking into her heart, and condemned in all. The prayer likewise had the same effect, and she was quite cut off for her part. In the afternoon she was standing in the kitchen alone, meditating on these things, and thinking what was to befall her, and what cutting the child in pieces could mean, when it appeared to her as though some one said, "It is your sins which have cut the dear babe in pieces, and crucified the Saviour." This cut her to the quick. She felt that it was truth—that she had done so. It was her sins which had with wicked hands crucified and slain "the holy child Jesus," and that, without feeling grieved, she had done it heartlessly; and she stood guilty before God. She confessed it to him, was overwhelmed, and had not a word to say in extenuation of her sin, but could only cry, "Guilty, guilty!" and confess the justice of God. In the evening, she went to the chapel again. I spoke from the same text, and the still small voice entered her soul. She felt that "all her sins" were forgiven, and that Jesus had healed all her diseases. She had now (which she had often told me she dared not say she had) full assurance that she was a child of God, and saved for ever. In this state of peace and rejoicing she has been nearly ever since, which is more than a fortnight, and you would scarcely believe her to be the same woman. Her language is so different—pure and pointed. She has such a deep knowledge of the deceptions of her heart and the nature of false religion, having been in a profession twenty-two years. I feel what she says very much, and I find I gain instruction from her and profit; for her words penetrate and come with power and decision; and instead of being upset by searching preaching, and thinking it harsh and severe, I assure you she has preached so searchingly to me, that it has made me, I trust, truly cry to the Lord; for I have felt she is more fit to teach me than I am to teach her.

The many testimonies the Lord has ministerially given me of late, and the clear manner in which several have been manifested have made me feel my own littleness, vanity, and nothingness, in no small degree; for my death has, of a truth, been their life. I have been crushed, tormented, tempted, buffeted, and walking in darkness and

sorrow of heart, and in this state have preached the word. Finding my own carnality, deceit, and abominations work so forcibly, I have dived into these things in speaking to others, and as I have found false refuges in myself, I have declared them to others. That which has been the object after which I have been pressing, I have insisted upon to the people, urging the necessity of the enjoyment of what I have felt my poverty in, and the more I have been cut down, the deeper have I cut. Darkness has been set in my path, and past evidences so beclouded and out of sight, that Job's language has been mine; "Even to day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groaning. O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me. Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength in me. There the righteous might dispute with him. So should I be delivered for ever from my judge. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him. He bideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." Thus have I been tried and troubled, though I have sometimes thought I could say, "He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." (Job xxiii. 2—10.) That is, I have felt assured, at times, it was right and necessary for me to be thus exercised; (for I have so much rubbish and undiscovered pride, carnality, ignorance, and tinsel in me, which must be hewed down and laid bare;) and my heart has felt confident the Lord would, in due time, appear again for me, and I should have reason to be glad for his corrections and teaching—for none teacheth like him. These things make me more suspicious of what passes in my heart, and of what I see in others. It rasps off a good deal of the rust on the hinges of conscience, and makes it more susceptible of the touch of intruders. It makes me abhor myself, and all that I am and have; defaces and tears the book of self-complacency and carnal imaginations; opens the atheistical treasures of darkness, and makes me roar under the burden of my ignorance, pride, hypocrisy, and presumption; shows me how little I know of Jesus; how low and carnal are my apprehensions of him; how unbelieving, hard, stupid, and lustful is my heart; how prone it is to all that is evil, and averse to all that is good. It makes me discontented with all that comes not down from above, that is not supernatural, and has not Jesus' image and superscription on it; and teaches me, painfully, that, as in India, those who eat the husks with the rice, who feed on that which hath not "been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan," (Isa. xxx. 24,) are apt to get blind, so, truth and error, or the heavenly evidences in God's word, eaten with false conceptions of them, grasped by fear, and made to speak our case when they do not so in truth, only blind and bewilder, and make us hard, cold, careless, and frothy, and that nothing is pure and to be credited, but what God seals in us without our looking for it. When in trouble, we are but too ready to fill ourselves with the unwinnowed grain; but it is never digestible, and at length produces spiritual nausea, and becomes like a hot coal, or like melted lead in our mouth. How often do we find the truth of the verse in Hart's 26th hymn:

" Sometimes we seem to gain  
Great lengths of ground by day,  
But find, alas! when night comes on,  
We quite mistake the way."



Greatly, therefore, is divine teaching needed by us, and great reason have we to fear our own wisdom and fleshly conceptions of truth. Revealed truth is felt with the most grounded assurance, and brings or has the witness in it, and produces not self-congratulation or lifting up of heart; but (though pride will sometimes make it a snare, for the soul is sure to labour under that evil,) giving glory only to God, and shrinking from the slightest praise being given to self for that which fleshly self procured not, nor can ever either seek after or obtain. I was much established in one point some few mornings since. I awoke with my mind dwelling on the nature of spiritual teaching as differing from human; and knowing that in my natural state I would often strive to keep under my passions, &c., because they caused me trouble, I was led to ask what makes the difference, or wherein is the difference between the strivings of a renewed soul against his pollution, (which he feels in a way he never did in his unrenewed state, nor knew then that he had such corruption in him,) and the strivings of the natural man? when I was answered in these words; "But I flee unto thee, to hide me;" which settled me more surely than ever, and has rested on my mind ever since. I felt assured that what arises from God's working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, namely, hatred of sin, resisting evil, &c., seeks help against sin and evil, not by human persuasion, moral inducements, reason, or prudence, but by fleeing to the Lord, crying to him against self and the attacks of the flesh and the devil, sighing and crying, groaning and praying for deliverance from the Lord, being persuaded it is he alone who can put his hand on the cockatrice den, and deliver us from evil, and enable us to delight ourselves in the beauties of holiness, in Jesus and his precious atonement. It is true faith which cries to God against unbelief and Deism, and the louder and more fervently as the burden increases. It is the divine nature which never can unite with the old and sinful nature, which, with all its wisdom, is earthly, sensual, and devilish. It is true holiness which will not join with what the devil would have us to credit as pure, when it is only a forged note without the private mark. It is the anointing which abideth in us, which is truth, and is no lie, which forbids our resting in lies and deceit, in flesh-alluring objects and false security, but makes us sensible that there is no rest but in the dear Redeemer. This it is which leads us to try the spirits whether they are of God, and to judge ourselves that we may not be condemned with the world. The heart of a living child of God is such, that, like a jewel-case, it will not suit any but the jewels it is made for; it is like a watch which will only work with its own main-spring. The more empty we feel, the more anxious we are to be filled, but with nothing but that which comes down from heaven, and the more we feel ourselves at a stand still, and in a lifeless, prayerless, and insensible state, the more at times we desire to be set in motion, and taught and made to go by the working of God the Spirit's mighty power. For this I seek, and may the Lord give us both much of it. I have received some sweet consolation, though but just enough to be sensible of it, from Heb. x. 35—39; "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward. For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God (believed) ye might receive the promise; for yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry," &c. &c. This has been a stay to me, and still abides in me, and I greatly need strong consolation; for of late my state of mind has been very trying and grievous to be borne, and I have had great inclination to quit the ministry if I knew how, as I have deemed myself so unprofitable, and so very stupid and worldly, and have had so little communion and light,

that I have felt I ought not to preach. Thus I have breathed out my complaint often to the Lord on this account; but still he continues blessing the word to his people, and making me certain that he does his own work by whomsoever he will, for the excellency of the power is of him, and not of man. It is a crooked and rough path that I pursue, and my deadness and carnality put stumbling-blocks therein.

What I have suffered from unbelief, few can conceive; but I bless God he has not given me over to consent thereto, but makes me heave up my very heart and soul against it. It is against the person and work of the divine and all-sufficient Jesus—the Rock on which all my hopes are built—that the tempter and the gates of hell have so unremittingly fought, and still continue their assaults. May the good Shepherd keep me, for I am often very faint and weary, through these things, and my foul desires and inclinations are sores which smart and run all day and night. May he give you a spirit of prayer on my behalf, as I trust he has given me to remember you, when I have been able to pray for others. Your affectionate friend,

Stoke, Feb. 17, 1840.

G. I.

## WERE CHRIST'S DISCIPLES BAPTIZED?

Messrs. Editors,—“A Constant Reader of the *Gospel Standard*,” whose letter you have inserted in your last number, wishes me to show him from the Scriptures, 1st, where, or at what period the disciples were baptized? and, 2dly, whether that was not the first church, to which the Lord himself administered the Supper, and not, according to my statement, that which was formed on the day of Pentecost?

As your unknown correspondent writes more in the strain of an inquirer than a caviller, and as his first objection is not an uncommon one amongst the opponents of strict communion, I feel disposed to reply to his questions, if you can afford me a corner without displacing more profitable and interesting matter.

You well know that I did not seek, nor voluntarily enter into this controversy; but that, being challenged to defend my principles, I had no alternative but either to maintain them from the word of God, or lie under the imputation of being unable, or afraid to do so. But being once in the controversy, I hope in the Lord's name and strength to go through it without flinching, though my coward flesh shrinks from wounding and offending many dear friends and highly esteemed hearers, who cannot see with me in this matter. Yet, as from the first day when the Lord was pleased to open my eyes, I have been compelled to contend for truth amidst many inward conflicts and outward sacrifices, so must I still go on defending what is sealed in my conscience as truth, even at the risk of wounding and offending dear and valued friends. I have kicked against baptism as much as most, and with more reason than many, as it was my interest to continue as I was brought up, an infant sprinkler; but ever since God gave me a conscience, I have never been able long to resist the keen edge of truth, but amidst all my kicking and plunging, have been forced sooner or later to fall under it and submit.

Without further digression, I proceed to answer “A Constant Reader's” inquiries; and first as to the question when the disciples of Christ were baptized.

I. I would observe, then, *first*, that where the stream of analogy runs strongly in favour of an event having occurred, no argument can be drawn against that event having occurred by an omission respecting it. I will illustrate my meaning by a few examples. The Scriptures tell us, for instance, that women were members of churches, as we read, Rom. xvi. 1, that “Phebe was a servant” (literally “a deaconess”) “of the church, which was at Cenchrea.” See also 1 Cor. xi. 5—16; xiv. 34, 35. But the Scriptures are silent as to a woman's partaking of the Lord's Supper. Does this omission prove that they did not partake of it? or has any church ever acted on the strength of this omission, and debarred women from the ordinance? But why is this omission counted of so

little moment? Simply, because the stream of analogy—in other words, the weight of evidence—runs so strongly in favour of a female's right to this ordinance, if a member of a gospel church, that we believe it was the apostolic practice to give them the bread and wine, though it is not expressly mentioned that it was. So, suppose it were granted, which I do not grant, that no mention is made of the disciples having been baptized, if the stream of analogy runs powerfully in favour of their having been baptized, as I hope to show presently, we count the omission of the fact of little importance. At any rate, we say no argument can be drawn against their having been baptized from this omission.

So again, there is no express mention of the time and place when and where James, the son of Alphaeus, Thomas, Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot were especially called to be Christ's disciples. Here is an omission very similar to the want of mention when and where the disciples were baptized. But who has ever doubted their especial call on account of this omission, when the analogy of the other disciples all but proves that there was such a time and place of their especial call?

Again, there is no mention made in the New Testament when and where, or by whose authority, the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first. Yet, as we find the apostles meeting together for worship on the first day of the week, (Acts xx. 7,) and as John calls it "the Lord's day," (Rev. i. 10,) we conclude that such change was made by apostolic authority, and consider the omission of time and place of little moment. But if "A Constant Reader" denies the disciples were baptized, because he cannot find it mentioned in the New Testament, he ought, by parity of reasoning, to keep the Sabbath on Saturday, because he cannot in the New Testament find when and where, or by whose authority it was changed to Sunday.

Further, there is no mention made in the New Testament when and where the four evangelists were inspired to write the gospels. Yet who but an unblushing Socinian, or infidel German Rationalist, would argue from this omission that they were not divinely inspired and commissioned to do so?

Once more; in the book of Esther the name of God does not once occur. Will this omission warrant any one to reject the divine authority of the book, or to say that it does not trace out God's particular providence?

But some may ask—"Is omission in every case of as little importance as in the instances that you have named?" No surely. It is sometimes of very great importance. But it may be asked again; "How are we to know when it is of importance, and when it is not?" By this simple rule; omission is of great importance when analogy, or the weight of evidence, is *against* a thing having occurred; omission is of little importance when analogy is in *favour* of it. To argue from analogy means to argue from what is most likely to have occurred under such and such circumstances. An instance or two will make my meaning plain. The omission of any example or precept for the baptism of infants in the New Testament is of great weight against that practice. Why? Because both precept and practice in the New Testament are entirely for baptizing believing disciples. We therefore argue from analogy, (that is, from how we may gather it is most probable that the apostles acted under such and such circumstances,) that they did not baptize infants. In other words, the stream of analogy is *against* the practice of baptizing, or sprinkling infants. Now, in this case, the argument from omission is so strong that only one thing can overturn it. And what is that? The producing of an instance of an infant's having been baptized in the New Testament, or of a precept to baptize them. To argue from "households" being baptized that infants were, will not do here, as it is to make one omission make up for another omission, which is something like, in arithmetic, putting down one cipher to make up for another cipher.\* What are two ciphers worth put side by side? Just nothing at all. But put a 1 before the two 00s, and we have a hundred at once. So let infant sprinklers bring forward one instance of, or one precept for, baptizing, or sprinkling an infant, and we will say, "It is as good as a hundred;" but place all your ciphers in a row together, if you can't put one

\* There is no example of infant baptism. Here is one omission, cipher the first. There is no mention made of any infants as members of these households. Here is another omission, cipher the second.

instance or one precept before them to give them value, we shall run our pen across them all, as a schoolmaster wipes from the slate a pupil's sum.

But it may be asked, "Why should not the omission of the disciples being baptized be of equal importance *against* their having been baptized, as the omission of the baptizing of infants is *against* their having been baptized?" For this reason, that the whole stream of analogy and weight of probable evidence is *in favour* of the disciples having been baptized, but the whole stream of analogy is *against* infants having been admitted to that ordinance. It is upon this point entirely of the probable evidence being for, or against a thing, that omission is of little or of great importance.

II. I shall now, therefore, *secondly*, attempt to show that the whole current of analogy and the whole weight of evidence are *in favour* of the disciples having been baptized.

These four things are, I think, so plain from the New Testament, that none dare deny them.

1. That Christ himself was baptized. (Matt. iii. 16.)

2. That Christ's disciples by his authority baptized others. (John iv. 2.)

3. That they were divinely commissioned, after Christ's resurrection, to "go and teach (or make disciples of, *margin*) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. xxviii. 19.)

4. That they acted upon this commission, and baptized all of whom they made disciples. (Acts ii. 41, &c.)

Now if these disciples were to be as their Master, (Matt. x. 25,) if they preached baptism, as well as practised it both before and after the resurrection, then I say, without hesitation, if they themselves were not baptized, they were some of the greatest impostors and hypocrites that the world has ever seen. When those that were pricked in their heart under the word "said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter, answering in the name of the rest, "said unto them, Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ." (Acts ii. 37, 38.) But what base hypocrisy must this prince of the apostles have been guilty of, if he bade every one of the pricked in heart be baptized, and had never been baptized himself. I can as soon believe that the apostles, filled as they were with the Holy Ghost, preached repentance, and had never themselves repented, preached faith, and had never themselves believed, preached the new birth, and had themselves never been regenerated, as I can believe that they preached baptism, and had never themselves been baptized. It is said of a painter, who had coloured a picture of Peter rather highly, that he gave as a reason that the apostle was blushing for the profligacy of his successors, the Popes of Rome. But all the carmine on the painter's palette would not suffice to depict Peter's face, if he had a grain of godly fear in his heart, when he stood, on the day of Pentecost, exhorting others to be baptized, and had never himself gone through that ordinance. Methinks honest Paul, who reproved him so sharply at Antioch for his "dissimulation," and "not walking uprightly according to the truth of the gospel," (Gal. ii. 13, 14,) would have flogged him well, the first time he met him after his own baptism, with this text, "Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" (Rom. ii. 21.)

But to bring the point home, I will appeal to the conscience of an infant sprinkler. I assume that you, as an honest man, are firmly persuaded in your mind of these two points; 1. That it is according to the will and word of God to baptize the infants of believing parents. 2. That it is immaterial whether this ordinance be administered by immersion or sprinkling; but that you, for convenience sake, prefer the latter mode. Well, I will suppose that a converted Jew, professing Independent principles, has become pastor of the church of which you are a member. He preaches baptism as Peter did, as a solemn ordinance of Jesus Christ. You bring your infant to be baptized, as you call it, by him, and regard it as a solemn ordinance about to be administered in the name of the blessed Trinity, whom you love and adore. Whilst the child is in his arms, a friend whispers in your ear, "The minister has never been baptized himself. He preaches and teaches baptism as a solemn ordinance, but he him-

self has been neither immersed nor sprinkled." Now I ask whether you, as an honest man, would not snatch your child out of his arms, and call him a hypocrite to his face, for being about to baptize your infant when he had never been baptized himself? I venture to say that there never was a church at any period, or in any country, whether Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Swiss, Anglican, Presbyterian, or Independent, that ever once admitted into the pastoral office a converted Jew or a converted Heathen, who had not been previously immersed or sprinkled in the name of the Trinity. There are indeed, and have been ministers, who set aside the ordinance altogether. But such have never preached it, nor administered it to others. Such inconsistency would be too glaring for any, or even for themselves to vindicate. And who dare ascribe this inconsistency to the apostles?

But again, this argument that the disciples were not baptized not only would overthrow strict communion, but overturn infant sprinkling also. For what need can there be of baptism in any form or shape, if the apostles held it so cheap as not to be themselves baptized? "Actions," say they who use proverbs, "speak louder than words." And if the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, when they preached and practised baptism, had not themselves been baptized, they would have been as bad as Ananias and Sapphira, who said one thing and did another, in that they would have laid baptism at the feet of their hearers, and kept back part of the price, in not being baptized themselves.

But what will not men say, and what arguments will they not use, to overthrow a practice which they dislike? Many perhaps who use this argument against strict communion, that there is no proof of the disciples having been baptized, are ignorant what consequences this argument leads to; and there are always many "parrots" in the religious world as it is called, that repeat arguments put into their mouths by others, who have no more idea of the meaning or force of an argument, than the parrot in its cage of the words that it screams. Arguments are edge tools, which, unadvisedly handled, will cut a man's own fingers. And many who would shrink from calling Peter a hypocrite and a stage-player, prattle away, simple souls! with arguments which, carried out, must lead to such a conclusion.

Besides, what would have been more probable than for the disciples to have said to their dear Master, when he sent them forth "to go and teach all nations, baptizing them." &c., than this, "Lord, we have not been baptized ourselves. How then can we go and baptize others?"

III. Thus far for the *negative* side of the argument, that is, how we may argue in the absence of any positive evidence. But I come now to the *positive* side, and will attempt, *thirdly*, to show from the Scriptures that there is positive evidence, that is, plain direct proof, that the disciples were baptized previous to their partaking of the Lord's Supper.

I. I presume, then, it will be granted that John the Baptist baptized his disciples; for he baptized the multitude, (Luke iii. 7,) the publicans, (v. 12,) and the soldiers, (v. 14,) who came unto him; and we cannot believe that he did not baptize his own disciples. Now we read, (John i. 35,) "Again the next day after, John stood, and two of his disciples. And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus." "One of the two which heard John speak and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." (v. 40.) Now we have here direct positive evidence that two of Christ's disciples were baptized, and that Andrew was one of them.

II. But again we have positive evidence that Jesus himself baptized individuals. "After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and *baptized*." (John iii. 22.) Of this John's disciples complain to their Master; "Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness, behold *the same baptizeth*, and all men come to him." (John iii. 26.) Now here is the express testimony of the Scripture that Jesus baptized; and whom should he baptize but his own disciples? as we read, (John iv. 1,) "Jesus made, and baptized more disciples than John." But to this it may be objected that it says in the next verse, "Though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples." Nothing can, however,

overthrow the previous statement that Jesus baptized; and I thus reconcile the two seemingly contradictory passages. Jesus himself baptized those of his disciples who had not been previously baptized by John; but when he had baptized them, he ceased to do so, and entrusted the administration of the ordinance to his disciples.

But admitting that Christ himself never baptized any one individual, there is positive evidence to these points.

1. That two of his disciples, one of whom was Andrew, were baptized by John.

2. That Christ's disciples, by his authority, baptized other disciples, whom he had made by his preaching. (John iv. 2.)

Now what need was there of their baptizing others, if there was no need of their being baptized themselves? And why should Christ authorize and commission them to baptize the disciples made by his preaching, if they themselves were to remain unbaptized? So that this argument that the disciples were not baptized, throws the charge of hypocrisy not only on the disciples, but on the blessed Redeemer himself. And if any one asks, "Who baptized the disciples, if Christ did not?" (though I think we have reason to believe he did,) I answer, it is very easy to believe that Andrew, and the other disciple, whose name is not mentioned, baptized the others, themselves having been previously baptized by John.

III. But we gather from the language of Peter that he had been baptized.

1. He says, (1 Pet. iii. 21,) "The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us." Why does he use the word "us," if he did not mean to include himself? He ought to have said "you," if he himself were excepted. Take a parallel expression, "Because Christ also suffered for us." (1 Pet. ii. 21.) Will any one say Peter includes himself in the number of Christ's people when he says, "Christ suffered for us," and means to exclude himself from the number of the baptized when he says, "Baptism doth also now save us?" Must not "us" be equally comprehensive in both passages?

2. But we find the same apostle using similar language; (Acts x. 46, 47;) "Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Yes; to be sure. "A Constant Reader" would forbid them water, if he denies it to Peter; and with great justice; for why was it needful for Cornelius, if it were not needful for Peter? In his first epistle, Peter, as an elder, exhorts his fellow elders not to be "lords over God's heritage, but to be ensamples to the flock." (1 Peter v. iii.) But he was very much of a lord, if he bade others do what he never did himself; and very little of an example, if the flock were baptized, and the shepherd was not.

But what is the fair meaning of Peter's words, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" What but this? "We have received the Holy Ghost, and they have received the Holy Ghost. We have been baptized with water; who then can forbid water that they should not be baptized in it too? Seeing we have both received the same heavenly blessings, who shall deny them the same external rite as their sign and seal which we have enjoyed ourselves?" If this is not the fairest, simplest meaning of the passage, I don't know what language means.

IV. Lastly, Paul, enumerating the blessings belonging to the church of God, says, "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all," &c. (Eph. iv. 4-8.) That this "one baptism" does not mean the internal baptism of the Spirit, is evident from his using the expression "one Spirit" just before. It must therefore mean water baptism. Now, I presume none will deny that to the disciples belonged, as members of Christ, Judas excepted, "one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all." Why not then "one baptism?" Must this be cut out to please the advocates of open communion, in want of an argument to prop up their cause? But the same reckless knife that cuts away the "one baptism" might cut away every other "one" blessing, and leave the disciples of Jesus without the Spirit, without hope, without Christ, without faith, and without God,

Such, then, are some of the arguments by which it may be proved to every simple-hearted man that the disciples of the Lord were baptized; and if baptized, they must have been so previous to the last Supper. In fact, there can be no doubt that they were baptized when they were first called to be his disciples.

But, indeed, I despair of convincing any whose prejudices or whose interests run counter to the truths that I have endeavoured in this and a former paper to establish. It is not their heads that want convincing, but their hearts that want opening. This I am well convinced none but the Lord himself can do. Were one to rise from the dead, many would not believe anything which they have been long accustomed to oppose.

I have thus endeavoured to answer the first of "A Constant Reader's" queries, and to show that in the case of the first institution of the Lord's Supper, the steps I have laid down were rigorously observed, and that none but baptized persons partook of it. Space will not allow me to answer now his second query; but, with your kind permission, I hope to give it an early reply. I promise you, however, that I will not trespass so long on your pages in so doing, as I dare say many of your readers are well nigh weary of the controversy. Yours in the best bonds,

Stamford, May, 1840.

J. C. PHILPOT.

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### A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

Dear Brother,—May He that dwelt in the bush ever be with you, to comfort and support you. Your kind epistle came safe to hand, and, truly, it was refreshing to hear from you, especially when I find you are in the same old beaten path that my soul travels in. It did my soul good to find that you, an old veteran that has stood so many storms, are as weak and helpless as ever, and that all your help cometh from the Lord that made heaven and earth. It is sweet work indeed, when the dear Lord is pleased to lead us into the blessed sweetness and glory of Jer. xxxi. 12. It is truly heart-breaking, soul-melting, and God-glorifying, to sing of the goodness, mercy, kindness, and love of our adorable Three-in-One towards such wretches. I wonder, and wonder again and again, what sort of a God he is, that he can bear with such a wretch as poor worthless I; for I am confident, of all wretches that ever were in the world, I exceed all. Such fleshly contrivances, such carnal, filthy, sensual, devilish workings are there in my heart, that it appears utterly impossible there can be one grain of grace in my soul; and I am at a settled point, that there is no more grace in my old man than there is in the devil, nor ever will be. Sometimes I am so dark and confused that I cannot see nor feel, to my satisfaction, one single evidence that I have anything else but old man, either in me or about me. I appear, at times, so completely void of every thing that is God-like, and so full of every thing that is devil-like, that I wonder, and wonder again what would be the end of these things if I had nothing to look to and rest upon but offered grace, duty faith, taking God at his word, living up to my privileges, cultivating grace, and improving time; damned I know I must be for ever. Blessed be our adorable Three-One God, and, as you so blessedly sing and say, honour's crown his brow, our eternal salvation is fastened upon all sides so completely, and so immutably, eternally secured, that neither sin, death, nor hell can ever damn us. O what a glorious salvation, that eternally excludes

the possibility of damnation ; " Israel shall be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation, and shall not be confounded, world without end." What a mercy it is that we can neither damn ourselves, nor save ourselves ; " Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price ; therefore, glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are his." " The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied ; his reward is with him and his work before him ; by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified." O, blessed truths, glorious truths, never failing truths, that neither man nor devil, earth, hell, nor sin can ever overthrow ; " for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." O, my dear brother, to have the blessed springing well, the glorious fountain of living waters, springing up in our hearts, in faith and love, humility, praise, and adoration, is a river indeed of everlasting love, and sweet bathing and swimming. Here there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. " There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." I was quite delighted to find, by your letter, that the dear Comforter had favoured you with moments of his dear anointing unction springing up in your heart, and leading you up into the electing love of the Father, into the redeeming love and blood of the Son, and into the blessed humbling, melting, witnessing, and sealing love of the Holy Ghost.

My dear brother, learning the truth thus brings us to speak the truth of God through our throats. Yes, my dear friend, we must have it lower than our chin. " The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips." " With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with his mouth confession is made unto salvation." " A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth, and a word spoken in season, how good is it." We do not come upon Zion's walls with a see here and see there, but we testify what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard, and our hands have handled of the word of life, and our hearts feasted on the Bread of Heaven. We know that his flesh is bread indeed, and his blood drink indeed. I have been favoured of late, for now and then a moment or two, with the sweet leadings and teachings of the dear Comforter, in taking of the precious things of Christ, and revealing them to my soul. O how my poor soul has been melted down at his dear feet, to see and feel him, the Sun of Righteousness, and prove the healing virtue from his wings. How firm my soul has felt upon the Rock of Ages, that the gates of hell cannot prevail against. How sweetly has my soul followed the dear Shepherd into the green pastures of electing, redeeming, justifying, preserving, supplying, delivering love and grace. O what divine courage has my soul felt while viewing him as my glorious Captain that has fought all my battles, and con-



quered all my enemies. How triumphantly I could shout victory through the blood of the Lamb. What holy wonder, love, and adoration, has my soul felt in communion with him, as my Brother, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—"bearing all my infirmities, carrying all my sorrows, enduring all my cursed sins, and bearing them in his own body on the tree; completely finishing transgression, making an end of sin, and bringing in an everlasting righteousness; destroying death, and him that had the power of death, which is the devil, and ascending up on high and leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." O, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, crown him, crown him Lord of all. My dear brother, it rejoiceth my soul, that though we are absent in body, yet that we are one in spirit, in putting the crown upon the head of the dear Lamb of God, that has taken away the sin of the world. I can agree with you in my very soul in this; but some parts of your letter I cannot agree with, and believe I never shall. You may write as long as you will, and bring up all the arguments that ever you are able to maintain it, but I am confident you are wrong. You intimate that you are the greatest debtor to mercy, the greatest fool, the most unworthy wretch out of hell. I have no doubt but you believe, and see, and feel it to be the case; truly every "heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys;" but, of all the debtors to grace in the world, worthless old John exceeds them all. You know a little of my ins and outs in the way of providence, for several years, in the first part of my pilgrimage; but you know very little of the dreadful rebellion I had at times against a good and gracious God, for crossing all my scenes, blasting all my gourds, and laying me low. My proud stomach rose with indignation against poverty, and such awful curses boiled up in my heart against God, that my very hair has stood on end and I have expected nothing but his vengeance, to sweep me into the bottomless pit at a stroke. O the times I have come from Besses-o'-th'-Barn to hear you, on a Tuesday night, with no more hope that there could ever be a crumb of mercy for such a devil than I could hope to raise the dead, the devil roaring all the way; "Pursue him, take him, for God has left him." But as soon as ever you began to preach, the power of God dropt with it, and the mountains flowed down at his presence. O the sweet times I had in that chapel, under your voice; the times I have gone home, shouting, singing, praising, and thanking God for appearing once again as my God and Father, and with the sweet confidence that the Lord would, in his own time, enable me to pay all my debts, and cause me to bless him for every trial, trouble, and sorrow that ever my poor soul has passed through; and bless the dear Lord that he has brought me to see the day that my soul has sighed for thousands of times, and that my eyes have shed abundance of tears for. O what a good, kind, and faithful God and Father we have! Is there one good thing failed of all that ever he promised? Not one; all have come to pass. Honours crown his brow, and I know you can say Amen to that. And what astonishes me above all things is, that my ins and outs, and ups and

downs, should prove a blessing to the tried of God's family. The many sweet accounts I have received of the blessings of the Lord, in blessing both the first and second part of the "Mercies of a Covenant God," have been a source of humility, praise, and thanksgiving unto the God of all my mercies. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.  
Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will."

And, what is the beauty of all, he brings us at times to see and to feel that it is all for the best. But this I am confident of, no poor soul in this world has so much cause for thankfulness as I; and yet, if the Lord leaves me, I am a poor, lifeless, carnal, stupid, miserable wretch, till he returns again and pays me another visit. I know it is his visitation that revives my spirit.

But I must conclude, for I fear you will not have patience to read my scrawl. How many times do we talk about you, and how glad we should be if it were the will of our God to bring you once more to Trowbridge. I am going to Brighton the last Lord's day in this month and the first two in February. My wife and family send their kind love to you and yours; and that the blessings of God may rest upon you, and be with you, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, Jan. 10, 1840.

JOHN WARBURTON.

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### DELIVERED UNTO DEATH.

Dear Friend,—The most simple apology I can make for not writing to you before, is the incapacity of my mind, through the many troubles and hindrances with which I am daily exercised. I am so frequently filled with confusion, darkness, and hardness of heart, that at times I fear I shall break out into sin with my mouth. Such is my insensibility when in this state, that I cannot feel sorrow under conscious guilt, but secretly condemn the dealings of God with me, and inwardly feel the wickedness of Jonah; "I do well to be angry, even unto death." Ah, my friend, "We which *live* are *always* delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (2 Cor. iv. 10.) During the past week I have experienced a peculiar lowness of mind that I could by no means understand. I felt such a low fainting frame of body and soul, as though everything that engaged my thoughts was covered with sackcloth, so that I could not perceive any favourable issue from the past or in the future, and in this state have sought sleep as the only relief to my mind. All this time I could not explain the stupor or death in my soul. I said to a friend, "Well, I cannot understand this, for I feel as though I was bereaved of something. yet I do not know what." On Tuesday, as I was passing along the

street, I saw a bill stating that Mr. P. would preach at Zoar on Thursday evening. Immediately I felt a secret hope rise up in my mind, that perhaps this faithful witness and minister of God might explain my experience, whether it was of the flesh or of the spirit. On Thursday, to my great surprise, from the text I have cited above, the blessed Spirit was pleased to make him the interpreter of this mysterious exercise, and to lay open the very secrets of my heart. The word was truly blessed to me, because, in this experimental mirror, I could discern my own image. I felt a blessed brokenness of heart under the word, as I have frequently done when under his ministry. I cannot in this epistle fully relate to you the manner in which Mr. P. pointed out what it was to be delivered unto death; but suffice it to say, that this death was the first evidence that we had manifested to us that we were those which do live unto God. We are delivered unto death (or crucifixion) in our righteousness, fleshly wisdom, own strength, own religion, and prayers; death seizes all our plans, thoughts, ways, objects of affection, and friends, so that that secret life which is "hid with Christ in God" might, as an act of mercy and sovereign love, be made manifest in our mortal bodies.

That the Lord may keep and bless you with a daily forgiveness at the feet of Jesus, prayeth, yours very affectionately in the hope of the gospel.

Stepney.

W. C.

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### THE TARRYING VISION AND THE WATCHING SOUL SWEETLY BROUGHT TOGETHER, AFTER THIRTY-SIX YEARS' WAITING.

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My dear Friend,—As you are acquainted with the way that the Lord has led me in these many years in the wilderness, to humble me, and to prove me, and to show me what was in my heart, and as you have shared more of my sorrows and joys than any other person, and feeling assured that you have offered up many prayers at a throne of grace for me, that the Lord would be pleased, in his own good time, to bring me forth into the glorious liberty of the children of God, I shall make no apology for addressing these few lines to you. Gratitude to my covenant God, and to you as a Christian friend, compels me to acquaint you that the Lord has, in his rich mercy, answered your prayers and mine in a wonderful manner, after waiting *thirty and six years for his salvation*. And O my dear friend, it is a salvation worth waiting for, had it been the whole of a long life. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!" for I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. Yes, dearest Lord, and I will praise thee, "for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me."

I should have written long before now, but I have been expecting to see you, and I have longed to see you, that I might tell you "what the Lord has done for my soul." My dear friend, it would take a volume to describe all that I have experienced since this time last year; but I cannot rest satisfied without giving you a few outlines. You know what a state I have been in for a long time, sometimes full of hope and expectation, and at other times full of doubts and fears; in a word,

it was my highest attainment to consider myself among those who hope in his mercy, taking comfort from such texts as these; "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." But hope so long deferred at length made my heart sick, and I fell into a dreadful state of mind from thirsting so long. I had been seeking a sense of my interest in the love of Christ, and still, though he appeared just such a Saviour as I needed, I never dared to call him mine. Surely, thought I, I am not in the covenant, so that whatever may be my desires or my experience, it may be only such as hypocrites experience, "and the hope of the hypocrite shall perish." At these times I have felt such rebellion in my heart against the sovereignty of God, that I thought none but a reprobate ever could feel, and the enemy has beset me with the most horrible thoughts, trying to persuade me to leave off praying, as I was only adding to my sins, by praying against the decrees of God. Under these awful feelings, I was almost driven to distraction, but at last I thought I perceived the cloven foot, and I was enabled to say, "No, Satan, I'll not give it up; though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; and if I perish, I'll perish clinging to the cross of Christ, just as I am. I find that I have a hope, as an anchor to my soul, that I would not exchange for all the world, the flesh, and the devil could offer." Thus, through the help of God, I was enabled to silence this arch enemy of Christ and his people. In a short time, it pleased the Lord to pour upon me such a spirit of grace and supplications that I was enabled, as it were, to wrestle with him, and to cry continually, "Give me a sense of my interest in that love which knew no birth, and never shall expire;" and I was enabled to use with great earnestness the words of Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The first very sensible enlargement I experienced was on Christmas day, 1838, a day never to be forgotten. O the beauties and glories that I beheld in the God-Man Christ Jesus, the sinner's Friend, both in the ordinance, under the sermon, and in reading the written word; such as none can conceive but those who have felt it! The text our minister preached from was in that beautiful chapter, Revelation i., "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God," &c. While he was speaking in the most exalted strains on the love of Christ and the privileges of his people, I seemed as though I could hardly doubt but that I was interested in them. The "scales fell from my eyes," and I saw him, indeed, to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." My whole soul was drawn out in holy longings and desires after him "whom I was constrained to say my soul loved." I have not time to tell you half, but I was ready to say, with the disciples, "It is good to be here, for surely the Lord is in this place?"

O, my dear friend, I think it must have been a ray from that "Sun of Righteousness that was about to arise with healing in his wings," for it was not a very transient visit. O what I felt while reading that sublime description of him in the first chap. of Revelation, and when I came to these words, "Fear not; I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore," I felt as though I must have sunk into nothing before the overwhelming sight. Thus I continued for the next day and night, for I could not sleep, my views were so enlarged and my meditations of him so sweet, till nature sunk exhausted, when I felt convinced that we must have spiritual bodies before we could endure to see him as he is; yet, though I was brought to the most elevated height of expectation, still I dared not call him mine, but I was enabled to go on, though my joys gradually abated, trusting,

hoping, and believing that it would be my happy privilege. After crying out with the church, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," until the week after Easter, when I was brought into very trying circumstances through the failure of a person whom my husband, unknown to me, had joined in a note for a great sum, to us at least, and I was in daily expectation of having everything I had seized on, and my husband cast into prison, as the person was gone, and had left him to face the whole. At the same time such a cloud of darkness came over my mind, that I thought I should have been overwhelmed. The Sabbath came on, and I felt a spirit of prayer communicated, which a little relieved me on going to the Lord's house. I was enabled to pray very earnestly, as I had been very much staggered at hearing the minister bring forward some sentiments so opposite to what I had considered scriptural, that the Lord would make the minister manifest in my conscience if he was sent by him, and enable him to speak something suitable to my case, and to apply it with power to my soul, as I knew I could receive nothing except it was given me from above. And, O the hymns that were chosen; the chapters and all seemed for me; and you may judge my feelings when he named this for his text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" O, as Bunyan says, they seemed big words, indeed, to me, for the whole of the sermon was as exactly suitable to my feelings as though I had told him all my inward conflicts and outward trials. And O with what power was it accompanied, for I am sure it must have been the power of that Spirit who searcheth all things, and is indeed God the Spirit, for it reached my inmost soul, and I felt it as impossible to refuse taking comfort from the promises now, as I had before to receive them. My burden of guilt, doubts, fears, and cares were all at once removed, and the Holy Spirit bore such an indisputable witness with my spirit that I was a child of God, that I could dispute it no longer. My heart leaped for joy, and I cried out with rapture, "My Lord, and my God;" "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!" I was certain that I loved him, and therefore "all things must work together for my good," fully persuaded that neither distress, nor tribulation, nor anything else could ever separate me from his love. O he did indeed give me, at that time, "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," and "put a new song in my mouth, so that my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit did rejoice in God my Saviour, who had in such a gracious manner remembered the low estate of his hand-maiden." O how did I loathe and abhor myself for ever entertaining hard thoughts of him on account of any of his dispensations towards me in a temporal way, when all the privileges of an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ, belong to me.

Thus, my dear friend, I went heavy burdened, and came away lightsome and glad, blessing and praising the Lord for what I had seen and heard. I continued in this happy frame for three weeks, with only one little cloud arising, which only proved the faithfulness and love of my covenant God more fully in dispersing it, "for before I called upon him, he heard me; and while I was yet speaking, he answered me," and I was enabled to rejoice in him all the day long, and in his righteousness make my boast, and that at a time when I was suffering great privations as well as apprehensions; but what a little of this world's good will satisfy us when we can feast on love divine. O he brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste; he restored my soul, and caused me to lie down in green

pastures; gave me to eat of the hidden manna, gave me a white stone, and in that stone a name written that no one knoweth but he who receiveth it. Surely I had a foretaste of heaven, an earnest of the promised inheritance. Then was fulfilled this saying, "He lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, and setteth him amongst the princes of his people," for I, the most unworthy, dwelt on high, finding indeed that my place of defence was the munition of rocks. What new beauties did I discover in his blessed word! O what beautiful hidden treasures lie there concealed, which we can only discover by the Spirit's shining upon them. All those triumphant parts of it, that before were beyond my reach, were now fulfilled in my happy experience, attended with so much life and power, that all my questionings fell prostrate, like Dagon, before the ark. It would have been in vain for Satan to come in with his ifs and buts now, for I should not have believed him; no, he was as still as a stone, and I vainly believed he always would be, as I hardly felt a corruption stir. The language of my soul was, "O thou once dying, but now risen and exalted Saviour, thou shalt have the dominion; reign thou till all thine enemies are made thy footstool, and till every thought of my heart submit to the sceptre of thy love." In a word, my treasure was in heaven, and my heart was there also. I could not help begging all I saw, who I hoped loved the Lord, to help me to praise him for what he had done for such a poor hell-deserving sinner. No language could express the feelings of my heart; I longed for an archangel's lyre to sound his praise; I was like the Queen of Sheba when she said one half had not been told her; for thou dearest, fairest One, exceedest all the fame that I have heard.

O, my dear friend, with what earnestness do I long to tell some poor, doubting, fearing saint still to go on trusting the faithful word of promise, and say to him, "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward; for he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." I fear I shall tire your patience, but surely were I to hold my peace the very stones would cry out against me for my ingratitude; and, knowing that you have experienced the same blessedness, I have no doubt but you will join me in giving thanks to the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever; and let all the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the band of the enemy. I cannot leave off just yet. I have another sort of feeling to describe. I was, in this happy frame of mind, feasting on the marrow and fatness of the gospel till I seemed to have nothing to pray for, having all I could wish for in Christ, and saying, with the poet,

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

And

"If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee?"

I continued praising and blessing him all the day long, and thought I should never cease to praise him till I joined the ransomed throng above, which I was ready to conclude was not far distant, expecting to realize the truth of what Mr. Hart says,

"Some long repent, and late believe;  
But when their sin's forgiven,  
A clearer passport they receive,  
And walk with joy to heaven."

But, alas! I was soon convinced to the contrary, for "the Lord hid his face, and I was troubled." A cloud gradually came over my mind and I began again to question whether what I had experienced was the work of God upon my soul, or if it might not be enthusiasm or feelings excited by a warm-hearted, zealous preacher, or a spark of my own kindling; also I began to doubt the reality of the work by its being accomplished under a minister who, in some respects, held sentiments so very different from my views; and new scenes of trials presented themselves; pride and rebellion again reared their monstrous heads; and the enemy set in so close upon me that, in imagination, I saw all the fiends of hell ready to leap upon me to destroy me; still I fancied I saw the glimpse of chains, and, taking courage, cried out, "O, Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." What I felt for many weeks it would be difficult to tell. A little time ago, I thought I was arrived at the land of Beulah, within sight of the glorified Lamb on the throne, and then to be sent back into the land of the shadow of death; O, thought I, my smiling God is gone, and all sweet intercourse with him is at an end. O how can I live without him after being indulged with some sweet manifestations of his love! Surely my heart will break! O that I knew where I could find him! At other times, I felt like a sullen child under its parent's displeasure; and I declared with Job that if I had called and God had answered me, yet would I not believe that he had hearkened to my voice. Then I was tempted to think that I had committed the unpardonable sin, as I thought no child of God could ever be so base and ungrateful after being so privileged; and then again I thought I might be thus left to convince me that what I felt before were not sparks of my own kindling, but the work of the Holy Spirit on my soul; and that I must go to Jesus as a poor, needy sinner, to receive daily out of his fulness grace for grace. Still I continued tossed about, and not comforted: nothing seemed to point out my case until I heard Mr. G. preach from these words; "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." I went hungry and thirsty, my soul fainting in me, but the Lord enabled him to speak to my heart. The Sun of righteousness again broke in upon me from behind the cloud, and I went home praising my covenant God for his unchangeable love, rejoicing that whatever our frames or feelings may be, he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

I have been in very trying circumstances, as regards providence; but I have enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace of mind, which even the prospect of the loss of all things could not disturb. I am enabled to call upon God in a new relation, even as my God and Father in Christ Jesus; and though the waves roll mountains high, I am enabled to say, "Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me in trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." O bless the Lord for his goodness towards me! and O, my dear friend, pray for me that my anchor may be kept firm on the Rock of Ages, and my eye of faith kept steadily looking to Jesus the author and finisher of my faith, and that in patience I may possess my soul; for I feel, if left one moment to myself, I am weaker than a bruised reed.

Yours, in gospel bonds,

C. N—n.

P.S.—The dear friend to whom this was addressed exchanged worlds the *very morning* this arrived, leaving a precious testimony to the honour of her God and the glory of his rich, free, unmerited, and sovereign grace.

Gloucestershire.

R.

## OBITUARY.

Sirs,—Herewith I send you a brief account of the experience and death of my dear wife, who died Feb. 15th, 1840; and if you think proper to publish it in your *Gospel Standard*, I hope the Lord may make it a blessing to some of his dear family, who are seeking him sorrowing, and who have a crowd of fears to press through to the gate of life, and are afraid they shall never get safe there; which was often the case with my wife. Seven years she had been seeking to know the Lord for herself, often in much bondage and darkness of soul, shut up at times in unbelief and hardness of heart, feeling what it is to know God, in a measure, revealed in his law as a just, holy, and righteous God; so that at times she became a terror to herself, and would exclaim, "O how naked I feel myself to be! I cannot approach God, neither can I come nigh him. O that I could but see that he was a merciful God and Father to me in the death of his dear Son, and that his dear Son became my surety, and satisfied law and justice in my room and stead, paying all my debts; for I know that I have contracted such a debt by my sin, that I feel myself totally insolvent, and in such a state of beggary that I must for ever perish, without a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus, who died on Mount Calvary for the sins of his dear people." She saw and felt the emptiness of a fleshly religion, and knew that nothing but a true heart-felt sense of her interest in Christ's salvation would do, and that all religion short of it would prove to be nothing in the swellings of Jordan. About two months before last Christmas she used frequently to say, "John, I think I shall not live long," being at that time often enjoying many secret visits from the Lord, though in the path of sore tribulation; but still she could not say, "My Lord and my God." "The blessed Spirit of adoption," she would say, "is what I want, and to be assured that Christ died for me." This was what her heart was set upon, nor was she disappointed in the end. During last summer and autumn, I told her that I felt a peculiar weight upon my mind, as if some great event was going to take place, but what I could not tell. I knew there was something by the powerful impression that I felt; and this impression had such a tendency as to draw my heart from everything beneath the sun to Christ, which produced much softness, solemnity, and a waiting to see what the event would be. Just before Christmas, I dreamed that I stood out in the sea on the sand, but the water did not overflow my feet. I looked and saw an empty vessel sailing towards me, which filled me with fear, dismay, and agitation. I heard a voice speaking these words; "The fear of man bringeth a snare." The vessel came up to me, and knocked me down underneath it, and then I felt exposed to death every moment, and my mind became so afflicted, and driven to such extremity four or five times, that I thought death must surely follow; but just at the last extremity, when I felt the greatest agony of soul, being almost rent asunder in my feelings, a way was opened for my escape, and as I was escaping out of so great a distress which the vessel brought me into, I looked up and



saw a very rich gentleman standing with no hat on, and tears trickling down his face, who had been looking on and watching me in my affliction, waiting with sympathy to see me come out of so great a trouble. He embraced me in his arms with kindness and affection, and owned me for his son and heir, though I thought I was not a son to him by nature; he put on me new change of raiment, and exalted me to honour by placing a very large sum of money to my portion. I felt relieved from all my distress. This was the substance of my dream, and it rested with great weight on my mind, nor could I get rid of it, neither have I to this day. I told my wife the dream, and said to her, I have got death to cope with in some way, but in what way I could not tell. I knew there was something very trying coming, but honour would be at the end of it. I believed it had some spiritual meaning.

About Christmas my dear wife was first taken with a pain in her left side, which never wholly left her till the day of her death. She was always of a weak and delicate constitution. A fortnight after Christmas she was taken ill, but seemed as if she would recover again, but she was soon thrown back by a violent bilious attack, and this brought her so low, that it ended in what is called a galloping consumption. Still, she thought at times that she should get better. About three weeks before her death, she had these words spoken to her; "I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal." (Deut. xxxii. 39.) And another passage; "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." (Rev. iii. 8.) These words, she told me, were spoken to her as if she heard a voice behind her. I asked her what effects they produced on her mind. She told me that they drew her heart and affections upwards to God, and she thought from the former text that perhaps she would get better again. I told her that there was nothing too hard for God, however low a person might be brought down; but the words, I told her, had a spiritual meaning, and that the Lord would certainly heal her soul, and that Christ would set before her an open door, by faith, into himself to heaven, and neither men nor devils should shut it. She often would say she felt a wish to be resigned to the Lord's will, if he was pleased to take her home; but during the night previous to her death, being with her alone all night, as she wished no one else to be with her, I asked at times after the state of her soul, when she would reply, "Not comfortable; I have not got what I want." This she would frequently say during her illness; "I want a manifestation of Christ to my soul, so that I might be sure he is mine and I am his." I asked her if her hope stood good which she received under Mr. Vinall's ministry six years ago. She replied, "Yes, but that is not enough, though I then was persuaded that I should not see death till I had seen the Lord's Christ." She had heard others to her satisfaction; once Mr. Gadsby, at Church-street Chapel, Brighton, and Mr. Turner, of Sunderland, at Finch Chapel, Lewes. I have often heard her remark these times, when she heard her case described as a poor, lost, condemned sinner. I reminded her also the last night of the many persuasions she had had under peculiarly trying providences, and how

God honoured them; but she still replied, "That's not enough; it is not the main thing." I was glad to hear her speak in this way, for she had a thousand fears of resting short of anything but Christ himself formed in her heart the hope of glory.

About nine o'clock on Saturday morning, February 15th, I saw clearly that her dissolution was near, and I felt anxious on her behalf; whilst groans and cries burst from my heart to God in secret to reveal himself to her before he took her home. Like poor Jacob, I said, "Lord, I cannot let thee go unless thou bless her." Two hours before her death, as I could scarcely leave her for two minutes together, I asked her how she felt in her mind now. She said, "Fears and distress," and her countenance indicated what she said, which much moved me, and caused me to wrestle more earnestly on her behalf. I told her the Lord would deliver her from all her fears, according to his promise; but she could not say much then, because of her difficult breathing. I asked her if she wished to see any friend. She answered, "No, I am cut off from every helper but Christ." About an hour before she died, her aunt being present, she cried out with much earnestness and fervency of spirit, and in a striking manner, "O Lord, reveal thyself to me; do help me, Lord, and take me home to thyself. Dear Lord, help me over the swellings of Jordan. Cast me not off, O Lord!" She then said to me, "Do you think he will, John?" I told her, no; the Lord will not cast off his people, and he will not forsake you; I am confident he will not. At this time I felt much supported, and an inward confidence that all would be right with her, and my heart went out softly and tenderly to God on her behalf, for I felt as though the Lord was near. I felt the sense of these words; "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Soon after this, she had a sore conflict, and cried out again, "O the struggle of death! This is the struggle of death. O the sore conflict!" at which time she was almost choked with phlegm, and seemed quite exhausted, as if she could not speak any more, and her breath seemed almost gone, and her tongue dried up for lack of moisture. About a quarter of an hour after this, she looked up to me and her aunt with such a changed and smiling countenance, and put out her tongue, and said, "I have got a little moisture now; I am easy; I am comfortable now." Then she exultingly broke out with rapture and delight, in the words of the psalmist, "'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; who forgiveth all my iniquities, who healeth all my diseases; he has healed my soul, bless his precious name; he is good; he has helped me through. My Lord and my God.'" And she put such an emphasis on the word "my," whilst heaven shone in her countenance. Her aunt and myself being overpowered to see the goodness of God towards her in the last extremity, could not help joining with her in blessing and praising God, for he had exceeded all our expectations. She spoke till she could speak no more. Being severed from everything beneath, she fell asleep in Jesus, and died in my arms without another struggle, in the twenty-eighth year of her age.

I have sent you this account of her death at the wish of some

friends, and may it be for the encouragement of the doubting and fearing, who feel that they cannot face death and an eternal world without a saving knowledge of their interest in Christ. That he may adorn them with the beautiful robe of his righteousness to cover all their nakedness, which produces a peace and joy which the world can neither give nor take away, is the desire of the unworthiest of all;

Dolphin Lane, Lewes.

J. H.

## A LETTER FROM MR. TRIGGS.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus, and the word of Christ dwell in you richly, that you may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost. I come to you in the name of the Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve; and my desire is to talk with you in the words of truth and soberness, on the ground of dear relation to our precious Lord Jesus in blood and love,—not presuming to dictate to you, nor attempting to infringe upon your prerogative as editors, but freely allowing you your full privilege of saying and doing what you think right. Therefore, I thank you from my very heart for your great kindness to me, in saying what you have about my little book; and as the ever blessed Lord hath been pleased to bless the contents of the same to the comforting of many of his children, it is to me very encouraging; and on this account, in conjunction with your testimony, I feel humbled before the Lord, and say from my heart, "What hath God wrought!" I ascribe it all to the praise of the glory of his grace, that hath made us accepted in the Beloved. It is marvellous in my eyes; but it is the Lord's doing, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.

I now assure you, that what you have said about my preaching is not "unpalatable" to me, because I am not thereby convicted, nor condemned in my own conscience that I have "greatly erred." I never vary from the truths—in the experience of the same—that, by the good hand of God upon me, I have written in my book. My times are in the hand of the Lord, and my preaching is from him, who teacheth me the blessedness of the truths that I feel a pleasure to proclaim. What I deliver to the people I get from the Lord my God, out of his own treasure, in answer to prayer, according to his will—not from "dead men's brains," nor by the dint of study, to part it out in a variety of heads and tails. I have always one head to preach of, which is Christ Jesus my Lord; and instead of being angry, I rejoice at your sayings, believing it will turn out for the furtherance of the gospel,—that the Lord will be glorified, and the church fed.

I will now state, not in self defence, but what I feel a pleasure to preach, and you are at liberty to say who it is food for. The Lord continues to lead me on in sweet unison with Philip, Acts viii. 5—35; Paul, Acts ix. 20; xiii.; xxviii. 30, 31; Rom. i. 16, 17; 1 Cor.

i.; ii.; Gal. i. 15, 16. Therefore, I preach Christ and his great salvation, and, blessed be the Lord, ever insist on the personal work and ministry of the Holy Ghost, and a personal knowledge of Christ, by receiving him in the heart, and so walking in him. You can say whether this is food for children, or for "presumptuous hypocrites." If preaching Christ Jesus the Lord in his fulness, fitness, preciousness, work, blood, righteousness, sufferings, death, resurrection, and what he is made of God unto us, &c., be error, food for hypocrites, and starving the children, then it is with me as you say—I have "greatly erred;" but until this is proved, I shall not plead guilty to your charge, nor cease from the blessed work which the Lord hath called me to, that is, preaching Christ all and in all; and as the subject is increasingly precious unto me, I think, yea believe, that I shall continue to proclaim the same, until my gracious God saith unto me, "Come up higher;" and as I have the testimony of Jesus in my heart, (John xiv., xv., xvi.,) what the one uniform work and ministry of the eternal Spirit would be in all ages of the church, I choose rather to abide in and by that safe way, wherein there is liberty, than accept the trammels of men; and if I am condemned by men, and by them believed to "err greatly," be it so. I rejoice before the Lord that he hath counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; (1 Tim. i. 12—14;) and as I have the Lord's testimony within me, and the testimony of a good conscience, it being purged by the blood of Christ, and I am made manifest in the consciences of the Lord's family by the preaching of the everlasting gospel, I feel constrained to say, that I shall, by the Lord's help, go on preaching peace by Jesus Christ, for he is Lord of all; and, as living souls must have living bread to satisfy their living hunger, so as my soul feeds on Jesus only, I feel a delight to bring before the people what is most precious unto me.

Is it not very singular, and I freely bow to your superior knowledge, that you who live at such a distance from Plymouth should have gained such an acquaintance with the "presumptuous hypocrites" and "flatterers," and I, who have resided here for many years, remain still in ignorance of them? I esteem it a mercy from the Lord on my part; for an acquaintance with such would not be pleasant; yet it hath pleased the Lord to give me a knowledge of the case of the living children that meet for spiritual worship in Trinity Chapel. As to the people in the metropolis, I have not much acquaintance with many; yet there are a few that I know, and we have but one heart and mind concerning Christ and his salvation. As to the mourners in Zion, and those of low estate, I have been living with them for years in union and communion; and we go on in the strength of the Lord, making mention of his righteousness, and of his only; consequently, you must inform me what you intend to imply, by saying that you wish me to condescend to such; or may I be allowed to draw an inference from your remarks? Is it not that you wish me to come from the holiest, and work at the dung gate, to preach the workings of the common corruptions of poor fallen human nature, and keep up a continual warwhoop about the devil? If this be your wish, I say as one of old did; "I am doing a great work, so that I

cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down unto you?" (Neh. vi. 3.) I know the hue and cry is, "Ah! he don't preach my experience." The Lord forbid I should; since he hath sent me to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have often come into contact with professors who are very loud in their anathemas against the devil; but this hath no weight with me, unless they are brought to loathe themselves in their own sight for all their abominations, and really feel their need of Christ and his great salvation. The Lord never sent me to preach the fleshly experience of the bond children, however loudly they may bawl about themselves and the devil, but to preach consistent with the first eleven verses of Rom. v., and rejoice together with the mourners in Zion, saying, "Not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." And it is an unspeakable mercy to know, that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, being delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and I will bless the Lord that the babes are fed, the young men strengthened, and the old instructed; and as I am receiving repeated testimonies of these things, no one, by the Lord's helping me, shall cast me down from my excellency. Therefore, I shall continue to preach Christ and salvation, which is very suitable to sensible sinners, and an antidote against all their sin and misery.

I know nothing of the ministers that refuge themselves under my preaching. Of this you have more knowledge than I. That there will be hypocrites or tares amongst the wheat, I believe; and, with all your restrictions, you will not prevent their growing together until the harvest, and we are not to attempt to root them up; therefore, I do not desire to busy myself about them, but leave them to the Lord of the harvest, for fearfulness is sure to surprise them. Neither is it my province to pronounce any one a hypocrite, that being the prerogative of my Lord and Master, who knoweth what is in man, and the children of God are the only ones that think themselves such. Therefore, by way of closing these few hasty remarks, I say with Paul, "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing by myself; yet am I not hereby justified; but he that judgeth me is the Lord." (1 Cor. iv. 3, 4.)

Will it not be justice, both to yourselves and me, to insert this in your *Standard*, and I bid you good speed in the name of the Lord.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen. Yours in his precious Lord Jesus,

Plymouth, 16th May, 1840.

A. TRIGGS.

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### EDITORS' REMARKS.

"Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in mete-yard, in weight, or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have." (Levit. xix. 35, 36.) In the spirit of this precept, however we may through infirmity of the flesh fall short of it, do we desire to act; and in con-

formity to it we have inserted the above letter, in order to allow friend Triggs to speak for himself. We can assure him that it was painful to us to make any comment upon his preaching, but we felt that as he is so much better known as a preacher than as a writer, many who have heard him in the pulpit, and not read his "Memorial," would gather from our approval of his book that we approved of his preaching also, and that the one was a counterpart of the other. However delicate, therefore, was the ground which we had to tread, we felt that there was a needs be for some allusion to the subject of his preaching. Our love to the people of God outweighed our love to him; and that we do both love and esteem him, our expressed opinion of his "Memorial" testifies. That our remarks were not very wide of the mark we think the above letter proves, which we feel is far more likely to please letter Calvinists than the broken in heart and contrite in spirit. But as, in justice to him, we have inserted his letter, it will be but justice to ourselves to make some friendly comments thereon. Believing him, as we do, to be a man of God, we cannot, we dare not write in any other way to him, or of him, than in terms of respect and affection; and yet we desire to deliver our opinion faithfully and unbiassed by any other motives than those of sincerity and truth. We fully believe, then, that our friend Triggs "never varies from the truths, in the experience of the same, that, by the good hand of God upon him, he has written in his book;" and we also believe that he "never gets his preaching from 'dead men's brains,' nor by dint of study, to part it out in a variety of heads and tails." Nay, we believe that the leading truths which he preaches he has received in much affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost.

But he may preach the same truths that he thus learnt, and yet not preach them in the way that he learnt them. He may have learnt them experimentally, and yet preach them only doctrinally. He may have learnt them amidst doubts, fears, conflicts, temptations, and sorrows, and yet so state them from the letter of the word, unaccompanied by his own experience, as a man might do from the bare Scriptures, who had never felt them sealed in his heart.

A traveller, who after a long and painful toil, and many hair's breadth escapes, has emerged out of a tangled wood into the open plain, would be but a poor guide to the wanderer in the forest, if he sat himself quietly down to converse about the beautiful scenery, and safe spot where he was then standing. But if he dived again into the deep recesses of the wood, and pointed out the winding path to some traveller who had lost his way, he would be a guide indeed. Friend Triggs seems in his feelings so completely "out of the wood," that we do not find him, in his letter, much travelling side by side with the benighted, way-worn traveller.

But let us look a little at his present state as indicated by his letter—the fairest mode of forming our opinion. He has resided, then, it appears, many years in Plymouth—that town so full of Calvinistic profession—and remains still in ignorance of any presumptuous hypocrites or flatterers. We do not profess any personal knowledge of his congregation, but it requires no great depth of discernment to be well assured of their existence in his chapel. He admits, indeed, "that there will be hypocrites or tares among the wheat," but does not "desire to busy himself about them, it not being his province to declare any such."

O, friend Triggs, where are thine eyes! What! no presumptuous hypocrites in thy congregation—no flatterers ever in thy vestry! We believe you are the chief, if not the only judge of the persons admitted to sit down at the ordinance. If "it is not your province to pronounce any one a hypocrite," what is your discernment worth in judging of their qualifications? Have you never rejected any who have offered themselves? Have not some turned out badly whom you have admitted? and have you not rooted such up as tares among the wheat? When the Lord forbade his servant to gather up the tares, he doubtless meant that they were not to root them up with the hands of violence and persecution. He never intended thereby to forbid a separating, heart-searching ministry of the word. Have not your talents and gifts in the ministry ever drawn forth the applause of those who wished to stand well in your eyes? Is your preaching so searching and discriminating as to have banished every hypocrite from your chapel? You tell us in your book how your faithful preaching offended lady K., and turned her from a friend into an enemy. Is her generation extinct and

gone? and did they all die when she died, the day after Trinity Chapel was opened? We know what a bold honest man you are; but has your iron grasp crushed up every flatterer and every flattery that has approached your vestry or parlour? How can you take forth the precious from the vile, and so be as God's mouth, unless you make a separation between the wheat and the chaff? And if what you say be true, which we doubt, that "the children of God are the only ones that think themselves hypocrites," how can you take up these stumbling blocks out of their path, if you never "busy yourself" with describing how far a hypocrite may go, what he may know, and wherein he differs from a living soul? So that, according to your own acknowledgment, you leave many of God's dear children harassed with fears of hypocrisy, because you consider it is not your province to gather out the tares, or pronounce any one a hypocrite.

But, friend Triggs, if we are to judge you from your letter to us, you are in the holiest, and cannot come down to work at the dung gate. What communion, then, can you have with those of God's family who are sorely plagued with a body of sin and death? If we had never read your "Memorial," and had no other evidence to judge you by but your letter, we should say, that your evil heart never grieved you, sin never burdened you, your idolatrous affections were no thorn, your heart-adulteries no source of guilt, and your daily and hourly backslidings no condemnation. Is this "the fleshly experience of the bond children which the Lord never sent you to preach?" If your preaching is, as you tell us, consistent with Rom. v. 1—11, you well know that "tribulations, patience, and experience" are spoken of in verses 3 and 4. And what "tribulations" are like soul tribulations? where is the exercise of "patience" but in trials and temptations? and what "experience" of God's mercy and goodness is worth a straw but in the midst of conflicts and burdens? Again, ver. 6, we read of being "without strength," and in ver. 9, of being "saved from wrath." Here is a deep mine of experience to be worked, in describing the helplessness and impotency of a convicted sinner, and the internal feelings of wrath and enmity produced when the sentence of death passes upon the soul, ver. 12. So that unless you skim over the surface of this very part of Scripture which you bring forward as the model of your preaching, you must bring out the rich vein of experience therein contained, or differ in no whit from a letter-preacher. But what will you do with all the experimental parts of God's word, as the book of Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, large portions of the Prophets, &c.? You cannot be a workman, rightly dividing the word of truth, if you set aside all these experimental parts. What a poor preacher you would be to Asaph, who was plagued all the day, and chastened every morning! When Job was plunged in the ditch till his own clothes abhorred him, you would hardly soil your fingers with touching him or them. When Jeremiah was in the dungeon, you would hardly have lifted him up with old rotten rags and old cast cloths under his arms. These were all in their time at dung gate, when the feet of the first had well nigh slipped, the second abhorred himself in dust and ashes, and the third cursed the day of his birth. But friend Triggs would have tarried in the holiest, and not come down to them. Those that can come up to him he can keep company with, but he cannot come down to the lepers at the dung gate.

But you say, "The hue and cry is, Ah! he don't preach my experience." O, friend Triggs, how could your pen write such a sentence? The very worst cry against a man of God is that he does not preach the experience of the sick, the wounded, the tempted, the harassed, the buffeted, and the outcast. You do not mean to call this complaint of the prisoner "a hue and cry;" and say "the Lord forbid you should preach it?" If by "the fleshly experience of the bond children" you mean a continual experience of the workings of a corrupt nature, without any spiritual cries under them, strugglings against them, or deliverance out of them, we agree with you that this is not to be preached. But how easy it is to cast a slur upon all experience, and trample down all the feelings of exercised and sin-bitten souls, by calling everything short of assurance, "the fleshly experience of the bond children," and "a continual warwhoop about the devil." And what must the effect of all such preaching be but to wound and cast down the tried and tempted of God's family, and bolster up presumptuous pre-

fessors, who know nothing of the burdens and sorrows with which living souls are exercised?

But we will come a little closer home. What did you write your book for? What induced you to set forth your agonies, temptations, and distresses of soul as you have there so clearly described? Surely it was not to swell your book that you came down from the holiest in your preaching to work at the dung gate in your writing. If all this is "the fleshly experience of the bond children," a "bawling about themselves and the devil," what made you tell us all this fleshly experience, and sound this "warwhoop" in our ears? Either your preaching must be wrong, or your book. Half of your "Memorial" is filled with your temporal and spiritual trials. But when you go into the pulpit, you leave all these at the dung gate. Which are we to listen to, Triggs the preacher, or Triggs the writer?

But what will you say to us if we plead against you out of your own book? You tell us, for instance, (p. 161,) of a temptation "which proceeded out of your heart, which almost sunk you into despair." And you say, (p. 162,) "Some may censure me for writing thus, but as I suffered so much from it, who can tell but some poor child of God may be tried in the same way, and comforted by hearing of one companion in this path of tribulation?" Now are you not working at dung gate here? This temptation, viz., the lust of the flesh, is one of "the common workings of poor fallen human nature." But you give a wise and sufficient reason for mentioning it. Now, why should it be good and profitable to mention corruption in your book, and omit all mention of it in the pulpit? Are there no tempted souls in your chapel, and many of these into whose hands your "Memorial" may never fall? Now, if it is profitable for some poor child of God to read of your temptations, why should it not be profitable for him to hear your temptations? And why should not that give him comfort when spoken by your tongue which you believe may give him comfort when written by your pen?

Again you tell us in your book (p. 163,) that "many times hath the devil disputed with you about the truth and authenticity of the word of God," &c.; and that "at other times the devil hath sorely tried you that all your religion was in the flesh, and nothing but a delusion." But you say in your letter to us that "the Lord never sent you to preach the fleshly experience of the bond children, however loud they may bawl about themselves and the devil."

Now this experience which we have quoted out of your book, is it fleshly or spiritual experience? If the former, why did you write it? If the latter, why don't you preach it? Did the Lord send you to write one thing, and preach another? And if you write about the devil and his temptations, why should you not preach about the devil and his temptations? So that it comes to this, that either you erred in publishing your "Memorial," or err in your preaching. Which alternative will you take?

We assure you that we make these remarks in all friendliness and affection. It would rejoice our hearts to find you coming forward in the pulpit with a savoury unctuous experience; and whilst many of your present admirers would turn away from you with disgust, their places would be filled with the tried and tempted of God's living family, who would rise up and call you blessed.

## POETRY.

### SALVATION BY GRACE.

'Tis easy to talk of salvation by grace,  
And how well it suits a poor lost sinner's case;  
'Tis easy to say, "the elect shall be saved,  
For Jesus their names on his breast hath engraved."

But when the Lord pleases his work to begin,  
And makes the poor soul feel the plague of his sin,  
Head knowledge alone will not reach his sad case,  
He earnestly longs for salvation by grace.



Anon he attempts some good works to perform;  
 Poor webs! they all vanish before the first storm;  
 With shame and confusion he covers his face,  
 And wrestles and cries for salvation by grace.

His spirit oft faints from the toils of the way,  
 A thousand sad griefs fill his mind with dismay;  
 Yet, onward he keeps, though uneven his pace,  
 Till made to rejoice in salvation by grace.

He finds true religion is more than a name;  
 By faith he communes with the Saviour, the Lamb,  
 Who cancell'd his sins with his peace-making blood,  
 And gives him access and acceptance with God.

Well may gospel truths be so dear to his heart,  
 Election, redemption; in them he has part.

With holy contrition and wonder, he cries,  
 "O why was my life so esteem'd in thine eyes?"

He knows God is faithful, and will not remove  
 His covenant of peace from the Son of his love.  
 The Holy Ghost shows him his interest there,  
 And Christ says, "My righteousness makes thee all fair."

"Now," says the poor soul, "I'm o'ercome with delight;  
 Of Christ and his work I shall never lose sight;  
 His name is so precious my heart leaps with joy,  
 And to walk in his ways is my sweetest employ."

No trial shall make me disquieted now;  
 Let death itself come, and I'll willingly go.  
 All heaven shall hear the glad anthems of praise,  
 That I to his glory for ever will raise."

Thus judging by feeling, he makes a mistake;  
 For thinking his confidence nothing will shake,  
 Perhaps he slips down ere he can be aware,  
 And finds himself caught in a terrible snare.

Enveloped with darkness, his mind is distress;  
 His prayers and his tears can afford him no rest,  
 Till Jesus returns with the light of his face;  
 Then O how he prizes salvation by grace.

Sometimes he is suffer'd from God to depart,  
 And hosts of corruption arise in his heart,  
 So foul and so base that they cannot be nam'd;  
 And to look up to God he is truly ashamed.

No tongue can express the sore conflicts within  
 He feels while contending with indwelling sin.  
 "Strange mystery!" he cries, "O how can it be true  
 That the thing which I hate is the first thing I do?"

Now Satan against him puts forth all his power;  
 He knows this dark season is his suited hour;  
 But no fiery trial, or pain, or distress,  
 Shall ever prevent his salvation by grace.

And though hard beset by world, Satan, and sin,  
 The Christian at last shall the victory win;  
 Since Christ is his Saviour, his Husband, and Friend,  
 He must and he shall persevere to the end.

Then, poor, tried believer, thou need'st not despair,  
 The faithful Jehovah still makes thee his care;  
 His love hath prepared thee in glory a place,  
 And there thou shalt sing of salvation by grace.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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A LETTER ON SANCTIFICATION.

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Dearly Beloved in the Holy One, the Sanctifier of the body elect,—According to your request, I give you my thoughts on sanctification, a subject that has often perplexed the minds of the Lord's family. I have looked at the pieces you refer to, and do not wonder at your being startled. Progressive sanctification, and the law of God as the rule of sanctification, may well alarm a soul conscious of what it is in the sight of God. We will look at the subject scripturally and experimentally. The church was eternally sanctified by the will of God the Father; (Jude 1;) "Before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee;" (Jer. i. 5;) electively holy, chosen in him, "that we should be holy and without blame before him in love;" (Eph. i. 4;) and relatively holy in its union with the Son of God, who of God is made unto us sanctification. What he is, we are; all the holiness of his person, both God and man, is for the benefit of his church; all the holiness of the acts of his holy life, his perfection of obedience, was for the church; "He was made sin for us, and we the righteousness of God in him." We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ; "Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." It was an atoning offering; his meritorious blood carried all the filth and vileness of sin away. He loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it, and present it unto himself without spot, so that she is pure in the blood of the Lamb; his bride is cleansed from every stain, and he calls her his love—his wife; therefore, Jesus has perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

We are holy in the Holy One. When the high priest went in before God, on his head was a golden mitre, with this inscription on the front—"Holiness to the Lord!" Bear it in mind, then, beloved; it is Christ who is seen instead of thee, for he is the head of holiness to the whole family.

"In him the Father never saw  
The least transgression of his law;  
In him perfection then we view,  
His saints in him are perfect too."

Let your eye be fixed upon the frontlet of your great High Priest, who is gone into the holiest of all. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be all the glory of our complete and everlasting sanctification.

We come now to the sanctification of the Spirit in the heart, and the effects of his indwelling in discriminating the vessels of mercy from the world, by setting them apart for the Owner's use. Regeneration is spiritual life implanted in the dead sinner; "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." It is being in Christ vitally; "And if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." It is the Landlord come to dwell in his own premises; "Holy is his name." He brings entirely new furniture into his own apartments; we are his temple; we are made partakers of the divine nature—are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. The Holy Ghost imparts all his graces and fruits, and sets apart him that is godly for himself. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, addresses them, "To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus;" and, after describing characters who cannot enter into the kingdom of God, says, "And such were some of you, but ye are sanctified." The holy principle of spiritual life is entire, and all its actings will be of the same nature and tendency. Grace reigns and has the dominion, but the evil principle in our fallen nature is the same; hence arises conflict and warfare; but the elder shall serve the younger, and evil, and vileness, and corruption will become exceedingly hateful and loathsome, because of the holy principle dwelling within. Through the power and prevalence of sin in the old man, we do the things we ought not to do; "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." (Rom. vii. 19—23.) So then, till our last hour in the desert, we shall often be compelled to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom vii. 24.) Beloved, the consciousness of the law being spiritual, and the struggle lying in the mind, can any one experimentally and scripturally know this, and talk about progressive sanctification? I can look at my justification in the perfection of my Lord with growing pleasure, and feel my soul devoted to God, and the members of my body become "as instruments of righteousness unto God." (Rom. vi. 13.) There is nothing progressive in the man being devoted to God, because, when the law enters the man's conscience, and he is awakened to a discovery of his ruin, he is cut off from outward sinning; and when his soul is set at liberty, by the discovery of a bleeding Saviour and a dying Substitute, and he sees in the wounds of Jesus everlasting forgiveness, he will hate

sin with a perfect hatred, vow vengeance against his damning iniquities, and will flee from evil as from a viper.

We find the man in his first love early in the house of God, and strict in his attendance at the ordinances, &c. He treads the world beneath his feet; the things of Christ's kingdom are the theme of his conversation, and heaven is his anticipation. To all obstructions he says, "Hinder me not;" his heart being in the worship of God, he soon finds the way; but we often see an alteration in after days, and are constrained to say, "Where is the blessedness ye spake of?" Many of the saints have fallen grievously through the power of the devil, and through the prevalence of indwelling corruption. What child of God does not often fall in his mind? Where, then, is the progressive sanctification that men talk about? It is only calculated to distress the weaklings in Zion, encourage the legal workings of their minds, and set them looking at themselves instead of Christ, in whom they are everlastingly complete. The more a man knows of himself, the more sensible is he of his vileness. Instead of believing he is advancing, he is wondering whether God can dwell in such a monster of iniquity. I am not talking of outside matters; we look for that as the result of the grace of God. Believers who live in the fear of God, will assuredly walk uprightly. I am referring to conscience matters—as things are experienced within. I know of no increase or progress of holiness from the day of my espousal to Christ to the present moment, which is twenty-five years ago, only as I feel the holiness of Christ applied by the blessed Spirit; nor do I expect that my fallen nature will be one whit better, should I live another twenty-five years. As I have received Christ Jesus my Lord as all my holiness and sanctification, therefore I desire to walk in him, and to be found in him; and this, on the part of all Christ's children, will constrain us to manifest that we are sanctified by Christ in our walk and conversation, and, under the influence of it, we shall live to his glory. By growing in a discovery of what we are as fallen sinners, we are made more to prize his heart-purifying blood, and become better acquainted with him as our salvation. There is an increasing knowledge of the person of Christ, of the fulness and freedom of his grace, of his suitability, of the vastness of the benefits of his redemption, which bring joy and peace in believing. Thus we grow up in our Living Head, while we grow down in our own stem. To have fellowship with him is to walk in the light; and, walking in the light, though we shall have a discovery of our own deformity, we shall rejoice in heart, knowing that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Each time we have communion and fellowship with God in his pure truth and holy doctrine, and in his ordinances, we are sanctified by it. Sanctifying influences and operations we at times enjoy, and they have their holy effects on the mind, conscience, and conduct. We are sanctified by every spiritual opening of truth to the mind; we rise above the world, sin, and self under its operations. "Be ye holy," saith Jehovah, "for I am holy." How are we so? Our Lord says, "Abide in me; from me is thy fruit found." The reception of God's truth in the mind, by the light and unctuous power of the Holy Ghost, is holy, sanctifying truth. It raises indignation at evil in every form; it elevates our souls above the world, and sets our hearts in heaven, having access to God and holy familiarity with him. When we converse with saints on spiritual subjects—when Jesus and his great salvation drop from the lips, and his love, blood, and righteousness occupy our thoughts—it sanctifies the heart and mind; and we breathe in an atmosphere that is delight-

ful. But after the sweetest of these seasons, how easily has the mind been diverted; and we know, by painful experience, that scarce has Satan laid a bait for us, than we have been entrapped, and all the savour of heavenly intercourse has evaporated; so that we have felt carnal, stupid, and sensual, by which we have discovered that grace must uphold us every moment, and that we must build upon something more firm than our comforts. Under such circumstances, we have felt doubly condemned, and have wondered at the extent of pardoning mercy that has reached so vile a case. This has been my feeling of shame, so that I can never look at my acts of experience, without the blood-fountain being doubly endeared. I have no progressive sanctification to look at, nor do I understand it; but I know that the more we have to do with God in his word, with Christ in his truth, with the Holy Ghost in his teaching and glorious leadings, we feel sanctifying effects on the mind; so that all my sanctifying springs are in the Holy Ghost, who dwells in me as a well of living water, springing up unto eternal life. I have nothing to glory in but what I have in Christ, and what he is to me. The holy principle of spiritual life in my soul must be acted on; the revelations of Jehovah, and his grace and truth, must be given by the Holy Ghost, and then I enjoy all the sanctifying effects of his operation. The blood of my Lord becomes infinitely more precious every day that I live, and a greater glory appears in his wondrous salvation.

E. M.

## STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

I have felt a desire arising in my mind for some time to write to you. I am persuaded, through the blessed teaching of God the eternal Spirit made known to such a poor hell-deserving sinner, that nothing but God the Holy Ghost could ever give to any poor cast down soul, vitally and experimentally, to know that he is lost, ruined, and undone; and unless quickened of God, and made alive in Christ, and washed in his most precious blood, which cleanseth from all sins, even to the very uttermost, I believe I should be in hell; for, even since the Lord, in his infinite mercy, I trust, quickened my soul, I do feel such rebellion in my carnal mind, such devilish thoughts, and such unbelief, that I sometimes stand astonished that the Lord does not cut me off as a cumberer of the ground; but, bless his dear name, having obtained help of him who is a friend at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother, I still continue; sometimes hoping, sometimes longing, sometimes crying, and sometimes, according to my feelings, hardly thinking that I have a desire; but, bless his precious name, he has, through the teaching of his Spirit, fulfilled his precious word in my soul's experience; "When the poor and the needy, (and this I daily feel,) seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, the Lord their God will open rivers in high places," and cause the word to drop as the rain, so that my soul has been as a well watered garden, for I have been enabled to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

Having felt a sweetness in reading your magazine, which I can say, when the Lord has opened my poor mind to receive the blessedness contained therein, answereth to my heart as in water face answereth to face, so it has enabled me, through the Spirit's teaching, to trace my own features, and go on step by step with some of you. By the help of my God, (for I have known by precious faith that he is my God)

although I often doubt and feel such a trembling in my poor mind whether I know anything in reality what it is to be born again, feeling darkness of mind, and the devil coming in like a flood,) I am constrained to cry out, "Lord, help me! bring nigh thy salvation! say unto my soul, I am thy salvation!" and, bless his dear name, he has, when under these keen temptations, when I have been ready to give up all for lost, caused again and again his precious blood to be sprinkled upon my conscience, purging it from dead works to serve the living God. I do know what that is, and it is those only whom he purchased with his blood that know these things, for "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not;" and I do also know, by precious faith made known by the Holy Spirit, that this is the life of God in the soul, and the light of him that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, that have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them in the gospel; for if we light a candle in a dark place we discover the objects around us. Again, when the sun shines into a room, we perceive, if we look at the rays, the dust that is flying therein; and so I do find, by daily experience, that the more I discover the almightiness of his power toward me, the more I discover my unworthiness; and so it is that I am led to discover that in me dwelieth no good, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot I am nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. The soul that is taught aright knows, through the Spirit's dealings, what the word declares, that those who are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, and that it is Christ that worketh in them both to will and to do of his own good pleasure; yet the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other, and always will be while in this howling wilderness, although some have spoken against these things, and called it corruption and sin, and living upon corruption. This is for a want of knowing how crooked things are made straight; so crooked to the carnal man that he cannot understand them, because they are spiritually discerned. Thus we are rooted and grounded in the knowledge of these things. This is not our rest! It is polluted! We seek a city whose maker and builder is God, and we can say, when the Lord opens our renewed minds, through the eyes of our understanding being enlightened that we may know what is the hope of his calling, and what are the exceeding riches of his grace toward us who believe, that the light temptations which beset us for a moment work in us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Those that know the plague of the heart are well aware that they cannot live upon corruption; so that, instead of living upon corruption, as some would have us to believe, it strips us of every thing in the creature, and makes us to hate and abhor ourselves, and to live upon Christ, and feed upon him as the bread of eternal life. How sweet it is to know that the Lord leads us on in the life we now live, and that by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us; therefore we are not our own, for we are bought with a price, even the price of his own most precious blood. I would say,

Experience some men despise,  
And call it corruption and sin;  
But I do most blessedly prize  
The Spirit's sweet witness within.

It will not satisfy my soul to hear men preach Christ only in the letter; but when they are led by the Spirit to testify of what they have handled, and tasted, and felt of the word of life, and to insist upon the fallow

ground being ploughed up, and to separate the flesh from the Spirit, the precious from the vile, this is food indeed; this is to preach a living Christ formed in you the hope of everlasting glory; and thus, as the Lord accompanies the word with power to the soul, the slaughtered flock of Christ are comforted and built up in their most holy faith. O, 'tis precious living as the Lord opens it up and causes it to rest upon the renewed mind.

I will now, if the Lord enable me, write of the first dealings of God upon my soul in bringing me out of darkness into his marvellous light; and I pray that the Lord would rather stop my breath than write anything but what he hath taught me.

In the year 1836, I was asked by my father in the flesh, and a brother in the Lord Jesus Christ, to go and show him where Mr. P—, of Cornwall, was going to preach, and I know there was not the least desire after a precious Jesus in me. He took his text from John xi. 25; "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Believest thou this?" The arrow was shot, and the poor wretch, who a short time before could call down damnation on his own soul, was now seized with horror at the appearance of an awful eternity, and eternal death sounded in my ears louder than ten thousand thunders; yea, it entered into my very soul, and I could rest neither night nor day. I tried to read the Bible, but dared not, for open where I would, I read my own condemnation. It was a sealed book indeed to my soul.

In my daily employ, whilst working in the shop with others, I was obliged to leave my work and go to a secret place to give vent to my agonizing feelings; nor even durst I say what was the matter with me. On being asked by one of my relations in the flesh what was the matter with me, I told him I had got a cold. I went to hear several ministers, but they all preached condemnation to such as I was. O how I did wish the Lord would cut me off and send me to hell, for I thought I should have more peace there than under the frowns of a just God! but at the same time there was a secret something which said, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner!"

I went out one Sunday morning with an intution to drown myself, and going past a chapel, I believe the Lord's hand was in it, or I should not have been here at this day; I went in, but came home again with the same anxiety of mind, and eternal death still sounding in my ears. O, it seemed at this time to make my soul shudder! and yet I am made to rejoice when led to view the goodness of God to one so deserving of eternal death.

At another time, while in the act of shaving myself, the devil, with all his infernal venom, tempted me by saying, "'Tis better to die than live. You had better destroy yourself." I believed him, and my poor trembling hand was raised with the intent, but on looking round on my dear children as they lay in bed, my eyes burst into a flood of tears. O how I cried upon the Lord to have mercy on me for the sake of my wife and children. I dared not so much as say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" but my cry was, "Guilty, guilty!" What a mercy it is the Lord knoweth them that are his, so that I was kept from doing the deed by the mighty power of God, or I should now have been in hell, receiving my just reward. Honours crown his brow that there is a set time to favour Zion, for I am persuaded that there is a set time, and it will not arrive one moment before nor after the time that was eternally destined from the foundation of the world.

One day while at work these words flowed into my soul like a torrent

of redeeming love, "Fear not, (O precious! fear not,) for I have redeemed thee with my blood; thou shalt be mine in that day when I make up my jewels;" and I do believe I shall. All sorrow was gone in a moment, for then I could say feelingly, "He hath put a new song into my mouth;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though I was once blind, yet now I see;" but I soon found out I had a body of sin and death, and within was a den of unclean beasts, for the Lord hid his face. I was much troubled, and thought if I could but once more hear Mr. P.—I would never again give way to doubts and fears; but, alas! up to the present moment I am at times full of them.

As I was going to hear Mr. T—, under whose ministry I now sit, and, (blessed be my God, he gives me here and there a portion of meat in due season,) these words darted into my mind, "Cursed is the man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm;" which made me to tremble and cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I saw I was cursed from the word of God, and there was no hope for me. But the Lord, in his own good time, was pleased to apply these words with power to my soul, "Is my arm shortened, that I cannot save? or is my ear grown heavy, that I cannot hear?" I was therefore constrained to say, "No, Lord." It humbled my soul in the dust to see my own nothingness, for my precious Lord Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, has made known in many instances his covenant love to my soul, not only as it is laid down in the letter of the word, but also as it is written on the fleshy tables of my heart. O may the Lord establish his doubting and fearing ones with these words, "Not without, but with the temptation he maketh a way for our escape," for his own glory, and for his people's good; not that we rejoice in the temptation, but in him who hath delivered, and whom we trust will yet deliver us, and finally bring us home to be with him for ever. This we know, by happy heart-felt experience, that all our fresh springs are in him, and in the world we shall have tribulation, but through Christ, who always remains the same, we shall have peace with God. All the change is in us poor sinners. O how often has the devil shot his arrows at me, which has made my soul to tremble, and oftentimes to think how it will be with me when the strings of my heart are breaking; but he was a liar from the beginning, for the Lord makes his family, sooner or later, prove him such.

One day in particular as I was going to a prayer meeting where I was a member, how forcibly did the enemy of my soul, the accuser of my brethren, and no other, sound these words in my ears, "The great day will prove it;" and although the dear Lord at the same time seemed to be loading me with past manifestations to my soul, the trial was too heavy for me to bear had not he helped me with it. I was led to put up a petition, although I never before engaged in public, that the Lord would once more make manifest that I was one of his adopted children, by my being called upon to engage in public, and that he would give me what to say, and to cause the blessedness to be felt in my own soul's experience. The dear lover of my soul so ordered it that I should be the first that was called upon to engage in prayer, and even then I began to tremble, for the devil kept telling me, "Now it will be made manifest; you will have nothing to say;" but the Lord opened my mouth and confounded the enemy, and I had a refreshing season from the presence of the most high God, for it was none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven to my soul. But after all his tender mercies to me, in making known his great salvation,



I find I am as rebellious as ever, as dependent as ever, and as needy as ever, having nothing in myself to recommend me to the favour of God. Bless his dear and precious name, all my fulness is in Christ.

You will pardon me writing so lengthily a letter, as I had no intention of doing so when I began, but while I was musing the fire kindled. Much more could I write, for the Lord brings to my mind many instances of his love and tender mercy towards me both in providence and grace.

If you think this worthy your notice, and according to the word of God and your own experience, I hope you will insert it, as it may prove a comfort to some poor tried child of God.

I remain, one of the base things of this world,

Plymouth,

J. W.

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### LIFE FROM A LIVING HEAD.

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Dear Brother in the Life of all that spiritually live,—I have felt and do still feel for you in your late trouble; but, my dear friend, what a mercy it is that the real Spring-head of all our mercies ever lives, and that in his ever-living life he has secured our life; hence his gracious Majesty says, "Because I live ye shall live also." Trials are really necessary, as a means in the hands of the blessed Spirit to make us look round us, and look within us, and look above and beyond us, to try matters up well, that we may see and feel how we stand before the Lord, whether or no we have any vital faith, hope, or love; and if we have, where faith is looking and resting, and where hope is anchoring, and what object our love is really embracing; whether right arms and right eyes of a perishing nature are dearer to us than the Lord of life and glory; and whether or not at his bidding we can consent to part with them; and if not, whether, when his gracious Majesty takes them without our consent, we can or not feelingly say, "Thy will be done;" and if not, whether or not we feel prepared for deeper chastisement, and whether our rebellious nature is determined to fight against our best Friend, let the consequence be what it may. O, my dear friend, how often the furnace throws up such dross and filth that both makes us stagger, and confounds us; and when nothing but these horrible dregs of Satan appear in sight and feeling, and when the devil comes with infernal power, and with a horrible roar says, "Where is your religion now? where is your faith, and hope, and love now? and where is the God you so often boasted of? What is become of your God and your joy?" I say, when this is the case, what an awful mass of detestation we appear, unable to make the least reply, except it be, "I really do not know;" and then when the dear Lord breathes in us the breath of sighing or groaning prayer, and in a state of almost distraction we are enabled to sigh, "Lord, appear for my relief; Lord, help me; Lord, I am vile; have mercy upon me, vile, wretched me! If thou canst have mercy on such an ungrateful, vile, base wretch, do, dear Lord, appear for my help, or sink I must to rise no more!" then when the Lord puts arguments into our heart, yea, and mouth too, and causes us to plead mightily with God, and anon shows his lovely face, tells us he is our great salvation, enables us to

believe it, and gives us power to embrace him, cling to, twine round, and hang upon him, and give him our whole hearts, and give him leave to do what he will both with us and ours, solemnly confessing our crimes in opposing his will, and feelingly saying he does all things right; then indeed we can say, "I am black, but comely." How indescribably blessed it is to hear and feel the Lord saying to us, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" This, brought home to the soul by the power of God the Holy Ghost, draws forth all the powers of the mind in blessing and praising the adorable Three-One God, and causes the believer, with a joy that can never be described, to sing, "This God is my God for ever and ever, and he will be my guide even unto death. What a contrast there is between Christ and us! In and of self we are all deadness, darkness, hardness, peevishness, impatience, anger, wrath, and strife, vile and bad indeed, and in reality we dirty everything we touch. While Christ is all life, and light, and tenderness, patience, love and loveliness, beauty, holiness, goodness, and truth, and sheds a glory wherever he gives a taste of his love and grace; and when he shines in our souls, and, by the power of his blessed Spirit communicates a measure of his life and glory, we instantly feel a divine change, and can in some sweet degree say, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." And yet, my dear brother, after all, we shall prove that we have this treasure in earthen vessels; and very often our poor earthen vessels will appear much straitened, and we shall fear that the whole treasure will run out; at least it is the case with me. Why, sometimes I feel as though I might as well ransack the lower regions to find this treasure as look into my own heart, there is such a filthy springing up of everything that is just the reverse, enough even to make a monster tremble, and in deep distress of soul I am obliged to say, "Can ever God dwell here?" Look in the carnal heart for this glorious treasure! Why, I have sometimes looked and looked till I have been next door to distraction, for I could find nothing but filth and vanity and vexation of spirit. Yet, after all, the Lord has been gracious to appear again, and give demonstrative proof that the excellency of the power is of God and not of me. Bless his precious name that it is so. Who can help singing the wonders of God's love, when the Lord sheds it abroad in the heart? No one. The essence of vital godliness is between God and our own souls, and there is a path here that the vulture's eye cannot see.

I am glad the dear Lord supports your mind, and now and then favours you with the comforts of the gospel of Christ. O my dear brother, what a mercy it is to have such a glorious friend as the Lord! He not only now knows both what we are and what we need, but when he undertook our cause in the grand settlements of heaven in eternity, he *then* knew what we should be and what we should need, and he engaged to manage all for us, and in us, and by us, and his loving and wise heart is still the same; so that when we are blessed with prayer, and praise, and watchfulness, and love, and humility;

yea, when we can really live by a vital faith in and upon him, and can both believe the gospel, feel the gospel, love the gospel, and live the gospel, our light in some blessed measure shining before men so that they are obliged to own it though they hate it, yet there are no thanks due to us. No, no; "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto the name of our Three-One God be all the glory."

That the God of peace and love may be with you, and lead you deeply into the deep things of God, is the prayer of yours in the Lord, with love to all friends,

April 6th, 1840.

W. G.

PS. I fear you will not be able to read my scribble; but such as I have I have given you; and when you have puzzled at it awhile, if you cannot make it out, or if you do make it out but do not like it, in either case you are at full liberty to "try it by fire." (1 Cor. iii. 13.)

### THE WINNOWING FAN.

My dear Brother,—I have been anxiously waiting a communication from you or dear C—, and each returning day has brought with it disappointment until last Tuesday, for which remembrance I thank you; though I do not quite understand about "the impossibility of your writing to me," but you do, and that is enough for me, as I have the greatest confidence in you, both as possessing a good understanding, which is a gift from God, and as acting from sound principle and motive. Your complaint of and discontent with self is a prominent feature in the Lord's family; I could sit down and mourn with you over the same griefs. Indeed, I find nothing short of the workings and actings of the blessed Spirit turn or lead the soul heavenwards, or set the affections on things above; for we do feel in our own souls by experience, that except He takes of the things of Christ and reveals them unto us, and shows us our personal interest therein, all within is filthy, carnal, and devilish. Daily am I led by little and little into this secret, that whatsoever is not of the faith of the operation of the Holy Ghost, is absolutely sin. O how it searches and tries things; how it makes manifest to us how little pure grain there is in us, compared with the quantity of chaffy rubbish with which we abound. Through the tremendous winnowing and thrashing time which I have passed, I trust I can say, by the help of my God, I am come off more than conqueror, in that he has sifted, thrashed, and winnowed away nothing but chaff, hay, straw and stubble, the pure grain being preserved. The weight of my sore grief is, blessed be my covenant God, taken away from me; nor can I feel trouble about it, being made willing to suffer the loss. All these things are but light afflictions, since they work under His hand for good to the soul that is exercised in them; nay, all things that are passed seem light and airy compared with God's blessed teachings which I have experienced within the last month.

There is a pricking thorn in every rose, save the Rose of Sharon; in holding sweet communion with him, what perfume the soul brings away! How have I been apt to run ~~here~~ and there with the testimo-

nies that God has given me; but now I find the best place to lay up the testimonies God gives us is, where Moses did, in the ark; and I am sure, my dear brother, Christ is the only sure place of safety to lay up what first comes from him, for many times he only will have it.

I feel truly grateful for your kind invitation for March; I have often had a wish to hear Mr. K—, and it would be a treat, perhaps, as I have not heard many sermons from man since my return. But bless God for his Spirit's teaching, which hath an abidance in the soul.

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### THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

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My dear —,—I thank you for your kind letter, which I was glad to receive, and I can assure you that it is not from want of regard that I have not written to you before this. I have thought of doing so several times, but I find myself the slowest to write to those whom I most esteem, for I feel a greater difficulty to write from the heart than from the head; and writing is like preaching to me, a trial and a burden; for I feel myself so unworthy, and so unfit to attempt either, having nothing to say that I think will be profitable to man, or glorify God. I am fully convinced that the Lord will have the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellence of the power may be of God. But the great question is, have I the treasure? Feeling myself a poor, vile, helpless, guilty, and hell-deserving wretch does not prove to me that I am so greatly favoured; but through mercy at times I experience that sense of God's love and mercy, and am favoured with such manifest proofs of the Lord's seals, signs, and testimonies to my ministry, that my doubts and fears are put to the rout, and faith and hope spring up to strengthen and encourage me under all my difficulties and trials, so that to the praise of God's grace, "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." "Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water, and a man of understanding will draw it out;" and I consider that you are rather favoured in this character, but if you be, you will labour in vain if there be none. However, you are determined to search well, for you neither fear professors nor worldlings, neither sheep nor dogs, but come forth with the deep, vile, and various workings and exercises of your own heart, so that you are nearly sure to draw forth the counsels, designs, and devices, however bad and sinful, from the hearts that have got the plague, together with Satan stirring up the corruptions thereof; and whilst the mere professors despise you for your confessions, as Michal did David, you are inclined to say with him, "I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in my own sight." You well know, whatever they may think or say of you, that when the pot boils, the scum runs over, and when the heart bubbles up with vile sins and iniquities, confessions will force themselves out of the mouth, however low a place it causes a poor sinner to take. If professors despise a vile wretch who knows his heart is full of hypocrisy and deceit, God does not; "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips." So Solomon knew that a wise man must know himself. To be made to know our vileness, and to have the hidden evils of our heart laid open, is a very trying experience; it stops our mouths, makes us feel more fit for hell than to dwell upon the earth, and causes us to sigh and groan. I have at times had that view of my sins and unworthiness that I have thought that the Lord was going to strike me dead. A sense of our sins in any view like this

cuts off all boasting, and keeps us from talking of comparative goodness, and makes us sure that if we go to glory, it will be entirely through rich mercy. I find myself exercised with various sins, first one and then another, and sometimes so cast down that I think I shall be a castaway. Last Saturday afternoon I was much tried; such evils, enmity, and bitterness arose, and afterwards such sinkings about my own state, that I looked at a horse in a gig, and truly envied it. I thought it had not those dreadful forebodings to make it droop. I find anger, rage, and malice work, and covetousness and selfishness, which make me ashamed; but the very things that I plan in my mind are all through mercy frustrated, the bitter feelings of displeasure and wrath are removed, and love arises, and instead of covetousness and selfishness liberality springs up, and what is done is done cheerfully. I could enter into various exercises of this kind, and how quarrels and contentions arise in my mind, with all the unkindnesses springing therefrom, but I confess I am too proud to confess my pride, and am ashamed to tell you the workings of my mind in many instances, and I feel thankful that these vile workings do not break forth in such a way as to bring a reproach on the Lord's cause. I know that the dead professors would make a feast upon our sins, and the worldlings would say, "Ah, so would we have it." But, my friend, we well know that these sins and iniquities make us feel fit for hell and deserving of God's wrath, and make us cry out, Unclean, unclean; O wretched men that we are; and if the Lord did not revive our souls and enliven us with his presence, we should sink under the burden, for I am ready to halt often, and my sin is often before me. If we have no trials and exercises of soul we shall go astray, and if we have them we find our lives full of labour and travail, so we are in a strait; but the Lord in mercy giving us a little faith to view him afar, we are enabled to endure fighting, wrestling, praying, knowing that it is of his mercy that we are not consumed; and at times we can bless his precious name for all the little evidences and testimonies that he has favoured us with. Afflictions are profitable, but we do not like them. I deserve them for my sins, and can justify God, though I have rebellion and murmuring in my heart; and if we do not despise chastisements, grace alone enables us so to bear them. Crosses, trials, afflictions, and troubles are as certainly the lot of God's children as eternal glory. So if we are surprised at meeting with them, we are expecting to go to heaven by a way that none ever yet went by. If you were without these marks, you would then have no ear to try words as the mouth tasteth meat; you would be satisfied with dead Calvinist friends, and an unshaken, and untried, and presumptuous Calvinist would be viewed by you as a sound Christian; you would be pleased to hear the ministers throw out hints against those who are so much in miry places, and you would think that they wanted scolding and reproving, or they might comfortably be settled with you and your friends on the rock. My friend, you well know that a soul passing through the fire is not going to be established in ease and quietness long, and that the precious faith which God gives his children must be tried, or their hearts will not be established with grace. I know that you will be viewed as obstinate and prejudiced, because you have not to borrow your opinions of men and things from others, as some have, and are turned about like weathercocks, but you have to buy your knowledge of such things through exercises of mind, and consequently speak from feelings, and not from notions;

"Notion is empty, cold, and dead,  
And fancy's never fix'd."

I hear both by letters and reports that my preaching in town has not fallen to the ground like water spilt; it is to me like water to a thirsty soul bearing that signs follow my labours; it encourages me and enables me to stare mine enemies and despisers in the face. Whom need we fear if the Lord be for us? if we please him and he smiles, we can bear many frowns and crosses. Many despise me because I preach so little of the fulness of the gospel. I do not, they say, lead them into liberty; but what many call liberty, I call presumption; and what they call being established, I call being quietly deceived. Still, I allow I know very little of myself, and less of Christ, and I truly desire to know more, but I do not want mere notions and a false hope and confidence to boast of, and be deceived thereby; I do not want to be carnal, dead, and sensual, full of all manner of uncleanness, deceit, and hypocrisy. These things testify against me, and make me feel vile and undone; but I know if we do not feel ourselves the subjects of such things, we shall not obtain like precious faith with Peter; nor shall we bless and praise God for salvation by Christ alone, without works; our prayers would not come from our hearts, being burdened; nor should we know sin to abound, and to be exceeding sinful, that we might know how great the mercy of God is. If the Lord Jesus, the refiner of his people, is to take away their dross, the fire will try the religion and burn up much false. Those who have never lost any religion have never been in the fire, I am sure; they have never been poor, needy, naked, and destitute, in their own eyes; and with such we have no communion. The Lord will take the beggars from the dunghill to set them among princes, which shows what a low place God's children are brought into before they are exalted. There must be a breaking-down and bringing low before there is a real building-up. My friend, there seems to be but few broken-down sinners; and real experimental ministers are scarce.

I hope that the Lord will be with you at — in your meetings and preachings, and that you will not be terrified at your adversaries; for it would be a bad sign of a real building-work going on if there were not some Sanballats and Tobiahs opposing you, and crying out, "What will these feeble Jews do?" whilst they are strong in faith and hope, and rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; but they are rich, alas! with such riches as are gotten hastily, and the end thereof shall not be blessed; for they got their religion too fast and too easily, and have too much of it to be the right kind.

Yours very affectionately and sincerely,

Abingdon.

W. T.

## A LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 2nd of July came duly to hand, but has waited a wearisome while for an answer. Indeed, I have been much, yet not too much, afflicted with my old disorder for some months, a nervous fever. We have been housekeepers every summer for forty years; and this fever-friend has kept me this summer twelve weeks at home, and forbids me all literary correspondence. As winter comes on, I begin to revive; and when the swallows march off, I begin to march out; as when the swallows return, I am obliged to keep in. 'Tis well we are not in our own keeping, nor at our own carving, since we so little know what is good for us. I do not love this fever friend; yet he is certainly the best earthly companion I have. No lasting gain do I get but in a furnace. Comforts of every kind make me

either light or lofty, and swell me, though unperceivably, with self-sufficiency. Indeed, so much dross, native and acquired, is found in my heart, that I have constant need of a furnace; and Jesus has selected a suitable furnace for me, not a hot and hasty one, which seems likely to harden and consume me, but one with a gentle and lingering heat, which melts my heart gradually, and lets out some of its dross. Though I cannot love a furnace, nor bask in it like a salamander, yet the longer I live, the more I see of its need and its use. A believer seldom walks steadily and ornamentally, unless he is well furnaceed. Without this his zeal is often scalding hot; his boldness attended with fierceness, or rather rashness; and his confidence at times more the result of animal spirit than the fruit of the Spirit; but a furnace consumes these excrescences, and when sweetly blown with grace, will make a Christian humble, watchful, and mellow; very censorious of himself and full of compassion for others.

May your congregation be increasing in numbers, and the power of the Lord be present to wound and to heal, to quicken, and comfort, and build. But let me add, the growth of the children will greatly depend on your conduct; for a congregation quickly drink in the spirit of the preacher. Much reading and thinking may make a popular minister; but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher.

If you converse much with God on the mount as Moses did, and the old puritans did, your hearers will see a gospel-lustre on your countenance, and stand in awe of you; and what is best of all, like Moses, you will not be sensible of that lustre, whilst others see it and reverence it. Much secret prayer will solemnize your heart, and make your visits savoury as well as your sermons. The old puritans visited their flocks by house-row; the visits were short; they talked a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to God. An excellent rule, which prevented tittle-tattle, and made visits profitable. May Jesus bless you, and water your flock! Your affectionate Brother,

Everton, Oct. 23, 1779.

J. B.

P.S. When you pass near Everton, call upon us and give us a sermon.

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### WAR AGAINST NOTIONS.

My dear Friend,—I feel desirous to hear how you are going on in that spiritual warfare in which you are now engaged on the side of faith and feeling against presumption and dry notions. I gather from a piece or two in the *Gospel Standard* that you are still seeking, in the strength of the Holy Ghost, to pull down strong holds, and to cast down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God. But no one can effectually pull down the lofty imaginations of delusion, the towering castles of presumption, the strong bulwarks of letter-faith, and the high walls of carnal security, unless these self-same refuges of lies have been laid low in his own soul. The strong holds of false religion must have been undermined by doubts and fears, sapped by spiritual troubles, blown up by powerful temptations, cast down by guilt and wrath, and pulled to pieces by daily and hourly strugglings with misery, darkness, helplessness, beggary, bankruptcy, and thorough insolvency, before we can firmly handle pickaxe and spade, and plant the battering-ram boldly against the high towers of notional religion. Some years ago,

before I knew much of this levelling work within, I used to feel there was something wrong in many professors, something that repelled me from them instead of drawing me to them; but I could not tell where the disease lay. The apple was so round and well coloured, that I had not discernment to see the little hole which the maggot had bored through the rind, and that it was eating up the core. I did not know where to strike them; and as I saw they held truth in the letter, and my conscience was tender, I could neither take them into my heart, nor throw them over the wall. But when, in the winter of 1830, the Lord, as I hope and trust, began to pull down in my soul letter-faith and false religion, and has gone on more or less teaching me the same humbling lessons, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little, I have felt emboldened to stand as the captive and blind Samson between the pillars, and bow with all my strength to pull down the banqueting house of notional religion. Thus we can say to all letter-men and their letter-hearers; "I have been where you are. I once thought the ground firm and good, but I found it a deep morass, which was near swallowing me up. I, like you, was once dreaming, and behold I eat; but I awaked, and my soul was empty; and I too as a thirsty man dreamed, and behold I drank; but I awaked, and behold I was faint and my soul had appetite." When a minister can from soul experience trace out a notional religion, and show how this laudanum draught stupifies the senses, bewilders the heart, hardens the conscience, blinds the judgment, inflames the pride, and intoxicates the whole soul; and then can experimentally work out the feelings of this opium-eater, when some of the leaves of the tree of life as heavenly medicine made him vomit up the inebriating poison: I say, when a man can feelingly describe both malady and remedy, he is in my judgment a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. And what will be the lot of such a workman? Opposition, hatred, and contempt from the professors whom he unmasks, convictions in the spiritual consciences of the poor and needy that he is a faithful steward, and a satisfaction in his own soul that he is not doing the work of the Lord deceitfully. The high-faith letter hearers will say he is in bondage, that he does not preach the gospel, that he does not set forth the glories of Christ. The beggars and bankrupts will find his chains their liberty, his darkness their light, and his death their life; as Paul speaks; "We which live are alway delivered unto death," &c; "So then death worketh in us but life in you." The same blessed apostle tells us that "many of the brethren waxed confident by his bonds," (Phil. i. 14.), alluding probably to his temporal chains; but the same thing is true spiritually. I am at a point here that all faith which does not act, move, stir, live, and breathe in a man's soul, is nominal and notional—not the faith of God's elect. I believe there are but two healthy states of soul; one hungering, and the other feeding; one mourning, and the other rejoicing; one sighing, groaning, and panting after testimonies, love favours, sprinkled blood, revealed righteousness, and eternal mercy, and the other banqueting on the same. But you will find many towering professors who are neither in one state nor the other. They



neither spiritually mourn, nor spiritually rejoice; they neither grieve for Christ's absence, nor are cheered by his presence. They are always the same; always confident, but never confiding; always cheerful, but never cheered; always at rest, but never experimentally resting on the bosom of Jesus. Now, I do not say that a child of God cannot be entangled in this snare. I believe he may and often is. But you will find he can never go all lengths with the all head and no heart men. It appears to me that Job was at one time somewhat entrapped here. "Then said I, I shall die in my nest." He was settling down in dead assurance; but there was always something which kept him from quite falling asleep. "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." He had his fears whether this warm downy nest might not be pulled away, and therefore says, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me." The living work of God in the soul will never unite with dead faith and presumptuous confidence. There is in many living souls, especially if they fall into the hands of presumptuous men, a hasting to be rich; but such in the end will be convicted of not being innocent. They want to exchange their hobbling gait for eagles' wings. They are so eager for a living child, that they will adopt the son of the bondwoman, sooner than be barren and wait God's time. "He that believeth shall not make haste." "Though it tarry, wait for it." But they are tired of waiting, and therefore offer up the burnt offering before Samuel comes down. They out-run their Heavenly Teacher, who is too slow with his line upon line for their nimble fancies. They take the highest room unbidden, instead of seating themselves at the bottom of the table. Thus presumption, under the name of faith, carries them along. But by and by, running so fast, they slip and fall, or darkness overtakes them, or temptation assails them, or doubts and fears seize them, or eternity on a sick bed stares them in the face. Then they find their faith all vanished, like the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and the smoke out of the chimney. They must now retrace their steps with bitter lamentations, and take with shame the lowest room. I believe I can say from experience, that few sins cut into a living conscience deeper than presumption. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins;" "so I shall be innocent from the great transgression." Surely this verse shows that a child of God has a proneness to presumption, and it is the great transgression from which he needs to be kept back. In my opinion very few are free from it. I feel its workings pretty well every day, and have to confess it again and again. But having this tender part, I know where to hit others, and I can at times drive my sword fearlessly up to the hilt into this abscess, and let out the gory matter.

Write to me, and tell me how you are going on. Are you satisfied that you have acted rightly in staying where you are? I hope you are. A soldier that leaves his post because the bullets are whistling about him, runs a risk of being tried for cowardice. And the bullet has never yet been moulded at Rochford that is to kill you. I was glad to see M—a N—g's testimony in the *Standard*. I like your remark that there was reason to question a work where there had been

no conflicts for some years. As I quote from memory, excuse if I quote incorrectly. I have, I believe, the substance of the remark. But I could by no means cut off the first work in her soul. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and, as I have endeavoured to trace it out, presumption may have come in under the name of faith. It will be a part of your wisdom to remember this, and to spare the children whilst you flog the bastards. And remember that the sword which glances off the seared conscience of a professor will often pierce a living child, as one of our ancient kings was shot by an arrow that glanced from a tree. May you fight the good fight of faith, and be blessed to the building up of the elect on their most holy faith.

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

Stamford, Jan. 29, 1840.

J. C. P.

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### MARKS OF LIFE.

My dear Sister in the Lord,—Great grace be with you from Him who is, and was, and is to come, God over all, blessed, yea blessedness itself for evermore.—Many thanks for your truly kind epistle. I was indeed glad to hear from you. The exercises of your mind, which you mentioned, are more or less the feelings of all the regenerate church of God. Were you a total stranger to these things, I should think nothing of you. Your letter contains some precious things, in which I discover many an evidence of a living soul, one rightly taught by Jehovah the Holy Ghost, made wise to salvation through faith in a precious Christ, known, felt, and experienced in some powerful manifestations of his love, grace, mercy, and blood to your soul. I clearly perceive nothing short of a heartfelt knowledge of the things of God, revealed and applied by the Spirit, will do for you. All hail, beloved! While thousands are pleased, and are pleasing themselves with the mere name, show, or letter, God's quickened elect must have the power, the sweetness, the unction, the oil, the gold, the balm, the spice, the myrrh, the wine, the true token, the robe, the best robe, the blood, the Spirit; and nothing short of these things will satisfy them.

You say that none of the family are dealt so hardly with as yourself: so we sometimes think, poor things as we are. I have felt myself at times to be the most depraved, corrupt, and sinful wretch the earth ever bore up, or that ever God suffered to live out of hell; and again such seasons of desertion, hard-heartedness, rebellion, pride, and devilism, as I think, none of those who know the Lord could possibly be plagued with. Yet, murmur as much as I may while feeling this wretchedness, my dear Lord, in clearing up and settling matters again with me, shows me the need of the dispensation; but I am such a proud devil in my fallen nature, that sure I am I need severe discipline, and if my Lord did not hold me in, I know not where I should run, having so much iniquity in my heart, and such a self-willed old man. If you have your troubles, I have mine; yet would I rather feel all this than be wrapt up in the garb of self-righteousness and in a spirit of delusion, vainly imagining myself to be something when nothing, right when wrong. Yet are there some sweet moments of

soul-melting, and though but short, they are blessed, and there is in them the essence of real blessedness, that which is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb, and more to be desired than gold, yea, than fine gold. I have not as yet written to Exeter since I left the dear people there, but must do so soon. I love them in the Lord. When you see them, tender my kindest love. I am still in my poor way, as I am helped, endeavouring to spread His fame and deathless renown, and from some little knowledge of his all healing blood and pardoning love, recommend him to the sensibly diseased in the cloistered porches, lanes or hedges, as an Almighty Physician, adequate to any and every poor sinner's case, desperate as it may be, on this side of hell's door; and my dear Lord is pleased now and then to bless the same to the comfort of his poor sorrowful children. All this is wonderful to me, that I, poor worm as I am, should partake of his grace, and be used as an instrument to preach it to others. But he is wonderful; so are all his ways and works wonderful.

Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me yours in a precious Christ,  
Yeovil, January, 1840.

W. BIDDER.

### HELP NEEDED.

My dear Sirs,—I am one of a few who meet together in B.— We have no minister. We meet, and one engages in prayer, and another reads some book, which God, in his infinite goodness, puts into our hands. We have had read to us the lives of those dear servants of God, Mr. Warburton and Mr. Triggs, which have been very precious to our souls. This day three weeks we had a sermon, lately published, read to us, and God and my own soul only know what a discovery, what a making plain did God the Holy Spirit cause me to see and feel in my soul of the state that I had been walking in for a long time past. I went home, and stayed up nearly all night writing a long letter about my path of tribulation, but when I had done it, and was looking it over, my blessed Lord came with such sweetness and power into my soul with these words; "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" that my poor soul was full of joy and gladness; nay, I cannot describe the state of blessedness I was in for some days; all I could say was, "O my precious Jesus! O my precious Christ! O my glorious Mediator, my All in All, Lord evermore! Give me this bread, only feed my poor soul with thy blessed self, and keep me close to thy blessed wounded side, which I now know was wounded for me; keep me at thy precious feet, that I may receive thy falling crumbs of love and mercy." As soon as my dear Lord came, I took my letter, and burned it. What! thought I, complain now, when my dear Lord is come? I felt like poor Peter, that I would go to prison and to death with him. Now, what I have to beg of him and of you, his servants, is, that his blessed Majesty would send some of them here. There is Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, and others, who all travel up and down different parts of the country, but

not one of them comes to B—. I hope the dear gracious Lord will say to some of you that you must needs go through B—, if it is only now and then; for, blessed be his name, he hath said that he will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish.

That the dear Lord, in his own time, may send some of them, and go before them, and be their rearward, is the prayer of

Bristol, March, 1840.

A POOR WORM.

## A FELT RELIGION.

Dear Friend,—I have often wished for another interview with you, but perhaps I never shall have one this side of eternity. I and my rib are like a sparrow on the house top alone, for there are very few whom I can talk with. If I do, I am sure to get into more bondage. If I complain, they will soon say, "The fault rests with yourself." I know well I give myself the wounds I feel, but miserable comforters are such professors. I can assure you I feel more unbelieving than Thomas, as proud as Hezekiah, as presumptuous as Peter, altogether as weak as water, and as fretful as I can well be. I look back to what I have enjoyed at past times, but find no comfort there. How the scene will end I know not. I want some of the dead lists that dear John Warburton has and has had. Dear man of God! how I envy him and many others who sometimes write in the "*Standard of corruption*," falsely so called by empty professors—professors that are contented with a round of dry doctrines. To me it seems worse than Arminianism for a man to stand up, and preach the doctrine of election, justification, &c., and not show the work of the blessed Spirit upon the heart of a sinner, and how these glorious doctrines, when internally felt, lead to gospel fruits. No, no; say they, we must go to the law for our rule. Some of them will tell us we must look to Christ, and with the same breath say we ought to exercise faith, and ought to do this and do that, when neither they "nor I can quicken, or keep alive our own souls." They are like Samson, they shake themselves, and wist not that their strength is departed. This is not feeding the church of Christ, which he purchased with his own precious blood. There is but here and there one who picks up the doubting, the perplexed, the sin-burdened, the law-condemned, yet Spirit-taught child of God. The letter of the word is sometimes clearly stated, but that is all we can get. I can assure you I am shut up in bondage; and I sometimes think Bunyan represents my case where he speaks in his "*Pilgrim's Progress*" of the man in the iron cage.

Dear friend, I write freely to you because I believe you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ experimentally. I often wonder how it will be with me in the swellings of Jordan. I never did feel that deliverance and sealing of the blessed Spirit that some have enjoyed. I feel plenty of the evil and abominable workings of my devilish heart. But I know that will not make, nor is the only evidence of, a Christian. No, no; there must be something felt of the operation of the Spirit upon the heart. If I do feel, as I think, some little enjoy-

ment, it is soon gone. Bless the Lord, I do feel my heart knitted to those persons who contend for a religion that must be felt.

Excuse my writing a long round-about letter. I hope the Lord is blessing your labours by calling in the elect, and establishing those in the truth whom he has already called. I do believe a real savoury ministry is the greatest blessing we poor mortals can enjoy this side eternity. After our six days spent in worldly business, how comforting it is on the Lord's day to hear the blessed gospel proclaimed by a Spirit-taught minister, and to have our cases opened; for, if it be applied by almighty power, it is like a heaven below. I think I have felt something of it! Then, then at times we have a tender conscience, and are humbled in dust and ashes.

Dear brother, if I may claim such relationship, do think of me when things go well with thee at a throne of grace. I do feel very often as if I could not pray, and sometimes think the Lord will strike me dead for my presumption.

Mr. T—, of Little Stenham, is turned out of the chapel because he does not hold the law as a rule for a believer's conduct. The trustees say he forfeits it, as the trust-deed states that the minister who preaches there must hold the law as a rule for a believer's conduct. Dear man of God, he preaches more practice in one sermon than the strictest law-ruler in Suffolk does in twenty. He shows that the holy gospel, received by holy people, and applied by the Holy Ghost, will lead to a holy walk. You know we have but very few decided men who stand up for a feeling religion, and I think we shall soon be left without any, for as soon as one of these is raised up, and begins to cut up all fleshly religion, something is done to get rid of him; but "the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand;" he knoweth them that are his.

I must desist, and that the dear Lord, whose you are, and whom you serve, may bless you with a double portion of his Spirit, is the desire of yours in the best bonds,

Saxmundham.

J. S.

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### BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

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Dear Brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ,—After several months of conflict in my mind, sometimes greatly desiring to communicate to you the merciful dealings of God with my poor soul, and at other times dreading the thought of speaking of what I have experienced, lest I should after all be deceived, I sit down, trusting God may direct me to state what things he has taught me; and may he own and bless it, if his sovereign will, to some poor soul, that may be in a state of mind similar to me when I wrote to you under the signature of "A Despairing Sinner." Blessings for ever be to the name of Him who has brought me up out of this horrible pit, and set my feet feelingly and experimentally upon the rock of eternal ages, and, in a measure, established my goings, and hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise to his dear name. My brethren, when I, who so justly merit his eternal wrath, feel his precious love in my heart, and can rest upon him for the salvation of my soul, my heart burns within me

to speak of his love, grace, mercy, and truth manifested toward so vile a monster. Never, no, never, to all eternity, can my soul forget the time and spot where his dear Majesty met me, and spoke these words with power to my soul, "In the midst of trouble thou shalt revive me." It happened as I was walking a most dreary path, bemoaning my sad condition, fearing I should soon feel his wrath poured out upon me, and being afraid to look to the place where his honour dwelleth, lest he should strike me dead for my presumption. The moment the words entered my mind, my soul began to melt at his dear feet, and I began to cry, "Lord, is it from thee? is it from thee?" The more I entreated him to satisfy my soul it was from him, the oftener the words would dart through my soul, leaving strong impressions that it was from him, and in a few minutes it seemed to me as though all the promises in the Bible were, one after another, dropping into my soul, and bringing with them a sweetness that I can never describe. O how my soul did shout and praise his dear name! and I verily thought that every thing in creation around was aiding me to praise his boundless love. O how my soul did hate my rebellion, my accursed blasphemy, and my hard thoughts of him! yea, with a solemn hatred did I hate every thing that opposed a salvation that my soul was brought to rejoice in. I felt that salvation was free, sovereign, and discriminating, or it never would have reached me. The assurance I felt in my soul for an hour led me to praise his name with all the powers of body and soul, and sure I am my poor body could not long endure the glory and majesty of the dear presence of Him who bore my sins, satisfied divine justice, and wrought out a righteousness in which a poor sinner can stand before a holy God. While in this blessed frame of mind I thought I never could again sink so low as I had sunk; but as soon as the dear Lord withdrew, I was beset with a thought, "But can all this be real? Is it all from God?" And then came another thought; "O, it's nothing but the devil and your natural feelings wrought upon after all! and now what a hypocrite you must be before God." But the love I felt to my dear Lord, and the joy I had just experienced, were too strong for the infernal malice of my enemy; and never shall I forget with what boldness I stopped as I was walking, and said, "Devil! art thou the author of that love, and joy, and praise I have just had? If thou art, give me more of it, and keep me in the enjoyment of it, and I will worship thee to all eternity?" and in a moment he decamped, and left me to shout aloud, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" The hour of sunshine I have just related has been followed by scenes in providence the most painful and distressing that I ever had to endure, and many times have I thought it all a delusion, until the dear Lord has again shone into my soul with a fresh manifestation of his love and mercy. I am a living witness to prove the vanity of relying upon an arm of flesh, and God in sovereign mercy has hedged me in on every side; and when I have tried every other refuge, and all have failed, God, in his own time and way, has again and again appeared in such wonderful and unthought of ways that I have been led to praise and

extol the God of all my mercies, and ascribe to him the praise of all my salvation, both temporal and spiritual.

And now, I have given you a little of what God in mercy has done for one of the vilest of the vile. I leave it at your disposal, and may God the Father, Son, and Spirit bless you with continued faithfulness to expose error, and exalt and extol free and sovereign grace in the pages of the little work you issue, which, to my knowledge has been a cordial to the weak of God's flock in very many instances. God help you to give a certain sound whenever your trumpet is blown, and may you feel it an honour to be shouted at and derided by all the vile rabble and God-dishonouring band of empty professors, whose mouths and pens are at war with you and God's truth.—That the Lord may carry you above the smiles and frowns of hypocrites, is the prayer of yours in gospel bonds,

London.

A TRIED SINNER.

### A KNOT TO BE UNTIED.

Dear Sirs,—As I see frequently by your *Standard* that some very important matters are sent for your consideration, I state a matter which I have not a doubt that yourselves, or some of your correspondents, will be able to answer satisfactorily.

“Is the exercise of faith in the ordinance of baptism so essential a requisite to its right administration, that if a circumstance should occur which, at the time, prevents the exercise of faith in the subject baptized, such an accident renders the ordinance of no effect?”

But I had perhaps better shortly state the case as it actually occurred, and you may then be enabled to put the question more correctly than I can: A person whom I well know, was baptized; and the words used in administering the ordinance were “*into* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” This deviation, though it is probably the correct translation of Matthew xxviii. 19, (being different from the common version of the Bible, which, as you know, is *in*,) being used *without any explanation*, so annoyed my friend, that he declares that it totally destroyed every thing like faith in the ordinance at the time; and he has consequently taken it into his head that he is, as it regards himself, just as much unbaptized as if he had never entered the water at all. I am no great judge in such matters, but I think my friend is not very correct in taking such a view of that which he himself states to have nothing whatever to do with regeneration or salvation, and to be a mere act of obedience; yet, in spite of this, he will argue that baptism requires faith in the subject of it, and that if any thing occasion a want of faith, the ordinance is unavailing; and that therefore he has no right to participate in the Lord's supper, &c. Perhaps you may be able to set my friend's doubts at rest. And with my prayer that you may still be the instruments of much good to the church of Christ,

I remain, dear Sirs, yours sincerely,

London, 10th June, 1840.

A. ST. JOHN.

## SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—It was my lot to be born of godly parents; one, I have no doubt, is now in glory, and the other is still living to adore the riches of that grace which has kept her, to this day, amid fiery trials, temptations, and conflicts; and is enabled, when faith is in exercise, to sing with the poet,

“His love in time past forbids me to think,  
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.”

From a child I was taken by them under the sound of the gospel, and though I knew not at that time, (nor did I till about the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven years,) the value and importance of an experimental ministry, when the dear Lord made it so precious to my soul, by bringing me through deep waters and hot fires of soul-trouble and anguish, yet I can remember, even in my younger days, I felt some sort of pleasure in hearing such preaching; and I believe the Lord was pleased to impress on my mind many serious thoughts from what I then heard from the pulpit and my parents. I was also very fond of reading the word of God and other good books, especially the lives of good men. I knew the sacred scriptures, in the letter of them, I may say, almost from childhood; and during the time I attended a Sunday school, committed much of its sacred contents, together with many precious experimental hymns, to memory, the real meaning and sweetness of which I was a stranger to at that time, and should have remained so to this moment had they not been most blessedly opened up to my mind in their sweetness and fulness by God the Holy Ghost. I constantly heard and read about the great doctrines of the gospel, as election, predestination, particular redemption, effectual calling, final perseverance, &c., and though I did not understand them for myself, or feel their importance and blessedness, yet I thought it my duty, as I loved my parents and they believed in them, to believe in them too; and as a dear man of God observed last Lord's day, (May 10,) at Gower-street, speaking of those who had these doctrines merely in their head, they thought themselves very happy, believing that the mere assent to them was sufficient. So I once thought, till the Lord, in great and undeserved mercy, undeceived me, opened my blind eyes, shed a ray of supernatural light into my poor soul, and made me feel that without a saving interest in them, I must be eternally lost with all my head knowledge. Till this solemn period came, I was an entire stranger to my real state as a sinner before God, to the unspotted holiness of Jehovah, the demands of a righteous law, and the solemn requirements of inflexible justice. I used to think that God would not require of me what I could not perform; that if I abstained from outward sinning and did my duty, as I thought, believed and read the word of God, and attended the means, I hoped



all would be right, and I should obtain the divine blessing. Thus I went on for some years, a stranger to vital and experimental religion, the spirituality of the law, and the necessity of a divine righteousness. Sometimes I felt as if all was not right, and that there was something wanting in my religion which I knew not, and this made me at the time very uneasy, and very anxious to know whether I was in the right way or not.

After a while this anxiety quite subsided, and I felt careless and indifferent about eternal things, neglected private prayer, and should have neglected the public means also, but for the fear of man. I drank deep into the spirit of the world, and became an easy prey to its allurements, and Satan and my own devilish nature beset me night and day. I was tempted many times to rush into the vilest acts of sin, but was always mercifully restrained, as if by an invisible hand. One Tuesday something rested on my mind all day, that I must go that night and hear Mr. Gadsby, at Gower-street; this is about twelve months ago. I went; his text was "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;" and the Lord was pleased to bless that sermon to my soul, and from that period I have experienced such a change that I shall never be able fully to describe. The Holy Ghost brought home the word with irresistible power to my soul, and what I felt that night and since, it will never be in my power fully to express. I saw and felt with altogether new eyes and new feelings. I had for years believed I was a sinner, because God's word told me so, but now I was made to feel it. I felt, as it were, a ray of divine light dart into my soul, so that all that I could do for some time was, first to look up unto God, and then down into self. I now felt that I was a sinner, vile, depraved, polluted, undone, and utterly helpless. The wrath of an offended God, revealed in his holy law, a guilty conscience and an accusing devil, almost drove me to despair, and I found I could not get away from either. My secret sins were set in the light of God's countenance, and all my former hopes vanished away. The fountains of the great deep of the depravity of my heart were broken up, which had been hidden before, so that nothing but corruption, rebellion, hardness of heart, unbelief, fretfulness, infidelity, and every abomination appeared. In this state I tried to cry to the Lord to have mercy upon a guilty wretch, but I felt as if my prayer was shut out from the Almighty, that my case was desperate and hopeless, and thought I should as surely be damned as God was true. I could neither pray, nor read, nor hear, nor speak, but all seemed condemnation; my mouth was stopped, and I stood guilty before God.

One evening I went down into a cellar, and in the agony of my mind seemed ready to give all up, saying to myself, "Where shall I go? what shall I do? and to what shall I look?" when my dear Lord, in his rich mercy, was pleased to appear just when, in my feelings, I was at the very ends of the earth, and revealed himself to my poor sinking soul in these words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." He gave me the eye of faith to look and believe that he had redeemed me, pardoned my sin, and thus

manifested himself to me as my salvation, by these words entering my soul with such light, power, and sweetness. Thus the Lord was pleased, in such mercy, to turn my captivity in a moment, and instead of finding wrath and condemnation, I found peace and pardon, and felt joy and peace spring up in my soul. The dear Spirit revealed Christ to me and in me the hope of glory; and I was enabled to rest my eternal hopes for everlasting life and salvation in the complete work of a dear Redeemer. What I have experienced since of the manifestations of the Lord's amazing mercy and loving-kindness in my soul, I must leave till another opportunity; and if what I have been enabled, in simplicity, to relate of the Lord's dealings with me thus far, should be at all encouraging to any of the readers of your magazine, (should you think it worthy a place in it,) the dear Lord shall, I hope, have all the glory.

London, May 17th, 1840.

O.

### DELIVERANCE FROM THE PIT.

Dear Sir,—I received your kind letter, and thank you for the consolation it contained. I am indeed a monument of mercy, "a brand plucked out of the fire." I may say with the psalmist, "Great is thy mercy towards me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell."

I hope the Lord will be pleased to sanctify this afflicting and awfully wicked deed,\* that it may be the means of humbling me before him, and bringing me to his feet "clothed, and in my right mind." I do indeed, sir, believe that your conjecture is right, when you say, "Perhaps you were getting high-minded." My conscience does indeed testify against me; and I must plead guilty before the Lord.

It is impossible for me to express what I have felt since the commission of the deed. The state of my mind has indeed been dark. Despair seemed to have taken possession of me for ever. I considered myself as given up of God into the hands of the enemy, and that my case was utterly hopeless. But perhaps I had better draw a veil over it, as I find the thoughts of it too affecting to dwell upon. Blessed, blessed be God, I am still in the land of the living, and on pleading terms with God; and although my mind could find no resting-place from the time of — up to last Sunday evening, I hope I can say that then I began to feel a something within, saying, "Who can tell?" I should say that, previous to this, one good man and another came with a word of consolation for me; but I could not take it to myself.

I have attended a place of worship since I have been here in the hospital; and I have heard several discourses preached by the go-

\* This deed alluded to was an *attempt* to take away his life while labouring under disease.

vernor, Mr. V—; one from these words; "Now the God of hope fill you with joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xv. 13.) The manner in which he opened this gave me to see that every thing that I wanted was comprised in it, and that God could impart it if he would. I was enabled to take up the language of the text, and turn it into earnest and fervent prayer, and this over and over again; but I still thought that the Lord turned a deaf ear to my supplications, and that nothing remained for me but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. This happened previous to last Sunday evening, when I went again to hear him; and he took for his subject the account we have of the woman of Canaan, in Matthew xv., from the 21st to the 28th verse. He opened this in an encouraging manner, showing her earnest importunity and the power of faith, though the Saviour seemed to repulse her again and again. But the conduct of Christ seemed to be to me so full of compassion and love after all. It seemed to me as if I could see him before me full of tenderness and love. Though he seemed to frown, and though my sin appeared most awful, his conduct towards this woman seemed to say that there might be hope for me. I left the chapel, came to my room, read the chapter, and went to bed, having no other closet here. There I was enabled to turn the subject into earnest prayer to the Lord, but fell asleep still hard and desponding. I awaked about one o'clock in the morning, the subject still on my mind, and in a praying frame of mind. All at once, I felt such a spirit of prayer and supplication poured out upon me, accompanied with a sweet melting down of my spirit before God, that I could not go to sleep (nor did I wish) for about three hours. At the same time, I had a sweet ray of hope let into my mind, which has continued ever since. And not only so; but I seemed as if I had access to the throne of grace, as if I was welcome there, and as if the Holy Spirit was willing to help me, notwithstanding all.

When I am walking about the hospital, I find many sweet portions of the word of God coming to my mind; and they seem so suitable; they contain a little comfort; so that I appear to be rising out of the gulf of despair, and climbing the rock of hope. I seem, too, as if I should be enabled to face man with confidence, owing to the inward hope that I have in the blood of Christ, as being sufficient to cleanse even from this sin.

But I cannot tell you what I have felt of a consoling nature any more than I can open up the dark part; yet I trust the Lord will shortly bring me out again alive; when I hope to see you and many more of my kind friends, who, I know, have sympathized with me in my distress.

As the affected part is still very weak, I am not able to speak much, and should feel obliged to my friends if they will excuse me in this till the part is, by the Lord's blessing, become stronger. Wishing you, sir, and all the beloved children of God, every blessing in heaven and earth, I conclude, and am yours, &c.

## OBITUARY.

My dearly beloved Friend,—I write at the desire of my father-in-law, as he is at this time so very much engaged that he cannot write himself, and is afraid that you would think it unkind not to receive a line.

I sincerely hope this letter will find you in health and flourishing in your soul. Bless the Lord, it leaves us well, and indeed much better than might be expected under the bereaving stroke that we have lately met with.

O my dear friend, the Lord has been better to us both than all our fears. He has made good his word in our behalf, that "as our days, so our strength shall be;" and here we raise our Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us." Blessed be his dear name for ever and ever; he has brought us through fire and water, and I do believe he will bring us at last to a wealthy place. The path of tribulation must be kept open, and it is the will of God that I should walk in that path. Sometimes I can both see and feel that although it is a rough way it is a right way; and I believe at times, that when he has tried me, I shall come forth as gold. I have lost a very kind and affectionate husband, and the greatest earthly comfort that the Lord ever bestowed upon me; yet, blessed be his dear name, he has not taken away his blessed self, and though I mourn my loss, yet I sorrow not as those without hope, being fully assured that he sleeps in Jesus. The dear Lord, in his tender mercy, was pleased to set his soul at happy liberty on Sunday morning, August 12.

Nine days before he died he had such a deliverance as I never saw in him before. He was well in health then. His soul was like melted wax, and he was afraid to go to chapel lest he should disturb the people by speaking aloud in the place. He however did go, but could not attend to anything that was spoken. His soul was so filled with joy and love that he could scarcely contain himself. He said, "O Father, I now know the reality of true religion. I often used to wonder how people could talk, but I do not wonder at it now, for if I should hold my peace, the very stones would cry out against me. O what love do I now feel to God and all his dear children! I cannot express the love that I feel! O it is joy unspeakable and full of glory! He has poured out upon me such blessings that there is hardly room enough to receive it." His affections were completely dead to the world and to every thing in it. He did no more work after this. When he got up on the Monday morning, he said, "I shall not work to day; this is Jubilee day. I shall keep Holy Day. The servant is freed from his master, and my hands are delivered from the pots." He sung that hymn

"Tho day of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

I was afraid he would die. He really seemed as if he were in heaven. He exclaimed several times, "What! can heaven be more than I now enjoy? Surely I must be in heaven." He prayed to the Almighty repeatedly to stay his blessed hand, or his poor frame

could not bear it. He said, "My dearest Lord, thou knowest my poor body must sink under the unutterable bliss that I feel. Stay thy hand a little till I get above, and then I shall have no clog nor anything to interrupt me there." He awoke about four o'clock on Sunday morning, and said to me, "My dear, I think I am going to be taken from you." I said, "I hope not." He replied, "I believe I am, for I think no mortal can live under what I now feel: I seem as if I was wafted up to the third heaven. I see and hear unutterable things. I don't pretend to revelation; don't think that; but I see as it were chariots of horses and fire preparing to take me home." He was completely delivered from the fear of death, and exclaimed, "Death, I am no more afraid of thee. No; I could gladly welcome death with as much pleasure as ever I did the nearest and dearest friend I have on earth;" and then he exclaimed with raptures, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." I cannot tell you half what he said, but I can never forget it.

I did not tell you how my dear husband died, so I have taken another piece of paper to tell you a little more about it. He fully intended to have written to you himself if the Lord had spared his life, and also to Mr. C. He was very happy all the Monday, and continued so until five or six o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, when he was beset with temptations, which lasted, at intervals, all night. On Wednesday morning he was very happy, and quite calm and composed. A friend coming in, asked him how he was. He said, "I am quite happy. All is well. There is no guilt left on my conscience." He was so afraid of sinning, that he said several times he would rather die than be left to sin against so good a God who had done such great things for him. On Thursday morning he got up as usual and came down to breakfast. He said he felt weak, but was very happy; and added, "Here I am, Lord, do with me as thou seest good. I am willing to be anything and willing to be nothing; willing to live and willing to die; willing to go with thee, my dear Lord, to prison or to death." He was so overcome with his feelings, while speaking of the goodness of God to him, that he nearly fainted in his chair. He continued very happy till dinner time. A friend or two calling, he conversed with them of the goodness of God, and of the love he felt for them for Christ's sake, in such a manner that I believe they will never forget it. He took his leave of them in a very kind affectionate manner, as if it were the last time, and so it proved to be, though we little thought it then, for he never saw them more to have any knowledge of them. He walked into the garden after dinner, and asked me to go with him, which I did. He was exceedingly happy, and talked of the goodness of God to him. He observed, "I have no wife, and I have no children; I have no house, and I have no land; I have nothing, and I want nothing; I have Christ, and I want no more; he is mine, and I am his; I know it, I feel it." I said, "I fear you are not well." He then said, "What, my dear, cannot you give me up?" "No," said I. "Well, then," he

exclaimed, "I wish you could;" to which he added, "I can give up my body, soul, and all that I have, and all that I am, into the hands of that God who has redeemed my soul from destruction." He was taken very ill soon after we had walked into the house, for he sat down and never took notice of us more. It was a disorder in his head. The doctors say it was matter formed on the brain. He was very violent for two days and two nights, and it required three persons to hold him in bed. Afterwards he became very still, and continued so until Tuesday morning, on which day about ten o'clock he breathed his last.

O, my dear friend, this was indeed a trying day to me. I am left with six children and an afflicted body. It seemed as if I had lost all in this world, and so I have felt ever since, for at times I feel no pleasure in anything under the sun, though, bless the Lord, I have good friends. Mr. N. is as kind to me as if he were my own father, and my dear brother, F—, is like a father to my children, but still they cannot make up the loss.

My dear friend, you will remember me before the Lord, for I need your prayers and those of all the dear children of God. Pray that I may be kept submissive under his hand, and be brought to kiss the rod and him who has appointed it, and be enabled at all times to say, "The Lord has done all things well."—Yours,

L———, Oct. 7, 1832.

H. N.

## EDITORS' REVIEW.

*A Letter to the Rev. C. C. Nutter, Unitarian Minister, Hinckley, Leicestershire, &c.* By Thomas Pepper, Billingborough, Lincolnshire.—Creasey, Sleaford. Price 2d.

It is always much to be lamented when men come forward as advocates for truth who are utterly unqualified for such an office. Sometimes from ignorance, and sometimes from inability to express their meaning correctly, they make most flagrant mistakes, and the enemies of truth, eagerly catching at these blunders, impute that to the weakness of the cause which arises solely from the weakness of the advocate.

Thus it is with this letter of Thomas Pepper to a Unitarian minister, which, from its blunders and confusion, is far more likely to confirm him in his errors than to convince him. Take a few specimens, p. 8; "God is an essential being; of pure essence. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are appellations of the Godhead, to distinguish the office of each, taken up in the work of the salvation of his people." What is the meaning of God being "an essential being?" The word "essence" means "being," "existence;" therefore "an essential being" is a being being, an existing being, and the meaning of this strange expression is, that God exists. What does that prove? Nor are Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, "appellations," but persons. Thomas Pepper is not a Sabellian, but this language is Sabellianism, and should be shunned by all Trinitarians. But he has made a strange blunder, p. 7, which he has repeated, p. 8; "He (Christ) is called the Son of man by taking upon him the human nature, and the Son of God by taking the divine nature in union of Deity, which makes him our God and Saviour." "Therefore it was very necessary that he (Christ) should take upon him the divine nature," &c. The Son of God take upon him the divine nature! What a strange blunder! Is he not verily, essentially, and eternally, God? How then could he take upon him the divine nature? He is eternally and essentially in himself. To take upon him the divine nature, implies that

there was a period when he had it not. This is to make the Son of God a nonentity. For if he took upon him the divine nature, what was he before he took it? Nothing. For if the God-man has two natures, the divine and the human, in one glorious person, and he took both, then, before he took either, he was nothing. A nothing, therefore, a nonentity, according to Thomas Pepper, became God. Strange blunder for a champion of the Trinity to make! Again, p. 7, we read, "And the Holy Ghost is the third person in the Trinity, who personates Father and Son." What a strange blunder is here! How can the Holy Ghost be "the third person in the Trinity" and yet "personate," that is, represent, stand for, "Father and Son." That is, he is a distinct person and yet stands in the place of the two other persons of the Trinity. If all advocates for the Trinity were as confused, blundering, and ignorant as poor Thomas Pepper, the Unitarians might well triumph. He may be a good man, and certainly is a well meaning one, but it is a great pity he ever published this letter. Nor, indeed, has the printer performed his office properly, as there is both bad spelling and bad punctuation very visible in this little tract.

### EDITORS' REMARKS.

We are often obliged to alter the language of our correspondents, when incorrectly or erroneously expressed. In a communication, for instance, inserted this month, the expression "a reconciled God" occurs. The word of truth speaks of the church being reconciled to God, but not of His being reconciled to the church. Such blemishes, therefore, we remove, as feeling ourselves in a measure responsible for what is contained in our pages. Our poetical correspondents, too, will perceive occasionally traces of our pruning hand, as indeed their verses are often a foot too long or a foot too short; and the rhyme, or rather that intended for such, is often no rhyme at all. If they object to our alterations, their remedy is easy. Let them keep their poetry at home in their drawer. But if they send it to us for insertion in our pages, they must submit to our pruning, correcting hand.

### POETRY.

#### A SONG OF PRAISE.

"My song shall be of mercy."

A song of praise I'll sing to thee, my King,  
 And of thy mercy I will ever sing;  
 His wond'rous love what mortal tongue can tell?  
 He came to rescue dying men from hell.  
 And canst thou, then, my soul this truth believe,  
 That all who Jesus died for he'll receive?  
 His precious blood was never spilt in vain;  
 His own elect he loved ere time began.  
 If once he loved he loves unto the end;  
 In this rejoice, he is no fickle friend:  
 'Twas love that caused him once his blood to shed,  
 And love will bring me to my cov'nant Head.  
 O sovereign love, how wonderful and free!  
 That precious blood, I trust, was shed for me;  
 I feel convinced salvation's all of grace,  
 Because he chose me from the fallen race.  
 Then, O my soul, cast on him all thy care!  
 Does sin molest thee? yield not to despair;  
 Art thou cast down by reason of the way?  
 Hope thou in God; he'll change thy night to day.

## THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THE GOSPEL.

Hail! downcast soul, with guilt oppress'd, It is the voice of Christ, our King,  
 With fear dismay'd and sorrow press'd; Whose conquests make all heav'n to ring.  
 The gospel shows a sure retreat, 'Twas there our Captain fought and bled;  
 It points thee to Emanuel's feet. There hell and sin were captive led;  
 Good news the gospel brings indeed; There justice met in mercy's arms,  
 The captive sinner now is freed, And lost his frowns beneath her charms.  
 The law fulfill'd, and Justice paid; " 'Tis finished!" yes, the work is done;  
 A weeping soul, be not afraid. Our Lord has paid the heavy sum;  
 What cheering words are these I hear At Calvary now we find repose,  
 From Calvary's hill? O earth give ear! There stand and smile at all our foes.

Manchester, April, 1840.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## A DIALOGUE BETWIXT JESUS AND THE SOUL.

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed."  
 Psalm vi. 2.

- Soul:* Ah, Son of David, help!—(*Jesus:*) What sinful cry  
 Implores the Son of David?—(*Soul:*) It is I.  
*J.* Who art thou?—*S.* Oh, a deeply wounded soul,  
 That's heavy laden, and would fain be whole.  
*J.* I have no scraps; and dogs must not be fed,  
 Like household children, with the children's bread.  
*S.* True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp  
 To lick their crumbs: O, Son of David, help!  
*J.* Poor Soul; what ail'st thou?—*S.* O I groan, I sigh;  
 I cannot rest, I know not where to fly  
 To find some ease; I turn my weeping face  
 From man to man; I roll from place to place  
 T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief;  
 But still I'm dogg'd and haunted with my grief:  
 My midnight torments call the sluggish light,  
 And when the morning's come they woo the night.  
*J.* Come, cease thy tears and speak thy free desires;  
*S.* Quench, quench my flames, assuage these scorching fires.  
*J.* Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?  
*S.* Lord, I believe! O, help my unbelief!  
*J.* Hold forth thy arm, and let my fingers try  
 Thy pulse. Where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?  
*S.* From head to foot, it reigns in every part,  
 But chief the tyrant rules within my heart.  
*J.* Canst thou digest and relish wholesome food?  
 How stands thy taste?—*S.* To nothing that is good;  
 All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff  
 I can digest, and relish well enough.  
*J.* Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?  
*S.* Cold to what's good, to what is bad it burns.  
*J.* How old's thy grief?—*S.* I took it at the fall  
 With eating fruit:—*J.* 'Tis epidemical.  
 Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung  
 From a bad fountain; 'tis a fever strong  
 And full of death, unless with present speed  
 A vein be open'd; thou must die or bleed.  
*S.* O I am faint and spent, the wound that shall  
 Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal.  
 My soul wants cordials, and has greater need  
 Of blood than (being spent so far) to bleed:  
 I faint already; if I bleed I die;  
*J.* 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I.



My blood's a cordial, he that sucks my veins  
 Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains  
 Than these. Cheer up! this precious blood of mine  
 Shall cure thy grief, my heart has blood for thine.  
 Believe! and view me with a faithful eye,  
 Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die!

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THE BELIEVER'S WANTS.

I want to feel the Lord is kind  
 In operating on my mind;  
 I want to feel what none can give  
 But He that bids the soul to live;  
 I want to feel, what Christians feel,  
 The pow'r of Christ to wound and heal;  
 I want to feel the Lord is near,  
 To chase away my every fear;  
 I want to feel my heart to break,  
 And find the Lord will not forsake;  
 I want the Lord to open my eyes,  
 And by his grace to make me wise;  
 I want to feel a Saviour's love  
 In leading me to look above;  
 I want to feel that Thou hast power  
 To save in every trying hour;  
 I want the Lord to let me see  
 And feel the captive is set free;  
 I want to feel almighty grace  
 To reach my soul in every case;  
 I want the Saviour's righteousness  
 To hide my shame and nakedness;  
 I want to feel—What shall I say?  
 Why,—strength according to my day;  
 I want to feel the Spirit's breath  
 In raising from a state of death;

Linton, Cambridgeshire.

I want—I know not what I want—  
 I want what none but God can grant;  
 I want to feel my heart to melt,  
 And find I am released from guilt;  
 I want to feel the Sun to shine,  
 And lighten this dark soul of mine;  
 I want to feel a work at heart  
 Before my soul doth hence depart;  
 I want to know, when Jesus bled,  
 He suffer'd in my room and stead;  
 I want to feel this ratified  
 By feeling of his blood applied;  
 I want to feel Thy grace within  
 Delivering from the power of sin;  
 I want to feel I am thy care,  
 That thou wilt save from sad despair;  
 I want the Father, and the Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
 May each perform his part in me,  
 That I may not deceived be.  
 I cannot all my wants express:  
 O grant to my poor soul redress.  
 Unless thou dost my wants supply,  
 Alas! my guilty soul must die.

E. T.

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TO "D. Y." (July No., 1839.)

If in the hand of thought thou take  
 Each sin, and weigh it there;  
 Nor see, meanwhile, a Saviour's blood,  
 'Twill drive thee to despair.

Well, look awhile, bemoan thy lot,  
 If sorrow can compare  
 Its length and breadth with Jesus' love,  
 Then sink into despair.

Thou may'st reflect, and well thou  
 should'st,  
 'Twill give thee future care;  
 'Twill lay thine honour in the dust,  
 But do not thou despair.

Satan withstands thee to thy face,  
 In showing sins he'll dare  
 Pronounce thee fairly out of reach,  
 And tempt thee to despair.

If on thy God thou tri'st to call,  
 He'll meet with thee e'en there;  
 He'll null thy claim with "Reprobate,"  
 The border of despair.

The heavens awhile as brass may prove,  
 And thee with horror scare;  
 Conscience condemn, and guilt accuse,  
 To plunge thee in despair.

The hosts of hell in vain attempt,  
 The fire can't singe one hair;  
 Thy God the "smith and waster made,"  
 What room then for despair?

His church He's bound by oath to save,  
 And make her all his care;  
 He'll ne'er forget his blood-bought bride,  
 Nor leave her to despair.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

● "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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GRACE.

The Epistles of the Apostle to the Gentiles are especially remarkable as beginning and ending with the sweet salutation of "Grace unto you." Grace appears to have been ever uppermost and reigning in his soul when writing, as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, to the churches of the saints, who were "partakers of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God; who hath saved us and called us," saith he, "with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 8—10.) Nothing but grace, which is the free, sovereign, eternal, and never-varying love of the Three which bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, which Three are One in nature, glory, power, will, design, and pleasure, could suit the palate of this "man in Christ," (2 Cor. xii. 2,) who, like David, could say from his heart, his "conscience also bearing him witness in the Holy Ghost;" (Rom. ix. 1;) "I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandment is exceeding broad." (Ps. cxix. 96.) And to this standing or persuasion, spiritual vision, and felt reality, must every elected, redeemed, and quickened heir of "the grace of life," (1 Peter iii. 7,) be brought, naked, poor, miserable, guilty; a transgressor of the holy law of Jehovah, deservedly condemned thereby; impotent, without strength, unable to do anything good, right, or acceptable in the sight of God, or even to think a good thought of himself; needy, unclean, full of leprosy; "the whole head sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head with no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying

sores, that have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment;" (Isaiah i. 5, 6;) undone in himself, without any "confidence in the flesh;" a stinking carcass, a cage of unclean birds, a sink of every abomination; his eyes full of adultery, his throat an open sepulchre, his tongue set on fire of hell, which oft has used deceit, and laboured as the willing servant of a heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" the poison of asps under his lips; his mouth full of cursing and bitterness, which he has often feared would burst out in open curses, or give vent to the atrocious and unspeakable blasphemies against the blessed God and his purity which sometimes swell within him to his soul's misery and bitter anguish; his feet swift to shed blood; destruction and misery in his ways; ignorant of the way of peace, with no fear of God before his eyes; altogether unprofitable and ungodly, he is made sensible of this truth, that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin." (Rom. iii. 9—20.) His mouth is stopped; he feels he is guilty before God, and boasting is excluded. Such a one cannot unite with, or delight in the accursed doctrines of Wesley and his blinded disciples and admirers, who, proud of their deceived and deceiving leader, and glorying in their shame, in the face of the sun, with his image on their breasts and flags in their hands, not long since assembled to perpetrate their enmity to the grace of God in the public market places and streets, like the Pharisees in the days of old, who were the most deadly enemies to the dear Redeemer and his fulness, from which poor, empty, hungry, and thirsty sinners receive grace for grace. Such a one, when experiencing the love of God in his soul, drawn with "the cords of a man and with the bands of love," the yoke taken off his jaws and meat laid before him, can enter into the apostle's feelings when, writing to the Ephesians, he holds forth the fruits of the tree of life, which they had tasted; "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (*by grace ye are saved*;) and hath raised us up together, and hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come he might show *the exceeding riches of his grace* in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus; for *by grace are ye saved*, through faith, and that *not of yourselves*; it is the *gift of God*; not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 1—9.) To talk to a child of God—to one who groans under the weight and burden of a body of sin and death, unto whom the commandment has come—who finds by what passes in him daily, yea, continually, that sin has revived, and that under it he has died; to talk, I say, to one who has eyes to see inwardly as well as outwardly, like the beasts John saw before the throne, (Rev. iv. 8,)—of the merits or good works of such as he is—is worse than mockery. He hates, loathes, and detests the very thought of his having any such things in himself; he is conscious that it is a lie, a delusion, and treason against the majesty of God; it is nauseous to his soul, and so are all who maintain it. He knows that they are damned to all eternity if they die in that stronghold of Satan; he can see the chains of darkness on their souls, the shadow of death on their eyelids, the strong man armed in their hearts, which is his house, keeping his goods in false though flesh-pleasing and rational peace. He has in himself a living witness, which is faithful and true, that, if he be not eternally loved and elected by God, perfectly and for ever redeemed and saved by God, and effectually quickened by God, so that he never can return to his former state in trespasses and sins, he must be, he is lost for ever, without any possibility of recovery, and is condemned to the unquenchable, ever-burning, eternal

wrath of God, in the bottomless pit of hell. Faith, hope, love, power, and every good and perfect gift he finds, from the lessons he is taught, are *all* of grace, and must be sent down into his heart from above from the Father of lights, with whom "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," and be caused to work in him by the power of God, or he can do nothing. As to the letter, notional, historical, counterfeit faith of numbers who talk of grace, he detests it as much as the doctrines of free-will, universal redemption, and creature merit. The only faith that satisfies him is that which brings peace through the blood of the cross into his soul; the only love he covets or desires is the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; the only hope he prizes, is that which is "as an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." (Heb. vi. 19, 20.)

The feelings of the glory, sweetness, freeness, and mystery of the personal *grace of the Holy Three in One*, which on one occasion rose in my heart, I believe I never shall forget. I had been for some time in a most wretched and fearful state of mind. Day after day passed, and my wound became deeper and more painful. I could not believe; I seemed hardened and dead; I stunk in my own nostrils; but had the will, earnest and sincere, to believe with my heart unto righteousness, that I was saved for ever in Jesus, and truly quickened by God the eternal Spirit. I had, some time before this, (after months of exercise of soul-temptations, fear, and trouble, on account of my sinfulness,) been favoured with such a vision of the blessed Jesus, as all my life, salvation, holiness, and righteousness, that I was persuaded, come what might, I was safe, saved, loved, and chosen, and my life hid with Christ in God. I saw him as clearly in my spiritual vision, as though he were before my eyes bodily. I was impressed in living characters on my heart that he was "*my portion*," on which I should live as rich men on their estates. I saw, knew, and enjoyed his fulness. It was revealed to me that I could not damn myself or destroy my soul if I would, for God had put it out of my power to do so. I would gladly, willingly, have died at that time. I believe I could have endured any torments for the glory of God. Christ was all and in all, and I less than nothing in myself, for I knew I was not myself any longer—I was not on earth, but already virtually in heaven. Yes; then Jesus, the dear, the precious Jesus was everything; I could see nothing glorious but him. O that that time of times would return again! It would richly make up for all that I have suffered since; and I should even glory in my sufferings, that the power of Christ might be exalted and manifested, in that, where sin hath abounded, grace hath much more abounded.

But to return to what I was relating. I was brought very low, my health declining fast. Some thought I was in a consumption, or should soon be in one; but it was consumption of soul more than of body. I had been wrung to the quick as to whether I had ever been really taught out of the law of God—whether I had been brought deep enough. All past enjoyments withered like a herb; my soul was desolate; I could not bear to be among the children of God. I was in a low place indeed, though at times cheered for a little space by the entrance of light, and a feeling springing up that I was not deceived, but was interested in Jesus. But still I wanted to feel more surely that I was killed by the law; I wanted to have it opened in my conscience, plainly and pointedly, and to have relief thereupon by a sure testimony from God, given with power. My sins stared me in the face; and such has been my

agony, that, having a horrible suggestion that I must hang myself, and a dread and fear lest I should do so, (*the place being pointed out to me, and the way,*) I have knelt down in the stable, where I have gone to be alone, and cried to the Lord to keep me from it. However, passing over much which space forbids me recording, I will come to the revelation of the distinct grace of the Holy Three, which I was made to experience so richly.

I was walking in the garden. The commandments were severally unfolded to me in such a manner, that I felt I had broken them all, and things which literally I never had committed, were so charged upon me, that I stood convicted with the cry of "Guilty, guilty!" in my soul. I felt that if the earth opened and swallowed me up alive—if God should send me down quick into hell, he would be but just. I confessed it to him; I had not a word to say against it; I was undone. At length a sweet calm came gradually into my mind, and it was as though a person preached to me, (and every word entered my heart,) of the love and grace of the Father in the gift of his Son, "to be the propitiation for our sins;" (1 John iv. 10;) the love of the Son in the gift of himself; (Eph. v. 25;) and "the love of the Spirit," (Rom. xv. 30,) in revealing the grace and glorious acts of the Father and of the Son, without which I could know nothing of it feelingly and in truth. How often have I wished since, that I could recall what then was heard and enjoyed in my heart. How sensible I was of the necessity of the work of each person, and that the work of each was equal, and of the same importance. I had personal communion and fellowship with the Trinity in Unity and the Unity in Trinity. Never before had I felt *in this manner* the grace of each person in the Godhead, though I had felt the love of Christ as before mentioned, and the application of his blood with power from the entrance of the first verse of the thirteenth chapter of Zechariah into my mind, when my sins appeared as powerless and unable to damn me, as a dead body to injure a living being. In this revelation, the grace of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, (as the same grace differently displayed, and yet tending to one grand end, the salvation of the soul of such a filthy, sinful, wicked, and abominable monster of iniquity,) shone into me, and I had peace and rest, and God was glorified and praised.

I have felt the grace of God in providence, and have seen his hand where others would see nothing but what they call chance or good fortune. I have experienced it in receiving most marked and miraculous answers to prayers, time after time; in being kept from the open commission of those dreadful sins which sometimes are rampant within me; in being preserved hitherto from turning Socinian, Arian, or Sabellian, all which, with many other devilish foes, I have to grapple with and strive against, for I find the serpent often leading them on to harass me, and reason and unbelief joining with them. If left to myself I know I must fall. If I had to stand in my own strength, I should quickly be cast down. I cannot find any thing but corruption in my body of death. I am often as faithless, and dark, and cold, and careless, and carnal, and licentious, and foul in my feelings, as though I had never been otherwise. The temptations I pass through, no one can have any conception of, but those who are the subjects of the like, and I sometimes think no soul can feel as I do. So often shaken to the centre, feeling I must be a hypocrite, without the least enjoyment of the Lord's presence, light, trifling, vain, and hard, insensible and fearless of everything, presumptuous and deceitful,—I am often deterred from writing, lest I should say something not in every respect sincere and right. Ashamed

of myself, and dissatisfied with all that proceeds from me; acutely conscious of my own ignorance and stupidity; less than the least; generally as dry, barren, and unfruitful as the ground in the time of drought; seldom able to rejoice; in deaths oft; perplexed and tortured by inward diseases; sometimes by an unclean devil, at other times by a lustful, proud, infidel, lying, drowsy, careless, blasphemous, or deistical devil; at one time a little melted and lifted up in thankfulness, cheered by a crumb of the living bread, or by a little dew on my branch; at another, deeper than ever in despondency; then a spark of something like sincerity, earnestness, and life arises, and I can cry to the Lord and pray in spirit, and get a little reviving; but anon dead and lifeless, peevish, discontented, prayerless, and torpid. I dare not be charitable to Arminians or letter Calvinists, who rest in the word without the power, for what they delight in I feel to be great wickedness and the unfruitful works of darkness, and am sure they will be damned if they have no better religion than that they are clothed with. I cannot receive those who are never plagued, but are always in full assurance and joy, for it is so different in my own experience. I know and am persuaded that a man may preach and maintain that salvation is all of grace, and yet be ignorant of what grace is in the reception of it; that he may make long prayers, and plead the promises in word, and yet never pray in the spirit; that persons may talk of their doubts and fears, and have no more feeling than a stone; may be troubled about eternity, and yet never care about or feel their need of the atonement to be received, and the righteousness of Christ put on by the faith of the operation of God; may think themselves safe when they are fast locked in the chains of their sins, and even talk of their darkness and trials, and never have their hearts humbled thereby, or made to put their mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope; may sit under an experimental ministry, and get hardened more than they were before; condemn others, and never feel condemnation themselves.

Happy is he whose heart is broken, who is poor in spirit, brought to the place of stopping of mouths, stripped of everything which is only natural, and content alone with salvation revealed, and sealed by the Holy Ghost in his soul; promises applied, communion enjoyed, and Christ all in all. Such a one dwells alone, and is not numbered among the people or nations. His faith the Lord will prove to be not presumptuous; his rod will bud and bloom blossoms, and yield almonds; and he will join in the joyful acclamations when the top stone shall be brought forth, with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it!" (Zech. iv. 7.)

Stoke, Dec., 1839.

G. I.

## HEAD-WORK AND HEART-WORK.

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN FREE WILL AND FREE GRACE.

*Free Will.* Well met, friend. There are strange rumours abroad. I hear you have changed your sentiments lately, plunged into error, and joined the "Hypers!" Pray, is there any truth in the report?

*Free Grace.* The world has been full of rumours since he who is a liar, and the father of it, (John viii. 44,) defamed God and deceived man. (Gen. iii. 4, 5.) From that hour to this, Jeremiah's experience, (chap. xx. 10,) "I have heard the defaming of many; fear on every side; report, say they, and we will report it," has been the lot of all who have feared Jeremiah's God more than the malevolence of devils or the

censures of men. The heathens gave "Report" a hundred tongues, ages gone by, and as there were slanderers in the apostle's time, (Rom. iii. 8,) I am not prepared to marvel at any thing you have heard.

*F. W.* I am willing to grant that, generally speaking, a report, like a snow ball, loses nothing from circulation; but, *from the respectability of the sources* from which my information has been derived, I fear there is too much truth in the rumour. What say you?

*F. G.* I say, I would almost as soon be a worshipper in the "high places of Baal" (Num. xxii. 41) as be a dupe to the opinions prevalent in the *respectable quarters* to which you refer. *Respectability* is one of the idols of the nineteenth century, before which thousands of hypocrites and formalists are bending in obsequious adoration. Do you bow down at that shrine? I think you will not find it set up by God from Genesis to Revelation.

*F. W.* Probably not, and yet it is an expression of very common usage.

*F. G.* Yes; and as antisciptural as it is common. I am weary of the vaunting canting phraseology, "respectable ministers," and "respectable congregations;" the exact same might have been said of the pharisees, priests, people, and places of pretended worship in the days of Jesus Christ. This *Dagon of respectability* will fall wherever the ark really appears.

*F. W.* Well, I will not obstinately contend either for the shrine or the idol to which you allude, as we are certainly told to "flee from idolatry;" (1 Cor. x. 14.) but I would rather see you more willing to answer my inquiry, and less disposed to cavil at my words.

*F. G.* Your inquiry shall be answered, and that fairly too; but, seeing from your drift that you are manifesting a deference for "ecclesiastical courts," I wished at once to give you my opinion of them.

*F. W.* "Ecclesiastical courts!" You quite surprise me! Who, for truth's sake, ever put it into your head that I had a respect for such habitations of cruelty and injustice?

*F. G.* There are more ways than one of acting inquisitorially, and I have lived long enough among dissenting bodies to see that they too have "ecclesiastical courts," where Fullerism and something worse are now made a Shibboleth; failing to pronounce which the modern Gileadites endeavour to slay, by their anathemas, even at the passages of Jordan, the children of Ephraim. (Judges xii. 6.) But, blessed be God, they cannot keep them out of Canaan after all, for although for Christ's sake "they are killed" by malevolent and false tongues "all the day long;" yet, "behold they live" in the enjoyment of a good conscience through the witness of the Spirit of truth and life, and at length die supported and comforted by the very doctrines and experience for which they are hated and maligned.

*F. W.* Ah! I see plainly enough, then, that what I have heard is true. You were not accustomed to talk in this way when I saw you last; then you had no fellowship with the dangerous party and opinions you appear now to have fallen a prey to. I am really grieved at the change.

*F. G.* David, in Psalm cxii. 10, speaks of some who grieve, and yet gnash with the teeth. Beware lest you fall under that description and their doom. If you are come, in the pride of your heart, to offer me your pity, and to dole out your lamentations, you had better take such wares to another market, for I would not accept them at a gift. Be assured I have had too much sweet and precious enjoyment in the sentiments at which you and your party sneer, and

beheld too much glory in the doctrines which you and they despise, and felt too much union of heart and soul with those whom you call *dangerous*, to be in a cue to listen to your doleful ditty of sorrow and regret on my account, for, irrespective of its being out of season, I have not a very strong impression of its sincerity.

*F. W.* Well, I think we had best retire to my house and kneel down and ask for a better spirit. What say you? Shall we go and spend a few minutes in prayer together there before we proceed any farther in our remarks?

*F. G.* You must conceal your birdlime a little more if you want to catch an old bird. I have been caught on that twig once or twice before. If you wish to pray, you had better obey the injunction, Matt. vi. 6. I cannot mock the Almighty by asking him to give me something better than his own Spirit, for my conscience witnesses in relation to the solemn verities at which you scoff, because you are, experimentally, a stranger to them, that they are of the operation of the Spirit of God. I grant that men may change *their* sentiments, according to the usual acceptation of the term, a thousand times, if by sentiments you mean mere notions in the head, taken up and put down to suit the bias of a corrupt will, or with a view to truckle to the fashion and worldly interests of the day. Such sentiments, if they deserve the name, have no origin from above; but sentiments that are the offspring of solemn and momentous truths deeply felt in the soul, are things which it is not man's prerogative to create or destroy, for they are both given and made to abide by God himself; for God's elect "are born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter i. 23.)

*F. W.* And so you can treat the ordinance of prayer in this contemptuous manner! I really tremble for you. This is hyper-Calvinism with a witness. Is it not recorded by our blessed Lord himself, (Luke xviii. 1,) "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint?" And does not the apostle, in his epistle to the Ephesians, (vi. 18,) tell us to pray always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and to watch thereunto with all perseverance and supplication? And, besides, why drag in the word "elect" in the passage you just quoted from Peter? it is not to be found in the verse.

*F. G.* Are you speaking in the ignorance or guile of your heart, for you are now in a dilemma between one of these horns. In the 7th verse of the xviii. chapter of Luke there is a plain explanation of the men *who ought always to pray*; they happen to be the very persons characterized by the word "elect," which you seem so much to abhor; for, after the blessed Lord had finished his parable on prayer, he plainly showed for whom he meant it by the inquiry; (ver. 7,) "And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?" "I tell you," says the same infallible guide, (ver. 8,) "that he will avenge them speedily." Nor does the passage you have selected from Ephesians (vi. 18) answer your purpose any better, for in ver. 10 of the same chapter, we find that the apostle is addressing himself to the *brethren*, even the same whom he denominates *elect*, or *chosen* in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, and *predestinated* unto the *adoption of children*. (Chap. i. 4, 5.) Such are directed to pray always, &c., and for this reason, because they are "quickened" by God the Holy Ghost, (Chap. ii. 5), and are from their spiritual existence and adoption capacitated to cry to God; but you, and those like you, are for having the cry before the birth, a thing impossible both in nature and grace. And why, moreover, did you leave out,



in repeating the 18th ver. of chap. vi., the three little one-syllable words "for all saints?" Clearly, to my mind, because you saw that those three words would cut up, root and branch, the whole of your legal, not to say hypocritical proposal to kneel down and pray; for unless you believe me to be one of the saints, what encouragement had you from that passage to pray *for me*? and unless we both belong to the saints, are both "elect," both "quickened," both "brethren in Christ Jesus," which are the appellations applied to those to whom that epistle is addressed, what warrant have we from that or any other passage to kneel down and pray together *for* the saints? Can "the sacrifice of the wicked, which is an abomination to the Lord," (Prov. xv. 8,) prove beneficial to the saints? And, as it respects the invariable habit of your party of praying, as you call it, for *all the world*, that is to say, for all people in it, I leave you to digest at your leisure the 9th verse of the xvii. chapter of John; "I pray not for the world, but for them thou hast given me." Did you never detect yourself wishing that the xvii. of John had never been written? I believe from my conscience, if I were brought to the conclusion, that Christ died equally to redeem every man, and that every one had, as you say, an equal *chance* of salvation, it would afford me the greatest possible gratification to be able to prove that the chapter referred to was an interpolation. Either you or your party are called upon to prove it to be such, or ever to throw away, as worse than Popish babbling, the practice of calling upon men indiscriminately to "pray," to "repent," to "believe unto life everlasting," and to "accept God's offered grace."

*F. W.* I am willing to grant that there is a difficulty thrown in our way in that chapter; but how many times do we find the apostles calling upon men to repent, and believe, who were evidently in their sins at the time? Thus, for instance, in the ii. chapter of the Acts, Peter calls upon the Jews who had put our Lord to death to "repent!" Could any men be worse than they? Could any men give more evidence than that their hearts were full of iniquity, and yet they are called upon to "repent," which I understand to mean to turn to God, and be saved.

*F. G.* There are two or three considerations that will clear up this matter to one who is willing to bow to truth. 1st. As it respects the primary signification of the word "μετανοήσατε," repent! which is, "change your way of thinking," or "think again!" Now, Peter knew very well that these Jews and others had, in the crucifixion of Christ as an imposter, acted contrary to the very evidence of their senses. They had been eye witnesses of his gracious and miraculous acts in giving sight to the blind, food to the hungry, life to the dead, &c., and yet they had said, "Crucify him, crucify him! it is not fit that such a fellow should live." In this conduct, therefore, they had acted more in the character of maniacs than persons possessed of the commonest understanding. They had delivered, maltreated, and crucified a kind temporal benefactor, and were therefore fit persons to be addressed with the expostulation, "Change your way of thinking." The vilest wretch in any of our prisons, who has imbrued his hands in the blood of his erring fellow-creature, might in this sense be properly called upon to "repent," to "think again," and be sorry for the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. And if so, how much more applicable was such an admonition to those, who, with wicked hands, had slain the "Lord of life and glory," who had ever gone about doing good, and was approved of God as the true Messiah, by the miracles, wonders, and signs which God did by him in the midst of them all.

whom Peter was at this very moment addressing. (Acts ii.) Added to which, these individuals had heard the apostles and disciples, though Galileans, speak in a diversity of tongues, giving additional evidence to the senses, that he by whose power they had done this, but whom they with wicked hands had crucified, was the Son of God. The repentance, therefore, that these men were called upon thus to exercise can never be exercised by men since their time again, unless Christ Jesus should again appear in the flesh, again work miracles, again be crucified, again rise, and again bestow miraculous gifts on the church. Besides which, Peter knew well that he was addressing those respecting whom God had spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets. Before, indeed, he uttered the admonition to them at all, he refers to God's promise in Joel ii. 28, and was well assured of what Jehovah had declared in Zechariah xii. 10; "I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of *grace* and *supplications*; and they shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn for him," &c. Now if you will find me a promise in the word of God that declares that a "*spirit of grace and supplications*," *eyes to look on Christ*, and *hearts to mourn for Christ*, shall be given to *all mankind indiscriminately*, from the day of Pentecost to the millennial day, I will preach repentance in the highest acceptation of the term, even "*repentance unto life*," which I am told by the same apostle, (Acts v. 31,) God hath exalted Christ with his right hand *to give to Israel*; that is to say, the circumcision not made with hands, both Jew and Gentile; but if not, you and your party must be contented without my cooperation to tell lies in the name of the Lord, by assuring men that are "*dead in trespasses and sins*" "*they have power to believe and to repent unto salvation if they will but exert it.*"

**F. W.** But why did the apostle say that "God commandeth all men every where to repent?" (Acts xvii. 30.)

**F. G.** The apostle Paul preached in the days of promise as much as Peter, in relation to which similar blessings from above had been promised to, and were now poured upon, the Gentiles as well as the Jews. Peter informs us (Acts xi.) that God had instructed him by a most remarkable vision that the uncircumcised, that is, the Gentiles then existing, were to be viewed by him as the children of promise, and that on this account he began to speak to them, and that "while he spake the Holy Ghost fell on them also." The conclusion, therefore, to which the Jews came, who had previously objected to Peter's having anything to do with the Gentiles, was this, that God had granted unto the Gentiles also *repentance unto life*; and that therefore the same spiritual gifts that were granted to the Jews were communicated to the Gentiles also. Show me the promise and the miraculous gifts, and I too will go forth preaching a similar repentance to that which the apostles proclaimed.

**F. W.** And do you never preach the necessity of repentance?

**F. G.** Most assuredly I do; but exactly in the way that Christ preached regeneration to Nicodemus, (John iii.) namely, as God's work, and not man's; as a thing that must take place and will take place in God's elect; that the eternal Spirit, that new creates the children of God, must grant and will grant repentance unto all that are "*ordained unto eternal life.*" (Acts xiii. 48.)

**F. W.** Yes; but in that passage it is said that as many as were ordained unto eternal life "*believed*," not repented.

**F. G.** And do you think that men can exercise repentance unto life that do not believe? Is it not written that "without faith it is impos-

sible to please God?" (Heb. xi. 6.) Wherever there is a *turning to God*, or a mourning over sin, which seem to be the meanings you attach to the word repentance, faith is implied; for how can the mind turn to that, the very existence of which it does not credit? or how can it be sorry for that which it does not believe it has committed? Faith, therefore, must precede repentance, and repentance will invariably follow faith that is of the operation of God's Spirit. If you and all the host of Wesley-taught, Baxter-taught, Fuller-taught, Hinton-taught, academy-taught, or, in a word, letter-taught preachers, were to be called upon by all who know the truth, and feel the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, "to repent" of the insult you have done to the doctrines of grace by your crafty and malignant efforts to expunge them from your circular-letters, and of the blasphemy you have offered to the Holy Ghost in the Address to the Baptist Churches of the Midland Association, of what avail would such a call be to men who show by what they write and what they preach, that they hate and believe not the pride-staining, self-abasing doctrines of predestination, effectual calling by the Spirit of God, justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ without the works of the law, and eternal glory as the fruit of God's everlasting love and purpose alone? Call upon such to repent in contrition and godly sorrow till God the Holy Ghost has opened their blind hearts! You might as well attempt to "gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles," or bid the Ethiopian "change his skin, and the leopard his spots." They have learned thus to do evil all their days, and are beyond the reach of all but an almighty power. They unblushingly deny the necessity of divine influence in a sinner's conversion to God, and plainly prove hereby that they are strangers to his operations in the conviction of sin, and his exclusive prerogative to "take of the things that are Christ's and show them unto men."

*F. W.* I know not what to say to these things; yet I still believe that those whom you so severely censure are the servants of God. But you have not touched, to my satisfaction, the difficulty in reference to the apostle's declaration to the Athenians, (Acts xvii. 30,) "that God commandeth all men every where to repent." Supposing you yourself were travelling through a country where Judaism and Heathenism were practised, would you not tell them of their delusions, and urge them to put them away from them?

*F. G.* Most assuredly. Among the former (the Jews) I should be quite disposed "to reason with them out of the Scriptures," especially from Daniel ix. and Isaiah vii. and ix., "that Jesus is the Christ," and unhesitatingly call upon them "to repent," or change their way of thinking as to the true Messiah's not having yet appeared. With respect to the latter, *i. e.*, the Heathens, if I met among them "an altar to the unknown God," I should have no scruple to tell them "to repent," or change their way of thinking, pointing out to them the absurdity of the worship of idols, and assuring them, as the apostle did, (Acts xvii. 29,) "that forasmuch as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and men's device;" nor should I hesitate to call upon such, as the apostle does, "to repent," or turn away from absurdities and abominations, which the very constitution and existence of man, as a being composed of body and mind, went most effectually to condemn; urging upon them, as the apostle does, (v. 31,) that there "is a day of judgment coming, when God will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

This is a very different call to repentance to that which is proclaimed by thousands in the days in which we live, wherein men are told they can believe, repent, accept Christ Jesus, and be everlastingly saved, if they will but use the grace which God has given to every son and daughter of Adam equally and alike. The repentance called in the Scriptures emphatically "a repentance unto life;" the repentance which God exclusively claims to himself the prerogative of bestowing; the repentance which Jesus Christ is said to be exalted to grant,—is a repentance utterly different from this, which, both from the sources from whence it is derived, as well as from the epithet by which it is designated, namely, "unto life," plainly exhibits itself as a gift of God, that neither men nor angels can bestow, nor devils prevent the exercise of when given.

*F. W.* There is a verse in Luke, (xxiv. 47,) that seems to me to justify the universal call on men to repent, and plainly indicates to me that all mankind are considered by Christ Jesus as possessing power enough to repent for the remission of their sins, if they choose to exert it; and that neither you nor any of your companions, who are always insisting upon a free-grace salvation, do justice to the gospel or the souls of men, unless you insist upon it that men ought to repent, and can repent if they will.

*F. G.* You had better gone on one step farther, and said, "They have all of them the keys of hell and heaven in their hands; can turn the wards of either door as they like; and have the punishments of hell and the joys of heaven exclusively at their own control!" But to the text. Jesus Christ, who uttered the words referred to at that ever memorable meeting which he held with his disciples after the resurrection, when he showed them his hands and his feet, laid the axe to the very root of creature ability in those very words. Gifted as his disciples were when he opened their understandings, (v. 45,) and still more gifted as he intended they should be, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, he gives them herein to understand that repentance was to be preached in *no name but his own*; not in theirs, though, through the wondrous powers with which they should be endued, many of the most intelligent and refined among the heathen would be led to say, that "the Gods had come down among them in the likeness of men." No; great as their miraculous gifts would be, they were to remember that repentance and the remission of sins were to be preached in *no name* but that of the *almighty Jesus*, who had just burst the barriers of the grave asunder, and, by this, given evidence that he had power to "turn the hearts of men as the rivers of water are turned." But that which Jesus hereby instructed the disciples in their inability to communicate, you, and all the modern confederacy against the grace of Christ in repentance, tell a sinner, (who is at enmity against God, born in sin and shapen in iniquity, under the influence of a mind so carnal that it *cannot receive* the things of the Spirit of God,) he has power enough to effect; the blind man can see if he will; the lame man can walk if he will; the deaf man can hear if he will; and the dead man can live if he will! If such absurdities could by any manœuvre be made truths in a natural sense, it would be a bad day for all the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in our land. If, however, you have a spark of that understanding which Jesus gave to his disciples, or have as much free will as can in the least enable you to yield to the truth of God, you must see that the interpretation you have given to a part of the text in relation to repentance, if true, must be applicable to the other part of the text in regard to the remission of sins, and involves in it, what, to say the least, has more unblushing presumption than the Popish doctrine of

the priest's ability to forgive sin, inasmuch as it invests the transgressor and criminal himself with the power of pardoning his own offences. Such an opinion universally received would, indeed, aim a deadly blow at priestcraft of all kinds; but, be it remembered, that it makes an equal attack upon the sovereignty of God; upon the truth of his word respecting the fallen, the weak, the lost, the helpless condition of man; and upon Him too who is exalted with God's right hand a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins. Yea, it is an infernal thrust, though uttered by a human tongue, at all the attributes of Jehovah, and at the majesty, and blood, and offices of Christ.

F. W. I have some other matters that I wish to consult you about; but at present our conference must be postponed.

Manchester.

EPHRON.

### HELP NEEDED.

Dear Sirs,—As in water face answereth to face, and iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend.

In this dark and cloudy day, there is little heard from professed preachers of the gospel about the work of the Holy Ghost; so that while such are boasting of preaching the Lord Jesus Christ, they do despite to the Holy Spirit, and rob the poor, tried, sensible sinner of comfort; for an unapplied Christ is to the poor, hungry, starving, thirsty soul like telling a man that is in want of the common necessities of life that there are such things for those in need, but not telling him where or how they are to be got at. I do desire to bless the Lord that your little periodical was ever brought under my notice; and when I read such pieces from the Lord's tried, faithful servants as J. W.'s, in your February number, it really does my poor soul good. I hear so much about the doctrines of the gospel, and its grand and glorious truths, that I sincerely love them; but I want to know my interest in them; I want them applied to my soul by the power of the Holy Spirit. Our dear Lord said to his disciples, "He shall testify of me; and ye also shall bear witness;" (John xv. 26, 27;) "For he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." (John xvi. 14.) I long for and desire this blessed testimony, for while my poor soul is often cast down with a host of unbelieving doubts and fears within, I am much distressed with trials and afflictions without; so that I can truly say with the sweet piece which you extracted from Rutherford, that "a heavy cross without begets a heavier within;" and then indeed when the poor sinner goes into the house of God, he wants to have his way cast up before him, and desires to know that he is treading in the footsteps of the flock, for Satan and unbelief suggest a thousand things to distract his mind, and he feels as though he must give up all he thought he once possessed, fearing it is all delusion. Scarcely a preacher in this great metropolis can meet the case of such a one. He thirsts and pants to feel, and taste, and handle the good word of life; cannot be satisfied with mere letter preaching, and dry, barren statements; finds no comfort under the word unless

the preacher be enabled by the power of the Spirit to dig deep, and bring forth precious treasure, and open up his path, and unction and dew attend the word spoken. But the Lord has not left himself without witnesses; for I was led, a week or two ago, to hear a dear man of God, and O how the word sweetly flowed into my soul while he opened up the Scriptures, and bore witness to the truth of them in his own experience; so that I could truly say it was a feasting time, and that I had got into the banqueting house, and had a taste of the good wine of the kingdom, a sip of the brook by the way. I pray the Lord to keep him and long spare him to feed Christ's little flock, scattered up and down in the wilderness; but

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

I am often ready to say with Jeremiah, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? wherefore are all they happy that deal treacherously?" But when I have been thus about to murmur and repine, the words of the wise man have come to my help against the mighty enemy unbelief; "Let not thine heart envy sinners, but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long; for surely there is an end, and thine expectation shall not be cut off." (Prov. xxiii. 17, 18.)

May the Lord bless these truths to his dear tried family, and grant them a sweet spirit of resignation to all his dealings with them, both in providence and grace, for he has promised to keep such by his almighty power, through faith, unto eternal salvation; "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." (John xvi. 33.)

London.

Y. Z.

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## THE DOOR OF MERCY OPENED.

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My Dear B—,—I received yours of the 20th ult., after so long a silence, and am glad to hear that the Lord, by his unerring wisdom and love, hath sanctified the very trying dispensations of his providence to the good of your immortal soul; that God the blessed Spirit hath convinced you of the absolute need of a Saviour, and brought you to him as ready to perish; and that you have received healing from his wounds, and life from his death. What a mercy to have been delivered from the powers of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son! It is rich mercy indeed to be made a partaker of spiritual and eternal blessings, flowing to us sinners through the God-man Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, and to have all secured in him as our covenant Head and Representative. What a mercy that the Lord has not left me to drop into hell with a foolish lamp of profession which I carried for years, but was pleased, in mercy, to send an arrow of conviction into my conscience, that con-

demnation entered into my soul. Then I thought there was no mercy for such a one, a gospel sinner, and expected the lowest place in hell. What I felt day and night for some time, I cannot express, till, hearing Mr. — preach on the sufferings of Christ, how they extended to the pardoning of all manner of sin and blasphemy, (the unpardonable sin excepted,) the door of mercy was opened. Since then, the Lord has supported me for some years, sometimes hoping, then despairing, everything wearing a gloomy aspect, being a stranger to peace till the 3rd of June, 1821, when the Lord was pleased to turn my captivity as the streams in the south. When hope was apparently clean gone, and I could no more believe than create a world, blessed be his dear name, he wrought faith in my soul to view my dear Saviour made sin and suffering, and all that was due thereto, for such a sinner; and that portion of Scripture came with power to my soul, that he had “justified me freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” I found such a change in my soul that I was like one raised from the dead and brought into a new state of existence; I was lost in wonder and astonishment, and besought my dear Lord to take full possession of my body and soul. I have since felt a great deal for my dear children; you, in particular, have been pleaded for at a throne of grace. And what encouragement to pray, as Jesus hath said, “Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.” Since, I have had many great trials; but can unite with Mr. Hart in saying,

“For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all.”

I conclude with love to you, my dear son, and your wife and family.  
Your affectionate mother,

Wolverhampton.

A. G.

## THE WORK AND TRIAL OF FAITH.

Messrs. Editors,—A young man of Bourn, Lincolnshire, who had been blessed first under Mr. Tiptaft's ministry, and then, I believe, under mine, sent for me to visit him in his last illness. I went, and had some conversation with him, from which I was satisfied that he was a living soul, though at that time under a dark cloud of doubts and fears, and heaviness and gloom. It not being convenient for me to see him again, I wrote him, at the request of his friends, one or two letters, the first of which his relatives and spiritual friends have requested me to send to your periodical, if it seem to deserve a place therein. I rejoice to add, that shortly before he departed the Lord broke into his soul with his heavenly consolations, and that he died in the full enjoyment of that peace of God which passeth all understanding. Yours in the best bonds,  
Stamford, May 27, 1840. J. C. P.

My dear Friend,—I promised your mother that I would write to you, and this promise I now endeavour to fulfil. May the Lord the Spirit

guide my pen, without whose heavenly teaching, I shall write, and you will read in vain.

I said in my interview with you, that I was always desirous to trace out the workings and actings of faith in the soul. Faith we know is the good and perfect gift of the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning, and therefore the sure herald of salvation. But this faith, however good and perfect, is lodged in a vile tabernacle, and is daily and hourly thwarted and opposed by an evil heart of unbelief. Thus it lies often so smothered, buried, and oppressed under the dead carnal load of unbelief, infidelity, worldliness, filth, hardness, darkness, and sensuality, that it seems utterly extinct and perished. Like the embers under the ashes, the wheat under the chaff, the tender blade under the snow, the pure gold under the scum of the melting pot, the goodly pearl under the sand of the sea shore, and the lost piece of money under the dust and rubbish of the room, precious faith is at times lost and buried under the weight and mass of our most vile unbelieving nature. And yet, under all this heavy weight and pressure, it lies not as a dead, inert, motionless thing. As Hart sweetly says, "It lives and labours under load." There are times when it heaves, and gasps, and pants, and breathes, and cries out from beneath its oppressive burden. Thus Jonah cried out of the belly of hell; Jeremiah (Lam. iii. 55) out of the low dungeon; Hezekiah out of the sentence of death, when he turned his face to the wall. The first said, "I am cast out of thy sight;" the second, "I am cut off;" the third, "I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living." But were there not the blessed actings of a living faith in their cries, their fears, their sorrows, their self-condemnation, their desperate, hopeless, helpless condition? And were they left to perish? Ah, no! Their cry came up into the presence, and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Each and all were delivered, and praised their God and Saviour with joyful lips.

But the office and province of faith is to look out of self for help and deliverance. Unbelief and despair look wholly and solely to self, and when the utter ruin and bankruptcy of the creature are discovered, they sink with the creature into an unfathomable gulf. But faith, coming from the Lamb of God, looks up and out of self unto the Lamb of God. As Jonah looked out of the very belly of hell unto God's holy temple, the type and figure of the Temple made without hands, *i. e.*, the holy human nature of Jesus in which the Godhead dwelt, so does faith look out of guilt, and filth, and misery, and ruin, and helplessness, and hopelessness unto the Son of God, once crucified, and now risen and glorified, and thus casts anchor within the vail. And though the eyes of faith be often dim, and its ears heavy and well-nigh closed, yet will the one anxiously look out of obscurity, and the other listen earnestly, to see the face, and hear the voice of the Son of God. As a fond wife, anxiously expecting her husband's return, will open the cottage door, and strain her eyes through the dark night to descry his form, or listen with suppressed breath if she can hear his footsteps, and the longer he delays his coming, the higher will her anxiety rise; so will a believing, longing soul, in the exercise of living faith, look up till its eyes fail, (Isa. xxxviii. 14,) to see Jesus, and listen with intense anxiety to hear his still small voice. And are not both these spiritual senses needful to living faith? Jesus says to his disciples, (John xiv. 19,) "Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live ye shall live also." Again, "My sheep hear my voice," &c. The command is; "Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and



the deaf that have ears." (Isa. xliii. 8.) "Look unto me and be ye saved." "Hear, and your soul shall live."

You have seen the end of the creature, that it is vanity; of your own righteousness, that it is filthy rags; of your strength, that it is utter weakness; of your natural religion, that it is a broken reed and a cobweb garment. You now want power, life, feeling, heavenly manifestations, precious promises applied with sweetness, visits from Jesus, tokens of distinguishing favour, a conscience sprinkled with atoning blood, and a glorious robe of spotless righteousness cast round your naked soul.

May the Lord speedily grant your desires, and visit your soul with looks of love, rays of mercy, and beams of tender kindness, so as to smile you into humility, resignation, patience, gratitude, contrition, love, and godly sorrow. A languishing body is a heavy cross. Sickness often depresses our spirits, shatters our nerves, and casts a gloom over our minds. But it is good thus to be weaned and detached, and gradually loosened from the strong ties that bind us to earth. I was ill once for many months, and many thought I should never recover. I found it a heavy trial, but I believe it was profitable to my soul. May the Lord make all your bed in your sickness, give you many testimonies of his special favour, and when he sees fit to take down your earthly tabernacle, remove you to that happy country where the inhabitant shall not say "I am sick," where tears are wiped away from all faces, and sorrow and sighing flee away.—Yours affectionately in the bonds of the gospel,

Stamford, Feb. 21, 1840.

J. C. P.

## OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW.

Messrs Editors,—An inquiry is made by W. S. S. in your *Gospel Standard* for May, "Does God require the natural man's obedience to his law, or is he freed from obligation to obey it in his fallen state?" It appeared to me when I read the inquiry, that God in his blessed word does require of all his rational creatures obedience to his law. If not, then how could God judge the world? Both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin, and whatsoever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law. (Rom. iii. 5, 9, 19.) Adam was but a natural man when he came forth from the hands of his Creator; perfect, pure, and free from sin, or else he could not have had communion with his God. It was but creature purity, and he was laid under a law as a test of his obedience, and to show his dependence upon his Creator; "Thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." He transgressed that law by temptation, and fell from his creature purity, and all his posterity in him as their natural and federal principal or head; thereby sin entered into the world, and so death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned, and as all have sinned, all must be under the law, for the Scripture hath concluded all under sin. What is sin? It is the transgression of God's holy law; and as all have transgressed that law, all are under condemnation. Now our adorable covenant Head, seeing in the counsels of eternity that his beloved chosen ones would fall in Adam, undertook to become their Surety, and, by the shedding of his most precious blood, blot out their sins for ever. It

may be said that sin is not imputed where there is no law; nevertheless death reigned (the consequence of sin) from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who was the figure of Him that was to come. How beautiful the two heads of the natural and spiritual seed are here set forth! Adam, the head of his natural seed, and Christ, the second Adam, the head of his spiritual seed. The Lord the Holy Spirit says, by his apostle Paul, "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love;" (Eph. i. 4;) and again, "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things that are contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." (Rom. ii. 14, 15.) How plainly it is here shown that there is a conscience remaining in every man, which requires his obedience to God, and this (the conscience, the law written in their hearts) shall condemn all who are not found in Christ when he comes to make up his jewels. Here will constitute the difference between the world and the church. The world will stand naked and self condemned, and the beloved bride will be clothed in her beautiful wedding robe, Christ's righteousness, and a cloud of incense will ascend from off the golden altar of the merits of our great High Priest, as a sweet smelling savour before God. "I have blotted out, (it is done from all eternity,) as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." (Isa. xlv. 22.) Praise the Lord, O our souls, for free and sovereign grace; praise and bless his holy name for boundless, electing love. I remain, yours in the best bonds,

Manchester.

G. S. R. A.

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## PASSING THROUGH THE WATERS.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and truth be with you, and peace be multiplied.

I have purposed for some time to write to you, and have made several attempts to do so; but what with Satan's temptations, trials within and trials without, and great exercises of mind, I have been prevented; but, blessed be God, I can say, "The Lord is my God." And why can I say so? Because I have watched God's providence over me, and his delivering hand in times of trouble: yea, more; I have proved God's faithfulness to his promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." I never had a trial or affliction, but what I always had strength given to me equal to the time and circumstance; therefore I can raise my Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." But, observe, my faith has been very much tried, and at times has been at a very low ebb, yet I have never been without a little. Ah! I well know what it is to experience the hidings of God's face, and know what it is to doubt the work altogether; yet withal, at the very same time, have had such long-

ing desires after Him whom my soul loveth, that I have said with Job, "O that I knew where I might find Him!" I feel persuaded, that where God has begun his work in a poor sinner's soul, there is such a clasping of God's everlasting love round the soul, that no separation can take place; for if the poor sinner has but a small grain of faith, it is pure faith and perfect faith, consequently it has got its anchor-hold not only in the humanity, but in the Godhead of our adorable Lord and Redeemer. (Heb. vi. 19.)

My soul has been greatly comforted by that precious promise of the Lord, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." According as we need it, the Lord visits us with the rod of chastisement; but it is all in love; "For he doth not afflict willingly," (or according to the original, "from his heart,") "nor grieve the children of men." "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." (Prov. xiii. 24.) "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." (Heb. xii. 5—8.) Well might Paul say in the voice of the church, "We know," (for he well knew what tribulations were, what distresses were, and what persecutions were, like all true followers in the present day, who must follow their Lord through evil report as well as good report,) "We know," says he, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) The wise end that is to be answered from every painful circumstance and difficulty that a tried child has to meet with, (and there is a needs be why he should be tossed about as in a wide ocean, doubting and fearing, full of unbelief and distress, despairing of ever getting to land, and tried with Satan on every side, saying to him, "Where now is thy God?") is, that the poor tried child may know his utter ruin by nature, the depravity of his heart, proving it to be deceitful above all things, his nothingness, and entire dependence on a Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

When the trouble or affliction is sanctified, then the poor tried soul sees the need there was of the Father's chastisement; and only then. Then he can say with Job, "Happy is the man whom God correcteth." Why? Because he is brought into closer union with Jesus, and having experienced his delivering hand of mercy, he sings with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name." Then he remembers the preciousness of that blessed promise which was left on record on purpose for him, and every tried soul, who do and shall experience the faithfulness and true love of God in their travel through the wilderness; "The waters shall not overflow thee, and the fire shall not kindle upon thee." And why? The Lord says, "I will be with thee." What more is

wanted? You may be cast into the depths of the sea, and into the fiery furnace like those of old, and with it all it is impossible for one little one to be lost or destroyed. Our Lord says, "I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." (Isa. xliii. 1.) "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Heb. xiii. 5.) O the depths, the heights, the lengths, and breadths of God's everlasting love! Never will it be known: it will take eternity to unfold it. But it is your happiness and mine to know, that it is from everlasting to everlasting, unalterable and unchangeable; that if once loved by God's everlasting love, we are loved for ever, and no separation can take place, either in time or in eternity. Well might Paul say, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 38, 39.)

That the Lord's blessing may accompany these few lines is the prayer of the humble writer, who is only a recruit in God's regiment; yet called to walk a tribulation path, to be a witness of God's faithfulness in the times of trouble, of affliction and difficulty.

May the Lord bless you and your dear partner in life, with your dear children; and may the choicest of God's heavenly blessings dwell over you and with you always. And may you be kept honest to the truth, and enjoy the truth as it is in Jesus, and count every thing dung and dross for Christ's sake. Your affectionate brother in the bonds of the everlasting gospel,

Clerkenwell, May 12, 1840.

A TRIED TRAVELLER.

## TRUE EVIDENCE, IF TRULY FELT.

"What shall I do to be saved?"

To the Spiritual Followers of the Lamb.—With a heavy and desponding heart I have taken up my pen to address you by words out of my agonizing soul, though at the moment enveloped in the clouds of midnight darkness, even, I fear, the darkness of death. You who know the Lord will doubtless be able to tell me whether the few feelings that I herein describe, and which I can with solemnity and in the sight of God say are the true feelings of my soul, are the true marks of a spiritually leprous soul; but though I am asking you this question, even if you answer me "yea," I feel that it will not remove the load of doubt that rests upon my mind. No; I feel that if it is removed it must be by a spiritual application of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to my soul; and if you ask why I feel assured of this? my reply is, because I know if it is not removed by *supernatural* power it will remain until I fall into the grave, even Tophet. I feel I have no power in myself to dislodge it, nor to lessen the distressing weight I continually carry about with me on my mind. But if you answer "yea," I may, perhaps, if the Lord thinks fit, get a

little lift by the way. I attend upon the means appointed by grace, but, alas, I find it a poor attendance; for as Cowper describes it,

“I hear, but seem to hear in vain;  
 Insensible as steel;  
 If aught is felt 'tis only pain  
 To find I cannot feel.”

And again:

“Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
 And love thy house of prayer;  
 I sometimes go where others go,  
 But find no comfort there.”

I go, but sit like a cipher; no power to lift a word of prayer, or even say “Amen!” to the prayers of others. My mind is wandering to and fro like the fool’s eye, and all “seems dark, and vain, and wild.” Evil thoughts bubble up and rise in such abundance, as to make me many times wish I was out of the place; yet still I like to go, not because it is mere attendance, but because I feel a pleasure and a satisfaction in being in the company of, and associating with, those that I believe are the saints of God. I love to be in their company, and to hear them speak of the things of eternity, and the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. Understand me; I do not say that I feel a pleasure in conversing on these things, but in hearing others do so; for I have not yet been made acquainted with his glory, therefore it would be presumption for me to speak of what I really do not know. Nevertheless, I love to hear others glorify his blessed name, for it is music to my soul. Even according to the letter I love to walk in the ways of the Lord, for “His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.” The time has been when I could take a pleasure in sin, and find delight and satisfaction in frequenting places of earthly amusement and vanity; but the clouds of darkness have obscured my sun of worldly pleasure, I hope, for ever. I can look on now, but it is with a feeling of distaste, and if I am left to enter into any little enjoyment of a worldly nature, it only produces distress and misery in my mind; the thought is constantly presenting itself to me, “Where am I?” I who am but a momentary tenant on this transitory globe. My life, but a span long, will soon cease, and my soul must take its departure to an eternal abiding place. How solemn the thought of *eternity* to a sinner feeling his lost condition! I sometimes am foolish enough to think that the Lord will overlook such an insignificant mortal as I, one of the smallest particles in the dust of the balance; but then those fearfully searching truths stare me in the face, “All the hairs of your head are numbered,” and that “Not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his knowledge.” Then am I led to take a retrospective view of my bygone days, and feel as it were a satisfaction in finding that the almighty and gracious hand of a God of Providence has kept me thus far from entering into the open practice of swearing, or such other vile, guilty, and vicious habits; but when the thought presents itself, and suggests that I may stand a *chance* of being saved because I have not practically been so vile as many, all this sinks beneath the look of four other passages

which set themselves in fearful array against me, "All have sinned:" "He that offends in one point is guilty of all;" "The thought of evil is sin;" "The wages of sin is death," and "then the judgment." During this fearful review I have often felt a wish to sink into the earth, or for death to come and end the struggle; or that I had never been born; or that I might have been born a brute, and then I could not be damned. O how terrible and horrifying the thought, to spend an eternity in the company of the whoremonger, the adulterer, the liar, the murderer, the blasphemer, and the hypocrite! Even the thought has been sufficient almost to drive me to distraction. Then I have been sometimes enabled to reverse the picture, to contemplate what a blessed, immortally blessed eternity it would be to be spent in the company of the dear Redeemer, of the Lamb of God. The mind is too contracted, too narrow to comprehend the glory, the immortal bliss of such an existence! Sometimes the query would rise in my mind, Is there a hereafter? Oh yes; I feel there is. I sometimes feel a little encouragement from the query, Who can tell? perhaps the Lord will be merciful to me. Sometimes our minister (who I feel sincerely assured is one of the saints of the Most High) enters into my case, and for a while I can trace a few of the workings of my soul in his discourse, but no sooner does he pass through what John Bunyan terms the "Slough of Despond," than I lose sight of him, while he swiftly soars through the sky like an eagle, beyond my reach in the feelings of my soul, and leaves me to return to my own sad place. Sometimes I feel my mind stagger under the thought that the Lord would never have shown such stupendous mercy to *me*, poor insignificant *me*! as to have elected me from before the foundation of the world, that he would never have recorded my paltry name in the Lamb's book of life. I fear not. Wretched, discontented, and unhappy, I enjoy nothing. I feel discontented with everything, and sometimes with everybody. I never feel happy. At home or abroad it is all the same, one continual sighing and mourning for my state. But my friends (brethren I dare not call you) adieu! Write me an answer, and pray that in

The Lamb's fair book of life and grace,  
I there may find my name  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath the Lord, the Lamb.

S. S.

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### THE TRINITY.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—A multiplicity of concerns have prevented me dropping earlier the following two or three remarks upon your review of the "Crown placed upon the right Head;" and now just permit me to inform your readers, through your pages, that I hate from my very soul the Sabellian heresy which you say my "language is in the highest degree tinctured with;" and after having quoted the passage which you justly say I shall "do well to alter in a second edition, as it savours strongly of Sabellian views," you then say, "Is the triune Jehovah *nothing but* a trinity of divine appellations, *i. e.* one God

under three different names?" I answer, the triune Jehovah is a trinity of divine and distinct persons. But, Messrs. Editors, did I say the "triune Jehovah was *nothing but* a trinity of divine appellations?" No; but said, as your quotation (p. 90) will prove; "Israel's one only true and wise God, bearing a trinity of divine appellations, and sustaining three distinct personal offices of everlasting life to his elect bride, namely, a loving Father, a compassionate Redeemer, and an omnipotent Quickener." Is this an error? I answer from scripture authority, which I shall attempt to bring forward; No. But does it savour of error? I answer, *Yes*. I have seen it to do so ever since it was printed. But what makes it savour of error? I answer, the absence of a plain declaration of the scriptural fact, the existence of three distinct persons, who bear this trinity of divine appellations, and sustain these three distinct personal offices of everlasting love to his elect bride; so that to take away the accursed Sabellian savour, I humbly presume that something must be added thereto, but nothing taken therefrom; and I would to God, for his own honour's sake, that the passage, instead of standing as it does, stood as follows: "Israel's one only true and wise God, existing in three glorious unconfounded persons, and these bearing a trinity of divine appellations, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, and sustaining three distinct personal offices of everlasting love to his elect bride, namely, a loving Father, a compassionate Redeemer, and an omnipotent Quickener." And why, let me ask myself, am I so desirous for the passage to stand as above? Because I trust, through free and sovereign favour, my worthless, hell-deserving soul has been taught experimentally the glorious doctrine of "*three-one*;" since I dare not say, amidst all my fears, I know not what it is *through* one blessed person in this triune mystery by the *leadings* (Rom. viii. 14,) of another, I have had access to the other. "Even so, saith the Spirit, through him (Christ the way) we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." (Eph. ii. 18.) Yes; I trust I know what it is to be struck dead and shivered to atoms in my feelings by an application of Sinai's blazing law to my guilty conscience, bound down with a burden of guilt unspeakable and transgressions innumerable, with a hell of endless desperation rolling before me, a vengeful Judge above me, unflinching curses all around me, and a hell of blasphemy and horrors within me, expecting nothing but everlasting burnings, to be "*led by the Spirit*" through the Lamb to the Father, pleading alone the blood and righteousness of Immanuel, and crying (in effect) with the poet,

"Mercy, through blood, I make my plea;  
O God, be merciful to me!"

And then, O love unspeakable! notwithstanding all my filthiness, enmity, deformity, and blasphemy, that God, at whose dread tribunal and from whose vengeful lips I expected to hear the dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed," has sweetly smiled into the soul of the ugly beast, termed him "All fair," and said to this dragon, this unsightly owl, "*My son*, (O heart-melting accents!) *my son*, give me thine heart." O then, this beast of the field, this dragon and owl,

could do no less than honour him by shouting with the upper Choristers, "Hallelujah! Salvation, and honour, and glory, be unto our God, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen." Yes, Messrs. Editors, I do hope my soul does and has come to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. (Col. ii. 2.) I verily believe with my whole heart, that though the infinite Jehovah is one indivisible spirit, (John iv. 24,) yet the Father is a person, the Son is a person, and the Spirit is a person. Hence he who is truth itself, therefore cannot err, says, "I will pray the Father, and *he* shall give you another Comforter, *who* shall lead you into all truth." (John xiv. 16.) Yes, these three glorious appellations "*I*," "*HE*," and "*WHO*," is the "One" "God of Israel," who is a "Spirit," and I can not apply *I*, *he*, or *who* to a nonpersonal *it*, or anything beside a person. For instance, would it be common sense to say of the light of a candle, *I* or *he* gives a good light, or *who* lights the room? If the Father, Son, and Spirit are not persons, let the Sabellian, the Socinian, or Unitarian, who pretend to be such mighty *reasoners*, show us what is the *reason* the Son of God applies personal appellations, not only to the Father and himself, but also to the Spirit, as *he*, *who*, *I*, &c. &c.

Furthermore, I heartily believe that the Father, Son, and Spirit are not only three persons, but three *divine* persons. Hence I read of "God the Father." (1 Cor. viii. 6.) Unto the Son he saith, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever;" and "Now he which stablisheth us (viz., the Comforter, whose office it is to lead and to teach, and therefore stablish in all truth), with you in Christ is God." Again, not only is the triune Jehovah a trinity of divine persons, but a trinity of *eternal* persons. Hence I read of his (the Father's) "*Eternal* power and Godhead;" (Rom. i. 4;) of the Son, that "He is the true God and *eternal* life;" (1 John, v. 20;) and of the Spirit, that "He is the *eternal* Spirit, through whom the Lamb offered himself," &c. Thus I move upon scripture premises when I say, "The person of God the eternal Father, the person of God the eternal Son, and the person of God the eternal Spirit, in the glorious and undivided essence, is the infinitely profound 'mystery' that gave angelic hosts a being, at whose all-commanding voice all creation sprung into existence, and Time set his first step, and by whose irreversible "Let," Time shall have taken his last stride, sink and drown in the ocean of never-ending eternity. But does the personality, divinity, and eternity of this three-one mystery set aside appellations?" No; but by his appellations, or names, his divinity is revealed in his word. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." (1 John v. 7.) Neither does his distinct personality set aside his personal offices; but, on the other hand, were it not for his distinct personality as Father, Son, and Spirit, (I speak it with reverence), he could not sustain the fore-named personal offices of everlasting love towards his elect bride, or as a lawgiver to command, a law-fulfiller to obey, and a comforter to apply his obedience; a just God to demand, a just one to answer that demand, and a mani-



festively justifier to make it known: (1 Cor. vi. 11.) A holy God to inflict, a holy one to endure, and a holy Spirit to lead into a saving knowledge of the same.

But as my paper is about full, I must very abruptly break off from this delightful subject. I did think of noticing two or three more things in your review, but must leave them for the present, and conclude by begging you will let this left-hand scrawl have a place in your valuable *Standard* as early as possible, for you would really be astonished to hear with what pleasure your review was handed about among the dead Calvinistic camp around us, who have magnified your hint about Sabellianism into a firm declaration that you believe that I am a Sabellian. Persons have formed an association to prevent me, a poor cripple, who cannot stand alone without props, from entering their pulpits; and why? because they are satisfied with Balaam's religion, "Not now, and not nigh," in the councils of peace at Calvary, or the Millenium; but I want Christ now as my daily bread, Christ nigh, as formed in my heart the hope of glory. That the God of all grace would make and keep you valiant for spiritual truth and experimental religion, is the desire of yours, very affectionately,

Woodhurst, May 11, 1840.

SEPTIMUS SEARS.

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### EDITORS' REMARKS.

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We have no wish to dispute about terms, still less to make a man an offender for a word; but upon a point so momentous as the Trinity, we feel it needful to be exceedingly jealous of the slightest semblance of error. We did not for a moment believe that Septimus Sears was himself tinctured with the Sabellian heresy, but that he had incautiously fallen into language that savoured of Sabellianism. This he himself with true honesty admits, and wishes the passage we objected to altered. But we confess that even in its amended form it grates upon our ear. "A Trinity of divine appellations" implies a three-oneness of names, instead of three distinct appellations of three distinct persons in one undivided essence. It wears the appearance of there being a mutual intercommunication of titles, as though the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost might assume each other's names, because they are one in essence. The term "Trinity," in its usual acceptation, does not mean, if we may coin a word, "Threeness," but a "Threeness in Oneness." The word "God," therefore, as applied to the Three Persons in the Godhead, is the term whereby their unity is revealed, and the words Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are the terms by which their distinct personality is made known. By "divine appellations" Septimus Sears of course means the distinct names by which the persons of the Godhead are made known; and therefore "a Trinity of divine appellations" would seem to imply that the appellations Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are three-one as well as the Persons, which they are not, but distinct titles. We should prefer the sentence to stand thus: "Israel's one only true and wise God, existing in three glorious unconfounded Persons, and these bearing three divine appellations, &c."

We believe that "the dead Calvinistic camp" used our Review much as an angry traveller picks up a hard pebble to throw at a dog. He has no love to the weapon, but prefers it to a piece of soft clay

because it hits harder; and to wound an experimental writer by an experimental work, and therefore inflict a deeper wound, was doubtless the only reason why Septimus's opponents handed about our review as though we believed him to be a Sabellian. This weapon the above letter takes out of their hands, and, to silence these malicious tongues, we beg to express our firm conviction that Septimus Sears is free from that error, though we found it needful to animadvert on his incautious language.

### EDITORS' REVIEW.

*An Experimental Letter to all Followers of the Cloudy Pillar, &c.*  
By Septimus Sears.—Groombridge, London, 1839. Price 6d.

We are glad once more to welcome Septimus in the field with his armour buckled on. He is a bold and faithful champion of experimental truth, and we confess that we prefer his "Letter," the title of which we have given at full length above, to the "Crown Placed on the Right Head," which we reviewed in our April number. Controversy is useful in its place, and, when carried on with scripture weapons and in a gospel spirit, is productive of this good, that it points out on which side truth lies, and unravels knotty and perplexing points. But the fruit which this tree produces is often tainted with a bitter taste which remains on the palate long after the apple is swallowed. This, we think, was a little perceptible in the pamphlet of Septimus which we last reviewed. The present little work being free from any controversial bias, has all the strength and substance of the former tract, with nothing of that which can set our teeth on edge. Septimus has been enabled to cast up the King's highway in a workmanlike manner, and to trace out, with a bold and uncompromising hand, the hills and dales, deserts and vineyards, storms from Mount Sinai and gales from Mount Sion that the wayfaring men meet with. Nor has he marked out the road from the map and gazeteer, as a chimney-corner traveller, but lines it out as a pilgrim who has footed the track with painful and laborious steps. And yet Septimus has his faults, or, we should rather say, blemishes. The most striking of these is his constant striving after strong expressions till he fairly runs himself and his reader out of breath. Every author has his peculiar style, and we would not be harsh toward that more than we would reflect on a man's voice, manner, or gait; but he does not seem to know the beauty of simplicity, and how strained and laboured much of his writing is from his constant aiming at strong expressions.

Take the following specimen, p. 26 :

"Yes, fellow-travellers, on this goodly mount, the mount Lebanon, or on the ancient mountain of Jehovah's eternal love, grow all those sinner-sanctifying, soul-satisfying, saint-fructifying, and God-glorifying fruits, that are the life secretly, communicatively, experimentally, and triumphantly of the whole church, whether above or below. Those above are living in it triumphantly; part of those below are living on it experimentally; part from it communicatively; and others are preserved by it secretly: those secretly preserved by it, may be divided into two classes, part not yet born of woman; and others who have entered the world, bearing the image of their corrupt parent Adam: some wallowing openly in all manner of blasphemous excess of riot and debauchery, while others of them who as righteously demerit (merit) the execution of the King's edict, 'In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' are fearlessly floating down the over-gliding stream of time, enshrouded in an ark of the bulrushes of false doctrines, and damnable heresy, daubed together with the slime of self-sufficiency."

ciency, by 'the great whore of Babylon, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth:' and all these several parts, (if I may be allowed to call them parts,) are as equally loved by the Father, as certainly redeemed by the Son, and shall all ultimately be quickened by the Spirit, and brought home to glory: as sure as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are now, and ever will be, diving into the ocean of eternal love, and in substance exclaiming, "Inexplorable! inexplorable!"

Now each one of these epithets, "sinner-sanctifying," "soul-satisfying," "saint-fructifying," and "God-glorifying" is a sentence in itself; but when Septimus strings all these glittering beads together on one necklace, it puts us in mind more of a decked out Jewess than a simple modest Christian matron. Our mind seems fairly stunned and bewildered with such a profusion of epithets, and we are like a person entering, for the first time, a cotton factory, where wheels and straps, cops and spindles, revolving in all directions with every degree of velocity, so baffle and perplex him that he can hardly make out what is going on. It is quite a mental exertion to read Septimus's book through, and we lay it down to take, as it were, breath and rest. One or two of these long richly embroidered sentences would set off the rest, but all laced ruffle makes too fine a shirt for common wear. But these objections only apply to the style of the book, not to its contents. The dish is savoury and good, but we would rather not have it in such a fine china dish. Common earthenware is quite good enough, friend Septimus, to set before strangers and pilgrims.

But we won't quarrel with you, for we like you too well, and therefore we recommend your book to our readers with the following extract, p. 6:

"In this terrible dilemma he enters that 'great and terrible wilderness by the way of the Amorites.' This is a terrible wilderness of sins, of doubts, and fears. He feels his sins to be so numerous, so heavy, so black, and so aggravated, that he doubts that he shall not be accepted. He fears there is no mercy for him. The waves of distress run high, the heavens appear to gather blackness, and no small heaviness of temptation lies upon him; (Acts xxvii. 20;) and perhaps with Paul and his companions temporally, all hope of being saved is taken away. Sometimes his expectations rise a little, so that he is ready to indulge himself in some distant prospect of one day being delivered from the terrible weight of his own iniquities that press so hard upon him; and then, again, he sinks lower than ever in his fearful apprehensions. Thus, as he is tossed up and down upon the troubled sea of his disconsolate feelings, he cries out, 'I sink in deep waters, where there is no standing.' (Psa. lxxix. 2.) He is just ready to give up, and thinks he must sink to remediless woe. His hills of doubt and difficulty appear so great, his mountains of iniquity appear to rise so high, his vales of distress and sorrow are so deep, he knows not what to do, nor which way to fly. He is ready at times to think that it is utterly impossible that mercy should reach his desperate case. He cries out with poor Jonah, 'I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again toward thy holy temple;' (Jonah ii. 4;) as if he would once more take a longing and almost despairing look towards Christ Jesus, the holy, holy temple; 'And then, if free mercy do not reach me,' cries the almost frantic soul, 'independent of my looking, my longing, my thirsting, my prayers, my tears, my watching, my groans, my sighs, my cries, my desires, or even my repentance, I must sink for ever in hopeless despair,' when the Lord, in his infinite, unmerited, and, perhaps, unexpected mercy, appears for him, and with his all-powerful voice commands the grave of his own sinfulness, the hell of his despairing fears, with the obnoxious weeds of his own filthiness, to vomit him up upon the land (Jonah ii. 10) of promise, or gospel rest, where he dwells under the warming, reviving, and soul-invigorating southern breezes of manifest mercy; while he regales himself with sweet sips from the ocean of God's everlasting love, and the sea of redeeming merit, yet still he finds the

is in 'the land of the Canaanites.' But perhaps many have been as foolish as myself. I thought when, by the sweet gales of the Spirit's soul-expanding influences, I was wafted from the terrible howling wilderness of my Amoritic fears, and from the wide and defenceless plain of my own unrighteousness, into the sweet sunshine of a Saviour's presence, and was blest with a sweet realization of some sweet clusters of gospel promise, plucked from the trees of the goodly mount, the mount Lebanon, and drank of the cooling, yet warming, the reviving, yet heart-overflowing streams of the sea of redeeming merit, and tasted the milk and honey of gospel consolation; I thought there was not a 'Canaanite left in the land.' I thought that all my sins were, like the Egyptian host, drowned in the Red sea; (Exodus xiv. 28;) yea, I thought the old man of sin was dead and buried; I had sung his funeral ode, preached his funeral sermon, and had done with him for ever. But, O! to my confusion, I soon found out that though I was 'dead indeed unto sin,' (Rom. vi. 11,) to sin was never dead to me; but sin, with all its hellish power, is living in me still."

## POETRY.

### CRUCIFIXION.

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh."

Long time I ~~move~~ move to build my rest  
 'Mid this world's painted, pleasing scenes:  
 But find, round all that here was best,  
 No certain happiness one gleans.  
 One pleasure, hope, or pleasing scheme,  
 After another drops away!  
 Like leaves our thoughts with hope did  
 teem,  
 Like leaves they drop, they've seen their  
 day!

Thus autumn yellows all these schemes,  
 Stern winter grasps them to decay;  
 Forms playful shone in distant beams,  
 And now all lost 'mid "evening grey."  
 So may one see soap-bubbles burst,  
 So phantoms chas'd run off the mind;  
 Lord! be this wish e'er now my first,  
 That I Tby will may do and find!

Unwelcome wish! 'twill never please  
 Our simp'ring nature this to clasp;  
 "God's will!" says nature, "give me ease,  
 And soft'ning pleasure I would grasp!"  
 Stern thought (but true) no pleasure here.  
 'Tis carnal sweets corrode the soul;  
 Like canker there, repentance' tear  
 Shall drop for rust where idols roll!

A sinking thought! no idol fair  
 Our dear embraces long must hold.  
 What! is the world no part to share?  
 Wrapt snug no carnal joys more fold?

My dearest friends, the saints of God,  
 There's nought here that's worth living for;  
 There's nought adorns this mortal sod,  
 That here true happiness can stir.

What! can't the painted charms of sense,  
 The sweet delights that once we lov'd!  
 What! cannot these build up a fence,  
 (To keep out yawning care) approv'd?

What! can no silv'ry mirth that's drawn  
 From carnal fountains rapture move?  
 What! no bright streaks of gilding dawn,  
 To fringe and dress forth still self-love?  
 Our carnal palate thus will taste,  
 And sip sweets off each natural flow'r;  
 Till leaves fall off, and tastes will waste,  
 Till sweets are tinctur'd due with sour.  
 And pray what is there here below  
 That tastes not sourish, more or less?  
 What is there here does genial glow,  
 Which with'ring care won't too caress?  
 I've tried to find some sturdy place,  
 Where all earth's sweets might not be gone;  
 Some relic sweet of carnal ways,  
 Whence pleasure's threads might still be  
 spun.  
 But, no! the flesh can't spin one thread,  
 That satisfaction gives unmix'd;  
 'Tis here that wisdom saints does wed,  
 To seek in loftier heaven joys fix'd.  
 For 'tis a truth that till we find  
 This world all marr'd we love not heav'n;  
 Round time while idol thoughts we wind,  
 Our thoughts from God are harshly riv'n.

Riven! But what, won't idols stand?  
 No idol square with God's pure love?  
 Then, good bye! to the sweet command  
 With which earth's charms did once me  
 move!

Our nature sighs for heavens below,  
 We try our best here bliss to frame;  
 How toys with hope and promise glow,  
 In a sweet are lust, and ease, or fame!

See how we madly run this race,  
 To carve out idol-creature joys!  
 See how we pant, how flush'd our face,  
 "To breathless taste" to creature toys!

What! are we, then, this heav'n below, Butter-fly-catching, 'tis him given  
 To coin from earthly sensual charms? To run the fields, by stealth, his day!  
 Does satisfaction blossom now? But evening-reckonings, and the rod,  
 Shall peace entwine from earthly arms? Spoil all the flavour of the sweet:  
 No reddening bliss from chace of wealth, Better to trudge each miry road,  
 Nor soft idolatry, assuage? Than, pois'ning, taste a lawless treat.  
 Can't hope now settle from good health, My soul! do thou then clasp the cross,  
 Nor beauty ward the thoughts of age? Delight blooms supernatural there!  
 No! 'Tis sickness, disappointment, And of this world, too, count thy loss  
 Care, sin conjoined, and earthly ills; As gau and lucre, real and rare.  
 These rough materials breed content, Thou knowest that all that get to heav'n  
 Union with God's will saints thus fills. *Must* this world lose, if God be true;  
 For let it e'er be borne in mind, The Bible says this world's sour leaven,  
 That crucifixion to the flesh, As magic, blinds the Christian's view.  
 Is the *sole* ground where fruit we find, Sour, magic dangerous, and traps,  
 Fruit luscious, satisfying, fresh! My soul, to build thy castles here!  
 O how my soul was cheated long, Amazement *here*, as thunder-claps,  
 With expectation earthly took! Stuns loud oft with tempestuous fear.  
 But one wheel or another wrong, Leave, then, the world, its pretty snares,  
 Made the machinery *grating* look! The flesh, and all its softest wiles,  
 Like summer-fruits our joys are gone, To catch God's foes; *there* swell the tares:  
 As leaves drop off from tend'rest plants; (Safety climbs self-denial's stiles!)  
 This or that project never won, I've run, of *creature-like's*, the race,  
 Mid sleekest wealth we feel yet wants! And striven t' extract the honey there;  
 Thus I defy a saint of God, Such honey glues the wings of grace,  
 To manufacture rest below; And, disappointed, wild we stare.  
 In this life they're to feel the *rod*;  
 Sad food our sluggish flesh finds now.  
 "But *spare* thyself, nor say the lot  
 Of *crucifixion's* doom'd to saints;"  
 Thus backward nature yielding not,  
 Gags forth rebellion's complaints.  
 A saint *not* crucified, to heaven,  
 Like school-boys, seems to truant play;  
 A shadow's all that earth can buy!

Abingdon.

I. K.

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 P R A Y E R.

Great God! my needs are known to thee, Dear Father, let me still proceed;  
 They are before thee spread; Permit thy worm to pray;  
 Thou knowest I want salvation free, O bless, in love, thy chosen seed,  
 From Christ my living Head. That near thy bosom lay.  
 I want thy own almighty arm  
 To crush these foes within;  
 O speak, great God! into a calm,  
 The rising waves of sin.  
 Thou seest the lions at them roar;  
 Through faith, O make them stand;  
 Lead them to ask at mercy's door,  
 For favours at thy hand.  
 Draw me unto thy mercy-seat;  
 O may I sit and hear  
 Thy sacred word, thy voice most sweet.  
 This will my spirit cheer.  
 The world rejoices at their grief;  
 It hates thy chosen race;  
 But all their foes must flee away,  
 If thou but show thy face.  
 Reveal to me thy ancient love,  
 Which flames divinely free.  
 Through Jesus, coming from above,  
 Say, "Child, 'tis all for thee!"  
 Lord! make them know that all is well,  
 Though thousands them deride;  
 That thou for them hast conquer'd hell,  
 And will all things provide.

Great Wakering, Essex.

W. W.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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SWEET CONFIDENCE.

My dear Friend,—It is truly and blessedly said, that all God's dear saints shall be taught of him, their faithful, covenant, loving Lord, &c. Hence they are taught by the one Spirit to speak the same language—the language of Canaan, that it might be known to whom they belong, and whither bound; to possess, and feel the same joys—the joys of heaven, before they reach those blissful mansions; the same sorrows—the sad effects of sin, the heart-rending effects of being judged and brought in guilty while on earthly ground, that they may be openly acquitted, first at the cross, then before an assembled guilty world and the angels of God at the last day, at the glorious appearing of our precious, precious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to endure hardness as seeing him who is invisible; to learn, to know, and do his will, and be submissive thereunto with patience and joy, (a hard lesson indeed,)—to know his secrets, as it is written, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and who hope in his mercy," to be jealous for his honour's sake, maintaining and holding the truth in a pure conscience, cleansed with atoning blood—the blood of Jesus; jealous over their own slippery, wicked, and deceitful hearts, as those who have been made willing in the day of God's power, brought from under the law terrors, and the thunderings of Sinai, to Calvary's hill, to Carmel's mount, gladly accepting of salvation in the way that sovereign discriminating love and mercy has appointed to give it, and who have felt the blessedness of pardon and peace—the joy of cancelled sin, and of approaching him as their God, their God in covenant, and they His by adoption and grace, made manifest in calling, by repeated tokens of his favour, and hill Mizars not a few, and who know the solemn sadness, the soul-distracting pain attending, and which is the consequence of, departures from him, their proneness to backslide, to wander from him,

their best, their only friend; to make it their soul's concern and desire to know how they shall love him best, and glorify him most, for what great things he has done for them, and for the hope of what awaits them above; and, to sum up all, to make them the most worthless of the unworthy in their own eyes, and Christ the most precious of the precious in their estimation and view—the centre of their souls, the climax of their desires, the substance and possession of "things hoped for," and the enjoyment of his presence, all the good they crave while here below, (for in him, and with him, and through him, and from him they have all things, and abound,) and all the heaven they ask or wish to possess and enjoy beyond the swelling flood, the Jordan of death, and which they will as surely realise as the promise is given. Hence they, possessing this hope, count not their lives dear unto them, so that they may win Christ and be found in him; some rejoicing in tribulation, being instant in prayer, looking forward with glory in their souls; others pressing with triumph

"Through floods and flames of old renown,  
Leave sin behind, to reach the crown,"

not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. Praise ye the Lord!

Pardon me, my brother, for this ramble, as my soul is wet with the dew of heaven, and my eyes and heart are bathed in tears, so that I scarcely know when or where to give over, when such a blessed, blessed, thrice-blessed theme arrests my attention, and occupies my mind. The think-so religion of the day will not do for me; my soul must taste, and handle, and feel, and enjoy, or I cannot feel satisfied. Therefore, having been somewhat, yea, blessedly refreshed and comforted while reading your kind epistle, my soul doth triumph in the God of my salvation, that he has so distinguished and taught both my friend and his unworthy brother in the sacred ministering of the kingdom, while so many thousands are left to perish in their sins and ignorance; and because he also doth, at times, give us Bethel visits, to comfort us by the way, and prepare us to receive and endure his will the better. Hence we dip our rod, faith, into the honey of the word, the fountain fulness of Christ, and our eyes are directly enlightened, our souls strengthened, and our spirits so cheered and animated, that we go forth conquering and to conquer, singing, Victory, victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb! Then we are led again into tribulation's vale, to contend with the powers of darkness, sin, Satan, and the world, our deceitful hearts, and unbelief, that barrier to every good, and are so foiled with them, that we faint, and mourn, and fret, and rebel, and grieve; still clinging, amidst our sorrows, to, and hanging on, a Who can tell? Once more will I look towards his earthly temple, on the word of his grace, on the hope of his love enjoyed in times past, on his faithfulness, covenant love, and mercy; on his finished work, his dying prayer, and his glorious appearance on his people's behalf, and gracious intercession for them above; till faith reviving, cries, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee;" then, clapping her wings, she rises, and flies into the manifestive embrace of Jesus, where once more the soul finds rest, and peace, and joy in believing, and sings from the heights of Zion, of mercy and judgment, and triumphs, gloriously, in the Captain of her salvation. These are some of the ups and downs, and joys and sorrows we are called to endure, which the world knows nothing of, and which characterise the true christian, and which, known and feelingly expressed, make them blessedly manifest in each other's consciences; so that a knitting

of soul is felt, communion of saints enjoyed, power with God in wrestling prayer at a throne of grace known indeed and of a truth, and answers to prayer received in humility and brokenness, in tears of love, joy, peace, and thankfulness, better known and felt than expressed.

“If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?”

O how blessed it is to feel and know these things by experience, under divine teaching! for a mere hear-say, think-so knowledge, will do us no good, either in life or in death.

My soul! what mean the men who can do without thy heavenly Instructor, the work and teachings of God the Holy Ghost? Let them have their religion if they will, it will sink them lower than the grave, as sure as God lives, if he in sovereign mercy prevent not; but do thou be content to take up thy cross and thy lot, and remain with his poor despised few, who are taught of him, to whom pertaineth the glory and the covenant, and good things yet to come, for whom Christ died and rose again, and lives to plead their cause above, for whom a rest remains, with whom he condescends to meet and dwell, in hope to share the bliss his presence gives, both here and far beyond the silent tomb.

Adieu, my brother beloved! Stand fast in the truth; earnestly contend for “the faith once delivered to the saints,” studying in all things to show thyself a workman indeed, approved of God, and commending thyself to every man’s conscience in the fear of the Lord. So do, my dearly beloved; and may thy fleece be watered with the dew of herbs, the dew of heaven, thy labours be attended with divine and sovereign power, and thy soul, and my soul, and the souls of all in every place and clime who love our dear Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth, be made fast and flourishing under the sweet unction and anointings of our God, the Spirit, the droppings of our Father’s love, and the blessedness arising from a feeling acquaintance with his Son, our Saviour, and his finished work; so that we may sing, as we onward go, “This God is our God, our triune God in covenant, our Father and our Friend, and will be our guide even until death, and our portion for ever.” Adieu, my dearly beloved! Our united love, in hope of hearing from you again soon,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedford, Warwickshire,

G. T. C.

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## THE LORD’S KIND PROVIDENCE.

Dear Friends,—In a former correspondence you requested me to give you some account of the Lord’s dealings with me in providence, as well as in the experience of my soul. Knowing your interest in my welfare, I cheerfully comply, with such abilities as I have. You well know the paths I have been exercised in for years past, but the former ten months of the year 1839 seemed to run on with me more than usually under the smiles of Providence. My wife being favoured, during that time, with better health than usual, my feelings were raised to the highest expectations, that by our joint industry, at the close of the year we should “owe no man anything;” and I was calculating I should be able to procure this, that, and the other comfort and necessary, when free from all demands, never once thinking that the days of adversity and prosperity are set one against the other. This was the last week in October last. On the 29th of that month, as I had a little money in the house after the day’s work was done, I thought of paying



off, on the next day, a debt I had contracted, and the week after I calculated upon paying off another debt, my wife having been away from home three weeks, and not knowing when she would be at home again. But he who worketh all things according to his own will, and whose thoughts and ways are not as mine, dashed these my calculations to atoms that same night; for my wife came home about ten o'clock very ill. I was almost struck dumb at the sight, having it powerfully impressed on my mind, from the first, that it was not her usual illness, to which you know she is so very subject. My feelings were now called into another path. I got such things as were necessary for the night, after which she went to bed and continued there till the last day in the year; for, from her first attack, she continued to get worse. For the first five days the doctor pronounced her in a very dangerous state, (the disease being the typhus fever,) and gave directions what was to be done. This called for two, and sometimes three women to be constantly with her; for she lay in a helpless and almost hopeless state for more than eight weeks, one or other always sitting up day and night. This visitation of Providence very soon wrecked my earnings. During the first three weeks of her illness I was greatly supported in my mind. At times I was favoured with enlargement of heart in prayer, and did pray in faith; and these poor broken petitions have hitherto been answered, as it respects my wife's recovery. But during all the time of her sufferings I was not humbled low enough, except once, to say, "Thy will be done." I also received great encouragement at the Lord's hand, in providence; for a few days after she had been ill, the Lord raised us up real friends, in two ladies, who constantly supplied her with gruel, which was the only food she took for seven weeks. O, how my very soul has at times gone out in praise, gratitude, and thankfulness to his precious name for this favour! for he knew that my circumstances needed it; and I also feel assured, from the feelings of my own soul, that they will not lose their reward. At the expiration of twenty-one days, my wife revived a little for four days, but the next day she was attacked with the fever again as dangerously as ever. This so wrought upon me, that I am at a loss for words to express my feelings, for her sufferings occupied all my thoughts. In a word, I was like one desperate; for all that time great darkness of soul came over me. To pray in spirit with a single heart I could not, and to let prayer alone I could not; for I was, as Mr. Hart expresses it, praying and crying, "but could not find that prayers and cries were heard." Here the guilty working of unbelief invaded my poor soul; and the enemy came in with persuasions that the Lord had cast us off altogether, and would be gracious no more; for if I was one of the Lord's family, my prayers would be answered. I could at times think of a promise to place against those suggestions, but it was only natural; for although I could think of them, there was not life, nor enough of faith in my soul to plead them in spirit. In this conflict, the enemy of souls also endeavoured to persuade me the ladies' kindness would fail, and that if I attempted to go to the house again they would look coldly upon me, or frown upon me; and many times have I gone trembling with the cup in my hand with these apprehensions; but bless his precious name, who "orders all things according to the counsel of his own will," he knew my weakness, fears, and wants, and overcame all things for me; for when I have gone with the above apprehensions working more than common, instead of being looked coldly upon, I have invariably had a kind inquiry if my wife could not take something better, and whatever she could

fancy I was to come for, if I had to come three or four times a day. Thus I was supported in this matter; and have turned from them with such shame and confusion in myself, that I could look no one in the face for having mistrusted the Lord's kindness, or that of the ladies. These occurrences have at times melted me into tears, and for a short space enabled me to cast my burden upon him who has hitherto cared for us. But these were not all my trials; for having, by this time, for five weeks experienced such expensive house-keeping, I began to be in great trouble on that account. But here the Lord appeared again, by one friend offering to lend me money, another telling me to come and have what was wanted, and pay when in my power. These offers of kindness often melted me; but poor consolation this for a tender conscience, which often cautioned me of contracting debts of which I had no immediate hopes of paying, not knowing when or how this affliction would end. However, to be honest, I was compelled to accept of some of those kindnesses. I had also other wants; for my two boys wanted some clothing, as winter was approaching, and not being able to get it, this added to my burden. Thus my natural feelings were loaded on every side. Another trouble sprung up. A person died to whom I owed a small sum; the executor sent me a note demanding immediate payment. On reading the note, and knowing it was not in my power to pay for some time, I verily thought I should have fainted. This drove me into private, to beg of the Lord to direct me in this affair, or open a way for me, that I might not dishonour his holy name in this or any other matter. I accordingly resolved to go and state my case to the executor, and request time; but before I did so, I showed the note to a friend. He read it, and returned it with these words, "Don't let that affair give you one moment's uneasiness; I will take that upon myself." O, how this relieved my mind! Thus, dear friend, you see I was exercised every way in temporals.

About this time, I received a letter from a friend at a distance, inquiring after my wife's illness, and our every circumstance, and offering any assistance in his power. I answered the letter, requesting him to show it to another friend who lived near him, who, I thought had neither the power nor the will to relieve me; but here again the Lord showed me that his thoughts and ways are not as mine, as you will by and by see.

At intervals I was indulged, under a feeling sense of my wants, to pour out my complaints to Him who had in times past appeared a present help in times of need. Then again such horrid darkness would invade my very soul, my wants staring me in the face, and my natural feelings for my wife's suffering—all things working, according to what I thought in this dark state, for my utter destruction, and that it must end in my bringing the deepest disgrace on the very name of religion. But when the sun did shine, I had several precious promises let into my soul, and faith to plead them; and that power that put pleading into my soul answered them to his own praise from my heart.

On Friday morning money was wanted for the necessaries of life, but I had none. I asked if six o'clock in the evening would be soon enough, as I would endeavour to borrow a few shillings by that time. I was told it would do. Half-past five arrived, when I was on the point of making the above request to a friend; but before I went, a person brought me a parcel, directed per coach, carriage paid, and asked twopence for portage. I told him I had not twopence to pay; so he left the parcel, telling me he was sure I should pay it, which I did shortly afterwards. The parcel was opened, and, to my surprise, the very

articles of clothing which my boys stood in need of presented themselves first, and next, a letter. I opened it, and the first thing that appeared was a *sovereign*. At this I was so overcome, that read the letter I could not, but into private I must go, and pour out my soul in thanksgiving and praise to Him who had thus manifested himself and his overruling providence in time of great need; for here I must confess, that although I knew my friend would have felt great pleasure in assisting me at this time, yet the dictates of conscience prevented me from making application to him on that ground till the last minute; but here the Lord appeared for me, and relieved me from that burden I was about to take upon me. After a time I felt myself composed enough to read the letter, the contents of which were well worthy of a brother either in the flesh or in the spirit. I must mention here that I found it had come from the friend above alluded to, whom I thought had neither the will nor the power to relieve me; and what is still more singular, in my letter I never named to my friend anything about the articles of clothing, nor even the boys, nor that they stood in need of anything.

This relief in temporals, and a firm persuasion in my own feelings that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and these words at times sounding in my very soul, "Bread shall be given, and water shall be sure," enabled me to go on more evenly for a few days.

About ten days before Christmas the Lord was pleased to withdraw the rod of affliction from my wife, but in a very gradual way. This was a great relief to me. I was thus relieved, but I was not without other troubles, my earnings not at all keeping pace with my wants; for in the latter part of the week before Christmas I began to be in as much temporal trouble as ever, from two causes. The one was, the influenza began to weaken my poor frame, and I began to apprehend I should be laid aside upon a bed of suffering myself, from sweating so intensely, and not being able to take much food. This, together with my wants for the others dependent upon my earnings, would at times sink me almost in despair; but on the Saturday morning I remember having a little glimmering of hope in my soul that the Lord had not yet forsaken us, from these words, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not." It seemed as if the words would not leave me; hence I had a persuasion in my mind that the Lord was about to manifest his hand again, and, blessings on his name! so it happened before night. At breakfast, my youngest boy asked what we should do for a Christmas dinner. I told him not to take thought for that; if we lived to see it, the Lord would provide; which he did, much to the boy's satisfaction and mine, for at this time there was no money, and but little food in the house. A friend, although I stood indebted to him, sent in a large joint of meat, at which I was somewhat surprised at the instant; but, on a moment's reflection, I knew the hearts of all were in His hand who "orders all things according to the counsel of his own will." This again filled my very heart and soul with gratitude and thankfulness to the God of all my mercies, this being, in reality, a double mercy; for by this time my wife was so much better as to need more strengthening food, and it was the same sort of food the doctor ordered for her; thus her wants in that respect were satisfied for several days. The words above quoted did not leave me altogether till Tuesday morning; for as soon as I opened the door I had another proof that the Lord had not forsaken us. A person stood at the door with a basket, which he desired me to open as soon as convenient. When I had done so, I found it contained a large joint of meat, two bottles of wine, and one of spirits. I found this to come from a sister and brother-in-law, of

whom I had no reason to expect anything in this way. But to describe my feelings at this unmerited, unlooked-for, unasked-for favour, I cannot. It must suffice to say, that I went to my labour with a morning song of praise, in my heart and soul, to the God of all my mercies.

(To be continued.)

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## AMAZING GRACE.

Dear Sir, and Fellow-pilgrim through this land of deserts and of pits, of hissing serpents and of prowling wolves, wherein our pathway is beset with difficulties, dangers, troubles, trials, and perplexities, as we travel onward to that blissful country, into which Jesus our forerunner has entered; where the great Captain of our salvation has triumphantly taken his seat on the right hand of the Majesty on high, made perfect through sufferings, there to appear for us; crowned with eternal honours; blooming for evermore with unfading beauty; beaming with ineffable loveliness; blazing in majesty, grandeur, splendour, and glory; unbounded, adorable, and eternal; to whom, with the Father and the dear Spirit of all truth, a Trinity of divine and glorious Persons in an eternal and incomprehensible essence, be all that is great and wonderful, blessed and glorious ascribed, world without end. Amen.—It is now many years since I first heard you preach, on your occasional visits to London, in Gower-street Chapel; but I well remember the times when, under your ministry in the aforesaid place, I had soul-harrowing and alarming forebodings of endless damnation in that place where the billows of God's wrath lash the imperishable foundation of the nethermost hell. I had, also, through your instrumentality, as well as I had under that dear servant of God, Mr. Fowler, (whose name will be dear to my heart while life shall last,) many blessed aspirations after Jesus; many vehement desires to know him, to know aught of whom is life eternal, (John xvii. 3,) and "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. ii. 3.) I had sweet bedewings of the eternal Spirit; many solemn seasons of godly sorrow, self-abasement, self-abbhorrence, and self-loathing, and never to be forgotten prostrations of soul before God; while a thrilling sense of his omniscience, sovereignty, justice, omnipotence, and mercy filled me with dread and wonder to know how the matter would terminate, whether endless life with Christ in glory would be my happy portion, or whether I should have companionship with devils and damned souls in the never-ending tortures of the bottomless pit, where the unhappy spirits, whether of men or of devils, are held in their necks by the grasp of Omnipotence, world without end. Ah! sir, the racking anguish of my spirit I can never describe, when I would have given twice ten thousand worlds, had I possessed them, could I have exchanged places with you! had I been John Warburton instead of Peter Rowland. I looked upon you as a vessel elect, foreknown by God the Father, predestinated unto the adoption of a Son, made happy in time by God's rich, free, sovereign, unmerited, matchless, and invincible grace, possessing a hope full of immortality, that when you died you would spend a life

everlasting with Christ Jesus the sinner's Friend, and sing of free grace, distinguishing favour, and electing love, in one eternal round of unmixed pleasure, joy, and peace in full fruition;

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in!"

While I (sometimes I thought) should be groaning under the curses and maledictions of a righteous, sin-avenging God, you would be singing Hallelujahs! to God and the Lamb. O what knitting of soul did I feel at times to you for Jesus' sake! my eyes streaming with tears from the overflowings of my heart with love to Christ, and grief that I, through sin and transgression, had caused his death. Time rolled on, and after fifteen years of mental distress, soul-sorrow, and poignant wretchedness, intermixed, it is true, with drops of comfort, thrilling sensations of the joys of heaven, and hope which sometimes blessedly expanded, it was the good will and pleasure of Israel's covenant-keeping, promise-performing, and immutable God, to bring me forth out of the womb of wretchedness, slavery, and condemnation, into life, light, peace, pardon, liberty, joy, and blessedness. I felt myself to be an exemplification of the majesty of God's amazing grace; a monumental pillar of his abounding mercy. A proclamation was made from the high court of heaven of "Liberty to the Captive." Liberty, liberty, liberty! sounded so sweet in my ears, imparted such blessings to my enraptured soul, that I was lost in wonder, love, admiration, and adoration, while my poor heart was melted with the blood and love of Christ the Lord. I sung of blood, of sovereign love, of grace omnipotent, of a Saviour Almighty, of grace, free grace,

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding!"

while majesty and glory broke in upon my ransomed spirit; and such were the blissful communications which I, by faith, received from the glorious Trinity in Unity, that I hardly knew how to bear up under the love and tender mercies of the blessed Majesty of heaven! What a solemn change did I feel! I had now sweet and holy communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; I had many sensible foretastes of eternal bliss; I often lived in the suburbs of heaven, on the threshold of glory! The blessed teacher, the Holy Ghost, gradually instructed me and revealed to my enlightened understanding the great mysteries of grace and godliness; and also of the mystery of iniquity rooted in my abominably wicked heart. I had from time to time amazingly fearful insights into the damning nature of sin, its baneful effects, and the inconceivably dreadful punishment thereof in that place where hope never beams. I had many solemn and never-to-be-forgotten faith's views of the tremendous sufferings, heart-racking pains and overwhelming agonies of my bleeding Surety, (Jesus is his name.) Day after day, for many days together, did the eternal Spirit lead my mind into this mysterious and solemn subject. O the meltings of soul, the grief, the anguish which I felt oftentimes at Calvary when, with the eyes of my mind, I beheld the spotless victim of justice transfixed in agonies and blood on that accursed tree, to which I humbly hope my sins, as

well as your sins were nailed, together with the sins of the whole election of grace. Many hours did I spend at the cross of the once poor, despised, contumeliously-treated, abhorred, and hated Galilean! and with the arms of my faith did I clasp his feet to my bosom. "My Lord and my God!" I sometimes exclaimed, couldst thou endure such appalling sufferings for me? O that I could help thee, that I could bear a part with thee; that I could at least expiate my own sins and ease thee of that punishment which I deserve! Alas, alas, the punishment of one sin would have damned my soul to all eternity. The ever-blessed Glorifier of the Father and the Son, the Spirit of all truth, who takes of the things of Christ and reveals them to the hearts of believers, gave me also exalted views of my once crucified, now risen, ascended, crowned, and eternally glorified, wonderfully complex and immaculate Jesus! who fills with everlasting honour to himself and glory to God the Father the resplendent throne of heaven! O! the solemn views which I sometimes had of the Prince of Life and Immortality, gloriously decked in garments rolled in blood, hanging in magnificent foldings on his princely person, and his vesture of blood dripping on the dazzling, blazing throne of glory! Language fails to express the one-thousandth part of the lofty conceptions that I had from time to time of God's incarnate Son, his person, his blood, and his righteousness, which I now see and feel to be precious and glorious. How blessedly did I experience the truth of this text in my poor soul; "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." (Isaiah lxvi. 13.) O sweet, delightful comforting, blessed repast of a Saviour's bleeding love!

But, sir, my main object in writing to you is the following. Some time ago a copy of the Second Part of your Experience was lent me to read. I read it accordingly, and the Lord God of grace and glory so blessed the contents thereof to my heart, so sweetly melted down my soul in the perusal of the same, that I felt a precious out-going of mind and spirit, soul and strength after the dear and solemn Majesty of heaven. I also felt my affection, attachment, and regard so strong towards you, that I determined to let you know what sweet, unctuous seasons of refreshing I had from the Holy One. O how I blessed the name of God; how my heart swelled, nay, overflowed with the love of Jesus while I read of the great things which God had done for your soul, and also for the soul of your partner in life and some of your children. You evidently wrote your narrative under the unctuous out-pouring of the eternal Spirit; for I could tell by heartfelt experience in a similar employment, that your end and aim was to glorify God and to exalt Christ. While your soul seems to have adored the riches of that wonderful grace that has distinguished you, and ransomed you—grace flowing freely from covenant love—grace through the channel of covenant love communicated—I felt to be one soul and spirit with you, for I sorrowed with you, rejoiced with you, wept with you, and sung with you of the mercies, the tender and amazing mercies of a covenant God. Months have passed away since I read

your life ; and many exercises of mind have I had respecting the promise which I then made. The desire, however, to let you know the profit and edification your experience afforded me, under God's blessing, are unconquerable. I therefore make no other apology for intruding myself upon your notice than what you made when you called on Mr. Huntington, to put him in possession of the fact that a book of his which you read was uncommonly blessed to your soul. The following text of revealed truth gave me encouragement; "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." (Mal. iii. 16.) In the deep exercises of your soul, which you have related so far as you, or I, or any other devil-tempted believer dare do, you make mention of one soul-harrowing and horrible conflict, wherein the enmity of your heart was drawn out to such a degree against God, that you felt that you could have plucked him from his throne, and trampled him under your feet. You will pardon me if I have misquoted your words. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Day by day, while in the furnace of affliction, have I felt a hell of sin working in my bosom. My soul has also been tortured with hell's fiery darts—such awful curses, bitter blasphemies, and damnable filthiness raged horribly in my poor heart against the blessed and solemn Majesty of heaven, that I felt myself to be a devil incarnate. Such amazingly horrible thoughts found their way into my heart from hell's dark dungeon, with the rapidity of lightning, and with the enmity and hatefulness of a devil, that I oftentimes have expected to be sent precipitately to the dark and fiery abyss of hell, as a reprobate extraordinary, being, in my own feelings the most awful of sinners. Swarmings of infidelity in my heart, weakness, weariness, and painfulness of body, together with the injections of the devil, have sometimes reduced me to such misery, that I have cursed the day wherein I was born. It has afforded me a good deal of consolation that you have experienced these things, for there have been seasons when I thought I was the only person that was ever so exercised.

I remain, dear Sir, yours in Jesus,

PETER ROWLAND.

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### BRADFORD'S LAST LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

"God's mercy and peace in Christ be more and more perceived of us. Amen. My most dear mother, in the bowels of Christ I heartily pray and beseech you to be thankful for me unto God, who thus now taketh me unto himself. I die not, my good mother, as a thief, a murderer, an adulterer, &c., but I die as a witness of Christ, his gospel and verity, which hitherto I have confessed, I thank God, as well by preaching as by imprisonment, and now, even presently, I shall most willingly confirm the same by fire. I acknowledge that God most justly might take me hence simply for my sins, which are many, great, and grievous;

but the Lord, for his mercy in Christ, hath pardoned them all, I hope. But now, dear mother, he taketh me hence, by this death, as a confessor and witness, that the religion taught by Christ Jesus, the prophets and the apostles, is God's truth.

"The prelates do persecute in me Christ, whom they hate, and his truth, which they cannot abide, because their works are evil, and will not abide the truth and light, lest men should see their darkness. Therefore, my good and most dear mother, give thanks for me to God, that he hath made the fruit of your womb to be a witness of his glory; and attend to the truth which (I thank God for it) I have truly taught out of the pulpit in Manchester. Use often and constant prayer to God the Father, through Christ. Hearken as you may to the Scriptures. Serve God after his word, and not after custom. Beware of the Romish religion in England: defile not yourself with it. Carry Christ's cross as he shall lay it upon your back. Forgive them that kill me: pray for them, "for they know not what they do." Commit my cause to God the Father. Be mindful of both your daughters, and help them as you can. I send all my writings to you and my brother Roger: do with them as you will, because I cannot as I would. He can tell you more of my mind. I have nothing to give you, or to leave behind me for you; only I pray God my Father, for Christ's sake, to bless you, and keep you from evil. May he give you patience; may he make you thankful as for me; and for myself, that he will take the fruit of your womb to witness this verity, wherein I confess to the whole world, I die and depart this life in hope of a much better, which I look for at the hands of God my Father, through the merits of his dear Son, Jesus Christ. Thus, my dear mother, I take my last farewell of you in this life, beseeching the almighty and eternal Father, by Christ, to grant us to meet in the life to come, where we shall give him continual thanks and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

"Out of prison, the 24th of June, 1555—your son in the Lord."

### AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF JOSEPH HART.

Dear Nephew,—I am glad the Lord has so far wrought on your soul as to make you concerned for its everlasting state, and I sincerely wish you may hold out to the end to be saved. As to your fears of falling back again, they are no signs that you will fall, but rather the contrary, for none depart from God while they have any fears of departing from him. You do well to hear the gospel at all opportunities, as the means appointed for the good of souls; but may you be enabled to look through all means to the God of grace, and depend on his strength, and not your own. When you are comforted, bless God for the encouragement; and when it is otherwise, trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon the God of your salvation. Remember, the Lord will cast out none that come unto him, though they come ever so poor and helpless. The alteration of your frame from warm to cold, from lively to dead, is what all Christians experience; and, therefore, let not that make you cast off your confidence. Remember, we are made partakers of Christ. "The just live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Fear not; be of good courage; wait on the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass. When you are weak, then you will be strong, if you are



enabled to look out of yourself to Christ Jesus, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Be often in secret prayer; and remember, the trial is not what frame of mind you may be in, but whether you endure to the end. The Lord strengthen, settle, and stablish you. If I can be of any service to you, write as often as you please. Our love to you and yours. From your loving brother,

London, December 29, 1767.

JOSEPH HART.

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### LIVING DESIRES.

My very dear Brother in the best bonds, and partaker of the same Spirit, redeemed by the same blood, chosen of the same heavenly Father, travelling through the same wilderness, and journeying on to the same resting place, and to the same blessed, happy, peaceful home, where tears will flow no more on account of sin, where there will be no crying, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. "Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, happy are the people whose God is the LORD." But it is one thing to have the name written in the book of the living on earth, and another to have it written in the Lamb's book of life, where I do hope your name and mine stand, and, (O what a mercy,) never to be erased. I find, and feel, that many in this awful day of profession approve of Christ's word, but there are very few that cling to his cross, and sit at his feet, or follow his blessed steps, who leave all things for his sake, and follow him through evil report as well as good report. "There be many that say, Who will show us any good?" (Ps. iv. 6.) So it is in this present day; any good, it matters not what, but any good will do, if it be ever so hypocritical, so long as it savours of self and the flesh; but the spiritually-taught children of God cannot put up with any created good, but cry to the Lord to lift up the light of his countenance upon them, for this puts gladness into their hearts more than the wicked have when their corn and their oil or wine increase.

O, my dear brother, I feel that I want to love Him more and more "who was rich, yet became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." He left all his glory, laid it all by for a time, out of love to his dear covenant people, God's elect; and he submitted to all the ill treatment of men and devils for their sakes. He wrought out all for them that was needful, even an everlasting righteousness, which is unto all that believe; and now poor, guilty sinners have access to the Father through the Mediator's blood, and are freely justified from all their transgressions, and washed, and purified, and made white, and stand everlastingly accepted through his merits, who is "God over all, blessed for evermore;" and although he is now enthroned in heaven at God's right hand, and sits in robes of glory, and is the admiration of all the heavenly hosts, and they all cast their crowns at his feet, crying, "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," &c; though he lives on high, yet he condescends to dwell in the hearts of the humble and contrite (made so by grace). He has all power on earth

and in heaven, and manages all the affairs of his tried, tempted, persecuted family; and they are all alike dear and precious to him, for he hath married them, and is not only their Friend that loves at all times, but is bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh; "Thy Maker is thy Husband: the Lord of Hosts is his name." O that Jesus would give us hearts to desire greater things than we have known, and likewise give us more precious faith, that we may ask and receive, that our joy may be full. O that our souls were filled with the love of God in Christ, that self might bow before the cross; and that we might put on Christ, and follow on to know him and the power of his resurrection, and be made conformable unto his death. May we, through grace, put off the old man, and put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness; for this is what the grace of God teacheth us—to live unto Him who died for us and rose again.

O, my dear brother, I am aware that you have many things to try you in this poor world of trouble and difficulties, being oftentimes persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. Why not? Because God upholds you by his power, and proves himself to be on your side. "The Lord is on my side," said David, "I will not fear: what can man do unto me?"—Nothing, without God's permission; for all God's people are loved, and set apart for himself; they are his peculiar, distinguished, elected, redeemed, called, sanctified people. Is it not wonderful that we poor, depraved, all vile, exceedingly sinful, unworthy, unholy, ill-deserving, and hell-deserving sinners, should be singled out, looked upon, regarded, and loved with an everlasting love; and that purposes of grace and mercy should be formed on our behalf when as yet we were not? And, O, astonishing grace! though all our sins were present to the Divine mind, with all their aggravated and complicated malignity, yet God would love; notwithstanding all this, God would provide a Saviour to save his people from their sins! O, then, "the love of God," (for God so loved the elect world as to give his only begotten Son,) it might well be said, "passeth all understanding." David might well say, "His mercy is from everlasting unto everlasting," and that it "endureth for ever." Is it not wonderful, my brother, that our proud, sinful hearts, that are sunk so low in abominations, filthiness, and sin; that have been sporting on the borders of destruction and eternal misery; that after being quickened, though we were dead in trespasses and sins, I say, is it not wonderful that we love the Lord so little? I often mourn over my hardness and want of love to Him who laid down his life for me. The apostle might well say, "We groan, being burdened;" for the moment we feel a desire to do good, evil is present with us. But, nevertheless, notwithstanding this body of sin, which is to be put away, and shall only last till death, when there will be an eternal separation from it, is it not most blessed to remember that the bonds which unite all the covenant people of God together are for eternity; that while time can and will sever all earthly bonds, the links that fasten, as in one chain let down from heaven, all the elect of God together, are as firm as the ever-

lasting hills; for they are all built on Christ, the sure foundation and Rock of Ages, and are all one in him, and all one family? O how this thought should endear the Lord's tried people to one another, and cause them, as the elect of God, to put on bowels of mercy, and manifest that they are one in heart, forgiving and forbearing one another, even as Christ forgave us. We should take the infirmities, the blemishes, the weaknesses, and the faults of our brethren to God, even to our God, as so many special errands: thus shall the very spots we discern in our brethren only drive us the more to the boundless treasury of grace and love; and here we shall see more and more of the value of atoning blood, justifying righteousness, constraining, restraining, sanctifying grace, and the value of that love which is rich, free, discriminating, sovereign, and eternal. But, my beloved, I find that cursed self is yet alive, and wants to carry his head haughtily, so that sin and self are mixed with all I do. O that the great Purifier of all his blood-bought family may constantly cleanse us from the pollution of this great evil, and purify our hearts and consciences by the indwelling of his blessed self, that we may be more emptied of ourselves and filled with the fulness of his love; then shall we love him more and his people more, hate sin more, and pant more after him. Sometimes I can take a little comfort from this one thing, that I do feel love to the brethren, for Christ's sake; and I am seldom more happy than when I am amongst them. And I desire to bless God for the union, love, and fellowship that are shown between one another, and likewise for the faithful word delivered amongst us.

I should not have written only I thought that you might judge I had some particular objection to come and preach for you; but I have none; and, please God, when I get a little stronger, I will come. The Lord knoweth that my only objection is, a knowledge of my unfitness and inability for so important a work, for fear I should darken counsel by words without knowledge; for I can assure you that I am an ignorant fool, and quite a dunce in my own eyes, instead of being a scribe well instructed at the feet of Jesus. I feel that I am poor, dark, and empty. Sometimes I feel such an emptiness, that I am like poor Jonah, and, as out of the belly of hell, I am necessitated to cry unto him, and cast many looks towards his holy temple. Like David, I am poor and needy; and often groaning, I cry, "Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance, and shine upon my soul." Of all things I want to know more of Jesus and the power of his resurrection, and to be found in him, and be made conformable unto his death. But I feel too much love for myself, too much self-pity, and too much conformity to the world. Yet I often cry out against it, and against the pride of the heart, but still I feel too much of it within. I find in the world we are to have tribulation, and trouble, and temptations, and vexations; and as our dear Lord went through a long lane of sufferings, I want to receive these things as a legacy from his dear hands. I know his blessed government is holy, just, and gracious. I want to embrace it as such. I often think of the strong cries and tears that Jesus offered up in being

made perfect through sufferings for the Lord's family, wading through a sea of blood for his Father's glory and his people's salvation; to magnify the law and make it honourable, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and giving his blessed life as a ransom for my poor soul, for it pleased the Father to put him to grief, and that he should tread the wine press alone, which was all consistent with the covenant engagements before the world was; and I know that that well ordered covenant grasps in all the chosen of the dear Father for ever. They are all made secure through love and blood. But I want to say, *my* Father, and feel him as such, and to embrace him as such, and to have sweet fellowship and soul-communion with him; to know my sonship and interest in his adopting love; to have soul-embracings, and to walk with the Lamb of God in the regeneration. I want the anointing of the Lord, the giver of spiritual life, the Holy Comforter, in my heart, and to feel the power and life of truth. I want to go forth in the world and in the church as a man of God. I want his powerful grace to manifest, in its blessed purifying effect, my high and holy calling; but instead of this he makes me feel the hidden evils of my heart, so that I am often sorely broken in the place of dragons in this foul den within myself, which is the cause of conflicts, so that I am obliged to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" &c. But, if I complain ever so, yet, my beloved, I am not left without comfort, for Jesus feels for and sympathises with us; and in all our afflictions he hath been afflicted, and tempted in all points, and tried in every way; therefore he is our most merciful High Priest, for I sometimes feel him precious that begat us by his own will, according to the exceeding riches of his grace, and betrothed us to our glorious Head, and made us everlastingly accepted in the Beloved, which is the fountain spring of all our blessings. I sometimes feel him near and dear, and my relationship so precious that I can embrace him in love, in heart meltings, and walk in love and sweet fellowship when no man seeth me, nor stranger intermeddeth with my joy. I sometimes see the fountain clear that washes out all my stains, and the invaluable blood immensely rich that flowed from the crucified body of Jehovah Jesus, where all my guilt, poverty, and misery are lost. I sometimes feel the Holy Comforter bring with powerful evidence such blessed truths, sealing them in my heart, that poor, and lame, and feeble as I am, I am ready to leap like a hart, and rejoice like them that divide the spoil. I pray that God will bless you with savoury and divine things whilst you are delivering out the great blessings of redemption and salvation to others, and enable you to preach that gospel which you feel most precious to your own soul. I also pray that God may bestow upon you a double portion of his Spirit, and that the dear Lord will indeed bless your labours of love to saints and sinners.

I do believe that thou art an honest, faithful man, made so by grace, and in this I give you the whole of my heart's love, and pray that all covenant blessings may rest upon you, both in grace and providence, for time and for eternity. May great grace rest upon your partner in life and all your family.

Please to give my kind love to Mr. E—, and to any one that may ask after me at any time, and receive this in pure love, and throw a mantle of love over all blunders.

Yours in the bonds of love and union in Christ Jesus, my Lord and your Lord. Amen.

May, 1840.

R. T.

## DEPARTURE FROM THE TRUTH.

Messrs. Editors,—A few persecuted Particular Baptists, at Melksham, wish to see the following letter inserted in the *Standard*, which is very much bated in this town.

*Copy of a Letter addressed to an Independent Minister not a hundred miles from Melksham.*

Kind Sir,—You will wonder at receiving a line from the female who wrote this. My mind of late being very uneasy respecting your conduct and preaching, I thought, in a friendly way, I would give you my opinion. I certainly do groan, being burdened under your ministry, and do hope, time after time, that I shall get some good to my soul by attending the house of God; but I am really afraid that *Ichabod* is written upon the walls of our chapel; no souls seem to be blessed, nor sinners converted to God. Is the glory departed? Where such pride and ambition rule in the heart of any that call themselves ministers of the gospel, there is no good done, however they may talk about the dignity of the ministerial office. O what is this but being puffed up with pride? It is popish! and very near akin to the “apostolical succession” in the Establishment. When I hear all the doctrines our forefathers bled and died for spoken against and denied by you, O how it pains my heart! and to hear you preach against the experience that I know every child of God must have, and to hear you preach universal redemption, when I see all men are not saved, and when Christ, I know, says he purchased the church with his own blood, I am ready to say all men are liars. You likewise seem to hold in your preaching that the law of Sinai is the believer’s rule of life, and this is called preaching the gospel, doing the work of an evangelist, being a minister of the Spirit, making full proof of the ministry; and every person who cannot turn the law that worketh wrath into a law of love, who cannot bring the living fruits of the Spirit out of the killing letter, who cannot turn the snares of death into rules of life, is an erroneous man or woman. But welcome reproach, welcome names, even that of Antinomian. These names bring no guilt on the conscience, they stop not up the new and living way between God and the soul. I must confess that by your jumbling the two covenants together, I am sometimes brought into bondage. One covenant is the law of death, the other the law of life; bond children are under the law, free children are under grace. Those of your hearers that have felt the bondage, wrath, terror, and death that the law works, will prize their liberty, and take heed how they approach that blackness and darkness again; but those that never felt its power, (and such are you one would suppose by your playing with it as with a bird,) seem to be alive without it. It is in vain for you to send us to Sinai in order to promote holiness, nor will sending your hearers to the law destroy the works of the flesh. Take heed, Sir; I am afraid you despise the new and living way, by being so fond of Moses. “The law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin,” says

Paul; but he does not say, nor mean, that spiritual life, spiritual health, spiritual help, or strength, are communicated from thence. The law gives neither righteousness nor hope. The law is strong to destroy, but it was never mighty to save. It curses men and women for a lascivious look as being adultery itself, for anger as murder, and for every idle word.

Now, Sir, when you talk so much about the law, and holiness of life, do you mean it is to be got by looking to Moses? Well, Sir, I have not time to write much, but I am sure your preaching is not like Paul's. By such preaching as we have now-a-days, the devil keeps both the pulpit and the pew; he stirs up the preacher to blind the people, and the people to applaud their blind guide. The doctrine that routs the devil is preaching the kingdom of God, which consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, in telling the church that her King is come. This sort of preachers are the only public adversaries that the devil has. I do hope the Lord will yet bring you out of your legal doctrines, and visit your soul with a gracious experience, that you may bring forth savoury meat such as God's people love. O in by-gone days I remember the green pastures I have been led into by the under-shepherd that preached at your chapel before your days. I hope and pray that things will be in a better state. I am sure that the people of God are starved at present under your ministry, however hypocrites may be fed and built up in their false hopes. A man of God whom you allowed to preach a few weeks since, *did* preach the gospel, and a little life was felt; but instead of your being glad at such a man being near, and his word being blessed to their souls, you were jealous that he had stolen the hearts of the people. Now, dear Sir, do consider what your preaching is made up of. Is it what you have tasted, and handled, and felt? Is it the power of God? Is it what offends the carnal professor? If not, it is not the gospel of Christ. Woe be unto you if the worldly professor loves what you preach.

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## THE RIGHTEOUS.

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Messrs. Editors,—On Sunday, April 26, I was much refreshed and strengthened in hearing our beloved pastor, Mr. Warburton, deliver two sermons from Job xvii. 9. For a long time it seemed, according to my feelings, that I had outlived all my religion, and that my past experience was like a dream, when one awakes. In the morning he showed the marks of the righteous. 1. That they were a crying people, "The righteous cry;" that their crying began with "God be merciful to me a sinner;" that they go on with this cry through all their pilgrimage, to their journey's end. 2. That the righteous were an answer-to-prayer-receiving people; that while thousands were content with what they call praying in the family, and praying at prayer-meetings, having done what they call their "duty," it was not so with the righteous; for if they do not get answers to their prayers, doubts and fears, suspicions, unbelief, and many other things rise up, and rob them of all their comforts. 3. That the righteous are not only a street-sin hating people, but a heart-sin hating people; that sins of every class and description God's righteous ones hate; that they are a plague and a misery to them, and often draw from their inmost soul, "O wretched man that I am." 4. That the righteous love God, and love holiness and the image of God wherever they can trace it. But I refer you to

the evening service. With me it was not like a flash of lightning, but more resembling the cloud in the day of rain. It abode upon my spirit. The latter part of the text was to me like a hard nut, but when the kernel came out, it was sweet to my taste. I will give a sample, nearly verbatim. "Some of God's dear little ones are much discouraged with this place. Talk to them about 'growing stronger and stronger,' indeed, while they feel themselves growing weaker and weaker! Well, be assured of this, that if parson and people do not get 'stronger and stronger,' they are none of God's righteous ones; they are not indeed. But let us see how they get 'stronger and stronger.' They get 'stronger and stronger' in the things of God and in the truth of God. 'No man can come unto me, except the Father, which sent me, draw him.' Dost thou get 'stronger and stronger' on that? 'No man can receive any thing, except it be given him from heaven.' Dost thou get 'stronger and stronger' on that? 'No man can keep alive his own soul.' Dost thou get 'stronger and stronger' on that? Well, come, poor soul, if such be thy case, matters are not so bad as thou imaginest they are. Thou art growing very fast; thou art indeed. Rest assured, thou art one of God's righteous ones; and though matters may not be so pleasing as thou couldst wish, thou art in a safe place, and God will make all things straight in his own time, to the joy and rejoicing of thy poor soul." Now, in my late sensible death, I had been learning those things; then coming to hear them opened up instrumentally in the ministry, I found it truly to be a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path; and if you want to know if it led me to licentious thoughts or deeds, or not, I tell you, No! It bound up the loins of my mind, set my will straight with God's will, every vile thought and deed vanished, and I came forth into solidness, firmness, and a sound mind.

Melksham, Wilts.

A. B.

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## THE POWER OF RELIGION.

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My dearly-beloved Father,—No doubt you will deem it strange to receive this from me, having so lately been with you; but being in such a miserable, melancholy state of mind, I could not forbear writing to you, to beg an interest in your prayers, that the Lord would in tender mercy deliver me from my present doubting, fearing, and distressed state; that he would manifest himself unto me, give me some token for good, and enable me to say, "This is *my* Beloved, and this is *my* Friend." O, my dear father, it is for this that I have been longing for months, and, I may say, for years. I used to think that the Lord would, in his own time, reveal himself to me, but I now seem farther off than ever, and have lost all hope. I fear it has all been a delusion with me; that mine has been only a fleshly religion; that having been brought under the sound of the glorious gospel, and within those walls where truth has been faithfully proclaimed, I have imbibed a few notions in my head, which have never been implanted by God the Spirit in my heart. And what will that avail me? Nothing. I fear lest I be found to have "the form of godliness, but destitute of the power." Yes, it is the power I want. I know and feel that I can do nothing myself; that if I am saved, it must be by *sovereign grace alone*; the work must be his from first to last; I have nothing to recommend myself to his notice. Recommend myself to his notice indeed! alas! with a heart black as hell itself; for although I have not been permitted to fall

Into those outward acts of sin into which many have fallen, (no thanks to me,) yet what a sink of sin there is within! I am sure "out of my heart proceedeth all manner of wickedness." O you know not what a vile sinful wretch I am! Why, at times I have had such abominable blasphemous thoughts, that I have been ashamed to look even you, my dear father, in the face; and have thought, that if you did but know what was within, you would not, could not, treat me with so much affection. Sometimes I get into such cold, carnal, careless states, that I seem to have scarcely any desire after the Lord, or after a knowledge of his ways; and then, into what distress of mind does this plunge me! Surely if I were one of the Lord's I should not feel thus; surely he would give me some comfort, something by which I might know I was one of his chosen people. Sometimes when I have heard the true ministers of Christ describe the feelings of a living soul, I have felt a little glimmering of hope that mine, in some respects, resembled them. But when, again, they have described that of the nominal professor, I could see my character delineated plainly enough, and was at no loss to decide to which class I belonged. The dear friends of Immanuel love to converse one with another, but I cannot bear to speak, or be spoken to; and I have been sometimes almost frightened to death when I have thought any one was going to question me. Never have I dared to open my lips to you, my dear father. I have often wished to unburden my mind to you, but could not. I know if you were with me now I should be perfectly dumb. The only person to whom I have ever been able to utter a syllable is poor Mr. ———; our feelings have sometimes been in unison. I understand a clergyman was with poor dear Miss G——, a few days before her death, and she was lamenting that she did not feel an assurance of acceptance. The clergyman told her that "that depended on one's natural disposition, and was not at all necessary." He might as well have told her that her salvation depended on her natural abilities. What! not necessary! I know I feel it necessary; and could I get this assurance that I am an elect vessel of divine mercy, I should be satisfied, for I am well convinced, that "those whom he once loved, he loveth unto the end." And now, my dear father, I must again beg of you to remember me at the throne of grace. You have had, before now, striking answers to prayer; and perhaps the Lord will again lend a gracious ear to your petitions on my behalf, and decide the doubtful case. Your dutiful, loving, but distressed daughter,

Mabledon Place, London.

H. W.

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## THE MILLENNIUM.

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Messrs. Editors,—As your time is valuable I will proceed without preface. I have to complain of what I consider to be serious evils in some preachers in these parts, of whom both you and I would hope better things. In the midst of an address, in which a blessed Christ is held up to us, our feelings are all at once marred by a digression as to a second personal appearance of Christ upon earth, with his saints, which we are informed is very soon to take place. After a sermon upon the indwelling of an ever blessed Jesus in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and the work and offices of the Spirit, we are suddenly grieved and pained by a declaration from the preacher, that he "as much believes that the Lord Jesus Christ will personally reign upon earth for a thousand years as he does that he is then in the pulpit addressing us." And some such things as these are sometimes most improperly intro-



duced into the public prayer. These vagaries, for I can call them by no better name, are truly awful, and proceed, I verily believe, from the wily suggestions of the devil himself, who cares not what people amuse themselves with, so that he can lead their views from that rock of ages, the Christ of God revealed in the soul by the Holy Spirit.

I know from your *Standard*, that you like neither controversy, nor the subjects above alluded to; but I feelingly ask of the real Watchmen in Zion, will no one raise his voice against these abominations in the church, which, like their author the devil, worry though they cannot devour?

May the Lord bless you, and make you everlastingly a blessing.

Yours sincerely, in haste,

London, 7th May, 1840.

A. ST. JOHN.

### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Dear Messrs. Editors,---Will you permit me, through your *Gospel Standard*, to request some of your correspondents to answer me a question. Is it scriptural for deacons to administer the solemn ordinance of the Lord's supper to the church without a minister? and does not the person that administers it personate our Lord Jesus Christ, and ought he not to receive his mission from the Lord as the apostle did? (See 1 Corinthians xi. 23.) I write not for curiosity, but for conscience' sake. If the Lord should incline one of his ministering servants to give a scriptural answer to this inquiry, it will be thankfully received from a lover of truth, and a constant reader of the *Gospel Standard*.

R. S.

### LAMENTATION.

My dear Friend,—In days gone by, when I was delivered from Egypt, and saw the Egyptians dead on the sea shore, I danced and sang praises to the Lord of hosts in the sunshine of his love, and lived under his smiles for a year or two, and with but few interruptions of darkness. But O how my heart now aches! O this terrible and dark wilderness! I am so far into it, that sometimes I cannot look back to the happy place where I landed, and sang the praises of Him who delivered me, and, as the Psalmist said, "I have almost forgotten prosperity;" I have been "sorely wounded in the place of dragons, and shot at by the archers in the place of drawing water." I have been taken captive, and laid in stinking dungeons, till I almost fainted in my sighing; I have lain in dark dungeons, with hardly light enough to see my chains, but I could feel them. Sometimes the door has been opened a few moments, and I have just seen a glimpse of Jesus' glory, and thought I was coming out; but the door clapped to again, and I could hear nothing but "lamentation, misery, and woe." But still a little hope, about the size of a pin's point, sometimes arises in my dark heart, and shines like a diamond on a dunghill; and often those sweet words which fell from the lips of the Man of Sorrows keep me from fainting; "Blessed are they which mourn, for they shall be comforted." My poor soul lies gaping for comfort, like a fish out of water.

Essex, May 6, 1840.

W. G.

## OBITUARY.

*MRS. W., OF DEPTFORD.*

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Amongst my many fears this is one, that by my continual coming I shall weary you, and but for your remarks in introducing your sweet extract from blessed Rutherford I should not at this time have taken my pen in hand.

Although I am an admirer of all the truths your *Gospel Standard* sets forth, still that of the obituaries I feel particularly interested in, especially when I find them solid and good accounts of the Lord's working in his people both to "will and to do of his own good pleasure;" and each instance records an additional proof of his faithfulness to his promise, and verifies the sweet and happy confidence of the faith he bestows upon his children, expressed by Asaph thus, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

With these views I feel a desire to relate to you something concerning my late departed friend, Mrs. W——, of Deptford, who fell asleep in Jesus on February 3rd, 1840, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. I had known her for upwards of twenty years as a steady persevering follower of the Lamb, and though during that time she was passing through the vicissitudes of life, she did not appear in prosperity so elevated as to forget her God, nor in adversity so distressed as to despair of his goodness. I well remember what a kind and gentle check she once gave my fiery zeal only by saying, "You are a young man." A few years after, when I told her how difficult I found the path to be both within and without, that thorns and briars entangled me, and mire so encompassed me that I could scarce lift up my feet, she rejoiced that thus the Lord was teaching me to find my all in him. Whenever she heard of any of whom she had a good hope departing this life, she would say, "Bless the Lord for it; they are safe landed." Nor can I forget, when I was suffering under a disappointment in my own circumstances, the sympathy she displayed, and to which she added, "I hope you will yet see this trial is working for your good." It is now but one year since, and I can truly say that it was for the very best. But grieved was I when she told me she had a stone cancer formed under her left breast, although she at the same time observed that he who had removed the stone from her heart could now remove this, if it were his blessed will. I told her I believed it was an arrow sharpened in love, (as mentioned by Bunyan) which would so mark, that at the appointed time she must depart; and so it proved. Soon after this she was confined to her house; and as I called to see her as I went to, or returned from hearing the word of God, she said it did her good to hear of the usefulness of God's servants, although so confined herself, and how precious she found Hart's hymns and the Song of Solomon to be.

My last interview with her was on Sunday, January 5th, 1840. She was then confined to her bed, and she told me she apprehended her death was near; but O how still and composed was her mind! She commenced telling me what great things the Lord had done for her soul, and that, whilst a young woman, a friend took her to hear a Mr. H——, who at that time preached in London, when the word took possession of her, and she wept much under a feeling discovery of her state as a poor lost perishing sinner; but at length the Lord was pleased to pour his electing love into her heart, and had ever since preserved her amidst temptations, trials, doubts, and fears. For herself she seemed

merely to crave patience to wait the Lord's time, and particularly requested me to entreat the Lord to keep me close to himself. I then took my leave of her for the last time. Her illness increased, and death put an end to her sufferings. There were her husband, her four children, and her Christian friend, Mr. F—, present. After she had taken her leave of each, and blessed them, she said, "Now I have done. Glory be to God, Amen," and died without a struggle or a sigh. "Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for the end of such is peace."

Bromley, Kent, April, 1840.

L. Z.

PS.—I was in company with her youngest daughter yesterday, and she told me of the raptures of soul her dear mother had before her death. She said these words were spoken to her, "Arise, my love, and come away;" to which she replied, "Lord, that is what I want, to come unto thee." On Sunday night she said, "I shall not see the light of another morning;" nor was she deceived, for although she lived till the afternoon of Monday, her sight was departed from her.

#### JOHN S., OF LAKENHEATH.

My dear Friend,—Thinking you would be glad to have the following account of our dearly beloved and deeply lamented friend, Mr. John S—, inserted in the *Gospel Standard*, I have taken the liberty of sending you this, and hope the Lord, in much mercy, will bless the reading of it to some poor, doubting, fearing, trembling soul.

I will give the outlines as justly as I can, and I assure you it is impossible for me or any other mortal to describe one half of what flowed from the lips of this saint of God in his last few days, but you will be able to judge from a little what a good deal means.

He had for several years been sorely afflicted with contraction and wind upon the stomach, which constantly caused him great pain, which he bore with Christian patience, and, at times, sweet resignation. It appeared, from what he had told me himself, that he was never brought under such a deep law-work as some of the Lord's people are, but was under the law, and knew it not. He was greatly, at times, distressed at the thoughts of death and eternal wrath; and he has told me that under the early part of the affliction named above, and having no hope of a recovery, those words most solemnly bowed down his inmost soul, "And dying thou shalt die." "O!" thought he, "I shall die as those words aver. I am a vile sinner, and shall certainly be plunged into eternal death and damnation." Thus he went on for some time in this distress of soul, and was under the condemning power of the law; and yet he has told me that it has been a source of exercise to his mind many times, fearing he had not felt sufficiently the law of God applied by the hand of the Spirit, and yet he was brought to see, feel, and confess himself before God to be a sinful, utterly lost, undone, ruined, hell-deserving, vile, and ungodly sinner, and merited nothing but the eternal wrath of Almighty God to be poured upon him to the uttermost; and although almost without a hope, he was kept seeking mercy in Jesus. It pleased the Lord in mercy to make his heart rejoice, on hearing that servant of Christ, Mr. T—, of Lakenheath, preach from those words; "He that hath the Son of God hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." The Lord so blessed this to his soul that he was enabled sweetly to rejoice in the glory of God for having mercy upon such a worthless wretch as he; and he would say then, and many times since, which was a period of ten years, till the time of his death, that the Lord then appeared to his soul. In general he was either rejoicing in the light of the countenance of

Jesus, or walking in darkness; and I may safely affirm that any friend that was intimate with him could tell, from his countenance, which state of soul he was in, for, if enjoying the former, a sweet smile was upon his face, and, if in the dark, a sorrowful gloom overspread his countenance. But I would wish to draw to the close of his days.

He was joined to the Baptist church at Lakenheath, the members of which, when the love of God warmed his soul, he greatly delighted to serve, and they will ever cherish an affectionate remembrance of his name, and so fulfil those sweet words, "The memory of the just is blessed." He had caught cold previously to the 23d of Dec., 1839; that day being Lord's day, he went to chapel, but was obliged to come home before the service was ended. I should have said he had for a long time been in a very dark state of mind; and once, when in company with his friends, being asked to give an account of some of the Lord's gracious dealings with him, he said he believed he was deceived, and knew nothing at all of the matter. Such was the power of unbelief. He gradually from Lord's day got worse, and a fever followed the cold. He was wonderfully tried in his mind till the following Thursday morning, when it pleased the Lord to shine upon him, and he uttered such glorious things that all present were astonished. He asked for his children, entreated them to follow him so far as he had followed Christ, blessed them, and took an affectionate leave of them and his wife. A friend coming in, whom he greatly loved in the gospel, he looked at him steadfastly, and said, "He is come! he is come!" meaning the Lord Jesus Christ. Shortly afterwards he said, "When you hear that my breath is gone out of my body, do you shut yourself up, and bless Almighty God for ever showing mercy upon such an unworthy wretch. This bed I lie upon is a bed of roses;" and then added,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Softer than downy pillows are."

"O," said he, "I shall enter in at those golden portals; I shall go in at those pearly gates. I can say with dear Mr. Huntington," holding his cap in his hand, "I am no more afraid of death than I am of that night-cap." His sister asking him if he would like a little wine to wet his lips, he answered, "No; I am at the fountain head." To his friend he said, "Do you preach my funeral sermon; do you stand up amongst the congregation, and tell them I am gone to glory. Tell them," said he,

"I'm blest, I'm blest, I'm ever blest;  
My rags are gone, and I am drest  
In garments white as snow;"

and then added,

"And while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll;  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
But glory in my soul."

He said also that he wished his warmest love to all the family of God, and desired the minister to tell them he loved them all, and wished that hymn to be given out at his funeral, which begins,

"Happy the man that's safely past  
His weary warfare here;  
Arrived at Jesus' feet at last,  
And ended all his care."

After he had been in that happy state for four hours, he said, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

according to thy word." From this time he was deprived of his natural senses, except at times, till Saturday morning about six o'clock, when his happy spirit took its flight from its clay habitation into the blessed bosom and eternal embrace of its heavenly Father. That the Lord may bless this relation, is the sincere desire of, my dear Sir, one who would be glad to know if he belongs to the family of heaven, and shall live the life of faith, and die the triumphant death of the righteous; and who subscribes himself,

NOTHING AT ALL.

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### FALSE REPORT.

Messrs. Editors,—It having come to my ears that a report has been widely circulated in Manchester and other places that I have regretted the step I took more than five years ago in seceding from the Establishment, I beg leave through your pages to give this positive contradiction to it, and to assure enemies as well as friends that I continue in the same mind, and have never, to my recollection, for five minutes together felt the least regret at fleeing out of Babylon; nay, I am more and more convinced of her unscriptural character, and that it is incumbent on all that fear God to "come out and be separate from her." I would not have troubled you with this communication had I not been asked to do so by some who have been pained by this false report, and who have suggested your pages as an efficient means of contradicting it.

Yours in the best bonds,

Stamford, Sept. 4, 1840.

J. C. PHILPOT.

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### EDITORS' REVIEW.

*A Concise Account of the Experience of James Wells, Minister of the Gospel, Surrey Tabernacle, Porough Road, London.*—London: Groombridge. Manchester: Gadsby. Glasgow: D. Robertson. 12mo., 56 pp. Price 6d.

Strong prejudices have been entertained against the author of the above tract by many of the living family, and we must acknowledge not altogether without ground. A certain unhappy lightness of manner in the pulpit, (from which, however, we believe he is now greatly delivered,) a spiritualizing, as it is termed, some topics of quite a carnal nature, and a denial, in preaching as well as by the press, that believers can, or do backslide, have created in the minds of many gracious characters a strong prejudice against Mr. Wells. We shall be glad if the perusal of his experience should remove these prejudices. It certainly seems to us a clear, straightforward, decisive account of the Lord's dealings with his soul. We read it with interest and pleasure, and found in it much to admire, and but little to censure. Mr. Wells is certainly a man of considerable natural abilities, and there is a force, freshness, and originality in his ideas, and mode of expressing them, which show that they have been all worked out in his own mind. Were we disposed to find fault, we should say, that some clearer account of the Lord's dealings with his soul since his deliverance is desirable, in order to know where he now is. A past experience, however good, is no sure index of a man's present state. Past troubles and

past deliverances are like last year's hunger and last year's dinner. The vine needs continued pruning that it may bring forth fruit. The rampant branches soon soar aloft, clothed with leaves, but bare of fruit, unless the sharp knife again and again cut them in. We do not say that James Wells is without this purging work from the hand of the great Husbandman; but the book we are now reviewing does not much speak of it. Another thing, too, rather grated upon our feelings, where (p. 47) he seems to set doctrinal on the same footing with experimental ministers. We quote his own words :

"The ministers of God minister these things according to the gifts and abilities bestowed upon them. If one dwell much more upon experience than another, it does not follow that he thinks less of the doctrines than another, who dwells more upon doctrine; nor does it follow that he who dwells most upon doctrines makes light of true experience, or that he is not so much exercised as the brother who dwells more upon experience. The one shows the necessity and nature of the work of God in the soul, the other shows the necessity and nature of that salvation which Christ hath wrought for the soul. While the one does not leave out the doctrines, although he does not dwell so much upon them, the other does not leave out experience, although he does not dwell so much upon experience. There is this difference, and always was, and always will be, in the gifts and abilities of the ministers of God. Some dwell a good deal among the caves and dens of the earth, finding out the Lord's hidden ones; others dwell more among the provisions of the old-store, to bring forth bread and wine to the hungry and the faint, who are some lying and some knocking at the door of mercy; and after all, the whole matter lies with the Lord; the excellency of the power is of God. If I hear a man who dwells chiefly upon experience, and I enjoy the presence of the Lord, the word being attended with power, I then feel humbled before, and thankful to, the Lord that he has not left me to rest in the mere theory of religion, but that the knowledge he has given me is vital, and will abide when heart and flesh shall fail. If I hear a man who dwells chiefly upon the great doctrines of grace, and I in that sermon enjoy fellowship with God, I go away rejoicing that my name is written in heaven. The truth is, those who are to feed under that ministry which dwells more upon experience than doctrine, and those who are to feed under that ministry which dwells more upon doctrine than experience, must do so; they must feed each one in his place."

Now, we cannot admit that "he who dwells most upon doctrines is as much exercised as he who dwells more upon experience." If he is exercised it must come out. "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips." If the heart, therefore, be exercised, the mouth will speak of those exercises; and if mercy and deliverance be experienced, they, too, will be spoken of as flowing through exercises. Dry, doctrinal preaching, is the almost invariable index of an unexercised heart; nay more, such men are continually shooting their arrows against exercised souls. "Away with your doubts and fears; do not make a saviour of your corruptions; do not be always raking in this dungbill; poor moping, groaning things, that hang your heads like bulrushes." Who has not heard these jibes and taunts from men who preach, with the greatest clearness, the doctrines of grace? And this doctrinal preaching they call "exalting Christ," when he can only be exalted by the ministry as he is exalted by the Spirit, viz., in a troubled and broken heart.

Having expressed a favourable opinion of the book we are reviewing, we will endeavour to substantiate our judgment by a few extracts.

"Spiritual sickness, spiritual poverty, misery, guilt, vileness, fear, distress, and dread of eternity drove me to seek that which the world could not produce, which no creature could bestow, which no human works could bring, and which

low doctrines could not furnish. What then was I to do? Rest I could not, be put off with the mere form of godliness I could not, for I found every means fail and the low doctrines of no use. I was too deeply sunk in the miry clay of soul-trouble for moderation systems to reach me. I felt that I was not a moderate sinner, therefore I needed something more than a moderate salvation. I needed an atonement, having in it *infinite* power to redeem, to cleanse, to pardon, to swallow up death, and to overcome all adverse powers. Such is the great atonement of our incarnate God, an atonement which has met, does meet, and shall meet and defy sin, death, hell, and the grave; an atonement which overcomes the enmity of the carnal mind, together with all the darkness, bondage, temptations, falls, fears, tribulations, and enemies of the children of God; an atonement by which God the Father appears in the sweet harmony of all the perfections of his nature, honouring the great atonement of his dear Son, by sending those for whom this atonement was made out of the pit wherein is no water, drawing them to the Saviour, manifesting forgiving mercy and endearing love, lifting upon them the light of his countenance, thus showing that he is *well* pleased with us in Christ, and in this, his good pleasure, there is no variability, neither *shadow* of turning." (pp. 29, 30.)

"Previously to my deliverance I was miserable to the last degree. Duty-faith, duty-love, duty-repentance, rounds of formalities, universal offers, the dead letter doctrines of free-willism and low Calvinism were all husks to me. Fain, indeed, would I have filled my belly with these husks, which the swine eat with pleasure, while my language was, 'I perish with hunger, and no man giveth unto me.' I was therefore compelled to arise, for I needed what these did not, could not bring. I felt that I was weakness itself, that I was as vile as it was possible for a creature to be. There I was, without even a fig leaf to cover me, without a mite towards the payment of the mighty debt, without one reason to assign why I should not be lost, without a good thought, good word, or good work. But the day of salvation was not far off. I had before been told by men that 'now is the day of salvation.' 'Yes,' said I, 'it is no doubt the day of salvation *with some*; it was the day of salvation *with those* to whom the apostle said, *Now is the day of salvation*;' but with *me* it was the day, not of salvation, but of condemnation. To tell me, while I was in that state, that with *me* it was the day of salvation, was like trying to persuade the sick man that he is in health, or the double-ironed prisoner that he is not in bondage, or the debtor that he owes nothing, or the blind that he can see, or the deaf that he can hear, or the dumb that he can speak, or the totally paralysed that he can walk, and work, and leap like the hart upon the mountains. It is true that conviction of sin and living desire after God are evidences that the good work is begun, but there must be the experience of forgiving mercy before any real resting in the Lord can be enjoyed. When the desire cometh it is indeed a tree of life; then is the day of salvation; then saving health, holy liberty, and royal release are known and felt; then the eyes that see are not dim, the ear listens with delight, the tongue moves with joy, the previously paralyzed mind works, and walks, and glories in the way of gospel commandments." (pp. 35—37.)

"On returning home from my work one evening, much cast down, melancholy, and miserable, weary in body, and worn out in mind with soul-trouble, I went and laid down on the bed, and thought of the awful state I was in, as being without hope and without God in the world, and that my portion at last would be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; that I was reserved in the chain of my sins unto the judgment of the last day; that I should then sink to endless woe to rise no more. After reflecting a while in these gloomy regions of almost black despair, I arose from the bed and went to the Bible, with no more thought of finding mercy than of being king of England. However, I opened it, and began to read the 54th chapter of Isaiah, until I came to the 8th verse, which reads thus; 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.' These words, as I read them, came with such power that they filled me with astonishment, overwhelmed me with wonder, and caused me to exclaim, 'What meaneth this?' I found my guilt depart, darkness passed away, fears were removed, my heart enlarged, my mind released, my feelings changed,

my soul delivered, and all my powers absorbed in the treasures of the text. I sat and wept, and wondered, and said there was mercy for me after all; that Jesus was certainly my Redeemer; that he shed his blood for me; that he wrought out and brought in everlasting righteousness for me. I read the text again and again, and still it remained mighty to my soul, put the enemy under my feet, put my trouble far away, and with its precious contents filled my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Again I looked and wept, and wondered, and could hardly believe such a treasure could be mine; and then again the text would come, 'With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.' This again would make me say, 'It certainly is mine, even mine.' 'Then,' said I to myself, 'I shall never leave off rejoicing; no, never; now I am happy for ever.' I was thus brought into a new world; old things were passed away, and all things were become new; the truths which I had seen afar off were now brought nigh, and made unto me spirit and life. The God at whose name I had trembled was now all my delight, all my salvation, and all my desire; he was now near and dear to me." (pp. 38, 39.)

*Exhortations and Duty in its (their) own Place.* By William Tant, Minister of the Gospel, Little Stonham, Suffolk.—London: E. Palmer, Paternoster-Row. Price 6d.

The author of this tract has, we understand, been much persecuted by the duty-faith men who so abound in Suffolk, and, as we learn from his own statement at the end of this little work, has been turned out of the chapel at Little Stonham, because his preaching is at variance with a principle in the trust deed, that "the moral law is a rule of life and conduct to all believers." He appears, then, to have published the above tract in vindication of his sentiments; and we must say that he has, for the most part, done so in a very able way, and has approved himself to be a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

We do not know that we differ from him except in one point. He seems to hold that the creature duties of believers, springing from their relationships of husbands, parents, &c., are utterly distinct from their gospel privileges, as is evident from the following extracts:

"In consequence, therefore, of our creatureship, we have in the New Testament a variety of directions given relative to the body, and to the circumstances of natural life, which may be scripturally called duties. Be it then observed, that these duties have no hand in any matter pertaining to everlasting salvation. The difference between them (that is, between creature duties) and spiritual religion, is fully set forth when the pharisees tempted our Lord, by asking him, 'Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?' He said unto them, 'Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he said unto them, whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things which are God's.' (Matt. xxii. 15—21.) Herein, I say, lies the distinction between creature duties and spiritual religion. What is the image and superscription of our creature circumstances? Are we subjects? then our duty is to 'honour the king.' Are we fathers? then our duty is to 'provoke not our children to anger, lest they be discouraged.' Are we husbands? then our duty is 'not to be bitter against our wives.' Are we wives? then our duty is 'to submit ourselves to our own husbands as it is fit in the Lord.' Are we children? then our duty is to 'obey our parents.' Are we servants? then our duty is to 'obey in all things our masters, according to the flesh.' Are we masters? then our duty is to 'do the same things to them, forbearing threatening.' In short, to 'do good to all men, but especially to the household of faith; to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men; to 'admonish one another; to 'withdraw from every brother that walketh disorderly;



'not to forget the assembling of ourselves together;' to 'use hospitality;' to 'minister carnal things to those who minister spiritual things;' (Rom. xv. 27;) to 'have all things done with decency and in order;' and, 'if it be possible, as much as lieth in us, to live peaceably with all men;' with many more similar precepts, are duties binding upon the children of God, as the children of God, while in the flesh, and because they are in the flesh. And Christ teaches us, when we have done all these external things that are commanded us, we are to confess 'we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do.' (Luke xvii. 10.)

"The creature duties of the children of God, and their new creation privileges, are infinitely distinct. Their being so often blended in the writings of the apostles, does not at all prove that they are one and the same thing; but he who studies to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, will find that the opening up of the distinction between the two is one important part of his ministry.

"To show the great difference between creature duties and gospel privileges, let the reader notice the three following passages: 'That ye study to be quiet, and mind your own business, and work with your own hands;' (1 Thess. iv. 11;) 'Not slothful in business;' (Rom. xii. 11;) 'Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates.' (Titus iii. 1.) And then compare them with the three following: 'Fervent in spirit;' (Rom. xii. 11;) 'Grow in grace;' (2 Peter iii. 18;) "Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you.' (1 Peter v. 7.)

"The three first are creature duties; the three last are gospel privileges. The three first can be done without grace; the three last cannot be done but as 'God works in us to will and to do, according to his good pleasure.' "

Now, admitting that there are certain duties binding upon believers as creatures, and springing out of certain relationships, as husband, parent, master, &c., still it seems evident that these are in the New Testament enforced upon gospel grounds. Husbands are exhorted to love their wives, and wives to be obedient to their husbands, not as *creatures*, but as *believers*. For instance, Paul says, (Eph. v. 25,) "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." On what ground does the apostle here exhort believing husbands to love their wives? Not to fulfil the moral law, as the law-men teach; nor to perform their duty as creatures, as Mr. Tant would imply; but as believers in Him who loved the church, and gave himself up for it. Had they no faith in, nor knowledge of Christ's love, there would be no force in the exhortation. So wives are exhorted to "submit themselves unto their own husbands, *as unto the Lord*." (Eph. v. 22.) On what ground is this submission of the wife enforced? Not on law grounds, for the law says nothing of Jesus Christ, who is meant by the Lord here; nor on grounds of creature relationship; but on the ground of the church's spiritual obedience to Christ, as is plain from what follows; "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church, and he is the Saviour of the body; therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." Why do believing wives owe obedience to their husbands?—merely because they occupy a certain creature relationship? No; but because the church owes obedience to Christ; and the husband being the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church, so the wife owes the husband a spiritual obedience. Now, surely this is a very different thing from a mere creature relationship, and is enforced on far higher grounds. So believers are exhorted, (Eph. iv. 25,) to "put away lying, and to speak every man truth with his neighbour;" not on the grounds of the creature relation of neighbourship, but as "members one of another." So servants are exhorted to be "obedient to their masters, as unto Christ." (Eph. vi. 5.) The

obedience of a believing servant is enforced not upon legal grounds, nor yet on the relative situation he occupies as a circumstance of time, but as flowing from a higher motive, viz., his obedience to Christ. To say that all our conduct in the various relations of life is to spring from our occupying certain positions as creatures, is to lower the gospel as productive of external fruits. To show affection to his wife is incumbent on a believer, not merely because he is her husband, but because he is a believer. And if it be said that he has no power to do this without the Blessed Spirit's operation, no more has he power to pray, believe, rejoice, or fight the good fight of faith, without the same Spirit working in him to will and to do of his good pleasure. So that we would place exhortations to conduct on the same footing as exhortations to watch, and pray, and perform spiritual actions. Had Mr. Tant shown the union of gospel conduct with gospel privileges, and the connection of both with the work of the Blessed Spirit in the soul, we think he would have produced an unexceptionable work. As it is, he has laid himself open to the attacks of men who will not spare him on account of his bold defence of the gospel. We much like his observations on the use of exhortations; and though we cannot always agree with his passing interpretations of the Scriptures that he quotes, yet can conscientiously recommend his little work to the notice of those who feel an interest in the subject. We close with an extract which we think will give a favourable idea of the work:

"The man who possesses spiritual life possesses spiritual faith, for they both flow from the same fountain at the same time. The life of a heaven-born soul is not a life of reason, but a life of faith. Reason will deny that which faith credits, and reject that which faith receives. It may be asked, what is it a quickened sinner believes before he is brought to feel his interest in Christ Jesus? I answer, he believes that there is a God, and that God is holy, just, and good; he believes that himself is unholy, imperfect, and bad; he believes that God cannot but banish him to the lowest hell, unless he possesses holiness, perfection, and righteousness. God is therefore to him in his conscience a consuming fire, burning with convictions, terrors, and fears. In vain he endeavours to quench this fire with the snow-water (Job ix. 30) of reformation, prayer sayings, and rounds of duties: he feels the fire burn within fiercer and hotter; for God purges his Jerusalem with the spirit of judgment and the spirit of burning. (Isaiah iv. 4.) In consequence of which purging, the branch puts forth more fruit; namely, self-loathing and self-reunciation. Faith, therefore, in this stage of the divine life, is a gracious persuasion of the exceeding sinfulness of sin—of the majesty and holiness of God—of the spirituality and extent of the law of God—of the insufficiency of all creature righteousness to bring it near to God, and of the distance of the soul from God. The soul labour, pangs of conscience, and apprehensive fears known more or less by every heaven-taught child of grace, form a principal part of that "all diligence" mentioned by the apostle (2 Peter i. 5) by which a purging is kept up in the possessor, and he is made to "offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." (Mal. iii. 3.) For as the sap of the living vine supplies his needs, he adds to his faith the virtue of Jesus' blood, which removes guilt, heals the conscience, silences fear, banishes terror, and brings in peace; to virtue he adds knowledge of his pardon, justification, election and adoption; to knowledge temperance in the truth, being strengthened, fixed, and settled in the doctrines of sovereign grace, by the inflowings of their sweetness and efficacy; to temperance patience, in bearing reproach and scorn for truth's sake; to temperance godliness, in the fuller development of its mystery, promise, and power; to godliness, brotherly kindness to the people of God and ministers of truth; to brotherly kindness charity, that is, spiritual affection to, spiritual sympathy for, and spiritual fellowship with those in whom he discovers the mark of truth. (Ezek. ix. 9.) By these things abounding in the man of God by the power of the Spirit, he is enabled to "mortify his members which are upon the earth," that is, which are continually

craving after earthly things. The more spiritual sap from the vine, the more spiritual strength in the branches; and the more the purging work of God is carried on in the soul, the more do the branches bear fruit; and the more the fruit abounds, the more we are qualified to mortify the fleshly and corrupt propensities of our hearts."

## POETRY.

### THE KING IS MERCIFUL.

1 Kings xx. 31.

Lord, I'm oppress'd, O undertake The cause of my poor soul; My spirit sinks; my heart doth ache; O make the wounded whole.	And if I'm saved, I know quite well 'Tis by thee who wast cursed. With halter round my neck, O Lord, I come, quite poor and blind: The King of Israel, I've heard, Is merciful and kind.
My sins lie gnawing at my heart; My spirit finds no rest, Until my Saviour takes my part, And draws me to his breast.	Lord, here I wait; Lord, here I stand; Now ope thine eyes and see; Though I deserve thy vengeful hand, Thy Son hung on a tree.
Thy pity, Lord, in days gone by, Emboldens me to plead; O, save me, Lord! or else I die With curses on my head.	The King of Glory turn'd his eye On my distorted face, With rope around my neck to die, In this sad helpless case.
Jesus, I plead thy righteousness, Thy blood, and gaping wounds, When thou didst die, in lieu of me, With sighs, and tears, and groans.	On me he fix'd his loving eye, As if he saw no other,— "O no, O no, he shall not die; Alas! 'he is my brother!'"
Of sinners in and out of hell, I think there can't be worse; April 17, 1840.	A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

### THE CONDEMNED SINNER PLEADING FOR MERCY.

Great God! with pitying eye look down Upon a rebel doom'd to die, Who trembles at thy awful frown; In mercy hear his mournful cry.	And vengeance did his soul pursue, Beneath the Father's angry frown.
A sinner self-condemned I groan, And lay me prostrate at thy feet; I bow before thine awful throne, And wait beneath thy mercy-seat.	The travail of his righteous soul, When on the cross he bled and died, Made filthy, leprous sinners whole, And ope'd a shelter in his side.
Self-lost I stand before thee now, And own thy judgments all are just; In solemn silence I would bow, And in thy mercy humbly trust.	A sinner burden'd, Lord, I am, Beset with unbelief and fears, Relying on the slaughter'd Lamb, Who all his people's burdens bears.
A sinner naked, Lord, I look To thee for righteousness divine; To thee, who all my sorrows took; In mercy say, "Fear not; I'm thine."	A sinner needing mercy, Lord, On thee for mercy I rely; In thee all blessings richly stored, Who rules and reigns above the sky.
A sinner hungry, Lord, I long To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood, To shout aloud, "Christ is my song," Who stemm'd the Father's tide and flood	My sin-sick soul would gladly come And cast her burdens all on thee, On thee, who art thy people's home, Whose mercy's sovereign, rich, and free.
Of wrath, which was the sinner's due, When justice pour'd its curses down, Trowbridge, 1840.	Lord, suit thy mercy to my case, And I will all the glory give To free, electing, sovereign grace, Which bids the dying sinner live.

ONCE AN ATHEIST.

## THE TRUE WAY.

"This is the way; walk ye in it."

Bow down thine ear, most gracious Lord, You I would ask, without delay,  
 And hear my cry; thine aid afford; To tell my soul, Is this the way?  
 Perplex'd in mind from day to day, Show me some token, Lord, for good,  
 O tell me, Lord, is this the way? That I've an interest in thy blood;  
 Faint is my love; my joys are few; Ignorant and blind, I fear to say,  
 The cloud so dark, I can't look through; But fain would hope it is the way.  
 Corruptions fill me with dismay; Holy Spirit, do thou appear;  
 Trembling, I ask, Is this the way? Thy still small voice now let me hear.  
 Sometimes a little light appears, "Tis thus I teach from day to day,  
 Which scatters all my num'rous fears; That thou may'st know it is the way;"  
 But soon, alas! I see no ray, O wilt thou, then, thus speak to me,  
 And, sighing, ask, Is this the way? And give me peace and liberty?  
 O ye that tread the heav'nly road, I'll then rejoice, though all say, Nay,  
 And know the chast'ning hand of God, And humbly cry, It is the way.

Oakham.

T. COPELAND.

## YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

What numbers in this world we find The mighty power of God alone  
 At ease while here they stay, Can the great work perform,  
 Put future things quite out of mind, To break and melt these hearts of stone,  
 Till death sweeps them away. And cause for sin to mourn.  
 Others, in a religious dress, But if he pard'ning grace bestow,  
 Suppose their heav'n secure, Through Jesus' precious blood,  
 Know nothing of Christ's righteousness, Then tears of true repentance flow  
 Nor of his saving power. In gratitude to God.  
 And some can with their judgment trace May it then be our great concern  
 The doctrines of his love, His pard'ning love to know,  
 Yet destitute of saving grace More of his secret will to learn  
 By their deportment prove. While here we dwell below.  
 But we are taught this truth to know, This precious love will live, and sing,  
 Which some treat with disdain— When we from earth remove,  
 Before a soul to heav'n can go In praises due to Christ our King,  
 It must be born again. When landed safe above.

Dunham, Cheshire.

S. K.

## CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE.

Ye souls that are doubting, No comfort nor cordials  
 In fearful dismay, Which men can invent,  
 With sins too tormented, Can heal the soul wounded,  
 By night and by day; Or ease his complaint.  
 Sore plagued, and sore hunted, He goes to physicians,  
 With what lurks within, And tells them his case,  
 The flesh and the devil, In hopes that their wisdom  
 Ye groan out, "Unclean." May give him release;  
 More vile than the vilest, But alas! in the sequel,  
 Of sinners the worst, He finds medicines vain;  
 Condemn'd and convicted, They but rankle within,  
 By the law we are curst: And add to the pain.  
 'Tis this we inherit How great is the folly!  
 By Adam's sad fall; Away goes our soul,  
 Boast not then of merit, To find out a way  
 For sin's poison'd all. To make ourselves whole!  
 Beneath its infection But such is the nature  
 The lepers do moan; Of the sickness within,  
 Its sores and its ulcers No man has the wisdom  
 Cause many a groan: To make himself clean.

Boast not then of power,  
 Ye mortals below;  
 For all vain pretensions  
 God will overboard throw.  
 This I can avouch;  
 'Tis my pleasure to tell,  
 Alone, by free grace,  
 He saves us from hell.  
 He saves us from hell!  
 How deep is the thought!  
 By omnipotent power  
 To him we are brought;  
 He leads us within,  
 That our sins we may know;  
 All our strong resolutions  
 He doth overthrow.  
 By his sovereign mercy,  
 I thus have been brought;  
 The price that redeems us—  
 By blood are we bought:  
 Nought else could release us;  
 He came to obey;  
 All the sins that are in us,  
 He has clean wash'd away.

London, 1840.

Stand astonish'd, my soul!  
 O wonder and gaze  
 At love so amazing!  
 How deep are his ways!  
 Though black and all filthy,  
 With joy let me tell,  
 He saves sinners guilty,  
 Though blacker than hell.  
 That fountain is opened,  
 How full doth it flow!  
 It runs in wide channels,  
 'Tis well thus to know:  
 So full and so freely  
 To us it abounds,  
 Thy sins, though much thought of,  
 Can never be found.  
 Rejoice, then, my brother,  
 In salvation so free,  
 Which runs in this channel  
 Of mercy to thee:  
 Though thou, in thyself,  
 Art utterly lost,  
 Remember, he points thee  
 To Calvary's cross.

MOSES G—

#### ACCIDENT TO MR. GADSBY.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the accident which has befallen our dear and aged friend Gadsby; but, as many may not have heard of it, and as reports lose nothing in their travels, we feel inclined to give the particulars, which may have the effect of preventing the matter being made worse than it really is. While walking in his garden on the morning of the 14th September, his foot slipped, and he fell, and by the fall, we are grieved to say, his right leg was broken just at the ankle. He was immediately helped into the house, and medical assistance procured; and, at the time of our going to press, was doing as well as can be expected. He has travelled thousands and thousands of miles to preach the gospel, and has invariably been mercifully preserved from any serious accident; and yet, while in his own garden, the dear Lord has seen fit to suffer that to befall him which we fear will confine him to the house for many weeks. He desires us, through this notice, to give his love to his friends, and to assure them that as yet he feels fully persuaded that the Lord means the affliction for good, and that he cannot murmur against his sovereign dispensations. He knows that his Master is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, but he does not know how long he may be favoured to remain in this sensible frame of mind, as he feels himself to be a poor fickle creature. He trusts that it may be impressed on the hearts of his friends to remember him at the throne of grace, that he may be kept submissive to the will of the Lord, with his mind steadfastly stayed on his God. And we trust that it may be impressed on his mind, when he is able to sit up, to commit to paper some account of the Lord's dealings with him, both in providence and grace. Indeed, we cannot help believing he is made prisoner for the purpose. Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim's Progress while in prison.

#### A BEGGING IMPOSTER.

A person, apparently about fifty years of age, of the ordinary stature, and his hair turning grey, has lately been going about the country begging, representing himself as a member with Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale. Now our friend Kershaw wishes us to say that this man is an imposter, as they have no such person a member with them. We feel it to be our duty to apprise our friends hereof, as we shall also of all similar cases that may come to our knowledge.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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SEPARATING GRACE.

My dear Friend,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. Ministers need encouragement in the midst of their trials, persecutions, and oppositions; for as they are often tried in their own minds about their eternal standing, so they are also tried as to whether the word has been really applied with power to the hearts of their hearers. When the Lord bears testimony to our souls, or to the word of his grace by us, Satan soon makes an attack, or our evil hearts rise up with sin and unbelief to bring every token of good into question; and, I believe, when the Lord is blessing his word, Satan will raise up Shimeis' curse; and where good is done, opposition and sneers will be manifested by the Hagar race. But if this were not the case, the Scripture would not be fulfilled; for as we are all by nature alike, something must be done to separate and distinguish God's people from the mere professors and worldlings. So the Lord in mercy convinces his people of their sins, and of the various errors of their supposed right religion; and when the repentance is so deep and lasting as to cause them to relinquish their connexion with dead professors, and to be separate, as changed characters, from their old worldly companions, they are then sure to have a cross to bear, and to be derided as fools and fanatics. It is the power of God which causes the separation. Honesty in confession, and faithfulness in contending decidedly for the truths experienced in the soul, will ever be hated and despised by a world lying in wickedness; and all whom the Lord has called to follow him in the path of tribulation shall find that they need all the afflictions, trials, and difficulties that the Lord is pleased to try them with. I know, from experience, that the soul is never so alive and prosperous as in a fire, and never so dead and cold as when at ease, unplagued, unchastened, and without

a cross. But the soul is not long in this state; for we wander and go astray, build castles in the air, contract fresh guilt upon the conscience by worldly conformity self-seeking and our besetting lusts, till we receive again in mercy chastisements from the Lord, wherein he blessedly proves the truth of his word and promise; "I will visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes; nevertheless, my faithfulness shall not fail." O what a mercy it is, that we are not allowed to have our own way and will! for we should always have hard, dark, and unfeeling hearts. As it was in times past, so it is now; for when God sent them their hearts' desire, he sent leanness withal into their souls. What a mercy it is to be kept from self-seeking, and from eagerly following all such vanities as the world calls good and great! A child of God, with all his desires for such things, is checked with a view and consideration that those things which are highly prized amongst men are an abomination in the sight of God, and, through the grace of God, he is willing to sacrifice the friendship of the world for the love of God, and his creature comforts for spiritual consolations; and in his right mind he blesses God that he has made him to differ from those who are having their portion in this life, and who have no earnest desires for an experimental testimony of their interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. Although we may speak of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and of the glory and blessedness of eternal things, it is God's power alone that causes us to feel in any measure the wonderful difference. If there be real religion, there will be an experience of the humbling effects of grace. The blessed Spirit will convince of sin, and will lay the poor sinner low, trembling at God's judgments, well knowing that he deserves hell; and when an apprehension of eternal misery seizes the soul, such a change takes place as makes the poor sinner view everything with different eyes, and a sense of God's pardoning love and mercy is so prized in his mind, that he is content to be called a fool for preferring it before worldly riches and honours. Nevertheless, old nature is old nature still, and will ever be looking after idols, and wanting the sweets of this life, so crosses, trials, and afflictions are needed to check and restrain these evil workings; for under the various trials of real faith, faith works wonders, for it fights the devil, overcomes the world, purifies the heart, and brings home sweet promises to encourage the poor soul to hold on in the midst of all the afflictions and tribulations which must be passed through to glory. Whoever therefore obtains precious faith with Peter, and loves Christ and delights in him, must buy this gold tried in the fire, for such blessings and mercies flow to the soul in no other way; and whoever has experienced such a call by grace, has the fear of God in his soul, which will cause him to depart from iniquity. The secret of the Lord is really with him, and he will surely show him his covenant of grace, "ordered in all things, and sure." If good be done, troubles will arise as well as difficulties; but it is by "patient continuance" in well doing that grace is manifested.

Yours affectionately,

Abingdon, Sept. 1, 1840.

W. T.

## A WORD TO MR. TIPTAFT.

Dear Sirs,—Will you have the goodness to insert the following lines for Mr. Tiptaft through your *Gospel Standard*?

Dearly beloved Friend for the truth's sake,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee.

In your letter, which I saw in the *Standard* for June, you speak of the sad state of your health, which I am truly sorry to hear of. If it be the will of God, I could wish you good health, both in body and soul, and many years' labour in God's vineyard, with thousands of seals to your ministry, and then go home like a shock of corn fully ripe. In your letter you say that you cannot preach more than once on a Lord's day. I should be very glad if it were the Lord's will that I could hear you once a month, especially if I could hear you with the same comfort that I experienced the first time you preached at Bath. You appear, from what is stated in your letter, to have great searchings of heart respecting your ministry; but whatever fears you may have upon the subject, I have none. I believe that you are one of those aliens spoken of by the prophet Isaiah; one of Zion's ploughmen and vine dressers; that you are an ox to tread out the corn, and to feed God's elect with the finest of the wheat; that you are one of those good householders who bring out of the treasure of the heart things new and old. I believe that the things which you bring forth are waters from your own fountain, and not stolen waters. I believe that you have chosen "to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," because the root of the matter is in you. I feel convinced that you can sing, at times, with the Spirit and with the understanding also;

"Blessed are they whose guilt is gone;  
Whose sins are wash'd away with blood;  
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone;  
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God."

I pray that the right hand of the Lord may do valiantly for you, and that you may not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. Though the Lord may sorely chasten you, I pray, if it be his blessed will, that he will not give you over unto death; but if he should be pleased so to deal with you, I would say with the psalmist, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

In your letter you say that you are glad at the wide circulation of the *Gospel Standard*. I am of one spirit with you in this respect. I pray that God's elect may continue to speak often one to another through the *Standard*; for I am persuaded that that little work has often been to many of God's elect as face answering to face in a glass, and as iron sharpening iron, and that it does help many a poor doubting soul to hope in God's mercy through Christ, when, in their feelings, they were just ready to cast away their confidence.

I have taken the liberty to say a few words to my dear friend respecting himself; but what shall I say to him respecting myself? Why, say that I deserve to be banished from the presence of the



Lord, and from the glory of his power; deserve to be made a spectacle to men, to angels, and to devils, for my sins and for my wickedness against the Lord. If salvation was not of grace, if salvation was not of the Lord, there could not be the least ground of hope for me. Yet, though my house be not with God as I could wish, I can at times sing with Dr. Watts;

“The gospel bears my spirit up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation of my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

And I am so astonished sometimes at the mercy of God in Christ to me, that my poor old sunken eyes seem ready to start out of my head with wonder, to think that ever such a sinful, polluted, hell-deserving wretch as I should not only escape the damnation of hell, but should also be brought into the bond of an everlasting covenant, and be made an heir of God, and joint heir with our Lord Jesus Christ. The blessing appears so great, that at times it almost genders unbelief;

“That worms of earth should ever be  
One with incarnate Deity.”

I remain, thine for the best of reasons, in the best of bonds,

Bath, June, 1840.

T. C.

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### REASON BAFFLED.

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Dear Brother in the bowels of the once-slaughtered, but now exalted Christ,—I received your kind letter, and thank you for all favours. What a divine mercy it is that the Lord reigns; and, bless his dear name, he can make no mistake! so that whatever crosses or afflictions he sends to, or suffers to come upon his people, they are all subject to his sovereign control, and must, in the end, work for their good. Flesh and blood often say, “How can this be?” I have long proved that I have no business to meddle with the *hows*, *whys*, and *wherefores*; but God knows, my brother, fools will be meddling; and, in very deed, I am one of these fools, and very often both call myself and feel myself one of the greatest fools in the world; and, strange to say, I start at meddling with the *whys* and *wherefores* again directly: so that, of all fools, I appear to be one of the most strange, outrageous fools living; yet, strange to say, my dear Lord has often proved the truth of what he declared to my soul and sealed upon my heart when he first put me in the ministry, viz., “I have chosen the foolish things to confound the wise.” Never shall I totally forget that solemn sealing-time. And since then I have proved, thousands of times, that the Lord’s wisdom has been made perfect in my foolishness, and his strength in my weakness. Honours crown his brow! he never forgets his promised grace, nor lets us quite forget him. Talk of man’s free will and creature merit in matters of eternity! what hateful lumber it is! But, my brother, how immortally glorious it is for a poor soul like me, by the matchless grace of God, to be solemnly baptized or plunged into the love and blood of the God-Man Christ, there to bathe in the matchless grace of a

Three-One God, and, at the same time, gaze upon the majestic glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ! O how my soul, at such moments, longs to bathe and gaze, and gaze and bathe, till I die! But this must not be the case. I must be dragged again into tribulation, in order to meet the case of some poor, tortured child of God, and again prove that grace (God's rich, free grace) is sufficient for me, and that grace shall reign.

Trade here is worse and worse. Thousands are in the deepest distress. We have appointed the first Lord's day in the year for collections for our own poor. I have been looking over the use I have been enabled to make of your former kindness, for which I thank you. Many a widow's heart has been made glad therewith. But, to prove that I have not disposed of it in a wasteful way, I find that I have given it away at 143 times, as I put down the sums; so you will see that I have done the best I could with your kindness.

Give my love to your spouse and family and all friends. The God of peace and truth bless you in your own soul, is the prayer of yours in the Lord,

Manchester, Dec. 16, 1839.

W. G.

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### LOVE AND PATIENCE.

My dear Sister in the Lord,—I was glad to hear that the Lord had so far strengthened you. The number of your days were not accomplished; and though you thought that you had arrived at the end of your journey, yet the infinitely wise and gracious King of Zion, in whose hand is your life, had designed your continuance in the wilderness for wise and holy purposes. You live, my dear sister, for God's glory. If this consideration dwell upon your mind, you will be reconciled to all the thorns, anxieties, and afflictions, of this life. Should you be in the furnace, there God would have you to be; should you be the subject of horrible and fearful temptations, so God would have it; should waves of trouble overwhelm you, so God would have it. It is for his own glory, and it is for your real good. There is a *needs-be* for the trial of faith; and that faith which will not endure the hottest fires, is not of God. You will perceive, in meditating upon the conduct of holy men of old, that their faith was brightest when their trials were most severe; and that there was more unbelief among them in calm and fair weather than there was in tempests and in storms. This always has been and is the case with saints. Professors of the name of Christ, in our days, have a very easy and comfortable path; they fancy themselves his disciples without taking up the cross, though he has said plainly that a man cannot be his disciple unless he take up his cross. But it matters not how clearly the words of our Lord are recorded. Satan has found out a way, a smooth, easy, pretty way, with enchanting prospects and charming scenery,—it is not the old, narrow way, rugged and difficult, over hills and deserts, intersected with thorns, and infested with banditti and beasts of prey, which abound in the neighbourhood; but it is a fine, broad road,—where there are multitudes of cheerful,

gay, merry-making company. They have music all the way; and when they get a little melancholy, (as most of them do towards the close of the journey,) they are still charmed with the conversation of their healthy companions; with fine prospects before them, and good opinions behind them; with services done, regular attendance on places of worship, activity in collecting for the Bible and missionary societies, and anxiety for the prosperity of Sunday schools. A nice prop this to suit Satan's purpose! But woe to those who are so deluded as to trust in it. I have heard that mariners at sea sometimes discover what is called a sleeping fog, which appears to them like a bank of land. They steer towards it with joy, in the hope of finding a port. As they approach, they find themselves miserably deceived, and are frequently lost. I fear the fine prospect before most of the religious professors of the day, is but a sleeping fog. O my dear sister, how ought we to adore that gracious God, who hath, out of the sovereignty of his will, opened our eyes in some measure to the delusions and snares of the wicked one, and led us to walk with the few in the good old way, which terminates in eternal life. May the Lord direct your heart into the love of God and into the patient waiting for Jesus Christ! I cannot pray for your spiritual welfare in any words more suitable than those dictated by the Spirit, which I have just repeated. They came suddenly into my mind, and immediately I recorded them on this paper. If I have to make any comment on them, I would say, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may never be suffered to fall under the guidance of man, and that the Lord may direct your heart. Paul gloried that he received not his gospel from man, but that he was taught it by revelation of Jesus Christ. You, I know, read the Bible; continue to read it; it is a record of God's words. Receive nothing from men's books nor from men's mouths, unless they speak as the oracles of God, for then only do they speak not of themselves, but God speaketh by them. Neither Christ nor the Holy Ghost, in their instructions to the church, speak of themselves. How blasphemous must it then be for mortal man to speak of himself. You will see Christ's own declaration upon the subject, (John xiv. 10;) "The words I speak unto you I speak not of myself," &c.; (See also John vii. 17, 18; viii. 26—29; xvii. 8;) and our Lord expressly described the character of the teaching of the Spirit of truth in these words; "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak." Consider what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things—the Lord direct your heart into the love of God. I neither wish you ease nor wealth, but pray that you may be by God directed into the love of God. I feel that if I offer any further comment upon these words, I shall be drawing a veil over them. Therefore I leave them; for what can mortals say of that which is higher than all their thoughts, deeper than all their thoughts, broader than all their thoughts, and longer than all their thoughts? Its dimensions can neither be measured nor fathomed; and therefore I leave the subject, praying that you may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be directed also into the pa-

tient waiting for Jesus Christ. In these last days there are scoffers saying, "Where is the promise of his coming?" as if there were no promise that Jesus shall come and break up the Gentile dispensation as surely as he broke up the Jewish dispensation. The judgments which fell upon the apostate Jewish church, are a foreshowing and pledge that he will as assuredly pour out his fury upon the apostate Gentile church. God is now mixing the cup of his fury and indignation. The Gentile nations are quickly filling up the measure of iniquity. Now does it touch the brim and will soon overflow, at which crisis the last trump shall be blown. Five have already sounded, the sixth is now sounding, and the last shall burst upon the ears of men in the twinkling of an eye. Then shall those who sleep in Jesus be raised, and we who are alive and remain in him shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord our God. The Lord direct your heart into the patient waiting for Jesus Christ. He that *shall come will come*, and will not tarry; for the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness. I have been lately like a man looking at a fig tree, who, seeing the buds upon the boughs, saith, "Behold the summer is near." Upon looking at the signs of the last times I perceive, that what God had declared should be before his coming, is now actually in existence, by which I do know that the time is at hand. This is by no means a gloomy subject, but the reverse, to us who are called; for, saith our Lord, "When these things begin to come to pass, then *look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.*" "He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Wolverhampton, Dec. 22, 1828.

J. J.

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### HEART EXPERIENCE.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and in answer beg to say, that I am to be at Gower-street, London, (God willing,) the four Lord's days in July. I hope you will not think that I want to be singular, or am looking for any human smiles, in not writing to you my engagements for insertion in the *Standard*. I can assure you, I have so much to do, that I very seldom think of it; so much of my time is taken up with my devilish, carnal self, that I am ashamed to put pen to paper. O for grace and strength every moment to support, strengthen, guide, and deliver! Never did I feel so much need of the holy Comforter as I do now. O the vast depth of the hidden mystery of iniquity within! I never could have thought it was any thing like what it is. Truly it is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can get to the bottom of it? I sometimes appear to myself nothing but a presumptuous, walking devil; and how can I write to you to publish in the *Standard* that such a wretch is expected to preach at such and such a place, when my very soul at such times is afraid that God is about to make it manifest that I am nothing but a hardened, presumptuous hypocrite, and shall prove an awful apostate at last? These things so clip my

wings, stop my mouth, and paralyze my hand, that I cannot attempt to write; they so blind my eyes, that I can see nothing but misery, corruption, and wretchedness; unjoint me from head to foot, so that I can neither run, walk, nor stand; and dash my courage to pieces, so that I am terrified at my own shadow, and am tossed about like a ball with one puff of the devil. Never, I am confident, was such a wretch, when left to myself; nay, I feel sometimes as if it were impossible that the dear Comforter could ever draw near my poor shipwrecked soul. "Can it be possible, can it be possible," cries my soul, "that ever Thou canst give me another token for good?" At other times I am so carnal, careless, lifeless, stupid, and unfeeling, that I care not for either heaven or hell; God, man, or devil; time or eternity. Then again, I am groaning, sighing, weeping, crying, and calling myself all the vile names that my poor soul can think of, and entreating the dear Lord once more to favour me with his presence and love. Ah, my friend! what a blessing to have the smiles of a covenant God! what a misery to be without them! When in these miserable plights I have read in the *Standard* things that the Lord has blessed to some souls through old John, O how I have shaken like a leaf, and have felt a something in my heart that said, "See how you are deceiving the Lord's people! You are making them believe that you are a godly, honest, humble, spiritual man. Look at yourself!" O how my soul cries from the very bottom, "I am a worm, and not a man; I am a brother to owls and a companion to dragons; I am a sparrow alone upon the house top. God hath smitten my life down to the ground; he has made me to dwell in darkness as those that have been long dead; therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me, my heart is desolate." And sometimes with these very feelings I have to go into the pulpit, trembling, groaning, and sighing, for fear God will make it manifest before all the people what a devil I am. Instead of looking upon the people as being indebted to me, I have felt for them, and pitied them in my very heart that their lot was to sit under such a fool; and I have often wondered, and cannot make it out, how they keep coming, week after week, and how they can so quietly and patiently sit under and hear such a blind bat. The word of our God says; "No man can receive anything except it be given him." It is one thing to read this, and another thing to feel it. "Without me ye can do nothing." It is very easy to tell the people that they can do nothing without Christ, but another thing to be in it by soul experience. Indeed, I sometimes feel as if I must entirely give up preaching, as it appears to me to be impossible to hold on long. But, blessings, and praises, and honours, and glories for ever crown the dear head of my ever adorable Jesus! he comes again to my relief, and shows me his hands, and his feet, and his side. O the killing sight, the humbling sight, the self-loathing sight, that ever the dear Saviour should ever bleed and die for that old worthless wretch, John Warburton! O how my soul bows to his dear feet, and I cannot help exclaiming; "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!" O what a change, my friend, is here! **Darkness turned into light, crooked things all**

made straight in a moment, rough places plain, curses into blessings, groans into songs, weakness into strength. How easy and sweet it is to say with Paul; "Through Christ, which strengtheneth me, I can do all things."

Yours in love and affection,  
Trowbridge, June 16, 1840.

JOHN WARBURTON.

### IMPORTANCE OF ETERNAL ELECTION.

What! election a doctrine to be denied, or sparingly preached, and declared to be of minor importance! As well may we deny the importance of regeneration and redemption, and yet conclude that we are true christians. There is no deliverance from the curse without redemption, and there can be no entering the kingdom of God without being born of God; and no one soul under heaven ever found true rest or full satisfaction until it found its eternal election of God. Election includes everything pertaining to life and godliness; election settles everything; all things, therefore, must be subservient to election. Then let us ask ourselves what we know in our own souls of God's election.

God the Father hath bestowed all spiritual blessings according to election, and that in the infinity of his knowledge and of his love. The elect are loved, soul and body, entirely and eternally, and fixed upon as heirs of God, children of God, who, in the infinity of his knowledge, predestinated all their circumstances; not one trial, not one necessity, not one adverse power, not one word, not one thought could escape his notice. Having fixed his mind on whom he would, he made for them that provision which should supply *all* their needs; he constituted them internally, externally, and eternally complete in his sight. The work of Christ is put in opposition to all that was against them; and, as in this work mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other, it follows, that the perfections of God must be overcome before the purpose of election can in anywise be disannulled. God the Father rests in this his electing love. He is entirely on his children's side. He hath desired them for his habitation, and here he will dwell for ever. God the Father goes on to deal with them as objects of his love and choice, for with him is no variableness nor shadow of turning from election fulness. He follows up this great act. Having for these people prepared a kingdom from the foundation of the world, he will bring them into this kingdom when the foundations of the world are destroyed. This is God the Father in election.

Now let us behold the Saviour in election; for those who are chosen are chosen in him. He was chosen as a Priest; and of him in this character it is written, that he is a Priest after the power of an endless life, and that "by his one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." He was chosen as King in Zion; and of him as King it is written that "his throne is for ever and ever." As a Counsellor he has delivered his people from all law entanglements; as a Surety he has paid off the mighty debt; and as a Mediator he has made and established peace. This is that inheritance which God the Father chose for his children. What think you then of God the Father and of Christ in election?

And now behold the Holy Spirit in election. If it were possible, the very elect would be finally deluded; but being the sons of God, they are to be led by the Spirit of God. He receives of the things of Christ, and shows them to the elect, and thus conforms the objects of choice to

the likeness of Christ. All his saving operations run in the line of election; and, therefore, because they are sons, he is in them a Spirit of wisdom and knowledge, of adoption and liberty.

The true believer stands in the love of God the Father in all the fulness and firmness of electing mercy. Here he is safe. This mercy is in Christ. Election has given him union to, and completeness in Christ. While the Holy Spirit sovereignly and effectually ministers to the soul all the life, light, and liberty which seem good in his sight, yet not one saving mercy could be obtained without election. If we look into human nature, what shall we find but evils innumerable? And what are all creature doings but filthy rags? Here is the creature, inside and out, past, present, and future, in a state of destitution and helplessness. He may exercise his natural powers, and, upon the whole, play his part in this world very well; but whence cometh *supernatural* life, whence cometh salvation, and all the fruits of evidence of interest in that salvation? With what can the creature obtain a place in the book of life? This is the great turning point; for all whose names are not in this book are to be shut out of the kingdom. Just look at the creature, man, look at him on all sides, and then ask the living, the spiritually living christian if he has any hope without election. What man is internally, is stated in a few words, viz., that his heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and who can know it?" Nothing but blackness and darkness here. Now look at his pedigree; and what is it? Why it is this. He sinned in Adam, was conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, born like the wild ass's colt, and has gone astray from the womb speaking lies. Nothing but despair here. What does the law say of this creature? Why, that he is cursed; "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of the whole." "Cursed is he that *continueth not* in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Nothing here but bitterness and woe. Now look at futurity, and see if the creature man has any hope before him. He has before him three circumstances, each one affording not the most distant ray of hope. The first circumstance is death. None can retain the spirit in the day of death. Then comes the judgment, with, "Go, ye cursed." And now comes the bottomless and endless gulf. Here, then, is man, with a nature vile as sin can make it, sin having been with him in all the stages of his existence; the law of God condemning him as a transgressor; the wicked one holding him as his prey; death, judgment, and eternal perdition before him.

Now how in the nature of things can the creature by his own doings contribute one iota towards deliverance? Can anything be done by the creature towards extracting sin from our nature, towards removing the curse of a violated law, or towards evading death and judgment? Let a man be brought to see and *feel* the state which he is in, and he will soon find that the knowledge, the faith, the repentance, and the peace that *accompany salvation* are the gifts of God. What, then, is to be done without election? Without this there is no union to Christ, no interest in Christ, no one blessing from God the Father, no partaking of the Holy Spirit. Without it we lie under the powers of darkness, helpleas, hopeless, and friendless, driven away like autumnal leaves; and our end would indeed be to be burned, yet not consumed. Those who, by the Holy Spirit, are made to feel that they are sinners in *reality*, and are led on to taste that the Lord is gracious; these will say, *Dear election!* this great act gave our souls into the hands of Christ, loaded us with all the bounties of eternal love, made us "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," gave us an interest in the per-

fection of his atonement and righteousness, and in the teachings of the Holy Spirit making everlasting glory sure; not one of which infinitely important mercies could be obtained in any other way. Of what spirit must those be who think to be saved, not only without the great act of eternal election, but in a state of opposition to, and enmity against it. If such get to heaven, then the bible is not true. It is declared, that all whose names were not found written in the book of life were cast into the lake of fire. All whose names are there the Lord Jehovah placed there according to his own good pleasure before the foundation of the world.

Again; of what manner of spirit must those be who say they believe this doctrine, but that it ought to be sparingly preached. Yet in proportion as election is kept back, so are the provisions of God the Father kept back, the honours of the Saviour, and the new covenant relations of the Holy Spirit, together with the ennobling liberty of the children of God. We ask these blind guides why we are to be kept from one of the main branches of the tree of life. It beareth fruit all the year round. Can we have better food, can we be more blessedly employed than sitting under the shadow, while we find his fruit sweet to our taste? Why should we drink sparingly of one of those streams which make glad the city of our God? We are to drink out of the wells of salvation; why then is a stone to be rolled on the mouth of one of these wells? O ye deceived and deceivers, if ever ye had in your souls true hunger and thirst for God, ye would not treat eternal election as ye now do! The man who is taught of God knows that election is one of the paths of righteousness in which he is to walk, one of the lamps of truth in the light of which he is to read his title clear, one of the golden cords which draw him to the Lord, one of the ointments that heal his diseases, one of the brightest beauties of the heavenly King; nor can one doctrine relative to the person, work, and fulness of Christ, be scripturally preached without election. What is the eternal glory of the saints but the purpose of election carried out to the full? The whole goes on and will terminate according to election. There never was a gospel sermon preached where election was not either expressed or implied. It gives a peculiarity of tone to the whole bible, and to every one who is truly humbled and brought to feel the need of a free grace salvation. And although here and there one who knows nothing of the saving power of election may hotly contend for the doctrine, and become a pest and a plague to the children of God, still election is the same; it is neither lowered nor lessened by the conduct of men. To say of the doctrine of election, that because it is abused by some men it is a dangerous doctrine, is as wise as it would be to say, that the gospel altogether is dangerous because men have so perverted it as to make it the means of persecuting and putting thousands to death.

We admit that election is *called* a dangerous doctrine; but we *cannot* admit that it *is* dangerous, for there is *no* safety without it. We admit that Christ is the person who was *called* a wine-bibber, &c.; but we will *not* admit that he was such. We admit that the children of God are the persons who are called Antinomians, but we will *not* admit that they are Antinomians, for they make not void the law, but establish the law. Take away election, and you take away all the glories of Christ, and all the privileges of the children of God; for none but the elect can obtain salvation; consequently, in this way, and in this way only, can all the glory redound to God.

True experience consists, first, in feeling our need of that salvation



which is after the order of eternal election; consequently, longing earnestly after this saving mercy, and then a going on to participate in the blessings of election. When our interest is in any measure realised, this is one of the truths which endear the Saviour, set the affections on things above, separate from the world, and lead into fellowship with God; for so is the promise, "Him that *I have chosen* I will cause to draw near unto me." Election thus becomes a matter of experience and of practice; and to hate, or slight, or make little of election, is impossible. In election there is life, light, and salvation; out of election there is nothing but darkness, death, and condemnation.

London.

JAMES.

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### THE LORD'S POOR.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—May the Lord the Spirit direct your heart into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ; for he will come to receive you and all his redeemed to himself, that where he is both you and they may be also. And this is the will of God concerning you and all his poor and needy ones who are poor in spirit, and who will never cease to be otherwise than poor whilst they are in the body on earth. It was for the sake of his poor and needy ones that He who was rich, yea, unsearchably rich, became poor, that through his poverty they might be made rich. They are so poor in themselves that they have nothing, and yet in Him they possess all things. Their poverty is sometimes so keenly felt that they tremble for fear the Almighty creditor should come and take them, bodies and souls, for bondsmen; for they feel their desert to be the everlasting burnings prepared for the devil and his angels. But He will deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. For he will spare the poor and needy, and will save the souls of the needy. He will redeem their souls from deceit and violence; (and they shall know it by the testimony of his Spirit;) for precious is their blood (their life, or their persons) in his sight.

They are poor, for the Spirit has not only convinced them of sin, but of *unbelief*; and their unbelief, their want of faith in Jesus has made them feel their poverty, so that they are wretched and miserable in themselves. The heart knoweth its *own* bitterness; and, as such, they apprehend their state to be worse and more desperate than others. I remember, some years since, a poor woman, deeply convinced of the *positive* evil of sin, and nearly upon the eve of self-destruction, wandering in the streets of London during a winter's evening, (and a very dreary evening it was, for it rained small rain,) who at last in her deep distress sat down upon the step of a door, and hid her face upon her knees, being quite insensible to the inclemency of the weather. A compassionate man passing by, stopped and aroused her by asking who she was. Her reply entered his heart, for she said, "I am one of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and I expect to be in hell before the morning." Such, indeed, she was in her own eyes, for she was not aware that her name was written in the Lamb's book of life, and that Jesus our Lord came to *seek*, and not only to seek, but to *save* the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and that she was one of them. The wine of consolation was poured into her heart; and she who was wandering in the wilderness in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in, was found of Him who seeks out his sheep, and who will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

But there are some of the Lord's poor whose wood, hay, and stubble having been burned up by the spirit of burning, their righteousness is no longer like the scent of new-made hay, but is become a stink in their nostrils, and as filthy rags in their sight. They are out of love with themselves and all their doings. They feel their prayers to be heartless, and their petition to freeze upon their lips. They have had such a sight of the Holy One of Israel as made Isaiah cry out, "Woe is me, for I am undone! because I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts;" and as made Job say, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Lost to all comfort in themselves, out of love with all their prayers and services, self hateful and sin dreadful, it is no marvel that such should be not only poor, but *beggars on a dunghill*. Yet these are the redeemed of the Lord. For the Lord God humbleth himself to behold, and, in his own time, to raise these poor out of the dust of self-abasement, and to lift up these beggars out of the dunghill of their wretched feelings, to set them with princes, and to make them inherit a throne of glory. Well might that patient sufferer, Job, ask with astonishment, "What is man, that thou shouldst magnify him? and that thou *shouldst set thine heart upon him?* and that thou shouldst visit him every morning, and try him every moment?" To these questions the Scriptures reply, "The *base* things of the world, and things which are *despised*, HATH GOD CHOSEN, that no flesh should glory in his presence; that according as it is written, He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." "Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him!"

Dearly beloved,—Many thanks to thee and to thy dear wife for the kindness shown to a poor worm. May the Captain of the Lord's host awaken thee morning by morning, and bless thee with the spirit of adoption, and keep thee as the apple of his eye. The Lord brought me to my habitation in safety; and I found all at home in health, and, I hope, in peace. My ankles and feet are still swollen. I fear these long journeys are too much for my natural strength. Nevertheless, as I am not my own, it is enough for me if he makes my feet as hinds' feet to preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Please to give my love to your dear mother and sisters, and to all the brethren, that is, all who love our Lord Jesus Christ; and may they have much of his manifested presence, whose smile is heaven, and whose love is from everlasting, from which there is no separation, and to know which, as saints know it, is to find it surpasseth all knowledge; for, like himself, his *love* is infinite. He is the *great* God, and his love is *great*. (Eph. ii. 4; 2 Cor. xiii. 14.) I remain, dearly beloved, yours in the Lord,

Westminster, 1839.

H. S.

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## PERFECTION.

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There is much talk of perfection; and it is to be feared that there is more talk than work, more smoke than fire. As for myself, I never, like the late Mr. Gibbs, of Brighton, could be content until Christ told me with his own lips that he had perfected me; "And he said, the God of our fathers hath chosen *thee*, that thou shouldst see that Just One, and hear the voice of his mouth." (Acts xxii. 14.) "He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." The doctrine of election, or the *first* sanctification of the perfect, used to scare me, and the

softening hand of afflictions drew furrows in my soul (as I humbly hope) for right doctrine to germinate. I have often thought how happy it is for those who have not to work their own way with God alone; but are surrounded with the "cities set on a hill," the saints of the living God; but as for myself, I scarcely knew one (*if* one). I had to travel the paths of learning right doctrine by myself on my knees in prayer to God, with the Bible alone nearly of books spread abroad before my eyes. But there is one advantage if we get our religion not through conduits, but from the Fountain-head, that it is likelier to be *fresh*. And I acknowledge that very much of the religion afloat tastes to my poor spiritual senses rather *rapid*. See, for instance, what pride there is among religious people. Now, I declare that at every fresh inlet of divine light (as I humbly hope) into my poor mind, the Lord at the same time seemed to be ever giving thrusts also at that glazed thing called pride in me. And in one word, I am disposed to measure a man's religion a good deal by his humility; but I know that measure is rather obsolete, and that a new yard-wand is much in vogue. But I must speak of what stands at the head of the paper.

I shall not speak here concerning a law-work and a gospel deliverance, both of them indispensable before we can handle firmly our eternal perfectness in Christ; I shall chiefly speak in this paper of a few swellings of the amazing sea we are launched on by right religion; a few intricacies of the wood we are tangled in through the Spirit's work in the heart; a few of the gunshots from nature and Satan against the new man. Hid in the heart, the new man is of great price; for the roarings of Adam the first, whose fallen image we are by nature, are perpetual, through the offending tongue and in the carnal mind, to grieve this glorious personage. The image of the invisible God, yea, his *express* image, is Christ in the regenerate heart. The barkings, therefore, of the carnal mind, and the tongue "set on fire of hell," are wonderful against the perfect. And who of mortals are the perfect but those interested in Christ without works, who are on the rock of imputation, in an imputed blood and an imputed righteousness, both a free gift without money and without price? But it is a widely different thing to talk of and admire this rock through theory, and to have our feet actually upon it.

Thus, over and above a law-work and a gospel deliverance, there is, thirdly, a gradual development more and more in saints indeed, as related to their perfectness in Christ. Now, I ask you that have been sick and healed, lost and found, do not you find a needs be all through your religion of soldiership? Have you found your perfection in Christ by faith alone, without works, and, therefore, have you sold your sword and musket as no longer necessary? Have you, therefore, as one said, got on the pension-list, and on half-pay, being no longer in service? Now, I declare, ever since I was made perfect in Christ by faith without works, the war has raged the hotter. A pretty perfection! say some of the contemplatists. But a contemplative religion will not do to die by; and if it does to die by, I am certain it will not do to be judged by; for "behold the day cometh, when God shall be as a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap." (Mal. iii. 2.) And I am sure that the earthly paste of an unfighting religion shall be scrubbed off by the Captain of salvation, and by the God of armies.

If, then, firstly, we must be lost by the law, and, secondly, found by the gospel, before we feel perfection in Christ, then, thirdly, I say we shall have to *fight*, in order that the extent of the perfection may be more and more *unriddled* to us.

Thus, James says, "If any (quickened) man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." And Paul says that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings. And are not the soldiers to suffer too? Yes, say some, we suffer while under the law, but when we get delivered under the gospel, we are then discharged from warfare as old half-pay officers, as one said. It is to be feared that there are many theorists on this half-pay; for I (and the wisest people I know) could never find it out yet. How snug it is to be in winter quarters! no gun-shot sounds! no sounding of the great drum for battle! How pretty do some seem of our dry doctrinalists, speaking about sin, the old man, and the inward warfare! O, they are perfect in their *head!* their sin, they sneeringly say, is not their salvation. They like to hear Christ preached, but they do not like to hear the din whizzing about so concerning sin, self, and Satan. They seem to me to look as pretty as an image carved in marble, and as *cold* too. But the brisk vehemence of felt religion would moulder like fire these images of non-warfare christianity to dust, I conceive.

Paul declares he had not apprehended; "But this one thing I do," says he, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize." And "let us, therefore," he adds, "as many as be *perfect*, be thus minded." Ah! Paul, I think you would (if you were living in our day) have Antinomian slinkers-back and fiery zealots in the head to contend with.

But James makes a notable blow to stun some of us when he says, first, that he that bridleth not his tongue has vanity so far stamped on his religion; and, secondly, where he says, (as I have quoted,) "If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect* man." "O," say some, "we are not concerned so much as that comes to. We don't believe in the giving an account of every idle word in the day of the Spirit's judgment in the quickened conscience." It is certain James aims there a very lusty cut at some of our arm-hole pillows. For in answer, I say, if we are not careful about words, we shall next be not careful about thoughts or actions; if gnats go down, we shall have camels swallowed next. O the torturing anguish that thus besets living souls under a *feeling* sense that every thought, word, and work are cognizable to the divine *judgment* in the soul! And "he that doeth *wrong* shall *receive* for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons." (Col. iii. 25.) "O," say head-Calvinists, "we don't preach repentance; we have agreed to throw that over the wall; we preach Christ *without* works." Yes; but where Christ is preached by the *powerful* preaching of the Spirit in the heart, see how *God* works! "bringing into captivity every *thought* to the obedience of Christ;" (2 Cor. x. 5;) *that* is the religion; "and having in a *readiness* to *revenge* all disobedience;" (2 Cor. x. 5;) it is confessed (by me at least), "who is sufficient for these things?" It is thus that we cannot sin *cheap*. It is thus that guilt treads fast at the heels of wrong. It is thus that a "fellowship in the sufferings of Christ" commences. It is thus we taste his cup and are baptized with his fiery baptism. It is thus that the evil of sin is felt, not talked of. It is thus that realities overtop notions. For see also how heart-sins clog the issues of life! It is thus that "suffering" commences. Every soldier of the Captain of Salvation is thus made perfect through suffering, not for self-righteousness. But to

"Learn, in some degree,  
How dear that great salvation cost,  
Which comes to us so free,"

this is powerful teaching. This is to have the Lord's sword filled with blood. (Isa. xxxiv. 6.) This puts us out of conceit with the bell-like tinklings of a theoretical Christ. These things bring on "a martyrdom within, though it seem less glorious" than a tongue-Christ to outward praters. O my dear friends, what tongue can adequately declare the vast scope of being made perfect manifestively and experimentally through sufferings! It is the bitter gate through which we enter manifestively the gates of grace and glory. And, for my part, I say of an easily apprehended Christ, that they may have it that like; for it *came* cheap. One farthing (and not even that) is the value of the Christ that is not fought, wrestled, and cried for.

But they who have, through hope and faith, laid hold of perfection, run for it, as Bunyan says. The sunrise of felt faith and the dawn of perfection thus make the justified partakers thereof run; "In a race all run." (1 Cor. ix. 24.) When they cannot run, they groan; and when they cannot groan, they sigh; and when they cannot sigh, they fear; and when they cannot fear, black despair at times looks them in the face, and they each say, "Where have I got? I have no feeling at all." See the *advance* thus of perfection! O, say some, we go back instead of advancing. Yes; you take root downward, as well as grow upwards. Perfect men in Christ's perfection are sighing men. They cannot do what they would; "And the Lord said, Set a mark on the ment that *sigh*." (Ezek. ix. 4.) Taking root downward, crying out about abominations felt, are a great *index* of our perfection in Christ; for we thereby, through the Spirit, are made more *perfectly* certified of our lost estate; and who are the found but the *lost*? Thus, perfection works in a backhanded as well as with an advancingly grappling valour. And are these the exploits of felt completeness through hope and faith in this present time-state? Does Christ's felt satisfaction in the soul thus work, through the Spirit of life, in these multifarious, circuitous, deep, and infinitely exalted ways, bringing glory to God, and humiliation to the sinner? Does perfectness thus exalt Christ alone, lay the whole stress of salvation, every tittle of it, on the Lord Jesus, and yet provide against licentiousness by groaning out against greater or lesser abominations? O marvellous deeps! Surely that thin skiny thing duty-faith, like an earthly lanthorn, can never penetrate into these hidden receptacles of stupendous excellency and perfectness. Surely faith framed by the *letter* and nature; surely a natural christianity must be drowned amid the vast bogs of error, and in the amazing night wherein nothing can shine but God's own candle in the soul. Surely the man-lit taper of man-lit faith, "born of the flesh," shall be put out in obscure darkness! O my soul, come not thou into their secret! And never may I be tickled with men that have "angel's tongues" (1 Cor. xiii. 1) in Christianity, but have not the "oil," the glow, the beaming life, the dazzling perfection, like a glorious lamp hung out, to guide their feet positively and actually into the path of *experienced* peace.

One word concerning perfection finally and ultimately. "When shall I come and appear before God?" O ecstatic time! O transcendent moment! when the body is dropped, and all its stock of carnal endowments. "I am carnal, sold under sin," is the unhappy declaration of body-confined souls tasting perfectness in Christ, and, as the apostle says, going on like a vessel against wind and tide unto perfection; "Therefore, leaving the principles" (or the beginnings and incompleteness) "of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." (Heb. vi. 1.) O how few there are crawling out their heads anxiously for the crown of life promised to overcomers! A Sardian and Laodi-

can state appears to be the present lot of the church; "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." It is true that we cannot have more real religion than what the Lord gives us; and it is as true that some good people shall be so saved as by *wre*, such a stack of stubble, hay, and straw of carnality is there permitted to be in them. Now these suffer *loss*. (1 Cor. iii. 15.) It is the will of God for it to be so, it is true. But I have been burnt so already, as it were, to a cinder, under the fire of God, that I quake again at times at stacking up stubble and hay of carnality. Straw and making Pharaoh's bricks sicken burnt and illuminated souls, "who by reason of *use* have their senses *exercised* to discern both good and evil." (Heb. v. 14.) "What fruit had ye then in *those* things whereof ye are now ashamed?" sickens a wise soul concerning all his imperfections, as well as concerning his more glaring improprieties. Our felt imperfection makes us look with a steady and scrutinizing eye at last, as one said, to the time of our dissolution, when we shall shake off all these clearing snakes, our daily shortcomings, which so barefacedly, in open day, testify that we are not perfect already. "When, when," says the divine Hart, "will that blest day arrive," when we shall be delivered from the burden of corruption? A longing, panting, gasping desire after these things sufficiently warrants the conclusion that there is life in the soul. "Hold fast that which thou hast," says Christ. The tremendous passage from time to eternity shall by and by ravish the delighted longings of "the pure in heart." And when we are not only escaped out of the nets of mortality, but are encased in our Christ-like, spiritual bodies, at the triumphant resurrection of the just, our brilliant joy will be complete. "Who shall live when God doeth this?" say the Balaam-like head Calvinists and letter men. (Num. xxiv. 23.) I shall, I believe. And I am also well persuaded that every notionalist shall be confounded. "Alas! master, it was borrowed," shall, at the triumph of the Israelite indeed, be branded on the head of presumption. "Ape" shall be written on the simpering countenance of letter-faith. And "Tekel" shall be burnt in letters of fire on all weights and measures of christianity but those in the heart. And all doctrine shall be pronounced withered and dry but what is distilled thus from God's dewy "firmament of *power*" in the soul.

Abingdon.

I. K.

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## OBITUARY.

Dear Sirs,—As an encouragement to the poor, tempted, and tried child of God, who feels and knows the plague of his own heart, I send for insertion in your *Feeble Christian's Support*, another instance of the love, faithfulness, and mercy of our covenant God, in the electing, quickening, calling, comforting, justifying, sanctifying, teaching, holding, upholding, withholding, preserving and keeping "faithful unto death," one more of his own dear children, by name Mrs. J. H—, of Kiugham, in the county of Oxford, who was called to her eternal rest on Saturday, the 15th of February, 1840, after a short but very severe illness of a few days, under which she was enabled to stay herself upon that God who had led her and fed her as a creature for 53 years, and as a new creature, born from above, for 33 years; and, though partly in darkness as to soul-ravishing manifestations, she was so far favoured by her heavenly Father with divine light, as to discover his dear hand in the visitation, which led her in a solemn moment to exclaim; "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," praying for that sup-

port in death which she had experienced in life from the kindness of her loved and loving Lord. As she advanced nearer her end, divine light began more sensibly and comfortably to break in upon her mind, and she was led to exclaim; "Nothing less than Jesus, precious in life, will do in the article of death, when flesh and heart fail." Finding her end drawing near, she wished her beloved husband to present her dying love to the ministers of the Lord's blessed truth whom she was in the habit of hearing, unto whom, as God's servants, she cleaved, "through evil report and good report," and with whom she was ever ready to sympathise and encourage in the midst of this truth-despising and God-dishonouring day of profession, and under the many castings down they must necessarily experience—bequeathing unto them, not only her dying love, but her papers, in which she had been enabled from time to time to testify of the dear Lord's dealings with her and towards her enemies; after which, she quietly and peaceably breathed her last mortal breath, being enabled to resign her spirit into the hands of that Lord whom she had loved, feared, and served in life, as willing and able to support her in death, and to take her to himself, and so be for ever with Him.

I send you her own account of her call and spiritual change, written by herself many years since.

"Being brought up in a profession of religion, I gained some knowledge of the doctrines of the Scriptures; and not being suffered to run into much outward sin, I was looked upon as a very religious person, and indeed I sometimes looked upon myself as such, though I was under great convictions at times, even when a child, that all was not right, and that if I died in the state I was then in, I should certainly go to hell. These convictions increased so that at times I was afraid to be alone, for fear the earth should open and swallow me up. I often wished I had died when an infant, for then, I thought, I should not have been accountable to God. One day, as I was at chapel, the minister quoted a passage from Jeremiah (vi. 30); "Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them." I thought that the words were immediately addressed to me, and most dreadfully did they wound my soul. I believed that I was reprobated from all eternity, and that it was impossible for me ever to be saved. The doctrine of election appeared dreadful to me, and I found enmity rise up in my wicked heart against God, and I pitied my hard fate. Thus I continued for some time, until I lost my burden, or at least grew insensible of it, and was set down short of the promised rest under the ministry of the letter. But, blessed be God, it did not last long. Satan sometimes tempted me to put an end to my existence when under these terrors. O, blessed be God, he was then with me as a preserver, and would not let me die until I had seen the Lord's Christ. In this state I believe I continued for two or three years. In the meanwhile, I believe the works of Mr. Hervey were in some measure blessed to my soul; but the great depths of wickedness which lay hid in my deceitful heart were not as yet broken up. However, through the persuasions of a friend, I now gave in my experience, such as it was, and became a candidate for baptism; but its being for a time deferred, my troubles began to come on me again, for I thought I was going to deceive the people with a profession of religion, while I was destitute of the power of godliness. I felt it difficult to stand my ground, and indeed it was a miserable day with me. About this time the Lord was pleased to send some of Mr. Huntington's books amongst us, which caused a dreadful outcry about his dangerous doctrine and bad spirit, so that I was rather prejudiced against them. One evening at our

prayer-meeting, one of his letters was read, on the 'Sealing of the Spirit,' which made me tremble, for I knew that I had never known experimentally what the sealing of the Spirit meant. I begged of God to show me wherein I was wrong, and to set me right. I read the 'Justification of a Sinner,' and found that I had never been delivered from the law, nor killed by it. I now wished to know the worst of my state, and God was pleased to apply the law home to my heart, attended with his displeasure and wrath revealed therein. All my sins stared me in the face, and I sensibly felt myself under the displeasure of the Almighty. I strove to do something to recommend myself to him, but could not, for the more I strove against my sins, the more they prevailed, and I even felt enmity in my heart against God. In the meanwhile Satan threw into my heart all manner of blasphemous thoughts, and then accused me of it, so that I was at times almost in black despair. When I went to bed, I was afraid to close my eyes for fear I should wake in hell, though sometimes I even wished to be there that I might know the worst of my misery, for surely my soul felt some of the pains of hell. I had a strong faith in the justice, holiness, and immutability of Jehovah, and knew he would be strictly just in sending me to hell. Sometimes the invitations of the gospel, such as, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' gave me some encouragement; but then I felt myself as unable to come to Christ and believe that he died for me, as I was to keep the whole law. At last I was brought to despair of all help in myself, and gave up all thoughts of being saved, unless the Lord was pleased to exert his Almighty power in my salvation. I was determined to strive no more, but was afraid to quite give up prayer, though sometimes I dared not pray, for I thought God would destroy me if I attempted it. My sins appeared so great that I believed it impossible for me to know that they were forgiven, unless I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' I was now I think in the twentieth year of my age. One day, as I was alone, I felt a spirit of prayer come upon me, and I fell upon my knees, and the Lord was pleased to reveal himself to me as my sin-pardoning God, and this scripture was sweetly applied to my soul; 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own name's sake, and will not remember thy sins.' I saw the ever blessed Redeemer evidently crucified for me. He told me that he had borne all my sins in his own body on the tree, yea, that he had suffered the curse of the law for me, and so had redeemed me from it, and by the perfect obedience of his life had wrought out a perfect and everlasting righteousness. Faith received the atonement, put on the righteousness of Christ, and silenced every accuser. I cried out, 'O Lord, it is too good for such a rebel!' but still he kept pouring his love into my soul, and drew forth all my affections in love to himself. I sunk into nothing before him, and was filled with self-loathing and indignation against sin and self, when I saw the innocent Lamb of God suffering under the intolerable load of my transgressions. My sins, which appeared like mountains before, I now saw cast into the depths of the sea, and the handwriting which was against me was taken out of the way, and nailed to my dear Redeemer's cross; while the ever blessed Spirit bore his witness in my heart, crying, 'Abba, Father!' O what a glorious change! A little before I was expecting to be in hell, but, O miracle of mercy! I was made to banquet on love divine; and I found, by blessed experience, that when the atonement is received into the heart, it produces such 'a joy as a stranger intermeddleth not with,' and that 'the work of righteousness is peace;' and when I believed that



God had first loved me, then, and not till then, did I love him; when I saw that he was pacified towards me, then I repented, and, instead of pitying myself, I pitied my precious dying Saviour, when I saw that every sin of mine cost his heart a groan. I continued for some time in this happy frame, and thought I had quite got rid of my corrupt nature; but the Lord was pleased to withhold from me the light of his sweet countenance, and I fell into sin; guilt got hold of my conscience, and I sunk into bondage again; and now Satan told me that I had committed the unpardonable sin, by laying a presumptuous claim upon God while I was still in my sins. Inexpressible distress seized me, and I thought if this were my case, it was dreadful indeed. Such passages as the following made me tremble; 'If we sin wilfully, after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin;' and, 'He that is born of God sinneth not.' Every step was called in question; Satan told me that it was all his work, and I did almost believe him. At other times I could hardly think that Satan could produce that love to God in my heart which I knew I had lately felt. After I had been some time in this distress, my good and gracious Lord appeared for me, put all to rights again, and told me, that though "in a little wrath he had hid his face from me for a moment, yet with everlasting kindness he had mercy on me." The dear and ever precious Jesus gave me a clearer evidence of the reality of the work than ever. Divine love captivated all my affections; I was led to mourn and repent for my hard thoughts and base ingratitude towards so good a God, and found my sins were more aggravated than before, in that they were committed against light and love. I was now enabled, through him that loved me, to triumph over the father of lies, and saw now where I had been. I went on comfortably for a time; and hearing some of the children of God complain of their corrupt nature, I found my case was not singular. I had not told my experience to any person, for during my distress I was kept from mentioning my troubles to any body, for fear they should give me encouragement, and I should take it when it did not belong to me; and it was a long time before I could tell them what God had done for my soul. After some time, iniquities prevailed again, and I lost the comfortable presence of my dearest Jesus. I began to look at self, where I found nothing but sin and weakness; but, bless His dear name! he sometimes granted me a sweet glimpse of his glorious person and my interest in him. One night in particular, he so entwined me in the arms of his love, that I felt my mortal part unable to bear up under such amazing bliss, and I begged the Lord to withdraw his hand, for I could bear no more; and so he did to my grief and sorrow. I longed, while thus indulged, to die. I dreaded the thoughts of going into the world again, or of being left to sin against such unexampled love. O let me pause, and admire the rich grace and undeserved mercy which has been exercised towards such a hell-deserving wretch! O thou dear Fountain of compassion! thou God of love! cause my heart to cleave to thee. I bless thee that thou hast in a measure done so. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee.'

"About Michaelmas, 1807, as I was walking alone in the dusk of the evening, the Lord gave me, all on a sudden, such a view of the way in which he had led me, that I never remember to have had the like before nor since. I was quite astonished, and cried out, 'I know that thou canst do all things.' Since that, I have put down for my own establishment some of the dealings of God with me; and should it please the Lord, after my death, that they should fall into the hands of some

of my religious friends, I hope, while I am singing in an immortal strain, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!' they will join on earth, and praise him for the mighty wonders he has done for my soul.

"I have been much distressed lately about temporal death, for fear I should be left to rebel against God in my last moments, feeling so much evil in my nature; and unbelief so far prevailed, that I went bowed down with trouble; but, awakening early the other morning, the Lord granted me another love visit, brought me to his feet resigned to his will, and led me to mourn and loathe myself for the hard thoughts I had entertained of him 'whose compassions never fail.' I had a sweet view of that text in the 32d chapter of Isaiah; 'And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and quiet resting places.' I now longed to depart and be with my dear, precious, only Saviour, that I might no more sin against him. O what a burden is this flesh! When shall I get rid of this corrupt nature, which is now my greatest plague? I think my dear Lord will not keep me here long. I was never, I think, till lately, so crucified to this world and to all things therein; to depart and be with Christ is far better. But the Lord knows what is best for me, and his will be done. Blessed be his name! he has left on record in his word of truth many exceedingly sweet and precious promises. I feel I want nothing but what he has promised freely to bestow, and he is faithful to his every word. Lord, give me faith to look more unto thee, to live more upon thee and more unto thee. I come to thee empty, to be filled; weak, for strength; helpless, to be upheld by thine Almighty power. I hope for victory entirely through the complete conquest which my dear Redeemer has obtained over my enemies; for eternal life is his free gift. 'Jesus is all in all.'"

Gloucestershire.

R.

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NICHOLAS CHAFF.

Dear Editors,—Having had my soul refreshed and comforted in reading that sweet account of the rich grace, faithfulness, love, and tender mercy of our God to our dear brother in Jesus, Western Eve, I have attempted to write to you a few lines concerning the same faithfulness to a dear brother who was taken home last month, at the age of 95; by name, Nicholas Chaff. As the Lord had blessed my soul in visiting him for the preceding two months, I hope that some dear child may be comforted in reading this account.

I was sent for to see him and his wife, who were ill in one bed; one aged 95, the other 90. As they were very ill, I could not speak to them much; they said they wanted to be at home; and, as they wanted to be gone, their only desire was for me to ask the dear Lord to bless them. I spoke a few words, by God's teaching, and never found more liberty and communion with our God. As their souls were rejoicing in God, I left them, blessing him for his mercy in comforting them.

About a fortnight after, the dear Lord strengthening them, they were taken out of bed. All natural sense was gone from Nicholas, but not so with his wife. She said, in answer to me, that he was quite senseless, and could not answer any one. My soul went up in prayer to my God; "Dear Lord, all things are possible with thee, and thou canst make him speak the words of truth and

soberness." I thought that no one could see a greater sight than two old pilgrims like these. Nicholas sat like dear old Jacob, and, in his looks, said, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." I asked him, with a loud voice, how things went on within; if Christ was precious. The dear old man's first words were like life springing up afresh; "Who is it that speaks?" I told him; and his answer was; "I do not know; for I have lost my memory; I have lost my hearing; and I have almost lost my eyesight. I am nothing; I am ignorant; I am such a fool; and like a dog." I said that a living dog was better than a dead lion. He said, "Is that the word of God?" I asked if I should read the word. "O yes," he said, "read the xxvi. chapter of Isaiah, and also the xi., for that chapter particularly speaks of Christ Jesus; and I and my wife are longing to be at home; and no one can be more anxious to be with him." I read also Isaiah xxxv.; and they were so comforted from God's word that pain of body was gone, and the contents of that short but precious chapter was fulfilled, from the 5th to the 9th verse in particular.

I must pass by many sweet moments that I had with them. One Lord's day, a few weeks before Nicholas was taken home, I called upon them, and found them very ill in bed, calling for help, no person being with them. As far as I could, I helped up one, who was in great pain. The old man lay like a child, and was quite insensible. All I could do was to ask help from the dear Lord, and that only in tears, for the sight was too much for me. The old woman, with hands uplifted, also poured out her soul in prayer; "My dear Redeemer, I know thou livest, and art on thy throne, and that thy blood cleanseth from all sin. Let God the eternal Spirit witness to my poor soul that thy blood hath cleansed me, for I am a poor vile sinner." I afterwards spoke to the old man; but his wife said if I spoke to him it would make him worse, for he was always hurt by talking. I asked him with a loud voice, how things went on within. He said, "I am a fool; I find self worse than ever. Talk about trusting to self! I find nothing but Christ will do, and his word is a comfort to me now. Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, and I have a hope, he knoweth that I am his; but I am a fool." I said every child of God was the same in himself, and that none but God could give him to feel it. He said, "My singing days are all gone; I do hope I shall soon see him to be with him for ever, and sing." Here his poor tongue stopped, and I added, "Yea, and sing a new song unto him," &c. He said, "That is my hope. It hath been a rugged path to us, none more so; but goodness and mercy have followed me all my life, and it hath been a right way." Here the tears filled his eyes, and his poor heart could say no more. My tongue was stopped, for I could only look on with wonder. I bid them farewell for the time, and took my leave, blessing my God that his word was as himself; "At evening time it shall be light." The next time I called I would not say anything; for his wife told me that after I left off talking with him he became so bad that he raved and tore, and it

was found necessary to put him in a strait jacket. But next Lord's day I called with a dear brother in Jesus, who fell into conversation on the best subjects with the wife. I found it a good time to speak to the old man; but he was as much out of his mind as ever. His only talk was, "Who are your honours?" But, putting all these things aside, I wanted another display of my God's faithfulness; so I cast down the bucket, and, in a little time, as the well was deep, up came pure water. I said, "Is Christ precious?" The dear man answered, "I am very bad; but all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus; and he that rolls the stars along speaks all the promises. O that he would speak to me with a loud voice, as he once did on the cross, '*It is finished!*' I think one of the sweetest parts of God's word is, 'Therefore being justified, by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'" I stood in silent wonder, and again he spoke. "I have found that dear psalm, the xiii., very good. As David said, so have I; 'How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord?' &c.; but in another place he says, 'For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.'" I spoke a little to him, and the dear old child said, "I have been thinking on these sweet words, 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'" I said that this would cheer him up while passing through the valley, that Christ was his only refuge, and hoped he would prove that underneath him were the everlasting arms. The old man said, "He is my only refuge; but I fear it will go hard with me at last, when my heart strings are breaking." The tears were flowing from his eyes, and I could see that Satan was not idle; but I said, "No, no, it will not be so, for you will give them all the slip, and those that are with you will not know it. It will be peace; it will very soon be 'absent from the body, and present with the Lord.'" The Saturday before his death our good Lord was very kind to him, in giving him great comfort. At one time he broke out in singing;

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast."

O yes, bound my soul fast!" About an hour afterwards he again broke forth in singing;

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view.  
No stranger shall proceed therein,  
No lover of the world, and sin,  
No lion, no devoning care,  
No sin nor sorrow shall be there.  
No, nothing shall go up thereon  
But travelling souls, and I am one."

After this he had a sweet sleep. When he awoke he looked around, and immediately commenced singing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly," &c.

This was on Saturday night; and having, for the most part, had sweet sleep, he spoke to his wife, and said that he wanted to go home, for Christ was very precious to him. He fell asleep about six o'clock; and a little before seven the dear Lord took him home without any trouble or pain. Satan was thus once more proved to be a liar; for instead of death going hard with him, it was all ease; so that we can say, "His end is peace." Nicholas Chaff was thus taken home, four days after his ninety-fifth birth-day, viz., March 29th, 1840. My prayer is, that some poor child may be comforted by God himself in reading these few lines. Your brother in Jesus,

Stonehouse, April 30, 1840.

LAST BUT ONE.

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### TIMELY HELP.

Dear Editors,—I, who am but a worm, have taken it upon me to send you a few lines, having for two years past been thinking of doing so; but have always been hindered, by one thing or another, till now. If you ask me what induced me to write, I will tell you. Some time ago, on a Lord's day morning, when my soul was cast down within me, and I knew not where to go, the *Gospel Standard*, lying open, caught my eye, and I was at once struck with these words,

"Mighty to save, he saves from hell;  
This mighty Saviour suits me well."

My soul was immediately melted within me, so that I cried out unto the Lord, and said, "O Lord, thou art just such a Saviour as I need. Surely if thou wert not such a Saviour, I must be damned after all." And sure I am it would have been so, although sixteen years had passed since the Lord first brought me to feel something of what sin was. O the pangs I then felt! Surely my tongue can never tell, nor my pen describe what I then felt; when I was cursed in the morning and cursed at night; cursed when I went out, and cursed when I came in. O there is none but those that have felt these things that can enter into them! Every day I thought the judgments of God were coming upon me. If I went into the streets I was afraid the tiles would fall upon me and crush me to atoms; and if I went into the fields, I did not know but in a moment the earth would open and let me down into hell, as it did Korah and his company. O how my soul did groan unto the Lord for mercy! "Mercy, mercy, Lord!" was my constant cry; and the more I cried for mercy, the more the devil roared, and told me I should never have it, nor could I think sometimes that I ever should. But I could not help crying for it; and, blessed be the name of the dear Lord! he heard my cry, and in his own time he sent his mercy into my soul; and I could then bless his dear name for leading me in the way in which I was led. O when the dear Lord first brought his pardoning mercy into my soul, I wanted to clasp my hands together and fly to him, and get out of the world in a moment; and I verily thought the dear Lord would soon take me to himself. But, alas! I knew not what conflicts I should yet have to cope with. Surely I never could have thought that ever I should have to travel the road I have since had

to go. Many sorrows, afflictions, troubles, castings down, from within and from without, temptations of every sort and description, a hell-bred nature, a tempting devil, a wicked heart to cope with, a trying providence, so that hundreds of times I have thought that I never could hold on. But here I am, the greatest monument of mercy, both as regards providence and grace; and surely I can say, having obtained help of the Lord, I continue till this day! O, I have often thought of the bush on fire, and, like Moses, have stood astounded. O the temptations that present themselves to the mind at times! Last evening as I went out to walk, my heart was ready to bleed to feel so many lustful passions and evil thoughts rage within me, and to think what a devilish, abominable wretch I was. Yours in the Lord,

Trowbridge, June 14, 1840.

A REBEL.

### A PARENT INDEED.

Dear Children,—May grace, mercy, and peace be unto you; and may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you and your little tribe; may the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush be with you and preserve you; and may the sweet operations of the blessed Spirit of eternal truth lead your souls into the mystery of his everlasting election of love to such vile polluted sinners as we are. My dear children, I cannot but be thankful for the undeserved mercy and grace of a covenant God in his everlasting purposes of love to such polluted sinners as we are, in separating us from the rest of the world. It is not because we are better than they by nature, for we all fell in Adam alike, and we all came into the world alike; and I am confident that nothing but sovereign grace, communicated to the soul by the power of God the Holy Ghost, can make any difference between us and our fellow-creatures; so that we have nothing to boast of but unmerited mercy to the chief of sinners. You say you like your new house better than your old one. For my part, I feel the old one a clog to my soul; I mean this vile body of sin and corruption that I carry about with me from day to day, which makes me cry out with the apostle, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" And I can say with the apostle, in another place, "I with my mind serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." You said in your letter, that the Lord will carry on his work where he begins it. I believe he will, in his own children; but I am often afraid that I am not one of them, for I have so much sin, pride, unbelief, hardness of heart, deadness of soul, and wandering affections. My dear children, I do not know how it is with you in soul matters, whether you have got any of these inward trials to contend with, or whether you have got a smooth path. If you have, you are different from me. Recollect, the promise is, that in the world we shall have tribulation. I can assure you that I am not free from trouble long at one time, either from within or without! for I feel my carnal heart so opposite to God's sovereign dispensations in pro-

vidence with me, that I often fear that I cannot be one of God's elect, though my judgment is well convinced that what he does is best; and this I have ever found, though my nature rebels so much against it as sometimes to make me fear I must be a deceived creature. This often makes me tremble when I see so many professors of religion go on so smoothly without any of those soul conflicts that I am led into through the cursed pride and unbelief of my carnal heart, which is an enemy to vital religion. I know what it is to groan before God in secret, on account of the wretched inbred corruptions of my carnal nature. I heard J. W. describing the difference between the form and the power; and in showing how far a man might go in the letter of truth in the head, I began to fear that I must have been deceived, until he said that no poor soul that ever cried to God to make known his electing love and discriminating grace in his soul was ever made a vessel of wrath, nor ever would go to hell. I felt the witness of this in my soul by the sweet effect it produced, because it led me to thank God for his everlasting, electing love to such an unworthy, hell-deserving sinner, by painful experience, I felt myself to be. I have been brought in secret on my knees before God, to tell him that if he sent me to hell, he would do me no injustice; and if it must be for his glory to damn my soul, I would say Amen to it; but to let me have that place where his name was not blasphemed. But when I heard J. W. preach from that text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and heard him say that they were set apart by God the Father in electing love, but went the same lengths as the rest in a state of nature, and that some of them had been on seas and were preserved, my soul was led to look back and wonder at God's sovereign mercy to such a wretch as I was when on board a man of war, where I delighted in all manner of ungodliness. Once when shipwrecked I told a lie to get out of the St. George, where all hands were lost except ten; and this has led me to wonder at God's goodness, to hate myself worse than the devil, and to beg of the Lord to keep me from sin.

And now, my dear children, do you know anything of these affairs in your souls? If you do not, you are deceived; for a part of real religion is to feel sin to be hateful. It is not our being a member of this or that chapel; it is to know and feel, by the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, that we are members of God's sovereign, electing, everlasting love. I know some that sit under J. W.'s ministry, and that applaud him in his preaching of the doctrine of election, and who yet can unite with those that fight against God's sovereign appointments. But I am brought to see that every temporal mercy that I receive is of God's free sovereign gift, as well as every spiritual mercy; for I have no more claim upon God for those mercies than devils have, as I have sinned as well as they.

Now, my dear children, to conclude. I pray that the Lord may bless us with a feeling sense of his goodness; and may you, my dear Mary, be often found at the feet of Christ, and early at the sepulchre seeking for your crucified but risen Lord. I pray, my dear son, that you and I may be, like John, leaning on the bosom of

Christ, and often in the garden of Gethsemane, where pride dare not intrude. Then we would use the language of the poet.

“Amazing grace! how sweet the sound

That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found;

Was blind, but now I see.”

No more from your affectionate father in the ties of nature, and companion in tribulation.

“Wilts, April 15, 1840.

“J. S. B.”

## DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

Dear Sirs,—It is delightful and cheering to a spiritual mind, in the light of the Holy Spirit, to be enabled to trace, in his own experience, the footsteps of the flock; for, although in heaviness through manifold temptations, yet he is enabled to see that it is the way in which “our fathers trod;” and that as our God performed the mercy and the truth to our fathers of old, so shall we overcome through the blood of the Lamb. Little did I think, about sixteen years since, when I was set at happy freedom from groaning under a law-work in my soul; when I used to seek the Lord sorrowing, in garrets, hay-lofts, or anywhere that I could hide myself; when the Epistles of the New Testament were my constant study, trying to act on and act out the precepts, to keep them in thought, word, and deed, that by so doing I might have a right to the blessings spoken of at their beginning, all failing to give peace to my mind or ease to my conscience, for

“The billows more fiercely returned,  
And plunged me again in the deep;”

I say, when the Lord set my soul at happy freedom, when I rejoiced in him, the Bible so sweet to read, the promises so precious, and being enabled so sweetly to pour out my soul in prayer; little did I think that ever I should have to contend with the shades of darkness, sin, and soul-trouble any more; and if at that time I happened to hear any old tried *believer* (for now I can think them to be so) speak of their doubts and fears, the strength of their corruptions and the weakness of their faith, I set it down for feigned humility or hypocrisy. I well remember remarking to one, that she showed very little evidence of her love to the Saviour, when speaking of her coldness, &c. “What!” said I, “is it the more you know of Christ the less you love him?” Her answer to me I have not yet forgotten; “If,” said she, “the Lord is teaching you, you will know a little more of yourself than you do now. Let a few years pass over your head, and then your love to the Lord, and the Lord’s love to you, will be of a different nature in your esteem.” Since then I have proved the truth of my friend’s words. There was a time when I had only to repeat a promise, and a sweetness came over my soul; I had only to withdraw for communion with my God, and it was as when one speaketh with his friend; I had only to meditate on the words with which the voice of the Lord set my soul into joy and peace in believing, and it was heaven begun below. Never will the



time and season be forgotten when "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," was spoken into my soul. I knew it was the voice of the Lord, for only he could have spoken with such power and sweetness into my mind. O, I leaped like a hart; I rejoiced before the Lord; I was in a new kingdom; I had new joys and new ideas; I flew to Pisgah's top, and viewed all the promised land; I said, my Father made it all, and has made me an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ. I thought that I should never be moved. But there was also a time when I was left to be tried, left to my fancied strength, my strong faith, and love to God. What then was the consequence? A horror of great darkness came over me, and sin brought death into my soul. Fain would I have shaken myself, as at other times; but God had withdrawn himself; no one cared for my soul; I lost all my happy prospects; a sorrowful spirit bowed me down; I dared not call him *my* God, much as I wished, for I had sinned against the God I loved. O with what weeping and supplication did I seek after him, that he would be found of me. I shall never forget the agonies of mind I endured whilst in this state. It is some years since, yet well do I remember the worm-wood and the gall. It stopped my mouth from boasting. I was made to feel what the horrible pit and miry clay were, and that it was of the Lord's mercy that I was not consumed. But God, who is rich in mercy, caused my soul to be again sprinkled with the blood of his dear Son, and again he spoke peace to my soul. I delighted in the name of Jesus, for it was sweet to me. I felt able to pray with groans and tears that he might save me from my sins. Since then I have often been holpen with a little help, and often he has spoken peace by Jesus, but in such a way and at such seasons that there has been no room for boasting.

"I thirst for thirsting; I weep for tears  
Well pleased I am to be displeas'd thus;  
The only thing I fear is want of fears,  
Suspecting I am not suspicious.  
I cannot choose, but live because I die;  
And when I am not dead, how glad am I!  
Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,  
And careful am lest I should careless be,  
Then do I grieve for being glad again,  
And fear lest carelessness take care from me.  
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find—  
'For those who rest not here there's rest behind.'"

May, 1840.

P. T.

### EDITORS' REVIEW.

*A Treatise on the Perfection and Equalization of the Future Felicities of the Redeemed Church of Christ.* By T. B. Crowest.— Kelly and Co., London. Price 1s.

This is a well written pamphlet, and ably proves the point which the author undertakes to substantiate from the word of God, viz., the perfect equality of the saints in their glorified state. The author justly argues that to believe there are degrees of glory detracts from the perfection of Christ's finished work, sullies the glory of sovereign grace,

and introduces the abominable doctrine of creature merit. That, however, which lies at the base of all the arguments which he produces, the depth of the fall, the author does not very prominently bring forward. If man is as the Scriptures represent him, "dead in sins," utterly "lost," with "the poison of asps under his lips," his "throat an open sepulchre," through which steam forth the corruptions of a "heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" if he is "without strength," "without hope, and without God in the world," as the Scriptures declare, and as the experience of all the regenerate bears witness, then all claim and merit must utterly cease, and grace alone reign in the election, redemption, and justification of the objects of eternal love and mercy. And if the fall has utterly crippled and paralyzed, as well as completely polluted the creature, so that it is as helpless and as vile after regeneration as before, then all that is done or suffered by the child of God to His glory must be still the fruit of superabounding grace, and spring from the operation of Him who worketh in the soul both to will and to do of his good pleasure. So that if the fall be once admitted to be complete, and not an atom of goodness, power, or will be left in the creature, it necessarily follows that every thing on which God can look with approbation in the soul must be his work and his gift; and if so, what room can there be for degrees in glory, since these degrees are presumed to depend upon the greater holiness, or zeal, or good works of one saint above another?

Nor has the author of this little Treatise on the perfect equality of the Saints in glory put forward very prominently the perfection of Immanuel's righteousness, which is unto all and upon all them that believe. As this glorious robe covers all the elect by divine imputation, none of them can be less honourable, less comely, less perfect (perfection not admitting of degrees) than another. All that shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb shall wear the same wedding garment. All that shall stand before the throne without spot or blemish, or any such thing, shall have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Arminianism and human merit are at the bottom of all arguments for the inequality of the saints in glory; and a man who holds such a doctrine must have tacitly or openly cast aside the perfection of Christ's finished work, and the perpetual need of the teachings of the blessed Spirit in the soul.

We wish we could recommend the above little Treatise as deep in experience as it is clear in doctrine. T. B. Crowest has not dipped his foot in oil, and there is therefore a sad lack of that heavenly unction which penetrates into the secret recesses of the heart. His work more convinces the judgment than feeds the soul. There are no stumbling stones taken up from the path of the poor and needy, nor any working out of a gracious experience. Most of the living family are much more exercised as to whether they shall arrive safely at eternal glory, than whether there are degrees there. They feel that if they get there, they shall have all that their hearts desire. To see Jesus as he is, and to be for ever free from a body of sin and death!—they want no more. They shall be satisfied when they awake up in his likeness. Had the author cast a little light on their dark path, we should have read his work with greater pleasure.

We give an extract or two from a sermon by Dr. Watts, in memory of Sir John Hartopp, Bart., which the author quotes, and on which he justly animadverts, as well as an extract from the Treatise itself.

Should the pamphlet reach a second edition, we advise the author to correct the common error into which he has fallen of writing, (p. 7 and 49,) "Armenian" for "Arminian." "An Armenian" is a native of Armenia, a large country in Asia Minor, in which there is a debased form of Christianity resembling the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. "An Arminian" is a follower of the doctrines of Arminius, a Dutch writer, who, from A. D. 1598 to 1609, warmly opposed the doctrines of grace, whose sentiments spread far and wide in Holland, and were introduced into this country in the reign of James the First, where they have taken deep root in the soil of thousands of pharisaical hearts.

"Though the highest and holiest saint in heaven can claim nothing there by way of merit, for it is our Lord Jesus Christ alone who has purchased all these unknown blessings, yet he will distribute them according to the different characters and degrees of holiness which his saints possessed on earth. When every racer comes to his own goal, he receives a prize in most exact proportion to his speed, and diligence, and length of race."

"Can we imagine that the soul of David is not fitted, by all his labours and trials—all his raptures of faith, and love, and zeal, for some sublimer devotion and nobler business than his own infant child, the fruit of his adultery? May we not suppose that David is, or shall be, a master of heavenly music, and teach some of the choirs above to tune their harps to the Lamb that was slain? Is there not a Boyle and a Ray, a More and a Howe, that have exercised their minds in an uncommon acquaintance with the world of spirits? and doubtless they are yet engaged in the same pursuits."

"Is not Deborah engaged in some more illustrious employment among the heavenly tribes than Dorcas? Deborah was a prophetess and judged Israel, while Dorcas only made coats and garments for the poor; and yet Dorcas perhaps is prepared for greater enjoyments above than Rahab the harlot, whose younger life was lewd and infamous, and the best thing we read of her is that she covered and concealed the spies; and, unless she made great advances afterwards in grace, surely her place is not very high in glory!"—*Dr. Watts's Funeral Sermon for Sir John Hartopp.*

"The doctrine of the atonement for ever destroys the notion of pre-eminence among saved sinners, since 'Christ, by the one offering up of himself hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified,' or set apart by the Father; that is, 'all the elect children of God.' 'He his own self bare their sins in his own body on the tree,' where he fully atoned for all their transgressions, satisfied all the demands of inflexible justice on their behalf, and 'by his precious death and burial, by his glorious resurrection and ascension,' obtained eternal redemption for them, in which they are all equally and everlastingly interested. The Lord having laid on him the iniquity of them all, they are equally entitled to the benefits resulting from his obedience, sufferings, and death; he laid down 'his life for the sheep,' and the sheep shall, as a consequence, have eternal life; which, in the sense of the scriptures, signifies the *perfection* of the beauty and blessedness of heaven, where "the beauty of the Lord their God will be upon them," without any distinction, and Christ be all and in all."

"To be with Christ and like Christ is the sum total of heaven's blessedness. What that state is, into which redeemed spirits enter immediately after the death of the body, cannot perhaps be well defined, or defined at all, further than the Scriptures have explained the mystery, which is only in part; but at the resurrection of the body, when this 'mortal shall have put on immortality,' we are assured, by the unerring testimony of truth, that 'these vile bodies shall be fashioned like unto his (Christ's) glorious body,' which is a sinless and perfect one, incapable of the slightest alteration; and the soul be fully capacitated for the sublime worship of heaven; and both 'made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and so shall they ever be with the Lord.'"—*Crowest.*

## POETRY.

## ARMINIANISM.

The following was written on the back of an Arminian Tract.

Arminian, I have read your tract,  
And all you've said you must retract,  
Or you will never reach that place,  
To see your Maker face to face.

You tell poor sinners, dead in sin,  
To rise, to run, and to be clean;  
That they to holiness may grow,  
And make old nature white as snow.

Folly and madness, sin indeed!  
Such doctrines to damnation lead;  
And all who follow you, as well,  
Are going headlong down to hell.

Dare you insult the God of grace,  
And tell your Maker to his face,  
That he can change, as I and you?  
Such lies from hell will never do.

Spafields, London, 1839.

Election, too, you must despise,  
And boldly say the bible lies;  
That one who is a child to-day,  
To-morrow may be Satan's prey;

That some are sent to hell by God,  
For whom the Saviour shed his blood.  
From such a God I'd take his crown;  
Not fit to reign upon a throne.

What! trust my soul in hands like these,  
As fickle as the summer's breeze!  
If he should turn, and love no more,  
I'm just as forward as before.

But no! the Word of God is true,  
Although 'tis hid from such as you;  
But 'tis reveal'd, by freest grace,  
To all that e'er shall see his face.

J. C. M.

## LINES

WRITTEN BY JAMES BRIDGER, A COTTAGER OF HARTFIELD, SUSSEX,

On the departure of his beloved wife, Mary Bridger, who fell asleep in Jesus, on the 8th of June, 1824.

O Lord, to thee I pour my pray'r;  
O kindly condescend to hear;  
That, overruled now by thee,  
My loss be sanctified to me.

'Tis here, beneath this gloomy shade,  
My much lov'd partner's body's laid,  
Who once, while living, was to me,  
The dearest object I could see.

Did trouble seize my anxious heart,  
She always took a mutual part,  
And strove my feelings to condole.  
I lov'd her as my very soul.

Sickness, commission'd by the Lord,  
And sent forth by his sovereign word,  
Hath now remov'd her from my sight,  
And torn from me my fond delight.

O'erwhelm'd with gloomy fears and dread,  
With justice hanging o'er her head,  
With trembling voice she'd oft exclaim,  
My portion is to endless pain.

Sure there's no hope for one like me,  
No comfort in the least, I see;  
My sin's of such a dreadful kind,  
No mercy I expect to find.

Methinks I see her tender breast,  
With desprate grief and sorrow prest;  
And feel in part her dismal fears,  
Which oft produced her briny tears.

The fiery law from Sinai's top  
Enter'd, and cut off all her hope.  
She felt herself of sinners chief,  
And sigh'd and groan'd in helpless grief.

Her former hopes were ta'en away,  
And when she would attempt to pray,  
The heav'ns above appear'd as brass,  
Thro' which no sigh nor groan could pass.

Such dreadful bondage clogg'd her mind  
She fear'd no pardon she should find;  
Yet still I felt, beyond a doubt,  
The Lord would bring her safely out;

The first good hope she seem'd to get,  
Which did encourage her to wait,  
Was from the psalm where David says,  
"I yet his glorious name shall praise."

She said, "I trust to Christ alone,  
His mercy I depend upon;  
And if I perish in despair,  
I'll perish at his feet in prayer."

The very day before she died,  
Her body was severely tried  
By dreadful pain; it did appear,  
The messenger of death was near.

At length I sought to God by pray'r,  
And soon she found deliv'rance there;  
The moment that this scene took place  
What heavenly smiles adorn'd her face!

She in that moment did reply,  
 "O now I'm not afraid to die!  
 I with my mental eyes behold  
 Such glories as cannot be told.

The heavens open I can see,  
 And angels waiting there for me.  
 O blessed Jesus! glorious God!  
 That is to be my blest abode.

I pardon feel for all my sin,  
 And perfect quietness within;  
 I feel at last the vict'ry's won;  
 I stand complete in God the Son.

His glorious righteousness divine  
 Hides all this wicked life of mine;  
 Yes, I a wicked wretch have been,  
 But now I am complete in him."

And the next morning as she lay,  
 These pleasant words I heard her say,  
 In such a strong and cheerful voice  
 As made my very heart rejoice;

"We need but wait a few days more,  
 And we shall meet above,  
 Where pain and parting are no more,  
 In that bright world of love."

'Tis there, with Christ in paradise,  
 We hope we soon shall dwell;  
 And bid this wicked world, and vice,  
 And all things else, farewell."

And turning, then, her eyes on me,  
 Exclaim'd, "I'm going first, you see;  
 But glory, now, is all my song,  
 For I unto the Lord belong.

And now I've nothing more to say  
 Until we meet in endless day."  
 And thus she felt so well assur'd  
 Her pardon sign'd, her peace procur'd.

And while her quiv'ring lips could move,  
 She bless'd and prais'd redeeming love;  
 Then, smiling, look'd the heav'nly way,  
 And thus she left this mortal clay.

JAMES BRIDGER.

We have been obliged to leave out several stanzas, as well as remodel and alter much of the above poetry. We wish our poetical friends would consider that poetry requires good rhyme, good sense, good grammar, and many other good requisites; and that if they do not possess these necessary qualities, they would do better to keep to plain prose. Our heading, "POETRY," and the lines under it, we fear are often sadly at variance.

## GLEANINGS.

Many times, when we are carried on smoothly and largely in duty, we are apt to think our mountain shall never be moved, as David did; but, saith he, "Thou hidest thy face, and I was troubled." When the sun is lowest, and furthest from us, then our shadows are longest; but when it is shining over our heads, and nearest us, then our shadows are shortest, then the sun is to us most glorious. So it is, the less our knowledge of Christ is, the more do men doat on their own righteousness; the shadow of their own righteousness is longest when Christ and they are most strangers; but when Christ comes to dart into them his glorious beams, when they see themselves nothing, the soul that hath a glorious revelation of Jesus Christ comes to see himself all in Christ, and nothing in himself. Saith the apostle, "Sin revived, and I died." Christ is truly omnipotent, and truly then reigns in our souls, when we find ourselves so weak that we can scarcely give a groan. Many, because they have not outward marks or signs, in acting, of sanctification, they will conclude that they are not alive in Christ; but saith, when Christ arises with glory on the soul, beholds Christ what he is in the promises, and what he hath done for poor sinners, and so wraps itself in Christ alone, in whom all the promises are yea and amen for ever. Christ is that glorious Sun from whence a believer hath all his light, and that precious stock that a believer receives sap and nourishment from to bring forth fruit. A believer may have a winter's season, that he may not exercise his grace; but I cannot understand that a believer can be said to decay in grace, being engrafted in Christ.—*Extract from Gamman's "Christ, a Christian's Life."*

Sometimes when I have been comforted, I have called myself a fool for my so sinking under trouble; and then again, when I have been cast down, I thought I was not wise to give such way to comfort. With such strength and weight have both these been upon me.—*Dunyan.*

THE  
G O S P E L S T A N D A R D,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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No. 60.      D E C E M B E R, 1840.      V O L. VI.

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T O T H E Q U I C K E N E D F A M I L Y O F G O D I N  
V A R I O U S P A R T S O F T H E K I N G D O M.

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Dear Brethren,—Having received a number of letters from a great many of you, wishing to know a little about my present affliction and the dealings of the Lord with me therein, and feeling it impossible to write to you all separately, I take this opportunity, through the medium of the *Gospel Standard*, to give you a short statement in one letter. I can truly say that I have been made thankful for the kind sympathy you have expressed, and have wondered that the dear Lord should lay such a poor crawling worm upon the hearts of so many of his dear people. But I know that the rich free grace of God is communicated to, and maintained in the souls of poor, vile sinners, by the invincible energy of God the Holy Ghost, which makes them have a spiritually sympathetic feeling for each other; for the Lord has so ordered it, that, as far as they are spiritually acquainted with one another, they shall have a spiritual feeling for each other, whether in suffering or in joyous circumstances; as it is written; “That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.” (1 Cor. xii. 25, 26.) And, O my dear brethren! what an indescribable mercy it is, that such poor, vile, grovelling, crawling worms as you and I should in very deed compose a part of the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. xii. 27; Eph. v. 30. But to come to the point in hand.

I had for some time fixed that I would spend a few days at Buxton, having before proved that the waters and air of that place had done my poor body much good. I had fixed to go on Monday, September the 14th, and to return on Saturday the 19th; and so determined was I to go, that I had made up my mind, let me have invitations from wherever I might to go to preach that week after Lord's day, I would reject them all; for I was fully bent on having a few days, holidays, as we usually call them. The issue has proved that the Lord and I were both in a mind, as regards my having a holiday; but we had not agreed upon the place where, and the manner how. I had fixed upon the water and fresh air of Buxton, but the Lord had fixed upon my being confined, with a broken leg, to my bed at home; and such has been the kind dealings of the Lord with me, that though my affliction has been trying to flesh and blood, I have at times been enabled to bless and praise the dear Lord for his

choice. A friend and I had agreed to go to Buxton together; and, having to fulfil an engagement on the Lord's day (Sept. 13th) at Oldham, a town about seven miles from Manchester, I left it to my friend to take our places in a coach which was to leave Manchester for Buxton at two o'clock on Monday. I arrived home from Oldham about eleven o'clock on Monday morning, and was told that my friend had sent to say that there was no room in the coach. I instantly sent the servant to inform him that there was another coach, which left a little later from a different office, and wished him to take our places in it if he could. When the servant had gone, I thought that if the places in this coach were all taken up, I should consider that the Lord did not mean me to go. But, to make the matter as short as I can, I went into the garden, when my right foot slipped, and stopping against an edging stone, I fell with the whole weight of my body upon my leg, and I heard the bone crack like the breaking of a stick. I was carried into the house, and when the servant came back, she told me that my friend had taken our places by the coach which was to leave at half-past two o'clock; but there was I upon the sofa with a broken leg. I sent her back immediately to give my friend the painful information, which, of course, much surprised him. I do not recollect that I sat down in my house, after my return from Oldham, before I was set down with the broken bone; so that it would almost appear that I came home for the very purpose of breaking a bone. I remember well, as soon as I fell, and heard the bone crack, that I felt a degree of shame, and said to myself, that the Lord would have served me right if he had broken my neck, for I was well aware that I had not been much with the Lord in prayer relative to my intended journey; but the Lord was pleased to bless me with a measure of resignation to my then painful situation. When the bone was set, and I was laid upon my bed, the dear Lord was graciously pleased to break into my mind with a sweet and solemn manifestation of his love, and that blessed portion of God's word, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," (Ps. ciii. 17,) came to my soul with such glorious power, that it almost broke my heart. I felt ashamed and abashed at my negligence and vileness, and was overcome with the matchless mercy of a Three-One God. Such love and such mercy shown to so vile a wretch made me feelingly say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and my very soul magnified a covenant God for the riches of his grace. At length I began to reflect thus; there are many poor creatures with broken limbs, without home, without friends, and, worst of all, without a covenant God; while I, a poor, vile, filthy, forgetful, ungrateful wretch, quite unworthy of any favour, have a comfortable home, with many of my family and friends around me, sympathising with me, and, best of all, a glorious and covenant God revealing his love to my poor soul, and enabling me to rejoice in him as my glorious All and in All; and so gracious did the Lord appear to me, pouring into my soul such a sweet and glorious measure of his precious love, through the rich atonement of Christ, that I really felt my soul bathing in everlasting love and sin atoning blood; and the solemn and heavenly breezes of the Holy Ghost did so blessedly revive, cheer, and strengthen me, and waft me up into the blessed enjoyment of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as my one blessed covenant Jehovah, that I felt my soul wrapped up in wonder, love, and praise. Here I found heavenly breezes and bathing infinitely excelling all that could be in the air and waters of Buxton; nor could I, for some time, trace a single cross or trial that I had to endure. In very deed I could feelingly say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." (Ps. cxix. 71.) These, my dear brethren, were sweet and solemn moments; and to enjoy such indescribable blessings bestowed on so vile a reptile, in glorious harmony with all the perfections of the triune Jehovah, fully demonstrates that salvation, in all its bearings, is of God's rich, free, sovereign grace; and in my very soul I could give God all the glory. But this blessed season was not of long duration; for by and by the Lord, in great measure, began to withdraw his lovely presence; my sweet feelings began to decline, and I tremblingly wondered where this change in the frame of my mind would end, for some sad degree of peevishness and discontent of soul began to work. At length my attention was wonderfully arrested

with Heb. xii. 11; "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." This passage of God's word quite staggered me. I thought, there are tens of thousands who are afflicted in a variety of ways, and yet no peaceable fruit of righteousness is yielded. But then, said I, this is spoken of the children of God only; yet still I could not get into the text, and if it had got into me, it only appeared to be rooting up my foolishness and exposing my ignorance. I really felt quite fast with the text; for I well recollected that I had been afflicted myself in a variety of ways, and had known others of God's people who have been severely afflicted, and yet at times I had felt no proof in myself, nor seen it in others, that the peaceable fruit of righteousness had been yielded; yet the text speaks positively; "Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth." I was therefore led to cry to the Lord that his gracious Majesty would condescend to lead me into the true meaning of the text, and I searched other parts of God's word to see if I could find a key to this; but instead of finding a key, one in Job v. 17, staggered me almost as much as the other; "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." So that I was still fast. Thought I, if all are to be cut off from having any proof of being real Christians who are not happy in affliction, and do not yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness in or after the chastisement, what a solemn sweep this will make. At length I believe the dear Lord led me to see that a great deal of the marrow of the text lay in the last two words, *exercised thereby*. If we are not properly and truly exercised by chastisements, there is no peaceable fruit of righteousness yielded, and there is no real and true exercise if the Lord himself is not the exerciser. So that when he is graciously pleased to exercise by corrections, chastisements, and afflictions of various kinds, there will in the end be the peaceable fruit of righteousness yielded. Thus I was led to see that the Lord must be the divine exerciser, the great commander-in-chief; yea, that his gracious Majesty must condescend to come down to the capacity of a drilling-sergeant, and drill and exercise his people by chastisements, or they will remain unfruitful. A man may put on or have put upon him the dress and armour of a soldier, and wear them for a while, but if he has never been drilled, never been exercised, when he takes off his garments, he is just what he was before. So a child of God may have a variety of afflictions laid upon him, but if the Lord the Spirit does not drill or exercise him thereby, they will leave him where they found him, or more dead, dark, and barren; and if anything is yielded, it is awful rebellion against the dispensations of God; and in his feelings he will be ready to say with Job, "O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for; even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off." (Job vi. 8, 9.) And though, when the Lord is truly exercising us, pride, unbelief, and carnal reason, with all the powers of corrupt nature, will at times rise up in rebellion, and lustily roar against the Lord's proceedings, still the Lord goes on with his work, nor does he spare for our crying. (Prov. xix. 18.) Sometimes, when the Lord sharply calls to order, old nature is so desperate that it will gnash at the command; but still the Lord proceeds, and sometimes speaks to the conscience, "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it;" (Job xl. 2;) and in the end he brings the poor peevish wretch feelingly to say, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further." (Job xl. 4, 5.) And again; "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." (xlii. 6.) And after the Lord has been pleased to give us some solemn chucks, with some stop-mouth portions of his word brought home to the conscience with divine power, and to reveal in the heart a gracious measure of Christ and salvation, cleansing the conscience from dead works with an application of atoning blood, and "shedding abroad the love of God in the heart, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us," (Heb. ix. 14; Rom. v. 5,) the blessed fruit of Christ's righteousness begins to spring up in the soul; tenderness of conscience is felt, a holy fear and reverence of God, accompanied with living faith, love, joy, peace, humility, patience, godly simplicity, prayer, praise, and



adoration; self is abased and the Lord is honoured; the old man is obliged, in measure, to skulk out of the way; the world drops its charms; free will and creature worth, in all their bearings, are detested, and the Lord alone, in his matchless love and grace, is exalted; the Holy Spirit bedews the soul with the dew of heaven, and we worship God in spirit and truth.

Now, my dear friends, through the unparalleled grace of God, I have been, in some measure, enabled to walk a little in the above path, in its various bearings, in this affliction; for, after I had been blessed with some solemn peace and joy, as above stated, and had, as I thought, got in at the right end of Heb. xii. 11, and had felt a measure of what appeared to be couched in it, I began to have some dreadful workings in my mind; and, though I trembled at what I felt, I could not subdue it. On one occasion, this text came very powerfully to my mind; "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It came with such power that I was instantly brought down, and replied, "Aye, Lord, it is; and especially with a broken leg." Then, for a while, I had some sweet calm and peace of conscience, and felt that I could recline upon the bosom of Jesus, and hold sweet converse with him. But, in a short time, I got into such a dark, cold, deathly frame of mind that I almost dreaded any friend calling upon me, lest they should want me to say something about the things of God. Nevertheless, I dared not, even at that time, from the bottom of my heart, say that the Lord had done wrong, for I felt a sure belief that the Lord would make it manifest that my affliction was wisely ordered, and would end well, though a peevish, impudent spirit would sometimes rise up very high; and, strange to say, on one occasion, when a young man, who had been very kind to me in my affliction, said something to me about patience, I said, "Really I feel that if any one were to say much to me about patience now, I should almost be ready to knock him down." Thus you will perceive that I am not one of those who have no changes; (Ps. lv. 19;) nor would I, for a thousand worlds, be of the number that fear not God; and though I have felt a great deal of the rising up and belching forth of the old man of sin, and the dreadful power of Satan, I must acknowledge, to the honour of the Lord, that I never was more supported in affliction, nor more favoured with the presence of the Lord, than I have been, on some occasions, in this furnace; and I am obliged to believe that the hand of the Lord is in it.

I can reckon up that since I have been in Manchester (which is more than thirty-six years) I have travelled, one way or other, more than sixty thousand miles, and, though I have had many narrow escapes, I never had any serious accident, as we call them, before. And for this to take place in my own garden, and under the circumstances that it did, has often staggered my reason. But, when the dear Lord has favoured me with his sweet presence and love, I have been enabled to see that it is all right and all in mercy; for, had I been a great distance from home, what a trouble and burden I must have been both to myself and to others; therefore the Lord has wisely ordered it; and, at times, I can say that he has done all things well.

To state the whole of the various changes I have had in my feelings, is not possible; but I have often thought and felt that such an outrageous fool, such a poor, dark, dead lump, such a heap of lumber, who, at best, in and of self, am but a vile, vain, crawling reptile, panting after forbidden objects; I say, that such a wretch was surely never embraced in the arms of everlasting love before, and exalted to the high station of being one with Christ, having sweet intercourse with a Three One God, yea, and of being employed by his gracious Majesty as a witness for him, and a steward of the manifold grace of God. But such is God, and such are the methods of his grace, that all creature loftiness must be brought down, and the Lord alone be exalted. I have truly felt that I am more brutish than any man, and that I am as a beast before the Lord. (Prov. xxx. 2; Ps. lxxiii. 22.) But when the Lord first called me to the work of the ministry, he told me, and told me with power, that he had "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;" and very often, in the wonderfully strange manifestations of his matchless grace, he makes use of the most unlikely means to accomplish his own ends; as it is written; "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things

of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 27—29.)

Were I to state some of the feelings I have had in my affliction, my readers, at least some of them, would consider me a most outrageous fool, and worse than that; but I think it prudent to suppress them; for though I both see and feel myself to be a monstrous fool, it is one branch of the cursed pride and foolishness of my old man, that I do not like other people to call me what I really feel myself to be. But after all the horrible blasphemy and foolishness of old corrupt nature, matchless grace, by the glorious power of God the Holy Ghost, has brought me to believe and feel that my real spiritual standing before God is in the Lord Jesus Christ. And here the Lord, in the aboundings of his grace, has rendered me complete; (Col. ii. 10;) and, by the sweet teachings and drawings of the Holy Spirit, I have had some solemn walks into, and blessed feelings of the blessedness contained in Phil. iii. 8—10, and Rom. viii. 31—39. I therefore must say, to the honour of the Lord, that all I am and have as a vessel of mercy, I am and have by the grace of God; and with a heavenly unction I have at times been enabled to say, "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." (Ps. cxv. 1.) I really am not, nor do I wish to be, of the number of those professors who appear to substitute moral obligations, duty faith, creature attainments, and the killing letter as the living man's rule of life, for the blessed work of God the Holy Ghost; nor am I, nor do I wish to be, of that number who can vamp up their minds with high notions of the doctrines of the gospel, and despise or set at nought real, feeling religion. I know well there are characters who appear to be "rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," (Rev. iii. 17,) and who therefore can exultingly say that they have as much pity for the devil as they have for a poor, wretched, miserable, doubting, fearing sinner; but with such men I wish to have nothing to do, however they may exalt themselves upon the mountain of having obtained high views of the doctrines of the bible, or however they may be set up by others. I truly do not wish to belong to such a class. Sure I am that when the heart is laid open by the Holy Ghost, and the Lord suffers it to ooze out its nature-spawn, there will be filth enough to make the strongest traveller sick, yea, and fearful and doubting too; and when God the Spirit applies the atonement to the conscience of such a poor sinner, the soul will be both thankful and humble, abhorring self, and singing the wonders of God's love; and such a soul will feel a real spiritual pity for the Lord's poor, tried, tempted, doubting children; and though unfeeling, presumptuous professors may boast of their unshaken confidence, "the Lord giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Bless his precious name, in his matchless pity and compassion, "he will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer;" (Ps. cii. 17;) for the blessed Spirit maketh intercession for them with groanings which cannot be uttered, and these unutterable groans are according to the will of God. (Rom. viii. 26, 27.) A kind sympathising God "looks from the height of his sanctuary to hear the groanings of the prisoners, and to loose them that are appointed to death." (Ps. cii. 19, 20.) Poor, broken-hearted, distressed, fearful worms have a special place in the love, pity, care, and promise of the Lord. (Isa. xli. 14; lvi. 2; Ps. xxxiv. 18; Isa. xxxv. 3—6; Heb. xii. 12, 13.) It is those that fear not God who have no changes. (Ps. lv. 19.) "Their strength is firm, for they are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men;" but the dear child of God can very often say, "All the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." At least this is my case, nor do I wish to change states with those that have no changes. The poor and needy, the weak, feeble, and perplexed, the destitute, mourning, and groaning, who feel themselves tortured with an incurable bruise and a grievous wound, and in their feelings are ready to say, "My way is hid from the Lord;" these, and such like, have a place in the open bosom of the Word of God, and in the tender-hearted sympathy of the Lord of

life and glory; for in all their afflictions he is afflicted. "Is Ephraim my dear son?" is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxi. 20.)

But I doubt I shall weary the patience of some of my readers. I will therefore come to a conclusion. I very much longed for the time to come when I should once more meet my little flock in public worship; at the same time I trembled lest the dear Lord should suffer me to go before them like a dry fleece; for I felt quite sure that, let me take what text I would, if the blessed Spirit did not bedew my soul, I should be dry and barren. It is one thing to utter sound words and convey clear ideas, and preach clear doctrinal truths, and another thing to do it under the unctuous power of God the Holy Ghost. I therefore prayed that the dear Lord would afford both me and the people the reviving dew of heaven. After being a prisoner at home seven weeks all but one day, I was conveyed to the chapel on the morning of Lord's day, November 1st, and was quite overcome with the sight of my friends; and though I did not enjoy so much of the presence of the Lord as I should have liked to have done, I believe the Lord was there, and I felt some degree of sweetness and meekness of spirit, and gratitude of soul. And here I shall leave the subject for the present. That the God of peace may be with you, and bless you with the life, power, and unction of God the Holy Ghost, is the prayer of your poor old hobbling friend,

Manchester, Nov. 4, 1840.

WILLIAM GADSBY.

## THE FRUITS OF TRIBULATION.

Dear Friend,—I am still in the path of tribulation. I feel bonds and afflictions abide me; but I believe they are "the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God," for I cannot go out and hang myself like Judas, nor stab myself like Saul, nor cast away the truth in the gall of bitterness like Simon Magus, though, with Job, I have said, "My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life;" and, with Elijah, I have said, "Now, Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers;" and, with Hezekiah, I have turned my face to the wall and said, "I shall go to the gates of the grave; I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living." Neither have afflictions driven me out from the presence of God, but they have broken my spirit, and humbled my soul, and brought me to his feet, and made me listen submissively to what He had to say to me. (See Deut. xxxiii. 3.) "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." In tribulation the Lord had opened his ears and touched his heart; then he had both heart and ears to feel and hear the Lord's word of mercy. And though the Lord has sorely tried me and proved me, bless his dear name, it has made me cling closer to him, and endeared him to me, and made his name and person precious to my soul, and caused me to shelter and trust in him, saying, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;" for I have found that "as the sufferings of Christ abound in me, so my consolation also aboundeth by Christ;" and as I know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death, so I know the power of his resurrection. It is by being troubled on every side, perplexed, cast down, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses and sorrows that we bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. (2 Cor. iv.) Tribulation is trying and painful, and at first it works up hateful rebellion, peevishness, and despondency; but without it there can be no true religion. It brings us to know God and ourselves aright, to understand

the Scriptures, and to know the path of judgment and mercy. Without it our carnal mind would run mad, and would need bit and bridle of another kind, nor should we set our affections on things above, nor be humbled as little children, nor feel helpless and lost. Tribulation loosens us to the world, and sickens and spoils our appetite for earthly pleasures. It is to the soul spiritually what frost is to the soil; it first freezes, contracts, and binds it, and then softens, opens, and loosens it. It is thus spiritually prepared to receive the precious seeds of tender mercy, loving kindness, comforting promises, free favour, and a finished salvation, from which the blessed fruits of life, light, love, power, joy, gladness, and praise sensibly spring forth. This is righteousness looking down from heaven, and truth springing out of the earth. (Psalm lxxxv. 11.)

Tribulation is the pruning knife in the hand of God by which he cuts down the flesh, and cuts away the rank shoots of our fleshly religion; such as legal views of the truth, false notions of religion in general, creature-holiness, long and soul-sickening formal prayers, or prayers set on fire by sparks of their own kindling, letter faith, dead confidence, hardened presumption, false comfort, settled peace from head-knowledge and the promises in the letter, religious compliments and pious hypocrisy, and all the appendages of a false and fashionable religion. True religion is not flesh, nor of the flesh, but of the Spirit; and if the flesh be full and strong, true religion is on the wane; if it be full of sap and bloom, real religion withers and dies; if it be pleased and comforted, vital religion is neglected; "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." And this is the way that the deeds of the body are mortified; by self-denial through the Spirit, and by tribulations and crosses. When the fear of God is alive in a tender conscience, it checks many a fleshly appetite and desire, and seizes many a sinful act that is about to be committed, and strangles it on the spot, and thus denies self and mortifies the flesh. Doubts and fears about the reality of our religion; fears whether we have been called of God with a heavenly calling, and whether we have ever been truly blest in our souls; a sensible want of the fruits of the Spirit; groans and prayers unanswered; being tortured with infidel suggestions of the existence of God and the devil, of the reality of heaven and hell, and the immortality of the soul; the cuttings of a guilty conscience; the anguish of despondency, and to our feelings the utter want of living faith; our way being altogether hid; and our schemes, will, and wishes being totally blasted and crossed, are some of the tribulations that mortify and cut down flesh and fleshly religion. And when our fleshly religion, ways, and wishes are thus cut down, then spiritual religion buds forth, shoots up, revives, and lives, and for a season flourishes, and pushes forth spiritual fruit. The fruits of humility, brokenness of spirit, soberness, submission, honesty, simplicity, fear, hope, faith, love, power, and a sound mind; prayer, praise, and worshipping in spirit and in truth. And this is the way that these blessed fruits are caused to spring up into feeling existence in the soul. After tribulation has had its perfect work, the Spirit will at times shed abroad a sweet light in the understanding, and breathe a life-giving power into the soul, and will so move in some part of the word of truth, and so cause it to fit in the heart that it will be life and power; it will be the mouth of God speaking into his very heart, dissolving and melting his soul; then faith, love, peace, &c., spring up and flow out.

Tribulations, both natural and spiritual, have pressed so heavily upon me that, at times, I have thought they would sink this poor

tabernacle into the grave; but, blessed be God, they cannot sink any soul into hell, neither shall I take any of them to heaven. There is no sorrow there; no sighing or crying; no crosses, losses, or trials there; no sin, guilt, or wrath; no doubts and fears; no corruptions; no pains there. These shall all be left behind as the Lord left his grave-clothes in the tomb. Sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away, and the Lord shall wipe away all tears from off all faces. We shall smile for ever under the smiles of his countenance, and bask for ever in the sunshine of his glory. We shall see Him as he is, and be like him. Soul-transporting thought! Yes; we shall be like Him, and look at his glory, for we have a blessed picture of it in His transfiguration on the mount. (Matt. xvii. 2, 3.)

Well, dear friend, if this be the case, who shall hinder us from saying, when we feel the sweetness of it in our hearts, that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" Of late I have felt much of the vanity of all that is earthly. I have felt what Paul says, "Brethren, the time is short; they that weep should be as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy as though they possessed not." And with Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is no profit under the sun." Our days upon the earth are a shadow that declineth. (Job viii. 9.) And, at times, I feel a blessed hope of a glorious immortality springing up in my heart; then I could put off the earthly house of this tabernacle. But, while we lodge in earthen vessels, it is through the melting furnace of God's trials that we are purged and purified, and made to offer an offering in righteousness unto the Lord. "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, but who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap." Solemn question! Who shall abide the day of His coming? who shall stand the winnowing fan and sifting riddle in His separating hand? for he will sift (all that are His) as wheat is sifted. (Amos ix. 9.) Who shall endure his soul-trials and heart-purging work? Blessed indeed are the souls thus tried, who shall abide and endure these terrible things in righteousness. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

You see, my dear friend, in order that we may *endure* we must have something solid and substantial within; something heavier than chaff, and more durable than wood, hay, or stubble. We must have some of the wheat of eternal life in our souls, some heavenly gold of Ophir, some precious silver from the vein where they find it; something supernatural and immortal, that will stand to see nature cut to pieces, our creature-religion torn to ribbons, our own ways and wishes driven away with the whirlwind like smoke out of the chimney, and something that will weather every storm and live at last. Trials and soul-afflictions are *night visions* in which the God of heaven revealeth secrets to us, and teaches us that wisdom and might are his; that he revealeth the deep and secret things, and that he knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him. (Dan. ii. 19.) And hereby we are enabled to tell the spiritual dreams of God's elect, and the interpretations thereof; *i. e.*, to tell their experience and what it means. Here it is where all the pious conjurers and magic parsons are lost and confounded. "Tell us the dream," say they, "and we will show you the interpreta-

tion of it." "It is a rare thing that the King requireth, and there is none other that can show it except the gods whose dwelling is not with flesh." But spiritual interpreters can both tell the dream, and give the interpretation of it. They know that there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets. "Do not interpretations belong unto God?" said Joseph. And he interpreted that the baker, (a fat hearted hypocrite; Ps. cxix. 70,) should be hanged, but that the cup-bearer should be restored. Thus "a faithful witness delivereth souls," and "takes forth the precious from the vile."

Dear friend, with all my troubles the Lord has been exceedingly gracious to me—gracious to my soul experimentally. He has spoken to my heart by his word most sweetly at times. I know that scripture, "His mouth is most sweet;" and that, "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." I have felt him descend into his own blessed word, and move in it with life and power and healing, as the angel descended and moved the troubled waters, healing, and blessing, and comforting my poor diseased and impotent soul. "Thy words were found and I did eat them; thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." They were to my soul "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "A word spoken in due season, how good is it." How sweet to have the blessed Lord talking to and communing with our souls in his word till our hearts burn within us. O the mighty difference betwixt the word, in the letter of it merely, and the Lord the Spirit in the word, making it a word of life and power! I think I shall never forget the Lord's voice speaking to my heart in these scriptures, Job v. 19; Ps. cxxv. 1, 2, 3; Matt. xi. 6; Luke xviii. 13, 14; John xvi. 21, 22. Now, after we have been thus tried and proved, made helpless and beggared, wounded and killed; then comforted, healed, and blest, what a sweet faith and hope of eternal life beyond death, the grave, and the skies, spring up in the heart. And O how sweet to have a true hope and an inward view of eternal glory! Pleasing thought! We shall be sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption, undefiled, to fade no more; we shall be sown in dishonour, but raised in glory, the glory of God and the Lamb; we shall be sown in weakness, but raised in power, the power of the Lord the Spirit; we shall be sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body in the likeness of Christ's glorious body, without sin, pain, sorrow, or change. As we have been made subject to vanity, and borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; then death shall be swallowed up in victory. (1 Cor. xv.) Then, while the wicked, (profane and professing) who had their ease and reward in this life, shall be cast into hell, calling upon the rocks and mountains to hide them from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power, the Lord's once slaughtered people shall meet him in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord to spend with him an eternal day under an eternal weight of glory.

I remain, dear friend, yours in the truth,  
Preston, Sept., 1840.

J. M'K.

### THE LORD'S KIND PROVIDENCE.

(Concluded from page 247.)

After this visitation, for several days I was again left to wander on the dark mountains of unbelief. Having been previously seized with the influenza, it now took such hold on my poor frame, that on Christ-

mas day I was so ill I really thought my work was done. But the next morning I felt myself a little better, and went to my labour, as usual, but not with that comfortable feeling that is so desirable, for all was darkness within and without. I now felt in my very soul what the Evangelist says of the Apostles, when they had so many comers and goers that they had not time so much as to eat. Neither had I time so much as to read the word of life; for if I attempted to read or meditate, I had floods of doubts and fears of being laid aside myself; and the dread that I should not be able to procure the common necessaries of life, and be "honest in the sight of all men," would at times bring me to the brink of despair. At length the last evening of the year 1839 made its appearance, and I had the gratification of again seeing my wife sitting by the fireside. This, you will think, would call forth every energy of the soul in thankfulness and praise. But no; that spring was shut up, and I could not open it, however pleasing the sight was to my natural feelings. If grace is not in exercise, in vain do I attempt to praise the Father of all mercies. I must have a feeling sense of my wants, a spirit of supplication communicated to my soul, a spirit of faith to believe that I shall have my wants supplied, and a spiritual enjoyment of the love of God in my heart, before I can either praise or pray to him in spirit and truth.

I anticipated that by October no man would be able to say to me, "Pay me that thou owest;" but now the time was come, and instead of being clear from the demands of any, I was doubly deeper in debt than before. This, at times, made me hang my head like a bulrush, and at other times I was like the restless ocean, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; for sure enough the abominable corruptions of my heart cast up filth sufficient to drown a world in perdition, but for the interference of sovereign grace. In this state I continued till the first Friday in the new year. This was a day of trouble both to body and soul. The wants in the house began to be many and very pressing; an honest conscience debarred me from contracting any more debts, as my wife was getting better; yet I had made such engagements for discharging what I owed, as far as my week's earnings would go, that I knew that at seven o'clock on Monday evening I should have only a few pence left in the house for the week. I now thought of selling some article out of the house to procure the common necessaries of life, when in came carnal reason, and suggested that that step would be the most cruel conduct I could show to an afflicted wife. At this time my poor body was so weak from the effects of my own complaint that I could scarcely continue my labour; and, added to this, the enemy was permitted to come into my heart like a flood, and he stirred up such a spirit of rebellion and infidelity, such God-dishonouring suggestions, and so much self-pity, that I dare not describe them. The weakness of my body, together with my confusion of mind in this conflict, so wrought upon me, that I verily thought my reason would leave me. I put down my tool, with which I was working, and walked a distance from the place of my work. Now, being burdened, I felt what it was to groan; but at this instant I had a feeling sense of Him with whom I had to do, and a groan went from my very soul, that if it were his will to deprive me of my senses, he would keep my mouth from dishonouring his holy name. After this I felt a little relief, and returned to my labour. Then these words, "The Lord will appear," came to my mind several times; and such was the force and power with which they came, and such my weakness, that I looked round to see if any one was speaking; when all in an instant I felt a sweet calm in my mind, and I believed

that the Lord would perform his word directly. Upon this those words came with equal force; "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me." And now, though engaged in labour, I enjoyed the sweet indulgence of casting my burden upon the Lord, and I laid all my wants, both temporal and spiritual, before him; and I really felt a strong conviction that the Lord's time was not far distant. From the time of this visitation my labour seemed to me as usual, I mean in regard to bodily strength; for, being alone, no one could interrupt me; and for some time after, promise upon promise came into my mind. But I fear I shall tire your patience; I must not go on too much. A sleepless night ensued, and Saturday passed over rather anxiously as to when the Lord would appear. Another very restless night followed. Lord's day morning came, but no rest for the soul. I knew what Monday would produce for me in regard to my earnings. Carnal reason looked out several ways for supplies; but all was darkness within; no goings forth in prayer. My thoughts now returned to those friends at a distance who had offered me their assistance, but of whom I had not since heard. I felt such enmity boiling up in my heart at their conduct that I shall forbear to describe it. At this time I was sitting in the room alone, and I was glad, in one sense, that no one was with me; for while in this fit, the following words came upon me with equal force to those on Friday, viz., "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and that maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." At this I was, in a sense, speechless, but not motionless, for every part of my body seemed to shake. I knew where to look for the words, but was afraid to do so; for I had a feeling sense that my heart had departed from the Lord; and, like a guilty criminal, I waited to hear him pronounce my sentence. In this state of feeling I continued for some time, but could not read, for I had some fearful apprehensions as to what my eternal state would be. But after I had been thus musing, these words came into my mind; "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This again gave me a little encouragement to look up; and shortly after these words, "To this man will I look, that is of a humble and contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word," came forcibly to my recollection. Sure enough I trembled at the former part of the passage, but the latter brought relief; for after this I had some meditation upon the words of the psalmist, "My soul is even as a weaned child." I knew that his love endured for ever, and I felt a desire in my soul to lie submissive at his feet. The latter part of this Sabbath passed off rather more calmly, but another restless night ensued. Monday morning arrived, and through the day I made my engagements good, so far as I had promised at the time before stated. I again had but a few pence in the house, and the whole week before me, with very few provisions. But when I came to the last shilling, I parted with it rather cheerfully; for at this instant I felt assured that the Lord would come, and I told them so at home.

I must now record something to His praise, "whose mercy endureth for ever." Shortly after the last shilling was gone, a friend to whom I stood indebted came into the shop. When I saw him make his appearance, I thought he was come for the money. But instead of this, he asked very kindly after my wife, and said he was surprised to see me look so ill. After ordering an article that he wanted, he beckoned me to follow him, as some other people were in the shop at the time. I followed, and verily thought I must have sunk down, knowing that the money ought to have been paid before that time. But how shall I utter it? Instead of asking for the money, he shook hands with me, leaving



five shillings, and bade me good night. I went into the shop again, and endeavoured to conceal my feelings, but I found that was impossible; but I must go, and give them vent. Such an appearance of the Lord as this, and such sweet flowings of heart-felt thankfulness, I had not enjoyed throughout this conflict. I could now almost laugh the enemy to scorn, for I knew that the five shillings, with what was in the house, would procure bread enough for the week. But this feeling of gratitude and thankfulness did not rest here. I took the money home, and it was thankfully received. At this time my throat and cough began to get a little better; but being so comfortable in my mind and feelings, I could not consistently retire to rest without calling upon those who could hear me to join with me in praising the Lord for his mercy; and this was the time that I was humbled low enough in my soul to say, "Thy will be done." At this season I enjoyed a sweet liberty of soul, and retired to rest; and as the last three nights had passed with rockings to and fro and pain of mind, so this night passed off with sweet meditations upon several portions of the word of God, and in prayer and praise, for sleep I could not, nor do I remember ever feeling my soul so drawn out in asking both spiritual and temporal blessings for the instrument that the Lord had appointed in this instance, as I did during this night. But now the talent and pen of a ready-writer is wanted, to describe some of the things through which I passed during that night. As on the Sunday preceding I had some fearful apprehensions as to my eternal state, so this night I was favoured with a strong faith that I should end my course to the praise and glory of the free grace of God, in Christ.

Next morning, at breakfast, the Lord again manifested his favour by a letter arriving from those friends at a distance, containing a half sovereign. A carnal mind would say, You could now relish your breakfast with a good appetite; but I assure you it was not so with me, for I was seized with such a spirit of self-aborrence at the dreadful depravity of my wicked heart in having distrusted the Lord in this instance, that breakfast was forgotten after this arrival, and the greater part of the day passed along under the same feelings.

I know you like to hear of deliverances, so I must record another that occurred the same day, after the day's work was done. I called upon a friend, and there the Lord had left me another token of his kindness in another friend's having left a half-crown for me. So now, as on the Friday before it was said, "The Lord will appear," and "Call upon me," &c.; and he had appeared to my satisfaction, both to body and soul, I again retired to rest under a feeling sense of the love of God, and prayer and praise were the chief exercises of my mind; for although my troubles had pressed heavily on me, yet those manifested mercies of the Lord did in a great measure enable me to go on my way rejoicing; for when thus favoured, I could look back, and see that "the blind had been brought in a way that he knew not," into a sweet submission to the Divine will in all things; and when this is the case, you know temporal things cannot upset much. Thus the remainder of the week passed on. But one thing I must not omit to mention, viz., that these words, "Thy tender mercies are over all thy works," were sweet to my taste; for when things were thus made known in my soul, I even felt that it was in very mercy that he had afflicted me. For had he let me go on according to my fleshly hopes in October last, by this time I should have been as full of pride and independence as the devil could cram me. As the Sabbath was drawing nigh, and I was in hopes of hearing one whom I believe to be taught and sent of God

to preach the gospel, I felt a strong desire in my soul to hear the joyful sound; and as prayer, mingled with praise, was now my chief enjoyment, I put up several petitions to that effect. Sabbath morning at length arrived, and, awakening rather early, Mr. T., of A., whom I love in my soul for the truth's sake, was first in my thoughts. The weather was very cold, and I was not quite recovered from the influenza. Carnal reason, and sinful, but weak flesh, made many excuses for me to stay at home, but after some time these words came into my mind with such force and power as to silence all further opposition; "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." From this time I had something like a Sabbath morning of rest in my soul, and felt a sweet liberty in asking a blessing upon the labours of the instrument appointed. And sure enough there was a blessing on his labours in prayer; for if I had been ever so intimate and conversant with him, he could not have taken me in the arms of faith to a throne of grace, and lodged my burden there, in a more feeling and precise manner. It seemed to me as if he knew all my feelings and all my wants, and my every soul responded a heartfelt Amen to almost every sentence; but I believe it was the work of the Spirit of God upon his soul. As I before observed, prayer was all I wanted at this season; I have therefore but little to say of the sermon, except that he brought forth some encouraging and soul-establishing truths.

But after this Sabbath, and the distribution and consumption of temporal mercies, the cares of the world again intruded upon me; for I made a point of paying as fast as any money came in, to contract any more debt being a burden too heavy for me at this time. But as the Father of mercies knew my wants for the next week, so he had appointed other means, that I knew nothing of, for my relief, by an affectionate friend depositing ten shillings into my hand. This again sent me into the valley of humility, of thankfulness, and self-abasement. At this time my wife's ultimate recovery began to revive, although even then she had not strength enough to dress herself; but all things seemed to work together for my good, and, at times, I fervently pray for God's glory. I now begin to hope for better days. But as I have, in some measure, complied with your request, I must now conclude by requesting one favour from you, viz., that when you are favoured with access to a throne of grace, you will not forget me. Yours, &c.

January, 1840.

J. T.

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## SPIRITUAL WEIGHTS AND SCALES.

My dear Friend,—Absent, but not forgotten. I regretted being obliged to leave home while you were here, but hope it will not happen so again. We shall be very glad to see you at any time. O that we could feel more gratitude to our God for his great temporal, but far greater spiritual mercies, so freely conferred upon us poor sinners. I have been lamenting to-day that there seems to be so few under a real concern for their guilty souls. Many are as blind and unconcerned about eternity as the beast fattening for the slaughter, and are driven away in their wickedness; many drunken with errors, and left to believe a lie; many working hard, and meaning well, who are yet seeking salvation by the works of the law, and stumbling at the incarnate Word, setting up their wood, hay, and stubble in the place of Jesus' blood and righteousness, many hold-

ing the letter of truth in the head, while Satan reigns and rules in the heart, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power;"

"The child of fancy finely dress'd,  
But not the living child;"

and it is alone of God's sovereign grace that we are made in any measure to differ from them. Boasting and vaunting are for ever excluded; free grace alone makes Paul in heaven to differ from Judas in hell. How solemn to contemplate the justice of our holy God, and how suitable and precious is free mercy and full pardon to a guilty, ready-to-perish sinner, through a Redeemer's precious blood! "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Unspeakable mercy! to know that he hath "loved us, and given himself for us," so that infinite justice is satisfied, and demands eternal salvation for all the redeemed of the Lord! Satan shall never have to say that he has got part of Christ in hell. "What then? shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace?" Every living saint can say from his very soul, "God forbid!" A religion destitute of holy life, tender conscience, the fear of God, honesty before God and men, godly sorrow for their own sins, self-loathing in secret, feeling supplications for manifested mercy through Christ, chastisements and rebukes felt in their consciences for their own iniquity, as well as rays of mercy which cause an expectation to flow from their sin-afflicted souls, that shall not be cut off, for the expectation of such poor souls shall not perish for ever, for "the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners;" and though "hope deferred maketh the heart sick, yet when the desire cometh, it shall be a tree of life," whose leaves are for sores and bruises; whose fruit is sweet to the taste, and whose shadow screens from the second death. Then shall the ransomed of the Lord look on him whom their sins have pierced, and mourn for him, grieve for grieving him, loathe sin and self, and love, adore, and praise the sacred Three in One. These things, through mercy, I have known and felt; and a religion entirely destitute of these things centres in the flesh, and, if grace prevent not, will end in hell. Every real saint has a court of equity within; and the children of God judge themselves daily, and truly feel that in many things they all offend, and that if salvation was not entirely of grace, they must perish for ever. They carry a pair of scales within, made and adjusted by the Lord, according to the precepts of the gospel. If the tongue offend, we are guilty in a moment; an idle word will throw us down; and when our actions are contrary to the motto, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," we feel condemned. In this court right is right, and wrong is wrong; no shifting nor bribing, no false excuses here; and if we do not watch the scales, they will watch us. Thus the God-fearing master is preserved from oppression, taught his duty towards his servants, is told what wages to pay; and the servant is kept from eyeservice, and must put wages in one scale, and labour in the other, and see how matters are, and that often too. Parents and children, parsons and hearers, that are born of God, have all these scales, and, though often brought in guilty by them, would not, in their right

minds, be without them for the world; and though they are "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," yet they feel themselves unprofitable servants, and the very chief of sinners; they know that these things can neither cancel sins, nor purchase heaven, and their only hope rests and centres in the Lord alone. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewings of the Holy Ghost." If some professors that are pleased to call the Lord's people "Antinomians" had these scales, it would quite derange their concerns; they must send their weights to be adjusted, their measures to be enlarged, their yard-wands to be lengthened; and alter the figures in their books; and if they made restitution to their injured customers, it would reduce them to penury. Many parsons would be distracted, to see how they had trifled with, and deluded souls, that they might eat a piece of bread; how would they rue their folly in calling light darkness, and darkness light; palming upon the devil the work of God, in the souls of his chosen ones, and palming on God the deceptions of Satan in the carnal minds of the bond-children. But the solemn day is coming, when he shall separate the sheep from the goats, and then shall the humble be exalted, and the proud abased. Yours affectionately,

Walsryn, January, 1840.

D. S.

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### CAPTIVITY TURNED.

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Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty to write to you from this place, where you perhaps have not one correspondent, though I am a perfect stranger to you in the flesh, but, I trust, not in spirit. I have been living in this city for nearly ten years; but, previous to my residence here, I had been living at B—— for seven years, where I had the privilege of hearing the gospel in Ch—— street more than twenty years, but never until this year felt its blessed power. I consider B—— highly favoured, when I compare it with this dark, wretched city. The only place where there was anything like the "form of sound words" was at a little Baptist chapel, the minister of which was, I trust, a good man; but his preaching was all doctrine, very little experience; that he called preaching himself. About two years ago he died. In September, last year, the Lord, by a mysterious providence, brought a young man to N—— to reside, who had lately been called to speak in public. One Lord's day I heard him speak to the people, in the place where he had been a member for seventeen years. I felt, while in the presence of this poor man, that the Lord had come near to me in the ministry of the word, but I feared it was to my condemnation. But I must now take the liberty to trouble you with a little of my own case. Having heard the gospel so long, I had obtained, as Mr. Hart says, knowledge enough of the doctrines; but I verily believed the word would be the savour of death to my soul. In 1834 I purchased Huntington's Works, the twenty volumes, and, in reading the works of this wonderful man, I saw there was a reality in religion which I did not possess. At this

discovery all my confidence fell, and I went almost into black despair. I think it was in the same year that those dreadful words in Hebrews x. 26—29 were applied with such power to my mind that I believed myself to be the very character there described—a wilful, presumptuous sinner; and that a “certain looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation” seemed to await such an adversary. And then the reading of Huntington’s Works made me more convinced that I was the very wretch that had been left to commit the unpardonable sin, the great transgression, the sin unto death. I have read his works until I dared read no farther, but have thrown them down, and have run into the fields, almost distracted, to call upon the Lord, if it were possible for him to hear such a wretch. Before the dear Lord brought me up from this horrible pit, he certainly secretly supported me by giving me now and then a momentary ray of hope, or I must have rushed to destruction. But, as it was, this dreadful discipline for more than five years brought me very low, both in body and mind. I have a family of six children, and I keep a shop. The customers, you know, like to see a cheerful countenance; but such, dear Sir, was my inward sorrow, under guilt and condemnation, that I could scarcely force a smile; and if I did, it might be truly said, even “in such laughter the heart is sorrowful;” and again; “As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment.” I had certainly met with a little comfort under that dear man of God, Henry Fowler, of London, whom I had heard several times in my visits to that city. But this was the hole I was in, when the young man, to whom I have alluded, came to N—; I was condemned by the law of God, condemned by my own conscience, and, I thought, condemned by the gospel, as a presumptuous sinner. “The soul that doeth ought presumptuously shall be cut off from among my people.” I really expected that the Lord would pronounce sentence of eternal damnation against me by this servant of his. I felt the power and authority with which he spake; and my own conscience must have said Amen, even to my own destruction. How anxiously did I wish that some one would hire a room, and get a few seats, and give this young man a hearing. I would have done it myself, for I believed the Lord had sent him, but I had the arrows of God in my conscience, and dared no more presumptuously touch the ark, lest, like Uzzah, such a wretch should meet with deeper damnation. At the same time my friend, who knew a little of the workings of my mind, told me that he believed my long night of sorrow would end in joy; but this I could not believe. As no person would get a room, I hired one myself, and prepared seats for about fifty; and having opened it, I sat down at the door, thinking it a mercy to be a doorkeeper, as Erskine says, in his “Gospel Sonnets;”

“Couldst love to be the footstool low,  
On which his throne might rise,  
Its pompous grace around to show?  
Thy husband does thee prize.”

Such were my feelings. And at last the dear Lord spoke to my very case, and showed me, and made me feel that the blood of Christ,

God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin. I had full many rays of hope under the word before in this room; but in February the Lord set my soul at happy liberty, and enabled me to address him as "my Father," with an unwavering tongue. I was about sixteen miles from home when I felt this amazing freedom at a throne of grace, and looked around with joy and wonder upon the trees and hedges, which seemed to echo with the sound, "My Father!" I was forty-two years of age, and never dared before to say "My Father!" without a check of conscience; but now all was peace within and without. I cannot even write about it now without tears of joy and gratitude, so great was his mercy. I thought if ever I were saved, it would be, as it were, but barely saved, like a shipwrecked vessel, that just gets into harbour without sinking, with her masts and sails all gone. But these were not the Lord's thoughts; no, he pardons like a God indeed. He brought me down to the very dust, and then lifted up the poor beggar from the dunghill, and said, "Son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven. Go in peace." And I can truly say, that his dear name and cause are more to me than anything in this world. But, fearing that I shall tire your patience, I must now tell you the cause wherefore I am come to you at this time.

In March we were obliged to leave the room and hire another place, which we have fitted up as a chapel, and it will hold, I think, two hundred persons, or perhaps more. I still had to go before, and the Lord was my Master, and so blessed me with his presence that I felt the preciousness of Psalm xxxvii. 4—6; "Delight thyself also in the Lord," &c. And the dear Lord knew my desire had been to have a place where his truth should be preached. Even under all the darkness and misery which I laboured I felt this desire; and now the Lord gave me the desire of my heart in this; first removed the burden of guilt and set me free, and then, bless his dear name, made me a willing subject in the day of his power, and put all this honour upon me to make me an instrument in his hand of good to others. Our best friends are from the country around. All the congregations in the city are opposed to us, and prophecy our downfall; as they said of old, "What do these feeble Jews? why, even a fox might break down their stone wall." But we now have double the attendance we had in the room that we first hired. We are formed into a little church on the Particular Baptist principles, although there are but ten members at present; but I can truly say there is not one in our small number but what, I believe, are children of God.

My motive in writing, which I do in the name of the church, is to request the favour of a visit from you. Your writings, of which I have sold a large quantity, have made your name much known around N—, and there is a great desire to hear you. Should the Lord incline your heart to come, and you could spare one Lord's Day, we should feel greatly obliged. Perhaps you could arrange so as to stay a few days in this dark city to speak on a week evening.

I have given offence by lending Mr. Huntington's works, and selling Mr. Gadsby's, and yours, and one hundred and thirty *Standards* monthly. Thus the Lord has brought me here and made

me an instrument in his hands for good to others, even years ago, when I was in darkness and wretchedness myself.

Mr. Warburton has been twice in this city, Mr. Gadsby once, and the late Mr. Fowler once. I do really think this circumstance of great importance that we have now one pulpit in this city open for the preaching of the gospel. Our population is about 70,000.

Begging an interest in your prayers, I am, dear Sir, yours,

N—, Sept. 18, 1840.

A SINNER SAVED.

### TIDINGS FROM SUFFOLK.

Dear Friend,—I feel greatly obliged to you for your very kind letter. I suppose you thought I was wavering a little as to what I have professed to you relating to my faith. I said, "I do feel at a loss when contending with law-rulers upon our obligations to the Lord." What you have said about it is perfectly right. The doctrines you hold I have felt, for years, as suitable to me, but I could not see them, till of late; that is, since I have read *The Gospel Standard*. Friend, such doctrines will do to live by, and to die by also. What with the *Standard*, and hearing you, I am entirely spoiled for hearing anything contrary to that drift. I had a specimen of it yesterday. Poor N— stated the doctrines and applied them, from the very letter; but oh! the formality, the deadness, the dryness, I cannot express. I never felt my bondage more than I did under him; I did indeed feel it. What a curse it appears upon a people to be drawn away, by degrees, into such a dead, formal religion! I hope the dear Lord will never suffer me to settle here; I dread it. May the Lord pardon me if I am wrong, but I must say it seems to be the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. There was nothing of his blessed work in it; he was scarcely named. What a day of blasphemy! I write as I feel; for I can assure you, that when I look round and take a view of the Suffolk ministers, I do really tremble. I believe I never before had such a view of their carnal, dead state. Bondage, bondage, is my state when I hear them. My heart recoils at their doctrine; but as soon as I hear the work of the blessed Spirit opened up, and how he works on the heart, that seems to give me some life. Sometimes I think I will be quiet, and not interfere with any; but when I see the unpardonable sin committed, then I must speak.

When you write again, let me know whether you feel such things as these. I do feel them, and have felt them for some time. The reports I heard concerning your last sermon at S— are, I believe, abominable falsehoods. How men, professing Christianity, can propagate such reports, I know not; I should fear the judgments of God would fall upon me. Where is their law-rule? Is that what a law-rule leads to? From such a rule, good Lord, deliver me! May the Lord make you as bold as a lion, as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. May you be kept from self-confidence; and may you ever feel where your great strength lieth. Yours sincerely,

Suffolk, August, 1840.

J. S.

## THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

I cannot forbear telling you that last night I heard Mr. Fowler, at Deptford, preach most sweetly. His text was, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." I will relate a little of the discourse. "Some people say, and I suppose they think, that religious persons are always miserable. But they are mistaken; the righteous, we know, have their sorrows and afflictions, but they have enjoyments too. This is proved by Isaiah xii. 2; 'The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation,' &c. The 'ye' in the text means the poor seekers who are athirst for God; 'ye who are weary and heavy laden,' hungering and thirsting after righteousness. The soul that sees and feels its ruined state, and begs and prays of God to save it, will never be damned, but shall at length 'draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

The 'wells' are God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, each to be distinguished from the other, yet being one God, Israel's tri-une Jehovah. God the Father laid help upon One that is mighty to redeem his chosen race; and so loved us, that he gave his beloved Son to die for our sins. Again. No less does God the Son contain all we need; 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;' and the most blessed Spirit also 'takes of the things of Christ, and reveals them to us.' He convinces us of our need of Jesus, and sets him forth the poor sinner as just such a Saviour as he wants; and yet the sinner cannot get at him, nor can you persuade him that all will be well at last. If he hears pretty well, he is afraid the preacher is deceiving him; and so he puts it off, lest he should take comfort too soon. Ah, poor soul! you go to extremes in this, and so Satan would have it; but Satan never makes us hate sin, or thirst after God, for such as do so shall 'at length draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

The contents of 'the wells' are grace, mercy, and love; and if we are afforded but a little drop of grace, O how our faces shine to know that God gave us grace in Christ before the world began! Or if he affords us a little drop of mercy, how happy we are! and what should we be without it? Sometimes we have, as David said, 'a cupful of mercy;' indeed, I have at times, and I need it. When I think of the cupful of sin and misery mine is, I seem to have more sin and misery than all the rest of the world, although I have been kept as smooth in outward conduct as most men, considering the many thousands and millions of temptations which I have had, in almost all kinds of life; but no thanks to me for this.

But when God affords us a little drop of love, it is like himself, for 'God is love.' O how our affections are then set upon him! O what raptures we feel! These are the things I preach, and they call me an Antinomian for it; but if the enjoyment of these things is Antinomianism, let me die an Antinomian.

Now, to speak of *drawing* water. Our people at home have, in scores of instances, (as I have afterwards heard,) been all the week entreating the Lord to bless their souls, and to remove their burdens and



temptations, and to lead me to speak a word suitable, and I have been led to speak of the very things, and to bring forward the very texts that God had put into their hearts. And often, in conversation with God's children, I have drawn out that which has done my soul good. 'Counsel in the heart of a man is as deep waters, but a man of understanding will draw it out.' One week night I was preaching at Birmingham, and one of my people, a poor woman, happened that evening to be busy working at the wash tub. Her mind was very dark, and she was thinking thus; 'I am so very miserable that if I go to chapel I shall not hear; and, besides, I am very busy to-night, so I will not go.' But presently these words struck her mind, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Upon this, she left her work, put on her clothes, ran off to chapel, and came in just as I was giving out the text, and it consisted of the very words that were spoken to her soul, and great, indeed, was her enjoyment. I knew nothing of this till afterwards; and, as 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' so it is not in the preacher to direct his words."

Bromley, March, 1835.

L. Z.

### A VOICE FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

Affectionate Sir,—I hope that when this comes to hand, it will, by the blessing of God, find you and yours in health of body and prosperity of soul; and in such a case I think you will pardon my long, very long delay in acknowledging your very kind, sympathising, and instructive epistle, which has rendered me very uneasy in mind to find myself so unable to acknowledge such a favour, for which I desire to be grateful to God, as the first moving cause, and to you, as the instrument, that the Lord should dispose you to employ your time and your talents for the good of such a poor, unworthy rebel as I. But when I look or think, (which I do very often,) on your kind favour, it is sometimes with hope, but oftener with fear and trembling, and the great, the grand, the important question arises in my poor dejected and desponding mind, Am I the character this servant of the Lord takes me to be? or am I out of the secret, and so a deceiver altogether? I believe it is possible for a soul to be lifted up, as it were, to heaven, in the estimation of friends, and at the same time to be under the curse of a broken law. This is something for Satan to look upon, and he is no way backward at it, for he says, that is my case; and unbelief affirms it, and down I go, and there am forced to lie, until he comes, whose right it is to reign, and then I can say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." This, in some measure, is the way in which I get along, from day to day; and if I am saved at last, it must be by grace, for if salvation were by works, there would be no hope for me. You say you wonder what headway Satan would make were he to attack, on the ground of self-righteousness, a poor soul who had been panting for the sweet assurance of God's love, which had been comfortably applied. Really, Sir, I think that Satan has had practice enough to know that it is the very season in which to visit us with such an idea. He knows he cannot be spoken to, much less entertained, while the good-man of the house is at home. But he knows how to choose his opportunities, and how to suit his baits to catch the poor soul, and make him

feel it too. I find it so, at least; and by your letter I learn that at times he is pretty close to your elbow; that when you go to the house of God he is with you, so that you seem quite intimate. I assure you, Sir, that I do not wonder at it in the least. It appears that the Lord has some work for you to do, and you must be made somewhat acquainted with the instruments, so that you may know how to handle them, and the nature of the materials you are to work upon; and thus a little information may be very useful. You observed that Satan was said to be a good sheep dog, and that the more a child of God is teased with the devil, the nearer he will live to his God in supplication; so then, as far as this is true, so far there must be a needs be for it. The apostle Peter, in his 1st and 5th chapters, tells us what this needs be is, viz.; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold, may be found to praise and honour, &c. Now, Sir, in your kind favour to me, you appear to be "strong in faith, giving glory to God;" and the spirit in which you write tells me that the glory of God and the welfare of souls lie near your heart, and that the Head of the church is training you for it. May the Lord Jehovah lead you on, if it be his sovereign will; and may you be enabled to follow, and never attempt to go before, for he said to one, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me." I hope you will excuse this remark. I do not consider it as applicable to you, but I believe it to be so to a great many that are running about, and daubing souls with their untempered mortar. I read, some time since, in an old book, printed 180 years ago, that there was once a parrot in Rome that could articulate the whole creed, and I thought that Britain swarmed with Romish parrots, and myself one of them; for there are seasons when I think I have doctrines enough in my head for fifty men, but not grace enough in the heart to constitute me a babe. Such are the miserable plights I get into at times, that it seems as if there was no mercy for me; that I have neither part nor lot in the matter of God's salvation; fearing my religion has begun in nature, and that it will end in nature; that I shall go to the place prepared for such. And when this will not do, Satan takes another turn, and brings a long list of crimes committed in youth and in riper years, up to the present moment, and calls them worse than any in their nature; and that it is of no use for me to try to pray, for I shall never be heard. But here Satan loses a deal. I believe I can prove him a liar in this and in many more instances, although I feel ashamed to acknowledge myself so weak as to be carried away with his insinuations, and to suffer him to rob me of my peace and comfort of mind. This proves a heavier affliction to me than the emaciated state of my poor trembling frame. But I hope I have carried my complaints to a throne of grace, and that I have been enabled to breathe my sorrows before Him who knows what sore temptations mean; and if I am not deceived, he took my case, and answered every objection that sin and Satan could devise, by which my soul was much refreshed. Thus the Lord makes good his promise, where he is saying, "When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee." This is the way in which he is pleased to hold me up, and help me along from time to time; and in such seasons I can rejoice and sav. I would rather suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin; and hope to behave better for the time to come. But darkness comes on again, and down my spirits sink; and instead of behaving better, I prove a bigger fool than ever, and there is no room to expect it otherwise. But, though I deserve all this, I hope that he who hath kept me hitherto, will not now let me go, for he has told me better, or I am

awfully deceived indeed. I sometimes tremble at the thought of going out of this world, under a profession, to enter the regions of an awful and never-ending state of despair, and often I think that this will be the case. But the Lord is still saying, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me;" and I would say, Lord, "Draw me and I will run after thee;" but "without thee I can do nothing." There was a time when I thought I could and would do something, but I have since been very happy to find it all done and completed for me. Then I found it a rich mercy to be enabled to join with the poet in singing, sweetly and experimentally;

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all."

It is pleasant to sing, when Jesus inspires the song. David found it so in Psalm ciii., and thousands besides have experienced it; and I used to think I knew a little something about it myself. But my faith is sorely tried; and when I most need faith, it seems as if I had none. At times I look back and exclaim; O that I could sing as in the days of my youth, when the love of God seemed to overwhelm my soul, and when I thought that I had for ever done with sin and sorrow, and was going to sing all the way to heaven. But that was not to be the case. No; I must go down into poverty's valley, and in the furnace of affliction experience the hidings of God's face, and learn to do business in deep waters, and where, in our feelings, there is no standing; so that, instead of singing, it was weeping and supplications. Yes, wearisome nights are appointed me, and troublesome days very often succeed them. But, blessed be God! there are some refreshing seasons, when Satan and his hellish crew are obliged to depart, and leave me to my joys. That is when the Anointed of the Lord comes, who is appointed to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and in these precious moments afflictions are not grievous, as at other times, but the rod seems dipped in love, and I can look forward with a sweet persuasion of mind that I shall soon have done with everything that is so annoying in this time state. But those seasons are not so frequent as I wish them to be. Indeed, I want them continually; but the Lord sees fit to leave me, apparently, to myself, although, in reality, or altogether, he does not. No, no; he knows that will not do. He is aware what a piece of work I should make of it, therefore, in unspeakable mercy, he says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." But at times I am almost ready to say, He is clean gone, and will be favourable no more; and I confess to you I am ashamed of myself on account of the same. If I should survive your reception of this sad scrawl, do, Sir, permit me, a poor unworthy worm, to share in your best wishes at a throne of grace; for I feel the truth of your remark, viz., that affliction grows daily upon me, and I feel my need of more faith and patience to bear up under it. But the Lord is all-sufficient; and when faith and patience are in exercise, my afflictions seem light, unbelief is silent, and Satan is confounded. Then I can take my harp down from the willows, and answer these internal and infernal Babylonians, and sing the Lord's song, even praise to the ever-blessed and ever-precious Jesus, the Shepherd of Israel and King of Zion, the Lord of the whole earth, who watcheth, keepeth, and preserveth his redeemed ones. He saw them from eternity in the ruins of the fall; His eye is and was continually upon them; and where would they be if this were not the case? O it is a

mercy, a great mercy, that while the sheep are such sleepy, slumbering creatures, their shepherd never sleeps nor slumbers! His heart is ever towards them, his bowels yearn for them, and he watches over them every moment, lest any should hurt them. Through all the days of ignorance and sin his pity and his love are made manifest towards them by his preserving care and protecting power in guiding them through many dangers, seen and unseen. It may be we can look back, and think on some of the dangers and awful circumstances in which we have been, where his wisdom, love, and power engaged in our behalf, almost to a miracle, to save us from present and everlasting destruction.

And now, sir, I am almost come to a close with my scrawl. I am but a poor scribe, altogether a poor worm. What a mercy it is for us that this plan of salvation originated in love, a love eternal and everlasting! How sweet to meditate upon it, with a soul-satisfying view of our personal interest therein! Sometimes I seem to be in the bosom of my Lord and Master, and find his voice sweet and his countenance comely; but the world, that dark speck, somehow or other gets in, and then my enjoyment is all gone, clouds and darkness come on, and poor Job sinks down almost to the borders of despair, and it is all called in question again. This is the painful path I have to tread; and I am often afraid that the Lord will leave me to myself at last. I have been nearly seven years in the furnace, yet so much do I dread the pains of the body, that I am ready to think I know nothing at all about affliction. May the Lord be with you, to bless you and do you good; and pray, sir, remember me, that the Lord may give me faith and patience.

I remain yours,

Plymouth, July, 1840.

J. C.

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## EDITORS' REVIEW.

*The Crown placed upon the Right Head, by Septimus Sears.*  
*Second Part.* Groombridge, London. Price 9d.

Septimus again! and Septimus as bold, as uncompromising, as sound in doctrine, as clear in experience as in the other pieces which have issued from his fertile pen. And we are bound to add, Septimus, with all his former faults and blemishes unaltered, and, we fear, unalterable. Most writers are too tame; their arrows are pointless, their guns charged only with powder, their sword of wood, and their spear a bulrush. But none can justly charge Septimus with this fault. He errs, if error it be, on the opposite side. His arrow is barbed, his musket rifled, his sword razor-edged, and his spear a harpoon. He tosses his arms like a windmill in a breeze, and blows off steam like a locomotive on a railway just before starting. He seems so intent upon strong language and striking expressions, that he becomes bombastic, turgid, and extravagant. For fear of being lukewarm, he writes at boiling heat; and lest he should crawl, never rides at any pace short of a gallop. Thus he mars his strength by aiming at something stronger. If a person says to us, "I am in great pain," we feel pity, and would do all we can to relieve it; but if he says, "I am racked asunder, I am scorched with agony, I am torn to a thousand shivers, I am boiled alive with most excruciating torments, I am plunged into burning billows of pain," we begin to suspect a little exaggeration, and our sympathy undergoes a sensible diminution. So, spiritually; when a person simply says, "I am in great distress of soul;

I am so troubled that I cannot speak," we believe him, and feel pity. But when they talk of their "souls being shivered to atoms," as Septimus does in his letter to us, (Sept. No. p. 233,) of "the foaming waves of perdition under his feet," (p. 8;) of "pelting showers of guilt from above," (p. 35;) of "the flaming vortex of endless perdition," of "the red gulph of ceaseless horror," (p. 43;) of being "chained to desperation's dungeon-post, waiting the grim monster death's approach to pinion him, and bear him to his fearful doom," (p. 44;) when we read such and similar expressions, we begin to pause, and say to ourselves, "Does he mean what he says? has he really experienced these agonizing feelings? If so, he is a second Hart, or Huntington, and we shall soon see him manifested as the deepest taught man in England." But if we find this high-strained language running through every page, we then begin to suspect that there is some unintentional exaggeration in the book, and that it is more the author's style and mode of expression, than the simple unvarnished narrative of his feelings. We most fully acquit Septimus of any intention to deceive or exaggerate; but just as in taking an observation of the latitude, sailors deduct so much for *refraction*, or in taking a bearing by the compass, allow so much for *variation*, so in reading Septimus, we find we must make an allowance for the style, and say, "true, *minus* usual mode of expression;" "good, grand language deducted." Our commercial readers will understand us better when we say, that Septimus's bills are good paper, but negociable at about ten per cent. discount. Now this grand style of writing has another evil effect; besides producing suspicion, and thus lessening the effect of an author's style, it much discourages those of God's family who have never been in these depths. They understand "flaming billows" to *mean* "flaming billows," and as they have never seen wave nor fire, they are cut off in their feelings, and think they never had the work of the Law in their consciences. But when this poetical and figurative language is interpreted to mean, "alarming fears of going to hell, painful sensations of the wrath of God against sin;" we say, when this lofty language is brought down from its stilts to walk on plain ground, then they have a witness in their souls that they have experienced these things.

We may further observe, that when some of God's people have really passed through very deep waters, there is almost invariably a disposition to keep back, rather than magnify their troubles. Hart says in his "Experience," (p. 12,) "I shall not enlarge here, choosing rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I do not lay stress upon my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the man Christ Jesus." Paul had the same feelings with respect to his revelations; "Now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be, or that he heareth of me." (2 Cor. xii. 6.) But Septimus keeps back nothing. Whether depths, or heights, he sinks beneath the plummet, or soars above all vision.

Again; we have observed in most persons that have passed through a deep experience, a great disposition not to set up too high a standard, still less their own. None, usually speaking, are so tender of the weaklings as those ministers who have been in the deepest waters. They attend much to the precept, "Feed my lambs;" and are glad to foster the faintest spark of life. But we confess that we can see no such spirit in Septimus. With him it is all height or depth. The "middle classes" of God's people he seems to overlook, and knows no medium between a peer or a beggar, a prince or a prisoner. We are influenced by these considerations in accepting Septimus's statements at a dis-

count. But our readers are well aware that there is a vast difference between a bill dishonoured or forged, and one taken at a moderate discount. Septimus is, we believe, an honest, sincere, straightforward character; nay, more, a well-instructed scribe in the mysteries of the kingdom, and a most undaunted champion for truth. But we should like him better out of his high-heeled shoes. Soldiers, you know, Septimus, are never measured in their shoes; and we fancy if the recruiting sergeant caught them playing the child's trick of standing on tiptoe, he would bring them to their soles with a blow of his cane. Suffer us to be your recruiting sergeant, Septimus. You tell us you are a cripple in body; but we shall not reject you, for you are straight enough and tall enough in soul. But *no tiptoeing*, Septimus. And if we have struck you a blow or two for this unconscious trick of yours, forgive us this wrong. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

But we cannot do you a better service than to let you speak for yourself:

"I trust I know experimentally what both prayer and watchfulness are. Here I cannot forbear relating my feelings:—A week or two back, when, one day, I was so terribly tried about both my call by grace, and to the work of the ministry, that I concluded I was nothing but a vile imposter, and it was about to be manifested both in the church and to the world; O how my soul choosed strangling and death rather than life! O with what bitterness did I look upon a crow that was flying in the air, and wished I was in the place of that crow! Indeed, I thought my senses were going, and not only thought so, but wished so, and cried out, 'Lord, do not let me be a deceiver any longer, but drive me completely mad, and let me be tied to some bed-post in bedlam, instead of preaching truths that my soul has no part nor lot in.' But soon this storm subsided a little, and there came on a great calm; when I began to be troubled because I had got rid of my trouble, and did not know how. Now I expected I was given up to the obduracy of my soul; and after my hard and impenitent heart was treasuring up wrath unto myself against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God: for, O, in the midst of all this, I felt no more softness and contrition than a gate-post, till I was going to Wislow to preach. And here I began to consider what an awful thing it was for such a vile hypocrite as I to be going on so important an errand, when I broke out thus; 'Lord, if my religion is not the religion of the cross, do not let me take it a step further; let me lose all the religion I possess, if it is not of the right kind; if it did not come from heaven, and will not lead me to heaven, for I appear to possess just enough religion to make me as miserable as a demon.' Here I sat crying and watching for an answer to my cry, expecting some open manifestation of the Lord's displeasure against me; when, encouraged by a delay of 'the thing that I greatly feared would come upon me,' I cried out earnestly, that if I was an object of Jehorah's favour, if he had sent me to preach his gospel, he would appear before I reached Broughton (a village on the road,) and open some portion of his truth in such a manner that it might appear as if every letter was illuminated, that my heart might be melted, my darkness dispersed, and I a filthy, ugly wretch, be enabled once more to say with assurance, 'My Lord, and my God.' And here, instead of the Lord suffering me to separate prayer and watchfulness, he kept me watching for an answer to my prayer, more than they that watch for the morning—yea, I say, more than they that watch for the morning: till at length, by an application of the following, the Lord filled me brim-full of gratitude, melted my heart, and banished my fears; 'I will even make a way in the wilderness, and give rivers in the desert.' The tear of contrition (which is a very rare thing with me) started into my eye, and I cried out, 'Lord, can it be, can it be! that so glorious a declaration can belong to such a devilish monster, such a fruitless wilderness, and such a barren desert as I; surely the favour is too great, too killing, too heart-rending, for such a rebel to bear. When I was answered in this manner, 'The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls

because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen;" (Isaiah xliii. 20;) which portion of truth, just as I requested, and for which I had watched, was unfolded so luminously that I could not help breaking out with the Psalmist, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' (Ps. cxix. 105.) When soon I was forced to exclaim, loathing my unbelief, and lamenting my rebellion, 'Lord, I must, I can, I dare, I will believe;' 'O Lord, thou art my God, I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name, for thou hast done wonderful things.' This, living reader, is one token among many more such, that the Lord, who is the inditer of prayer, and the inciter of watchfulness, is determined not to leave me to separate prayer from watchfulness, nor to live without either."

"And many times since that blessed period, when deliverance was first proclaimed to my poor captive soul, and the opening of the prison to my poor bound spirit, I say many times since then have I found the effectual fervent prayer of the inward righteous man to avail much; so much that in answer to this Spirit-produced prayer, crooked things have been made straight, rough places plain, heavy burdens light, hard things easy, impossibilities possible; my fetters have been struck off, my darkness dispersed, my fears driven away, terror banished, hell shut out of sight, and heaven opened to my view; a Saviour's personal excellency has been unravelled, his love unbosomed, his heart laid open, his righteousness exhibited, his sufferings entered into, his blood sprinkled upon my conscience, his resurrection realized, his intercession triumphed in, and his second coming looked for, longed for, and anticipated; yea, what is more, I want nor expect no other supplies of grace below nor glory above, but what shall descend and be enjoyed in answer to the effectual fervent prayer of this righteous man; for often has my whole soul been drawn out to ask for all that a God of grace can give, and my soul receive, with, 'Do as thou hast said, supply all my need, give grace and glory, and no good thing withhold from me.' But although I expect all these things in answer to prayer, yet I expect no one of these things to be performed by prayer; for if prayer does any one of these things, prayer shall have the glory; but if, agreeable to the word of truth, the Lord alone doeth these wondrous things, the Lord alone enables me and all his family to give him all the glory."

We cannot, however, forbear quoting one more extract, in order to mark with *italics* two very objectionable expressions, which Septimus himself must, in his right mind, wish unwritten:

"I cannot be quibbling about words, for I do confess and heartily believe that there is so real and essential a difference existing between the prayer-worshipper's creed and my own, that if they should be saved (*which I have no fear of*) with and upon the footing of the principles that they now advocate, I never shall, yea, I never wish; for if we are brought to the same heaven we could not both sing the same song; for while they would shout to the praise of their energetic prayers and devotional exercises, I must surely shout, and should have abundant cause to shout, to the praise of the glory of that grace that made me accepted in the Beloved, as washed in his blood, preserved in his merits, and dressed in his righteousness, that justifies without works, whether good or bad. So I say, it would be vain for me to hope to be folded in heaven with my assailant, if he be a prayer-worshipper, and both he and I retain our present views; for as soon as ever I heard the title of his song roll from his lips, to the praise of the glory of saving petitions, softening prayers, and enlightening devotions, *I should either beg to be excused, or without leave leap over the sheep-pen, and tumble down into the goat-herd.*"

*The Penny Pulpit.*—James Paul, 52, Paternoster-Row.

We are great friends to the cheap publication of works that wear an experimental stamp. If a work is really worth publishing—and if not, it had better never see the light—it should be circulated as widely as possible. This wide circulation, however, can only be obtained by publishing it at a cheap rate. The bulk of the elect family are poor in this world's goods, and we have usually observed that the most deeply taught in divine things are the most deeply sunk in temporal destitution.

God, who hath chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith, seems to have chosen the poorest naturally to be the richest spiritually. Now, to the Lord's poor, who have generally the keenest appetite after, and the clearest discernment of experimental things, the price of a book is a matter of deep importance. Sixpence they can occasionally manage, but a shilling makes them pause, and half-a-crown is an almost impassable gulf. We therefore strongly advise authors to publish their works as cheaply as possible; and if the work be really savoury and experimental, we believe that they will often find their own pecuniary advantage consulted thereby, as well as the church of God benefited.

Our main reason for taking notice of this publication, *The Penny Pulpit*, is its remarkable cheapness, each sermon in it being published, as its name implies, for a penny. We cannot say that in all things it meets with our approval. There is a sad mixture in it of things human and divine. It puts us in mind of a stage coach, which carries men, women, and children, packages and parcels, good, bad, and indifferent. Ministers of truth and ministers of error, vessels of mercy and vessels of wrath, honest men and pickpockets, peers and peasants, may sit cheek by jowl on a stage coach. All are fish that come to that net; all is grist that is brought to that mill. *The Penny Pulpit* is not unlike the common stage. Men of truth and men of error, Calvinists and Arminians, churchmen and chaplains, ministers of the spirit and of the letter, the heaven-sent and the earth-sent, ambassadors of righteousness and magicians of Egypt, travel side by side in Paul's *Penny Pulpit*. But there is another feature of resemblance. At the end of the journey the passengers separate. There is no permanent link formed. They travelled in the same conveyance, and that was all. There was probably no conversation on the road, and they knew each other no more than if they had never met. So with the travellers in Paul's Penny Stage. *The Penny Pulpit* brings together strange companions, but it does not keep them together. Being separate sermons, each may choose what he likes best. The net brings together bad fish and good, but the good may be taken and the bad left. There are some good names in the *Penny Pulpit*, and these only need be taken.

We are indeed in considerable doubt as to the fairness of taking down a man's words. However dark or shut up, however embarrassed and confused, the reporter puts all down that drops from the preacher's lips. Some have considered these sermons to be mere outlines, but we are assured by several who have heard the sermons delivered and afterwards read them, that they are reported at full length, and for the most part very accurately. Mistakes will be occasionally made, but we should say that, for the most part, they are very correct and accurate reports of what was preached. Indeed, several that we have read carry with them the strongest internal evidence of faithfulness.

We shall give no extracts, the sermons themselves being within everybody's reach; nor shall we mention names, they being on our wrapper. But we shall conclude by putting our readers into the easiest way of procuring these and other works. Write down on a piece of paper these three things of any book that you may wish to procure: *the title of the work, the name of the author, and the name of the London publisher*. An instance will make all clear. Suppose our friend Gadsby's *Perfect Law of Liberty* were wanted. Write on a piece of paper, "The Perfect Law of Liberty. By William Gadsby. Groombridge, London." Take this to the nearest bookseller if you live in the country, and tell him to get you that book in his next parcel. Some have a parcel once or twice a week, but all once a month, i.e., on the first of the month. The book will be charged to you at the published price, which we generally give if we know it. Some of our readers may smile at us for taking notice of such a matter, but we consider that there are many who will thank us for our information. Many may want to procure a book, but they know not how to set about it, and we have therefore, for their sake, put them into the best way of doing it.

We believe that many little places in the country, that are without ministers, and who would rather hear truth read than error preached, will find some of these penny sermons very suitable for that purpose.

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## EDITORS' REMARKS.

"A Fool in Heart" wishes to know, "whether eternal life was promised to Adam on condition of his obedience; for if eternal life was not promised to Adam for his obedience, then surely eternal death could not be pronounced on his disobedience."



There is no necessary connection, as "A Fool in Heart" supposes, between the promise of eternal life and the threatened penalty of eternal death against Adam's disobedience. Adam never had eternal life in the world to come promised to him on condition of obedience, but he had death temporal and eternal threatened him on condition of disobedience. (See Gen. ii. 16, 17.) This denunciation of temporal and eternal death resulted from the very condition in which he was created. God created his body out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into it "a living," (or) immortal "soul," (Gen. ii. 7; 1 Cor. xv. 45;) so that in the threatened penalty, "Thou shalt surely die," a twofold death was necessarily intimated—the death of the body by its returning unto dust, (Gen. iii. 19,) and the death of the soul, first in trespasses and sins, (Eph. ii. 1,) and secondly, by its being cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. (Rev. xxi. 8.) Nor could this second death be less than eternal, because Adam's soul was not less than immortal. As the fallen angels became immortal devils, because, though they fell from their purity, they could not fall from their immortality, so Adam's immortal soul could fall from its purity, but not from its immortality. Satan and his angels were created spirits, (Ps. civ. 4,) and remain spirits still, though "wicked spirits," (Eph. vi. 12, *marg.*) retaining for ever their original angelic nature, though not retaining their original purity; and thus Adam, in falling, still retained his immortality, however he fell from his original purity. Thus the denunciation of temporal and eternal death was founded not on the promise of eternal life, nor was in any way connected with it, but was founded on his original constitution, from which it necessarily flowed. But eternal life was never promised to Adam. The law given to him contained no promise, it was not delivered to him in the form of a promise, but in the form of a forbidding threatening; and so long as he abstained from the forbidden fruit he lived, and would have lived in that perfect state of purity and bliss in which he was created; but on the ground of that obedience he never would have gone to heaven; for in his state of creature perfection he was neither made for heaven nor promised it. He was made for the earth, and to enjoy all that communion and happiness which a perfect intelligent creature could have with his holy Creator. God made him a perfect, upright, and sinless creature, and put him into the garden of Eden, but he had nothing more promised him than that blessedness and life in which he was created. But if he, by disobedience, departed from the rectitude in which he was made, death was denounced against him; therefore, though he had not eternal life in the world to come promised, yet with justice he could be punished with eternal death on disobedience to the law under which he was made; for the punishment of eternal death on disobedience was the terms of the law, and not the promise of eternal life (such as God's elect shall inherit) on disobedience. This eternal life was not promised, communicated to, or intrusted in the hands of Adam in his primeval state, and therefore he never either forfeited or lost any one of the spiritual blessings of God's elect. By his disobedience he lost all that purity and perfection in which he was created, and sunk himself and all his posterity under the curse and ruin of the law. But eternal life, and all the spiritual blessings connected therewith, are the *gift* of God to his elect in Christ, before either Adam or the world was created; (see Rom. v. 21; vi. 23; Eph. i. 3; 2 Tim. i. 9; Titus i. 2; Col. i. 18, 19; ii. 9, 10;) therefore Adam neither lost nor forfeited any of those blessings, nor had he any of them in his un-fallen state, nor had he any of them promised on condition of obedience. It is the ignorance of this distinction betwixt Adam as our natural covenant-head under the law, and Christ as our spiritual covenant-head under grace, and what we possessed and possess in each, that has caused the visionary doctrine of Adam's probationary trial in the garden of Eden, and of the notion that Christ came to restore what Adam lost. Christ did not come to restore Adam's lost perfection and Adam's lost life; he came to redeem his people, by his blood and obedience, from under the curse and ruin of the law, (Gal. iii. 13,) and to bestow on them a life and holiness very different from that which Adam lost, even a spiritual and heavenly holiness. Adam was of the earth, earthy; the second Adam was the Lord from heaven; and, as we have partaken of the image of the earthly, and in him lost all earthly perfection and creature purity,

so in Christ we are made partakers of the image of the heavenly, and of his heavenly life and perfection. Bear in mind, then, that however obedient Adam had been to the law, he never could have obtained that eternal life which God's elect inherit in Christ; and, though he would have possessed that perfect natural life in which he was created, so long as he did not disobey, yet, on disobedience, he could, in justice, be punished with everlasting death; for such were the terms of the law, and necessarily resulted from the very condition in which he was created.

## POETRY.

### MY REDEEMER.

The following lines, with a few alterations, were composed by a servant of Christ, who long since has left this mortal scene.

- Who undertook my cause above,  
And fixed on me eternal love,  
Ere earth was fixed, his grace to prove?  
My all ador'd Redeemer.
- Who then salvation's wondrous plan  
Did with delight and rapture scan,  
And gladly brought it down to man?  
My merciful Redeemer.
- Who look'd on our degen'rate case;  
And took the sinner's wretched place,  
To save us by surprising grace?  
Immanuel, my Redeemer.
- Who hung extended on yon tree,  
And gave his life for worthless me,  
That I the realms of bliss might see?  
My suffering Redeemer.
- Who with such zeal and love was fir'd  
As all the heav'nly hosts admir'd?  
Who cried, "'Tis finished," and expir'd?  
My conquering Redeemer.
- Who look'd on me when dead in sin,  
All hateful, loathsome, and unclean,  
And wrought a powerful work within?  
My wonderful Redeemer.
- The weight of sin I felt, and sigh'd.  
"To ransom thee from this, I died;"  
In tend'rest mercy soon replied,  
My lovely, sweet, Redeemer.
- Beneath his cross my burden fell;  
For who can e'er my raptures tell,  
When I from earth, and sin, and hell,  
Was sav'd by my Redeemer?
- Who taught my soul, in fervent cries,  
With boldness to address the skies;  
By faith, to heaven from earth to rise?  
My Jesus, my Redeemer.
- Who made those promises so sweet,  
Which in the word I often meet,  
And with all confidence repeat?  
My glorified Redeemer.
- Who ever lives my cause to plead;  
In heaven my strength, my life, my head;  
And well supplies my ev'ry need?  
My glorified Redeemer.
- Yet may my cheek with blushes burn;  
For often I from Zion turn,  
And madly at the precepts spurn,  
Of my all-wise Redeemer.
- Yet he as often turns to me;  
From bondage sets my spirit free;  
Then I with shame and wonder see  
The love of my Redeemer.
- Who can, in death, my soul sustain,  
Amidst expiring groans and pain,  
And bring me where true pleasures reign?  
My Lord, my great Redeemer.
- Who shall preserve and keep alive  
My soul, till that blest hour arrive;  
And I with him for ever live?  
My Shield and my Redeemer.
- Then let the angels all combine,  
And saints for ever with them join,  
'To sing that love made all things mine,  
In my enthroned Redeemer.
- Cephas I envy not, nor Paul,  
Or what in earth or heaven we call  
Choice blessings; I possess them all  
In Jesus, my Redeemer.
- Who from the heav'n's will soon return,  
The earth, with all its treasures, burn,  
And into hell the wicked turn?  
The Judge, my great Redeemer.
- Then shall the saints, array'd in white,  
Ascend to heav'n, the sons of light,  
And see unveil'd that blissful sight,  
Their glorified Redeemer.

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