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THE

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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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ADDRESS TO THE READERS' OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD.”

IN the world everything at this moment speaks of movement and progress. Science daily wins new fields; art advances in taste and beauty; trade flourishes; employment abounds; wealth increases; luxury prevails. Australia pours forth her golden treasures, and draws thousands across the ocean, to turn up, like Demas, her glittering ore. America opens wide her arms to myriads of needy emigrants. Steam-ships, railways, electric telegraphs, spreading in every direction and knitting in close bonds the most distant nations, all bespeak an era of activity and progress such as the world has never yet seen. Well may the prince and god of this world look from his dusky throne upon his devoted subjects and worshippers, and say, “All goes on well. Never did the sons of Adam post faster to hell.” The whirl of business; the ever-clanging hammer; the ever-whirring shuttle; the snorting of the iron steed, hourly dragging in his swift train thousands of throbbing brains; the incessant occupation of mind in office, shop, and counting-house; the clamour of “work, work, work,” ever knolling from the factory-bell—in this huge fermenting vat of life all seems heaving and moving. Men view these signs of the times and cry, “What prosperity! what success! Let us only have more of it; more business, more gold; greater crops, larger barns; then will we take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry.”

But where, with all this material prosperity, is religion—vital

godliness, the work of grace? Does this flourish too? Is the church, the Lamb's wife, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do striking conversions or remarkable deliverances abound? Does love reign in the bosom of churches? Do ministers preach with power and savour? Is God deeply feared, his promises firmly believed, his precepts carefully obeyed, his ordinances highly prized, his word dearly loved, his glory earnestly sought? Are those who profess the truth humble, prayerful, watchful, spiritually-minded, walking as living witnesses for God, and testifying to an ungodly world that they are children and servants of the Most High? Is the line of separation between the church and the world clear and distinct? And does she shine forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Who can say so? Who can say of the church that she is flourishing, and that her prosperity runs parallel with that of the world? We may rather take up Joel's lament: "The field is wasted, the land mourneth; for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth. Be ye ashamed, O ye husbandmen; howl, O ye vinedressers, for the wheat and for the barley; because the harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field are withered." (Joel i. 10—12.)

No one who knows what grace is, and what grace does, can help seeing that Zion's sky is much beclouded, that the life of God is at a low ebb, and that the blessings and consolations of the Spirit are much restrained. Go where you will, the same complainings reach the ear. Churches are much rent and divided, party spirit widely prevails, coldness and deadness benumb those who once seemed full of life and feeling. When the children of God meet there is little real spiritual conversation. Worldly subjects, the mere trifles of the day, the weather, the markets, and the crops, politics and gossip, thrust out the things of God. When religion is talked of, it is all at a distance; experience is lost in a cloud of generalities; the gifts and abilities, texts and sermons, changes and movements of ministers are a prevailing topic; some controversial point is broached, on which the combatants fall tooth and nail; the contending parties lose their temper; one warm word produces another, till the whole degenerates into an ale-house squabble, and poor religion is as much trampled down in the vestry as sobriety is in the tap-room. Where is love and union amidst this strife of tongues? What are the feel-

ings of the tender-hearted, the meek and quiet, the newly-called, the young members of churches, the exercised part of the flock, the doubting and fearing, when they see those who, for age and experience, should be fathers in Israel, cold and dead in conversation, asleep under the ministry, buried in carnality, and whose tongues can only wag when the world is on the carpet, strife at the church-meeting, or disputation in the vestry? When churches are made up of discordant materials, strife and disunion must needs exist. How can the stormy petrel and the timid dove dwell in the same nest? The dove cannot scream on the crest of the boiling wave and gather up its fishy prey between the heaving billows, revelling in wind and storm. Nor can the petrel lodge in the calm nest of love, cooing lamentations for the absence of its beloved.

It is, however, a mark that the Lord has not left his church that there are such doves still. "Behold, thou art fair, my love!" says the Lord to the church; "behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes." (Cant. i. 15.) "Open to me, my sister, my love, my *dove*, my undefiled." "My *dove*, my undefiled, is but one." (Cant. v. 2; vi. 9.) These doves are the quiet in the land; the meek, who are to inherit the earth; the humble and contrite, who tremble at God's word; the marked in forehead, that sigh and cry for all the abominations; the tender-hearted Josiahs, who rend their garments at the discovery of the law; the Baruchs, who seek not great things for themselves, but whose life is given them for a prey. These abhor themselves, with Job; cry out "Woe is me!" with Isaiah; lament over Zion's desolations, with Jeremiah; lie on their side all the days of her siege, like Ezekiel; and rejoice in the building of the temple of the Lord, with Nehemiah. These pray for the peace of Jerusalem, love the very dust and stones of Zion, are valiant for the truth on earth, and cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. True, they are, like Asaph, plagued all the day long and chastened every morning; like Heman, their soul is often full of troubles and their life draweth nigh to the grave; their hope, with Job's, is sometimes removed like a tree; like Hezekiah, for peace they have often great bitterness; and, like Joseph, the archers frequently grieve them, and shoot at them, and hate them. At the throne of grace, Satan resists them, as he did Joshua, the high priest, and accuses them before God day and night, as he did the ancient martyrs; snares beset their feet on every side; often do they slip and stumble in slippery places; lusts and passions work at a fearful rate; an evil heart is ever sprouting evil things; and gloomy despair sometimes opens wide

her arms, as if at the last gasp she would bear them away into the blackness of darkness for ever.

We do not say there are not some favoured individuals whose souls are more warmed by the beams, and watered with the rains and dews of heaven than those whose experience we have just sketched out. The Lord bless them more and more abundantly, and, if his will, increase their number! They are bright and blessed exceptions to the generality of the living family at this day. But they are, for the most part, deeply afflicted, and need these cordials; and if they have more of the consolations they have more of the afflictions of Christ.

But is the state of things at this day without a parallel in the word of truth? The latter days of the Jewish Church, just before the Babylonish captivity, and the period just before the prophet Malachi closed the canon of the Old Testament, appear to present very similar features—we may perhaps add, even worse. Read the prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and see their lamentations over prophet, and priest, and people. “The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?” (Jer. v. 31.) “For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely. They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.” (Jer. vi. 13, 14.) “Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar; say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it,” (Ezek. xiii. 10, 11.) Bold indeed and fearless were the denunciations of these servants of God against the ungodliness that abounded in those days. Without fear and without flattery they proclaimed the coming judgments of God upon a guilty nation. But how did they treat the suffering remnant? Did they make no distinction between the timid and the stout-hearted; the tremblers at God’s word and the doers of evil; the sickly sheep and the strong he-goats? Here are they eminently worthy of our imitation. Did they whip the afflicted saints with scorpions? Did they lash them with the same scourge as the ungodly world or the false prophets? No; on the contrary, they gave them repeated promises of the Lord’s favour. This was the burden of their testimony,

“ Verily, it shall be well with thy remnant.” They encouraged them to seek the Lord’s face: “ Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord’s anger.” (Zeph. ii. 3.) They encouraged them to trust in the Lord: “ Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.” (Isa. l. 10.) They assured them that the Lord would appear to their joy; (Isa. lxvi. 5;) that he would be a wall of fire round about them, and his glory in the midst of them; (Zech. ii. 5;) that he would seek them out and deliver them out of all places where they had been scattered in the cloudy and dark day; that though the mountains should depart, and the hills be removed, yet that his kindness should not depart from them, nor the covenant of his peace be removed. Should not we follow in this track? If we are called upon to cry aloud and spare not; to lift up the voice like a trumpet and show the people their transgression and the house of Judah their sins, yet are we equally called upon not to make the heart of the righteous sad whom God hath not made sad. The inspired prophets, if they had a commission “ to root out, and to pull down, to destroy, and to throw down,” had also a commission “ to build and to plant.” (Jer. i. 10.) If the hail swept away the refuge of lies, there was still laid “ in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.” Let not Jesus be overlooked; his precious blood be tacitly set aside; his justifying obedience be put out of sight; his grace forgotten; and his dying love neglected. We may see so much evil in ourselves and others as to see nothing else; have our eyes so fixed and riveted on the malady as to lose all view of the remedy; dwell so much and so long on Zion’s sickness as to forget there is balm still in Gilead and a mighty Physician there. There is much hazard of falling into a legal spirit in the endeavour to avoid an Antinomian one. Zion is sick and languishing. How is she to be healed and restored? By the law or the gospel? Does balm flow from Mount Sinai or Mount Sion? The sheep are sickly. To cure them, shall the under-shepherds beat them on the head with the crook and throw them over the hurdles, or shall they take them to the green pastures and the still waters? Shall they overdrive them, with Esau, or lead them on softly, with Jacob? Shall they rule them with force and cruelty, or feed them upon the mountains of Israel, in a good fold, and in a fat pasture?

(Ezek. xxxiv. 4, 14.) Strife exists in churches. How are these strifes to be healed and peace restored? By the ministers taking the whip into the pulpit, like a vixen mother, who flogs the children all round more as a vent for her own passion than for their good? A slap here and a box on the ear there will no more restore peace to a church than to a household. Families and churches are to be ruled by love, not by the rod. Let there indeed be a rod, and, when necessary, let it be brought out, for discipline is as needful in the church as in the house; but let not the rod be the main instrument, and not be used till all gentler means have been tried and fail. And if the rod be necessary, let it be steeped in the pastor's tears, and be laid on, not as a schoolmaster flogs a truant, but as a parent chastises a child.

We are bound, by the tenderest ties and the most blessed obligations, to show forbearance and forgiveness to erring brethren. We are not to justify their evil deeds nor wink at sin, but to consider ourselves, lest we also be tempted. We are not to be harsh and unforgiving, ever prone to censure and condemn, taking our brethren by the throat for a hundred pence, with a "pay me that thou owest," forgetting our own debt of ten thousand talents. We are not to be ever weighing and tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of judgment and love. We are not to sit as judges, but to stand at the bar as criminals; not to elevate ourselves by depressing others; nor increase our own comparative goodness by throwing into the opposite scale the deficiencies of professors. This did not the prophets. They identified themselves with the Lord's people in all their confessions. Who more blameless than Daniel? Yet read his confession (Dan. ix.): "*We* have sinned, and have committed iniquity," &c. Not, "*I*, Daniel, am free." Who more faithful than Jeremiah? Yet how he identifies himself with sinning Israel! "*We* have transgressed and rebelled." "Turn thou *us* unto thee, and *we* shall be turned; renew *our* days as of old." (Lam. iii. 42; v. 21.) Who more obedient than Moses? Yet he does not separate himself from transgressing Israel: "Pardon *our* iniquity and *our* sin." (Exod. xxxiv. 9.) When he departed from this putting his mouth in the dust, and taking the rod in his hand, smote with it not only the face of the rock but the backs of Israel, with a "Hear now, ye rebels," as if *he* too were not one, he shut himself out of the land of promise. He stood then as a god, and not as a man, and therefore did not "sanctify the Lord in the eyes of the children of Israel." (Num.

xx. 11, 12.) When Paul sent a rod to the church at Corinth, it was not in a self-exulting, self-righteous spirit, but "out of much affliction and anguish of heart, with many tears;" and when his reproofs were blessed to their repentance, he was "filled with comfort, and was exceeding joyful in all his tribulation." (2 Cor. ii. 4; vii. 4.) What an example of the highest faithfulness blended with the tenderest affection! He is slow to wound and swift to heal; last with the rod and first with the kiss; angry with the sin, but tender over the sinner; jealous of the Lord's glory, but mindful of his grace; careful for the purity and profit of the flock, but yearning to bring back the wandering sheep. Were pastors Pauls and churches epistles of Christ, there would be fewer divisions, and those sooner healed. But when an unyielding, unforgiving spirit is manifested on either side, when churches cannot bear with the infirmities of their ministers, and ministers will not give way where they are evidently in fault, a smouldering volcano lies under pulpit and pew which will one day burst forth into, in this life, unquenchable flame. "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

There is no truer sign nor more alarming symptom of the decline of vital godliness, than the want of love and union amongst those who profess the truth. If love to the brethren mark the dawn of spiritual life, the decay of that love most certainly denotes its decline. A house divided against itself cannot stand. A besieged city, if torn with internal faction, must fall before the enemy. Peace in the church is the next blessing to peace in the soul, and is most intimately connected with it. It is as absurd as it is hypocritical to talk of having peace with God when the heart is at war with the brethren. To peace, then, must we sacrifice everything but truth and conscience. Our strife should be, not to gain our own selfish ends, nor stiffly carry out our own opinions, nor rule and domineer over the minds of others, as if our own views were necessarily infallible, but to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The prosperity of a church does not consist in the number of its members, nor in the praying gifts of its deacons, nor in its liberal quarterly collections, nor in the gifts and abilities of the minister, nor in the clear doctrinal views of the people, but in the love which knits the whole body together. The real increase of a church is not so much from without as from within, "the increase of the body unto the edifying itself in love." Without this internal increase members may be added to a church by scores, and yet the

whole body be a discordant mass of shapeless limbs, without union either to the Head or to each other.

We may be certain that the precepts of the New Testament for mutual love and forgiveness cannot be slighted and neglected with impunity. Our stubborn temper and unforgiving spirit may refuse to listen to the word of God, but we cannot, except to our own cost, set aside Scripture precepts and Scripture practice because our corrupt nature withstands them. God's ways may not please our carnal mind, but he will not alter them for that reason. If we walk contrary to him he will walk contrary to us, and if we are disobedient we shall reap its bitter fruits. If sin be at one end of the chain, sorrow will surely be at the other. If we sow to the flesh, we shall most certainly of the flesh reap corruption ; but if we sow to the Spirit, we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

But what we chiefly need, and that to which our prayers and desires should be directed, is the pouring out of the Spirit upon pastors and churches, and the whole church of God. No other means will avail. For want of this we are continually in extremes. We see this in the ministry of the present day, for the ministry is but a reflection of the times. Some are all for doctrine. Doctrine, doctrine, doctrine, and all in the hardest, driest form, is their unvaried staple. Most sweet and precious are the doctrines of the gospel when distilled into the soul by the Holy Spirit ; but delivered in a cold systematic way as a mere creed, they are made a substitute for vital godliness, and thus become a curse instead of a blessing. Others, seeing the neglect in our day of practical religion, urge the precept continually, but in a spirit so legal, and with a temper so warm, that grace seems almost thrust out of sight, and the poor hearers are ever filled with bondage and slavish fear. And others, who preach experience, dwell so much on the workings of sin as almost to omit the workings of grace, and, pointing out the malady almost forget to dwell on the remedy.

But all these, and innumerable other evils under which Zion now labours, can only be remedied by the pouring out of the Spirit from on high. From Him alone comes a true sight of sin, repentance for it, confession of it, and turning from it. Then will Zion repent and abhor herself in dust and ashes ; then will confession flow forth to God and the brethren ; then will love and union be revived between ministers and churches ; and then will the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Till that happy time arrive, our wisdom and

mercy will be to avoid strife and contention. A sight and sense of the evils in ourselves and others should teach us mutual forbearance. We are all in the hospital, and shall we quarrel with our fellow-patients? Should we not rather sympathise with each other's complaints, and be looking out for the arrival of the Physician who alone can cure each and all? On this common ground, even in the present dark and gloomy day, all the living family may meet. But if we cannot keep out of contention, and desire a matter of strife with the brethren, let this be our ground of dispute, Who is the greater sinner; who owes most to the Saviour; who shall live most to his glory.

I am now in my seventy-second year, and seem to have lived long enough for myself. I have known something of the evil of life, and have had a large share of the good. I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do; it can neither give nor take away that peace of God which passes all understanding; it cannot soothe a wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort.—*Newton.*

Every dog that barks at me, and every horse that lifts his heel against me, proves I am a fallen creature. The brute creation durst not show an enmity before the fall, nor had they any, but testified a willing homage unto Adam by coming for a name. (Gen. ii. 19.) Eve no more dreaded the serpent than we dread a fly. But, when man shook off allegiance to his God, the beasts, by divine permission, shook off allegiance also to man.—*Berridge.*

Our Lord's turning the water, which was poured out so plentifully, into wine, is a sign of the plentiful pouring out of his Spirit into the hearts of believers. The Holy Spirit is in Scripture compared unto wine; and therefore the prophet calls us to buy wine as well as milk; that is, the Spirit of love, which fills and gladdens the soul as it were with new wine. The apostle alludes to this when he bids the Ephesians not to be "drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." I know these terms are unintelligible to natural men; they can no more understand me than if I spake to them in an unknown tongue, for they are only to be spiritually discerned. To you then that are spiritual do I speak, to you that are justified by faith and feel the blessed Spirit of Jesus Christ working upon your hearts. You can judge of what I say. You have already (I am persuaded) been as it were filled with new wine by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit! But you have not yet had half your portion; these are only carnests, and, in comparison, but shadows of good things to come; our Lord keeps his best wine for you till the last; and though you have drunk deep of it already, yet he intends to give you more. He will not leave you till he has filled you to the brim, until you are ready to cry out, "Lord, stay thine hand; thy poor creatures can hold no more!"—*Whitefield.*

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

[The valuable sermon of which we here present the first portion, was published many years ago, but has become very scarce, and we believe cannot now be procured. This has induced us to lay it before our readers.

Edmund Robins was a minister highly valued in his day, as an able, well-taught, experimental man of God, and preached to a congregation composed mainly of Mr. Huntington's hearers, who, after his death, met for the worship of God in Conway Street Chapel.]

"And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."—Exodus xxv. 22.

In the chapter preceding this out of which my text is taken, we have an account of Moses being called up into the mount to have converse with the Lord, and he was there forty days and forty nights; and during the time he was there he received orders from God about the tabernacle that was to be erected in the wilderness. And in the beginning of this chapter it is said, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering." And the things they were to offer, and which Moses was to accept of them, was "gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate." With these materials there was to be a sanctuary erected for the worship of the Lord; and the first thing that Moses had orders about was the ark.

This ark was made in the form of a chest; it was about four feet and a half long, and about two feet nine inches in breadth and in height; it was made of shittim wood, a very valuable wood, which grew in the desert of Arabia, and was smooth, tough, beautiful, very hard, and durable;* it was covered with gold within and without, and upon the top of its edge there was a crown of gold. Upon the four corners of it there were to be four rings of gold; two on one side and two on the other. And there were to be two staves of shittim wood, covered over with gold, to be put through these rings, and they were to be fixed into the rings; and the tribe of Levi, Aaron and his sons, were to bear the ark upon their shoulders and carry it from place to place. By these two staves, in the next place, there was a lid or cover to the ark, which was to be called the mercy-seat; it was made of solid gold. And out of this lid or cover, called the

* The shittim wood is generally supposed to have been obtained from a species of acacia, the same tree that furnishes gum Arabic.

mercy-seat, there were to be two cherubims made or hammered out, and they were to face each other, and rather to look downward, as if they were prying into the ark; so that the mercy-seat was laid upon the ark.

The ark contained the two tables of the law; and there was a repository by the side of it, I believe, where the golden pot of manna was, and Aaron's rod that budded, and also a copy of the five books of Moses, according to what Paul says to the Hebrews. (ix. 3—6.) Now, this ark being made, and the lid of it called the mercy-seat, and the cherubims on the mercy-seat facing each other, God promises to meet with them, and to bless them, and to commune with them "from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims," and this accounts for the Psalmist's prayer: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." (Ps. lxxx. 1.) The ark was a very sacred vessel, and it was death for any to look into it but the priest; hence it was carried under a cover. (Exod. xxxvii. 1—9; Num. iv. 5, 6, 20.)

This ark was a grand type of Christ, as our Mediator, and the mercy-seat too. The wood it was made of being valuable may set forth the value of Christ to poor sinners; the beauty of it may set forth the glory of Christ in his person and work, so that he is the "fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely;" its being tough and hard may set him forth as the Son of Man made strong for God's own self; (Ps. lxxx. 17;) and its being durable may set forth the durability of his merits and work. "Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver." (Prov. viii. 18, 19.) Its being overlaid within and without with gold may set forth the precious grace that the Holy Spirit adorned him with as man within and the perfection of his life without, so that he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) The four rings that were at the four corners set forth the harmony of the divine perfections in him as Mediator; as David says, "Mercy and truth are met together" in him; "righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.) The staves that went through the rings, to bear the ark, that were to be put upon the priests' shoulders, may set forth gospel ministers carrying Christ to poor sinners; or, as Paul says, "bearing him among the Gentiles;" for the tidings gospel ministers carry or bear is Christ crucified; as Paul says, "We preach Christ crucified;" and, says he, "I am determined to know nothing else among men." And, writing to the Hebrews, he says, "Remember them that have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

And that none were to carry the ark but the tribe of Levi is very plain from many passages of Holy Writ, one proof of which I will bring. Just before the death of Eli there was a battle between the Philistines and Israel, and Israel took the ark of God into the

field of battle with them, as it is recorded 1 Sam. iv.; and Israel was smitten; and the ark of God was taken. All the time the Philistines were in possession of the ark they had nothing but troubles or plagues; and they did in a curious way send it back to Israel again, as you see in 1 Sam. vi. When it came to Beth-shemesh, fifty thousand and seventy persons looked into it, contrary to God's order, and the Lord smote them. (1 Sam. vi. 19.) The men of Beth-shemesh immediately send it away to Kirjath-jearim, and it was fixed in the house of Abinadab, and there it remained a long time, until the days of David. At last David consulted with his captains and leaders, and determined to fetch up the ark from Kirjath-jearim, and bring it to his own city, and fix it in a tent that he had provided for it.

Now observe, instead of its being carried upon the shoulders of the priests by the staves that were in the rings of the ark, David has a new cart made to put it upon, a yoke of oxen to draw it, and two men to drive it. As it was going along, the oxen stumbled; the ark upon the cart shook; Uzzah, one of the drivers, puts forth his hand to stay it; God strikes him dead. This breach filled David with slavish fear, and he was afraid to bring the ark home; hence he leaves it at the house of Obed-edom. God blesses the house of Obed-edom for the sake of the ark; it remains there three months. God's blessing the house of Obed-edom appears to stir up jealousy in David; and he being convinced of his error in not putting it upon the shoulders of the priests, consults with his great men, and tells them that none ought to bear the ark of the Lord but the Lord's own priests. And, says David, "The Lord made a breach upon us at the first, because we sought him not after the due order;" and then in harmony they all unite, and with great joy and solemnity the ark is brought into the city of David, and pitched in the tent appointed for it. (1 Chron. xiii., xv., xvi.) Some years after this, it was by Solomon fixed in the temple, in the innermost part thereof; and there it was until the temple was destroyed by the Chaldeans. The ark was wanting in the second temple; and as it was a symbol of the divine presence, the loss of it presaged the approaching abolition of the whole of the ceremonies. It was called the ark of the covenant and the ark of the testimony, because the law of God was in it, or his testimony, or that covenant he made with Israel. It was called the ark of his strength, where he rested. (Ps. cxxxii. 8.) So that, according to the above account, it was unlawful for any to bear this ark but the Levites, the Lord's ministers; and so it is the same to this day, as it regards the antitype, Christ. And the Levites were to be chosen, called, washed and clothed, sanctified, consecrated, and anointed, before ever they were ceremonially fit for such an office. (Exod. xl. 9—16.)

Now the word Levi signifies joined; and all that are fit to preach Christ to poor sinners are joined to the Lord. First, In God's purpose; and, secondly, though by the fall they have a corrupted will, but being one with Christ in covenant love they shall be made willing to leave the world and its wretched practices behind, and the spirit

of it, and human wisdom, and self-righteousness, and all supposed strength, and, in a word, all things that stand in opposition to Christ, and be truly willing to come as poor, needy, empty-handed sinners to Christ for all. And when this is the case there is manifestly a joining; and when it pleases God to reveal his Son in the heart the hope of glory, and the blood and righteousness of Christ are felt in the conscience, and the love of God in some measure believed in, so that the soul is filled with joy and peace in believing, this makes it clearly known to the sinner that he is joined to the Lord, and one with Christ, the covenant Head. Such a man is a Levite, joined; such a one is chosen in God's purpose in Christ, manifestly chosen out of the world in time, called by a divine power out of darkness into light, washed in the blood of Christ from all his filthiness, and cleansed from all his idols by divine love; clothed without by the righteousness of Christ, and within by the sweet adorning of the graces of God's Spirit; sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and set apart from this vain world, and consecrated to God's service, and anointed with the oil of joy. Such a soul, if God gives him a door of utterance to speak of what he has felt, tasted, and handled of the good word of life, is a proper person to bear or to carry our spiritual ark, Christ.

Further, the ark was a type of Christ, inasmuch as it contained the law, or the two tables of stone upon which the law was written. So the law of God is in the heart of Christ, and he undertook to fulfil it as man's Surety, and in time he did obey it; and it never can condemn a soul that trusts his all in Christ. And as the ceremonial law was deposited in the side of the ark, it might be to show that the blood and water that came out of the side of Christ would fulfil all that; his blood to answer all that was typified by the blood under the law, and the water to answer to all that was typified by the rinsings by water under that dispensation; so that, as Paul says, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe." And neither devil, sin, death, law, nor hell, shall ever hurt that soul that has a grain of true faith in Christ; the devil cannot, for Christ has destroyed the power of him for all his redeemed; sin cannot, for it was all atoned for by him; the law cannot, for it has in Christ all its demands; death cannot, or hell, for Christ has triumphed over all these upon the cross, and as a proof of his victory has arisen from the grave, ascended into heaven, taken his seat at the right hand of God, and ever liveth to make intercession for his own, and declares because he lives, they shall live also. Moreover, the ark is said to have a crown of gold upon it, and it may set forth how the saints of God crown him Lord of all by a living faith, and how he will be crowned by them in the world to come, when they will be unitedly ascribing "Salvation to God and the Lamb for ever." Once more, the blessing of God attended all that had a reverence for the ark. And so all that adhere to Christ, and embrace the darling Son of God, shall never be ashamed or confounded world without end.

I will speak a word or two now of the mercy-seat, or the lid or cover of the ark. It was just as long as the ark, four feet and a

half, and it was the same in breadth, two feet nine inches, and it was all of gold. This might set forth to us that mercy is extended as far as the merits of Christ; and as the mercy-seat was laid upon the ark, it may show us that if the ark was wanting there could be no mercy for us; or, in other words, justice will not admit of mercy being shown to us unless it gets satisfaction from the ark, Christ. Further, out of this solid lid of gold, or mercy-seat, there were two cherubims hammered or beaten out, one at each end, and they faced one another, and bent downwards, as if they were looking into the ark, and with their wings they covered the mercy-seat; and it might set forth to us the harmony of good angels and God's ministers in the redemption by Christ. Angels are cherubims and servants to the church; (Ps. xviii. 9; Heb. i. 14;) and Peter says they desire to look into these things. (1 Pet. i. 11, 12.) Hence they sung at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And gospel ministers are set forth in Ezekiel x. as cherubims; and we are sure that they wish to look more into the work of redemption. Thus the ark and the mercy-seat was God's resting-place, and so is Christ. Here it was, according to my text, that God met with the children of Israel, and did commune with them from above the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims; here he communed with them, and they with him.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF FAITH IN A PURE CONSCIENCE.

My dear W.,—I sit down to write you a few lines. Through mercy we are all well. I got home from Poynings in the morning, where I left the friends well. On Wednesday evening I was somewhat shut up as to utterance, yet it seemed to have been made more useful than common. I spoke from John xii. 50. I hope you are not left without a portion. Elkanah gave portions to Peninnah and her sons; yet to Hannah he gave a worthy portion, for it is said he loved her. Those whom God loveth, he giveth himself to be their portion. This indeed is not for any worthiness in them; and, sooner or later, how evident does he make it appear to them. Such in his sight as standing in Adam could not draw his affections towards them; but it was in Christ from everlasting. Such was his love for them, that "he gave his only-begotten Son to redeem them" from the misery and wretchedness which they were in; for instead of loving God, they hated him with a perfect hatred. This is proved when the law of God in its spirituality reaches the poor quickened sinner's heart. Such indeed can but wonder that it pleased the Father to treasure in his dear Son a fulness of grace for lost sinners. This has been the river, or fountain, which has never ceased to be a sufficient portion for a poor and needy sinner; one that has been, and from time to time is humbled to accept the punishment of his guilt. Such a one can tell a little of the worth of that portion which God's love to sinners is. It is

wonderful what a light it conveys into the soul of the mystery of faith; so much so as to wonder indeed at such a love. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed," &c., says John; that heart which nothing short of grace could ever bring forth evangelical repentance in, and without which, says Christ, "ye shall all likewise perish." How great is that truth! If a man would give all he has for it, it would be utterly despised afterward by the Giver of it. Then what a portion for one so to have repentance bestowed as a gift as to know all his sins are forgiven, in being enabled to receive the Son! "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Such a portion, then, is faith that works by love. This portion likewise not only remains in the heart of Christ for his people, but it is said to be shed abroad in theirs by the Holy Ghost, who is likewise said to be given unto them. "O taste and see that the Lord is good," says such a one; and I believe this portion can never be spent, though always supplying the poor and needy, hungry and thirsty. It is such a portion likewise, when received into the heart, as brings the perfection of beauty. How most delightful to the soul are the graces of the Spirit where Christ the Lord is Lord of all! Such a possession does it fill the soul with, as to say, "I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his likeness;" awake up free from every feature of my old Adam, where my Jesus and my soul shall no more for ever lose sight of each other, but dwell for ever in the paradise of God, which indeed is his presence. A little of this portion sometimes brought on the table, and Christ at the head, saying, "Eat, O friends," &c., will increase our strength in him, and enable us, as the apostle exhorts, "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." An appetite for this portion is needful. May God the Lord increase that in your soul, so that he dwelling thus, both to create the appetite and be the food, you will go from strength to strength till you appear before him in Zion.

My kind love to all friends at Blackham, and to any other to whom this portion might concern that has any knowledge of the unworthy writer. Accept my love. God bless you.

Brighton, Sept. 20th, 1838.

W. S.

The blood of the Lamb has so overcome that there needs no more sacrifice for sin; nor anything exterior to itself to make its redemption eternal. And to have sin thus taken away cannot be said of the world universally. The reason is plain, because sin being gone, nothing remains to charge the world with. But nothing is more evident than that the generality of men lie plunged in sin, and are bond-slaves of corruption to the last. It must, therefore, be another world, or tribe, to whom this great blessing must be assigned, and of whom verified; and since there is but one more, (who are called God's elect,) I conclude that they are the men and the world intended; for we know that they "are of God; and that the whole world beside lies in wickedness." (1 John v. 19.)—*Coles*.

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

[The writer of the Experience of which we here give the first portion, was an American physician, who having met with some of the works of Mr. Huntington in the United States, was so blessed in reading them, that he opened a correspondence with Mr. Eades, of Newgate Street, and afterwards forwarded to him the account of the dealings of God with his soul which we here lay before our readers.]

I was born in Danbury, in Connecticut, Jan. 12th, 1777, of religious parents, who were very particular in educating their children in the knowledge of God and the Scriptures, endeavouring to impress upon their young and tender minds a sense of the omnipresence of Jehovah, his perfect knowledge of all our thoughts, words, and actions, and our certain accountability to him at the general judgment. In my childhood, they took every possible advantage of extraordinary providences to impress on my mind the superintendency of the Almighty; to establish me in a belief of a general and of a particular providence; that God takes care of all his works, but has a special interest in those who love, fear, and worship him in the beauty of holiness; endeavouring to excite in me a solicitude to obtain the favour of God, that I might be the particular object of his paternal care; instilling into my mind the great safety of those that are at peace with him, asserting that he is angry with the wicked every day; that there is no security, no, not for a moment, out of Christ; that out of him God is a consuming fire.

When I was about three years old, my parents removed into Bloomfield, New Jersey, selling their effects for continental money, which became depreciated in their hands, and left them on the world, with only their industry and frugality, under providence, for a maintenance. My father's object in going to New Jersey was to get learning, or, as it is now called, to study divinity. I believe, however, that he who goes to man to get qualified to preach the gospel, goes the ready way to darkness and error, and turns his back upon God, whence only true knowledge of divinity can be obtained. I am so far from believing human learning essential to the ministry of the word, that I do not believe it to be necessary. And were I called to prove the assertion true, a reference to the late W. Huntington would suffice; for without it he preached and wrote with more power and force of truth than any since the apostles' time. When God intends a man for the ministry, he can and will furnish him sufficiently for the work, (1 Cor. ix.,) without the Arminian arm of Uzzah. The poet, speaking of the power of God, has well said,

“He can give wings when he commands to fly.”

All popular professors here make human learning essential to the ministry of the word. They make it of more consequence than the

Holy Spirit of God. They say that men are not now to obtain it in that immediate way in which the primitive saints did; *i. e.*, by inspiration; but by study and application. I find that our clergy, with scarcely an exception, are for arrogating to themselves more power in the church and more honour from the world than Christ allotted them. They do not appear to be contented in having their superiority consist in their likeness to Christ. "I am among you as one that serveth." Christ says of his people; "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." How many of the clergy are there at this time who manifest themselves to be more of the world than of Christ! for of what a man savours most of that is he most like. Who of them loves not worldly honour and quiet life, the reverse of tribulation, (Rev. vii. 14,) and that are not in esteem with carnal men, and that do not receive from them honours and titles the apostles never did or would? Has the world become so well polished as to rub out the offence of the cross? No, never, never. The cross will give umbrage to carnal minds; no worldly or artificial gloss, however sterling, can ever lessen the offence. It is now become honourable to appear religious, yea, a disgrace not to be in a profession; yet if I speak to them of heart-work, of "visions and revelations," they are as speechless as the man without the wedding garment; or they will "turn and rend me:" "Do you suppose God manifests himself to you more than he does to any other?" (Prov. xii. 18.) But theirs is not a religion that will secure its possessor from danger, or ward off the destroying angel. It will not silence a long list of crying crimes, give confidence in a day of trial, nor sever the subject of it from the wrath of an incensed God when he comes to make inquisition for sin. "They are of the world; therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them." "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers of the false prophets." But to his own he says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake;" yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God," &c. (Rev. vii. 14, 15.) This is the path to heaven ordained of God, all others lead down to hell, though approved of by scribes, Pharisees, and high priests. There are many professors of religion who live in such exact conformity to the world and so far off from God, that he will not manifest himself to them; but as they are popular, and in esteem with carnal Christians, they are at ease in Zion, and condemn all nearer approaches to God than they experience, as enthusiasm and delusion; and as the world and nominal Church do not know the things of the kingdom, they raise themselves in their esteem in proportion as they put out the light of real Christians. Thus the blind lead the blind till they both fall into the ditch together; and there is no remedy, for that darkness has so blinded their minds that they will

not admit the knowledge of the truth. Christ says that "many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many," and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, *if it were possible*, they should deceive the very elect. I should not have travelled so far out of my way after false religion and false ministry if it had not intruded itself upon me.

But to return. At about three years of age, I was violently afflicted with a black canker in the throat, (a fatal disease among children at this time,) which came very near ending my life. The attending physician and my parents gave up all hope of my recovery; but providentially I survived that sickness, beyond expectation.

Nothing material, in my recollection, befell me till I was seven or eight years old, when I had an attack of the scarlet fever, from which I escaped with "the skin of my teeth." Soon after my recovery, there was a remarkable attention to religion in Newark, Orange, Horseneck, and Bloomfield (New Jersey). Many children were much affected. My eldest sister, then six years of age, manifested an evident change of heart, which has since appeared in her life and conversation. The youth flocked as "clouds, and as doves to their windows." At that time God came down with "power and great glory," and manifested himself to multitudes of every age and character. It was a time of love, and the Saviour "spread his skirt over them." I had very serious impressions on my mind at this time, and was much concerned for myself, and "prayed without ceasing;" *i. e.*, thought I did. And although I was very fearful that I should be left behind and not called into Christ's fold, yet all my concern wore off, and I returned, after a few weeks, to my native insensibility. "O Judah! what shall I do unto thee? for thy goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

I do not recollect anything material, except occasional convictions of sin, which would put me upon praying for mercy and that I might escape the wrath to come, till I was near ten years old, when I was thrown from a horse and taken up for dead, and remained apparently so till they procured a surgeon, who lived three quarters of a mile from where I fell. When he arrived, he bled me, and succeeded in restoring apparent life, though it still hung in doubt. This catastrophe happened about one o'clock, P.M. From two in the afternoon till four o'clock next morning, I was so violently distorted with convulsion fits that there was very little hope of my recovery, or of my ever coming into shape again if I should, I was so exceedingly deformed by the cramp. However, through the goodness of God, I recovered from this death also, though I felt the effects of it sensibly for years afterwards. About this time there was a great revival of religion in the place, (Newhampstead, State of New York.) The Spirit of God seemed to bear down all before it. Old and young felt its uncontrollable sway, and acknowledged the presence and the power divine. There was some shaking among the dry bones in one or two of the adjacent towns, but small. At

this time I do not recollect of having any particular concern for myself.

Five or six years after this, I went to swim with a great number of boys; one of them leaped upon me from the shore in an unguarded and unexpected moment, and down we went to the bottom together, he with both his arms clasped fast round me, and my face from him. He could not swim at all, but caught me only for mischief, or, as he termed it, "to have a scape with me." As I did not like to scuffle in the water, to avoid him I kept a little out from the shore, not expecting that he would venture beyond his depth. I seized his hands, and, with a desperate effort, disengaged myself from his embrace and whirled him round in the water; so back to back we struggled to rise to the surface. With his feet he hit me in the calves of the legs, and I him, and that held us for a time where we were. I went down by surprise in the act of inspiration, which kept me strangling in the water, and, having little or no air in my lungs, I was less buoyant. Wearied with vain efforts to extricate myself from the water, I left off struggling, and was at the point of giving up the hope of getting out; but perceiving I was clear of my antagonist, hope revived; I made a fresh attempt, and was saved from this death. The other would have been drowned, but by the help of a rail which some one reached to him, he was pulled out of the water, but could not stand alone.

As I never kept a diary or minuted down events at the time of them, I must depend altogether on memory, unless the ever-blessed Comforter will deign to bring past events to my mind.

All along in my teens I had occasional convictions of sin and fears of the wrath to come, which, like a slave in chains, drove me reluctantly to prayer. But these convictions never lasted long, for I soon, very soon, forgot these impressions, and glided down the tide of time with the giddy multitude thoughtless and unconcerned.

When I was twenty years of age, I began the study of physic in Johnstown, State of New York; and I followed it one year and taught school at the same time. From six years old I had a settled determination to learn the healing art whenever an opportunity should offer. My father was against it while I was under age, as he thought the study of second causes led the mind from God. About this time, President Adams was raising a few standing troops, and I had an idea that if I could but get into the hospital department, it would be the most eligible situation for me to obtain medical knowledge, as I was poor, and unable to pay in advance for medical education. Accordingly I visited a recruiting captain, who gave me his word that if I would enlist as a private, (for he said that he could admit me on no other terms,) he would use his utmost influence to procure me the place I wanted when we should arrive at the place of general rendezvous. And I believed him, for "the simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going." But when we arrived at head quarters "the butler forgot Joseph." However, the knowledge I had gained of physic in the above-men-

tioned year's study initiated me into the favour and employment of the surgeon the first interview that I had with him; so I bade my *kind* captain adieu, and went to serve in the hospital till the army was disbanded. Thus the Lord had mercy on me, and granted me just the place I wanted, though I had no heart to ask him for it, and though I was long afraid that I had sold myself in vain to obtain it. Nor was the berth of a student barely all that I got by the place. For the first surgeon, from some trouble unknown to me, had recourse to intemperance to obtain a relief from anxiety, and followed it to such excess that he soon terminated his life. The first mate, Dr. J. H. Douglass, on whom the whole charge now devolved, was much attached to me, and gave me the exclusive charge of the hospital in his absence. I compounded the principal part of the medicines used in our regiment of men after the death of the first surgeon, Dr. S. Finley, of Maryland, till the disbanding of the army. I have forgotten the name of the second mate, by appointment, as I never saw him but once, he not making his appearance at camp till orders were issued for discharging the army. Under these circumstances I occupied the place of first mate, (without the appointment or salary,) and a Dr. Downer that of second mate, on the same terms. Dr. D. was an excellent surgeon and physician. I continued with him some time after the army was disbanded, when I left him and returned to my parents, who at this time lived in the western part of the State of New York. I forgot to mention, in its proper place, a severe attack I had of the yellow fever while in the hospital, and from which I did but just recover, which is the fourth hair-breadth escape from death.

I was never much attached to company, but avaricious of books. From some of them I learned to account for everything that took place from second causes, leaving the great First Cause of the question. From the time that I was twenty-one years of age until twenty-five, I neglected the public worship of God and every religious institution *wholly*; was as wicked as my capacities would admit of, shunning the penalty of the civil law, (under that providential restraint that is exercised upon the elect while under "tutors and governors,") not considering that the eye of God was ever upon me. I had occasionally a kind of horror or confused sense of guilt, conceived myself so impure by reason of sin that I thought it a pollution of the Bible even to lay my hands upon it, and I was sure not to peruse any divine subject. At this time, when, in human view, my conversion was the most unlikely event that could have taken place, the Lord spoke to me "in the secret place of thunder, and proved me at the water of Meribah," "for God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," he sealeth instruction. In such a time there appeared to me a human form, clothed with a loose white garment, after the similitude seen in engravings of ancient dress, at the foot of my bed, a resplendent figure, telling me in an audible voice the following words only, "If you do not attend to the salvation of your soul immediately, you will be *dannned!*" The im-

pression this made upon me, though great beyond description, did not awake me. I wept my pillow wet, and did not wake till late in the morning. I was confounded at what had passed in my sleep, but soon found means to quiet the agitation I was in. This happened while I was at my eldest sister's, who had married, and lived fifty miles from my place of residence. A few weeks after I returned to my sister's again. The evening came on, and I retired for rest, but no sooner were my eyes closed in sleep, than the same vision appeared, with far more splendour and painful reality than at first. The process and effect were similar, only I could not so easily rid myself of distressing anxiety as at the first. However, in a few hours the impression *wholly* wore off. After three or four weeks had elapsed, journaeying, I lodged at the same place. No sooner had I retired to rest and fell asleep, than the same vision returned a third time, with awful identity and astonishing reality. It appeared to come from the opposite side of the room each time, walked deliberately up to the foot of the bed, stood, gave me an impressive penetrating look, delivered the same words as before, and immediately vanished from my sight, as at each of the other times. I now endured the greatest possible anxiety about my future state, and more pungent anguish than I had ever experienced before or since. The stimuli of external objects being interrupted by sleep, there was nothing to divert the mind or turn off the attention from the subject. My face and pillow were again literally bathed with tears. Notwithstanding my restless anxiety, I did not awake anything like so early as usual. My common time for waking was three or four o'clock, but each of the above-mentioned times, particularly the last, I did not awake until seven or eight o'clock in the morning. In vain I strove to recover the usual thoughtless gaiety of my mind, the scenes of the night past effectually drove me from my "refuge of lies; the waters overflowed my hiding-place." An inexpressible heavy burden lay upon my mind all the following day. There was, however, no real conviction of sin, but merely an impenetrable darkness or chaotic state of things.

Late the following night I retired to rest, but my mind was too much agitated for sleep. While I lay in this situation, there came a powerful influence on me, directing me to prayer. How to pray I knew not. Although I continued to resist the inclination to prayer, I durst not go to sleep without it. I was like "a wild bull in a net, full of the fury of the Lord, the rebuke of my God." (Isa. li. 20.) The impression now made was not to be obliterated; pressing necessity so urged as not to be controlled. Through the irresistible operation of the Holy Spirit, I was compelled to leave my bed, and on my knees to make a solemn determination that I would immediately seek the pardoning love and mercy of God or die supplicating at a throne of grace. The above was a desperate case; but the language of mortals falls so far short in the description of it, that I am not able to paint the scene in such glowing colours as it was exhibited to me.

Before I left my sister's, I told her the resolution that I had made

under this irresistible impulse, enjoining inviolable secrecy. I afterwards informed my mother on the same terms. They were the only persons that had any knowledge or suspicions of my being under serious impressions; and I never after, during the time I was under conviction, said any further to them on the subject; and they never even hinted to others the information I had given them, nor asked me a question about it.

(To be continued.)

A man who is a slave to one sin depend upon it will be a slave to more. A wicked man must have companions; and so must sins. Show me a man who is not right in his actions, and I will show you a man who is not right in his words. If he cheat, he will also have to lie.—*W. T.*

Pulpit lips, like pulpit cushions, are chiefly lined with velvet. Amazing reverence is shown to Satan in a pulpit; it seems the privy counsel of his highness. We never hear his name or habitation mentioned in a modern sermon, which makes some people fancy that the devil sure is dead.—*Berridge.*

The worst diseases in this world are the leprosy, the plague of the heart, the dead palsy, and that of being born blind. The blood of sprinkling cures the first, sovereign grace the second, the promise of life the third; and he counsels us to buy eye-salve of him to expel the deadly and dismal gloom from the mind and understanding.—*Huntington.*

At death, the very being of sin in the body is over. For that being dead in which it burrowed, no hiding-place is found for indwelling sin, from whence to send forth its baleful irruptions from day to day. The wall of mortality fallen down, the root of sin, as ivy on a similar removal, falls out with it, and can bud no more. The very sink of iniquity, both of original and actual corruption, is dried up, and will never again send forth any of its puddle. I feel the blessedness I am speaking of, in the moment I am writing. By anticipation I already enjoy it. Yes, gracious God of all my mercies, the hour is hastening when I shall never more speak an idle word; never more think an improper thought; never again be the subject of those corrupt affections which now, like the scum of the pot, too often rise up and bubble, but which thy grace restrains from running over! These, with every other evil of my unrenewed body, will at once cease. And although I know that the whole troop of evils, like the army of Egypt, will pursue me as it did Israel to the borders of the sea; yet I know also that the new and living way the Lord there opened for his people hath been, and is, and will be opened for my salvation. Death ends the warfare. The Lord says to me as to them, "The Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever!" (Exod. xiv. 13.) Oh! the inconceivable blessedness which immediately opens at death to every redeemed and regenerated child of God, in the temporary separation of soul and body!—*Hawker.*

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. II.

I received my dear sister's letter, and have perused it. In reading it I was much affected. I pitied her, and sympathised with her, and in a measure felt for her, as I knew what she must feel herself. But I said, "Whence shall I help her? out of the barn-floor, or out of the wine-press," when one is so empty and the other so dry? These are the days of darkness. If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. But these have not surprised her; they have come according to prediction. Neither have they come without a debate, but in measure have they shot forth, and the Lord has stayed "his rough wind," so that it has come by degrees, as she has been able to bear it; and remember, "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged." By these things men live; they cannot do without them. "*But God is faithful*, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Is not this a ground for everlasting consolation? Then what hinders you rejoicing and walking steadily?

"But how shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." Neither has any strange thing befallen you; for the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren now in the world. "But my path is full of darkness, and my soul full of heaviness." But has this altered the case? Has this made any change in the purpose of him who is in one mind, and none can turn him? Has he not both spoken unto you, and himself has done it? "Yes," you will say, "and 'I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.'" Well, this is better than running before him, to fall down and break your bones; for a child left to himself must certainly fall. O Mary! there is no death in the pot, though there is a wild gourd of your own gathering in it. Be quiet, be patient, be submissive, and humble yourself under his mighty hand. Let Faith alone; I know where she is, and what she is doing in these days. Now is her time; she has already obtained promises, and she will, ere long, get the victory, and, by humble prayer and prevalent acts, be made more than a conqueror "through him that hath loved us."

I have considered the passage (Ezek. xlv. 9) my sister mentions. But her conceptions of the north gate, and of the entrance through it, appear to me to be wrong. It certainly is, in general, the case, that those who have come in through the south gate, that is, those who have passed the strait gate under the powerful influence of the spirit of love, and have for many days lived under the same, have gone out by the north gate, that is, they have found heavy trials, and much of the darkness of temptations in their last days. But then we are not to conclude that it means that they are forsaken, driven before the storm, given up to the hands of the enemy, or filled with wrath and bitter anguish. Though they may find bands in their death, and their strength much weakened, yet Israel has

never been forsaken of his God; nor does it mean that God leaves them to shift for themselves, take his loving-kindness away from them, and suffer his faithfulness to fail; no, nor yet that he withdraws so as not to be seen, or that he ceases to visit them, often to revive, comfort, and nourish them: "Even to your old age, I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you." This is enough; all that it means is, that they shall be often in heaviness through manifold temptations. But *Faith will discover his hand when she cannot see his face*; and he will be present always, whether we see him or not. When, on the other hand, many whom you may now see hanging in the gate, and feeling much of the north wind, and perhaps will yet hang longer, when they come through, will go out strait before them, that is, pass home in their first love. This is the sovereign manner in which he deals with the children who are all included in the same everlasting love. Nor does this clash with other parts of his word, such as you have mentioned, the path of the righteous shining; for though his path may be very crooked and full of tribulation, yet if God assures him, and the Spirit bears him witness that it is *the* path, then he has light, and discovers the footsteps of the flock before him, and he is seen that he is in the right path, and says, "Though I am tried, yet I am *safe*. I know this is the way, this is the 'light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn.'"

J. JENKINS.

[A correspondent, who signs himself R. R., has favoured us with the above letter, written by the well-known friend and correspondent of Mr. Huntington, and whom he used to call "The Welsh Ambassador." We shall be pleased to receive the other letters by the same pen, which R. R. has kindly offered to send.]

He that made the world is surely well able to govern it and to overrule whatever comes into it. He would never have suffered sin, the only enemy, to invade it, if he could not have quelled it at pleasure.—*Coles*.

I have, through the blessing of God, been perfectly well through this whole day, both as to health, strength, and spirits, and gone through my church duties with the utmost ease, freedom, and pleasure; yet I have experienced nothing of that spiritual comfort and joy which I sometimes do; a demonstration this that they are prodigiously wide of the mark who think that what believers know to be the joys of the Holy Ghost are, in fact, no other than certain pleasing sensations, arising from a brisk circulation of the blood and a lively flow of the animal spirits. In this light the consolations of God are considered by those who never experienced them. I myself am a witness that spiritual comforts are sometimes highest when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the lowest; and when bodily health, strength, and spirits are at the highest, spiritual comforts are sometimes at the lowest; nay, clean gone, and totally absent — *Toplady*.

LOVE IS AS STRONG AS DEATH.

My dear Friend,—I received yours. Jonathan is thy name, and thou hast a love to David and to David's God and Saviour. Those who love David are lovers of the truth, because there was a secret in David's heart and conscience which caused such a strong feeling of affection in Jonathan's soul toward David; and this same secret, in some measure, was put into Jonathan's heart. These two divine principles met together and twined round each other, so that Jonathan's soul was knit to David, and he loved him as he loved his own soul. And what can be compared or likened unto love? What a strength there is in it! But who can enter into the power of divine love, hidden in the compassionate heart and bowels of a Three-One God, and the wonders which love has done for you, and me, and all the election of grace? Love devised a way to save the lost and ruined among mankind; love drew the plan; love provided the remedy; love made the covenant; love ordered it in all things and made it sure to the heirs of promise; love gave the Surety to stand in the breach. Love pays the debts by promise; Love leaves his Father's throne and comes down and assumes human nature; love takes our nature into union; love is born into this world; love comes to John to be baptized of him in Jordan; love goes into the field of battle; love fights with the devil, and love gains the victory; love preached the gospel; love healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, raised the dead, and cut the string of the tongue of the stammerers, brought the prisoner out of the prison-house, delivered the captives, and set at liberty them that were bound. Love obeyed all the precepts of law, satisfied divine justice, trode the wine-press alone, bruised the serpent's head, answered all the demands of law and justice; love made an atonement for sin; love quenched all the floods of wrath; love buried all our sins in the depth of the sea, so that many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; love conquered sin, death, hell, and the grave; love quickened our dead souls into life, led us to the foot of the cross, took off our filthy garments, put on a change of raiment, washed us from our filthiness, and gave us a love-kiss. Then well may it be the song of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father;" and we shall reign with him for ever and ever. Love supports us by the way, and gives strength equal to our day. Love leads us through the wilderness; lets down bread and water into our hearts; gives our souls a smile; puts the broad seal of pardon, justification, and sanctification upon our souls; gives us our passport; invites us to the wedding; opens the door of the bride-chamber; brings in the guests; washes the bride's feet; spreads the table, and comes forth and serves his sheep and lambs; feeds his flock like a shepherd; gathers his lambs in his arms; carries them in his bosom; and gently leads them that are with young. O what wonders love has done!

And what has love done for you and me? Love has been my support in trouble, my comfort under persecutions, my refuge in storms, my shelter in temptations, my hiding-place from my enemies, my foundation under fears, my strong tower in distress. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew him not." Then love must be stronger than death, stronger than the law, stronger than justice, stronger than sin, stronger than men and devils. Therefore sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under the law of condemnation, but under the law of love, which is the perfect law of liberty. And love has engaged to bring all the redeemed to glory; for, having loved his own which are in the world, he loved them unto the end. The love of the Father in his choice is from everlasting; the love of the Son in his redemption is everlasting; the love of the Holy Ghost in his quickenings is also everlasting. So the Lord could say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

The Lord bless you and yours, and the few children with you.

Yours, for the truth's sake,

Woburn, March 17th, 1852.

T. G.

One that truly fears God is afraid of sin; he sees more evil in it than in all the evil in the world.—*John Mason.*

The nearer (if I may so say) anything is to God, the greater is its enmity unto it. The more of spirituality and holiness is in anything the greater is its enmity. That which has most of God has most of its opposition.—*Owen.*

Adam stood not so long as to beget a son in his first image; it is seen by his first-born Cain what all his natural seed would naturally be. And though some do presume to magnify man, and to speak of him at another rate; yet evident it is by Scripture light, and the experience of those renewed, that man fallen is poor, blind, naked, and at enmity with all that is truly good; and that he is never more distant from God and his own happiness than while in high thoughts of himself, glorying in his own understanding, strength, worthiness, and freedom of will, improvement of common grace, and the like; for these make him proud and presumptuous, and to have slight thoughts of that special and peculiar grace by which he must (if ever) be renewed and saved. But the Lord himself (who best knows him) reports the matter quite otherwise (and we know that his witness is true); namely, that "all the imaginations of their heart are only evil continually," (Gen. vi. 5,) "that their inward part is very wickedness," (Ps. v. 9,) "that every man is brutish in his knowledge; altogether brutish and foolish; yea, even their pastors;" (Jer. x. 8, 14, 21;) that is, the very best and most intelligent among them; "that their hearts are full of madness," (Eccles. ix. 2,) "wise to do evil, but to do good have no understanding," &c. (Jer. iv. 22.)—*Elisha Coles.*

O B I T U A R Y.

MR. R. PAPWORTH, OF ELSWORTH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The principal design of the following pages is to present to the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the particulars of the last illness of the dear friend who is the subject of them. At the same time, it will be perhaps advisable to give a short account of his life and experience from the first.

Richard Papworth was born at Elsworth, in Cambridgeshire, where he lived and died. For many years he pursued his occupation as a farmer, but had retired from business a few years before his death, which took place July 16th, 1852.

His mother died when he was an infant, and his father when he was about ten years of age. Soon after this, his uncle, who was appointed his guardian, also died, and he was exposed to the influence of an ungodly cousin, who endeavoured to lead him into all manner of vice; but the fear of the Lord preserved him. He had convictions of sin and a sense of the Lord's eye being upon him, which checked him, so that he could not enjoy the sinful pleasures of the world. Speaking of this period of his life, he said, "Those words used to follow me, 'Mine eye seeth thee.'"

When very young, he was sent to school at Huntingdon, and while there he was much distressed about his soul. When he left school, deep convictions of a righteous law followed him, and that word in particular: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." To quote his own words, "After about three years, as near as I remember, groaning under this burden of sin, though kept strictly moral, I saw myself a hell-deserving sinner; and I used to think, What must I do? I do not know what to do. One night, as I lay upon my bed, I thought I saw hell flames, and that some one had got hold of me. He said, 'It is all of no use;' he had now got me fast, and in I must go. I cried out, 'Lord, save, or I perish!' And I thought I cast my eyes upward, and saw one clothed in white, and shining, coming leaping over the hills. I cried out again, 'Come, Lord, come quickly;' and immediately I heard a voice saying, 'Loose him and let him go, for I have found a ransom.' The strong hand was made to let go, and then it was sounded in my ears, 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.' This brought such peace and consolation into my poor heart that I was fully persuaded my ransom from the pit of destruction was procured, though at that time I had never heard the gospel preached."

There were at this time Methodists in the village where he lived, and they saw a great change had taken place in him, upon which they tried hard to persuade him to join them; but he felt his own helplessness so much that he dared not. He could not make such vows and promises as they did; and he soon found also that he could neither do with their preaching nor with the conduct of some

that he knew. He felt that while he earnestly desired to be kept spotless, it must be a stronger arm than his own or any arm of flesh that must keep him and uphold him in the path, that his footsteps might not slip.

After a few years, he went with some of the poor people of Elsworth to the adjoining parishes of Yelling, Papworth, and Eltisley, to hear a Mr. Evans, a Welshman, who was in the Church of England, and succeeded Mr. Venn, formerly a curate under dear old Berridge. Although he believed Mr. Evans preached the gospel, and he enjoyed his ministry at times very much, yet he did not dare to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper or make an open profession at this time. One of the foremost of the little party who went to hear Mr. Evans was a Miss Jane Webb, who was so decided for the truth, that the clergyman of Elsworth said of her, "she crazed the whole parish." This person afterwards became his wife, and they continued their Lord's Days' journeys after the truth for many years. When Mr. Evans left the neighbourhood the lovers of truth were scattered, and for some few years our dear friend had no settled resting-place where he could hear to the satisfaction of his soul. At length both he and his dear wife were led to Godmanchester. This was about the year 1830, and he regularly attended this place until he was laid aside by the illness that terminated in his death.

His experience was certainly remarkable in this; though the Lord blessed him with a deliverance at the first, yet he was soon again entangled with the yoke of bondage; and so he remained for above fifty years, but all this time his walk was most consistent.

He was a very diffident, quiet, unobtrusive man. If Christian friends were conversing together, though his heart was with them, scarce a word would drop from his lips. Thus he continued till Feb., 1846, at which time I had a solemn conversation with him as he was driving me in his gig to a village where I was going to preach, a labour of love which he was always ready to undertake. I had felt him laid on my heart for some time, and therefore asked him about the Lord's dealings with his soul, and if he felt easy in not making an open profession of his love to the Lord Jesus, by being buried with him by baptism into his death. He said he had been much exercised about it, but he had so many fears; he had been so stumbled with the conduct of some who had for years stood high in a profession, he feared lest he should be left to bring a disgrace on the cause. Another fear was this, that he should have nothing to say; he could not speak out what he felt. He never could; he liked to hear others speak, but was always held back himself.

The very week after this conversation took place he was thrown down by a pony cart, his face being much cut and bruised and his shoulder dislocated. He bled profusely, and was insensible for two or three days. When he came to himself he seemed quite a different creature. His heart was enlarged and his mouth was opened. He began to bless and praise the Lord for *all* his goodness to him, both in providence and grace. From this time he was not like the same man. It was a privilege to be with him and hear him recount the

acts of the Lord while he was confined to the house from the injuries he had received. I paid him a visit, and spent perhaps two hours conversing with him, or rather in listening to him as he related, with a full and overflowing heart, what the Lord had done for his soul. The Holy Ghost, he said, was a Remembrancer to him, and brought to his mind all he had gone through from the first—from his boyhood to the present moment. He spoke sweetly of the sufferings of his dear Lord; what agonies he had endured when bearing his sins upon the tree. "His visage was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." This he said in allusion to his own face, which was much disfigured and mangled. "What is this to what my dear Lord went through! And what is so wonderful, I feel no pain; I have not felt any all along" (though it had required five or six men to pull in the shoulder which was dislocated). "O what has the Lord wrought!" and then he would begin again to speak of the sufferings of Christ for poor sinners.

When he recovered sufficiently, he was proposed as a candidate for church fellowship; and when he appeared before the church to relate his experience he was highly favoured. He spoke in the same strain and in substance as above. Many will remember that soul-melting season. A door of utterance was given him, and he spoke with such savour and simplicity that the tears flowed down many a cheek as well as his own. It was like a renewal of the former days, when the Holy Ghost was poured out on the primitive church, though in a less degree. They exclaimed, "What meaneth this?" And so I believe many felt. "Is this the man whom we have known so long and never could get a word out of him? With what liberty, and fluency, and savour he speaks!"

The next Lord's Day he was baptized, and the weather being very cold, it was suggested to him that, in his delicate state, perhaps it would be better to postpone it. He said, "If the river were all ice I would go in." With his arm in a sling, he was baptized in the river Ouse, on Lord's Day, April, 1846, in company with two others. I would here mention a circumstance concerning one of the two who were baptized with him, and which he himself referred to in his last illness as a remarkable providence.

He had been a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" from the first, and had all the volumes bound up to the last year. There was an inquiry addressed to the editors in Vol. L, for the year 1835, page 64, requesting their views on the "Pool of Bethesda," signed "A Broken-hearted Sinner." This piece, together with Mr. Gadsby's reply, were very sweet at the time to him, for it just suited his own case. He felt it was what he was waiting for, and it caused him to feel a union of soul to the then unknown "Broken-hearted Sinner." The Lord so ordered it that she was set at happy liberty under the word at Godmanchester; a few weeks before him, and they were baptized together. Thus were they, who in the year 1835 were many miles distant and perfect strangers to each other, though taught by one Spirit, brought together to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and at the same time, though the way each had been

led had in many things been so different. They continued warm friends till the end of his pilgrimage.

From the time of his joining the church to his last illness, a period of nearly six years, he was kept, for the most part, in a sweet and humble frame, trusting in the Lord. In his dark seasons, he could not cast away his confidence nor forget what the Lord had done for him. He was not what is called a deeply-exercised man, being neither a man of strong passions, nor assailed by fierce temptations. But there was something so gentle and peaceable about him, and at the same time so simple and conscientious, that no one who knew him, if they knew the Lord, could help loving him. I remember a circumstance that occurred during this period, which, though simple, is sweet to my mind, as illustrating his character. Mr. M'Kenzie, had been preaching one week evening at Godmanchester, and after the service our friend had a few words with him in the vestry. The remark Mr. M'Kenzie made to me afterwards was this, "I do love that dear old man; I should like to have him with me in the coach to-morrow."

On the 5th of Dec., 1851, he said to his daughter that, according to his age and his feelings, he thought he should not be here long; but he continued to go about till the 17th of Dec., though he seemed very poorly. His illness might then be said to have commenced, and his daughter, to whom he was much attached both by the ties of nature and grace, has furnished us with the following particulars of his last days.

In the beginning of his illness he said this word used to follow him, "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward." One morning his daughter went up to his bedside and asked him how he was; he said, "I cannot tell you; my mind has been so much troubled. I have been as if tempest-tossed on the sea; and worst of all, I could not see Jesus. I thought of poor Peter, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!'" She said, "Don't you remember Mr. Grace speaking from that text: '*So he brought them to their desired haven?*' that there might be wave upon wave; and at times as wrought that they often

'Fear they never shall reach the shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.'

But so is the way to the haven of rest." The next day when she went in he said, "My dear, what a sweet word that has been to me that you spoke yesterday: '*So he brought them to their desired haven.*'" During the day, he said,

'Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly flies away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day!'"

There was no immediate danger apprehended, but just as he was going to bed he began to raise blood, and brought up more than a quart. In the middle of the night it returned again, and he lay to all appearance nearly exhausted. When he was a little revived, he began to speak of Isaiah xxvi., which his son-in-law had read to him the evening before. He said what sweetness he felt, and

that it was as if the pearly gates were about to open, and that the harp was prepared for him, and that he was about to enter. And as soon as the morning broke a little, he said, "This is what is called Christmas Day; but whether this is the day or not, there was a day when my dear Saviour was born. I have had such sweet meditation on the Holy Child, Jesus!" And he asked for his own hymn book, to find a hymn, and he said he should like Mr. Parsons, his son-in-law, to read the 709th hymn,

"The Lord that made both heaven and earth," &c.

Nearly all day he talked of a precious Jesus to the friends about him, and said how he had manifested himself to him; and to one he said, "I wish you would write" to several ministers that he named, whom he had heard preach, "and tell them how much I love them for their works' sake, and how the Lord is supporting me and blessing me." He said, "I have had such a view of the covenant engagements, and how the disciples sorrowed that their Lord should leave them; but he told them he could not have sent the Comforter if he had not ascended. You see the grave could not hold him; no more can it us when the resurrection morn shall come. But the spirit shall return to God that gave it." He was favoured day after day to utter forth the praises of the Lord, and Psalm cxlv. he said was just his feelings: "I will extol thee, my God, O King."

When Christian friends came to inquire after him he said, "Let them come up and see me; it will not hurt me. I wish I could tell you all my heart; but it is as Berridge says,

'I lisp and stammer forth
Broken words, not half his worth.'

O what wondrous love! It is all love; nothing without it. I have been in the heights, but the Lord said he would show me greater things yet. What I now enjoy is no more than my little sup of milk to what it will be when I drink full draughts. O I could willingly take wing and see what treasures there are laid up for them that fear the Lord! He will show them his covenant. How sweet my meditations have been upon the glorious Trinity in unity! O the union I feel with Jesus and the members where I used to worship, and not only them, but many that I have never seen, but whose writings I have read!" Several he mentioned that he believed had died in the Lord. He said, "I shall see them, for my heart is all above. Although I love my dear children and friends, yet to depart and be with Christ is far better."

When his grandsons came home from school, he had them by his bedside and talked much to them. He said, "O my dear boys, may the Lord bless you in your youthful days and put his fear in your hearts, and may you be preserved from the sins of this present evil world! And I hope you will love each other, and reverence your parents, and listen to their instruction. And may you remember your dear grandfather; and his desire towards you is, that to you may be given the fear of the Lord."

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

ON DESPAIR.

What is despair? A wild and rancorous weed,
 Of power so great, who can from it be freed?
 A gulf, in which dark gloom and fear prevail,
 And grief and woe too deep for thought t' unveil!
 A state no tongue nor language can express,
 And which no human skill will e'er redress.
 The soul, a prey to grief and horror keen,
 In vain seeks hope where only dread is seen.
 E'en death, a friend to his desponding mind,
 Flies from his wish like clouds before the wind;
 Life is a state of dying and suspense,
 And every thought is agony intense.
 The morbid soul preys on its own disease,
 Till all the gifts of Providence displeas,
 And prove a means t' enlarge the baneful power
 Of wretchedness, increasing every hour.
 What hideous scenes his miseries forbode!
 E'en friends appear to aggravate the load;
 An awful spectacle of hopeless life,
 Abandoned joy, and universal strife.
 Say, what is earth to such a soul as this?
 A blank, a blot, a worthless wilderness.

I. T.

[The writer, we believe, has known experimentally something of the despair which he describes, and we have therefore the more willingly given the above lines insertion.]

Should not we groan for that which makes the whole creation groan?—*John Mason.*

The church is safe. The Son of God being their Head and Saviour bespeaks aloud their security. They are, indeed, compassed about with difficulties, dangers, and deaths, and yet they live; yea, they overcome, and shall in the end prove more than conquerors. The reason of all is, their Head is in heaven, whence all relief comes; and that avenue cannot be stopped.—*Coles.*

But we must take a little further notice of our young pilgrim. He was left disconsolate, with a raw back and weeping eyes, just flogged out of Moses' school, and seeking balm to heal his wounds, but finding none. At length the invitation reaches his ears, "Come unto me, thou heavy-laden soul, and I will give thee rest." He hears and wonders, listens and adores. A gleam of joy steals into his heart; a joy he never felt before, springing from a cheering hope and dawning prospect of deliverance. This kindles high esteem and kind affection for the Saviour, who appears all lovely in his sight, and often draws a heavenly tear from his eyes. The name of Jesus grows musical, his love adorable, and his salvation above all things desirable. The weeping sinner now enters upon a new world, and joins himself to the praying citizens of Zion. Jesus is welcomed as his King and Saviour, and receives hosannas from him. He begins to understand what grace means, even mercy, rich mercy, freely shown to a lost and ruined sinner.—*Berridge.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 18.)

I will now come to my text; the words are, “And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.” In offering you a few thoughts from the words, I will

- I. *Point out the place where God and sinners meet.*
- II. *Show you the ground of communion.*
- III. *Treat of communion itself.* And may the good Lord direct me to speak and you to hear to our mutual edification and comfort.

I. I am to *point out the place where God and sinners meet.* And here I will take upon me to say, upon the evidence of God's word, that the only place where God and sinners can meet is in Christ Jesus. In order to prove this, I will observe, that when Adam came out of the hand of God he was pure, holy, and innocent; or, as truth expresses it, he was created “in the image of God,” made upright. (Gen. i. 27; Eccles. vii. 29.) Whilst he remained in that state of primitive integrity, he by no means wanted a Saviour, because he was free from sin; but as soon as the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, was cast out of heaven for his vileness, and all that adhered unto him, he used all the means possible to seduce our first parents; for Adam and Eve were in a mutable state, and mutable creatures, though created in God's image, and upon a level with God's holy law, for what the law demanded they were in possession of. But then it is to be observed, that what Adam had he had according to the tenor of the covenant of works, for that in

substance was made with Adam. He was free to stand or free to fall. He did fall; and being the natural head and representative of all mankind, and they all being in his loins, and to descend from him by ordinary generation, when he fell they all fell into a state of apostacy from God, into sin, guilt, and misery; as Paul says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) "By one man" (meaning Adam) "sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." And again, "By the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 12, 18.)

Now, by the fall, sin is fixed in every faculty of the soul. The memory retains evil; the mind is employed in meditating on vanity; the will is in downright opposition to God's; the judgment or understanding is so defiled and blind, that it calls evil good and good evil, puts darkness for light and light for darkness, takes bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; and as for the conscience, that is so defiled by sin that it acts as Paul did, when he verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; which he also did. Now, if his conscience had not been impure, he never would have thought that he was doing God service to murder the saints. As for the affections, it is plain that these are set upon other objects short of God; and as the whole soul is corrupted by the fall, the body and the soul being in union together, the members of the body are instruments of unrighteousness, as Paul says in Rom. vi. All the misery that is felt in time and to all eternity is the effect of the fall; so that the devil, in causing Adam to fall, threw the whole human race, at one stroke, into such a state of sin, that there is a vast distance between God and his creatures. And, for aught fallen man can do, he must remain in this state, at a distance from God, for evermore; for in the fall he lost all good, and obtained all evil in the room of good; and the determination of man, in this fallen state, is to have nothing to do with God, but to go on independent of him; so that he is not only at a distance from God by sin, but he loves the distance well.

If it be asked, Why did God suffer his creatures to come into such a state of sin and misery? with humility of heart I do believe, without being over-curious on the point, it was that he might display all the perfections of his nature in the eternal salvation of poor sinners, and by so doing get to himself everlasting honour and glory in the displays of his grace towards such poor sinful, helpless wretches; and thus lay them under such noble constraints to love, gratitude, and thankfulness, that they should bless him in a measure in this world, and for ever in the world to come, singing this noble song, "Salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever."

Now man being in such a sinful, miserable, helpless state, as briefly described above, stands in great need of a mediator; and never can, according to my text, have any communion with God, never can come near him without a mediator. If it be asked why they can have no communion with God without a mediator? I answer, By man's fall there are three things that stand in the way. In the first place, the

word of God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Now, in Adam all have sinned, and of course all must die, according to this truth, unless there is a surety provided for them; and the law of God allows of a surety, though it does not provide one. Now before a sinner can come near to God, truth must be cleared, for God is a God of truth, and he cannot lie; and as we are all sinners, we must die, or a surety die for us. As Milton says,

"Die man or justice must; unless for him
Some other, able and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction."

And as truth must be cleared, so, in the second place, God's holy, just, and righteous law must be perfectly obeyed before a man that is a sinner can be brought near to God; for man being a transgressor of God's law, it never will admit of a man's having any communion with God until it is obeyed; and as it requires perfection, it must of course have a righteousness adequate to its demands; so that here is the truth of God and a broken law that stand in the way.

And in the third place, man is guilty, being a sinner, and therefore the justice of God must be satisfied for the guilt of man, or else not one blessing can come to the sinner; for, as Paul says, without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. But neither angels nor men can perform such a work; angels cannot, for they are not in possession of human nature; men cannot, for their nature is corrupt, and their strength is all lost by the fall. Hence sensible sinners have cried out under a sense of what they are, "Put me in a surety with thee;" and, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." Hence comes in the everlasting love and good-will of God, in that he has, in infinite mercy and boundless compassion, provided a Surety to stand in the gap, and to make up the breach that was opened by sin; and this Surety is the Son of the Father, in truth and love. In his purpose of grace he gave his Son to his elect, and set him up to be future Man and Mediator, provided a body for him to assume, and in the fulness of time sent him into the world to stand in the sinner's law place; and thus he is said to be the Son of Man, made strong for God's own self. He was able to bear the whole weight for his people; hence the love of God and the love and condescension of God's Son is exceeding great to poor sinners; so that, as Paul says, he "spared not his own Son," but freely gave him up to divine justice for all his elect.

Herein is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, though he was rich, yet for the sake of his people he became poor, that they through his poverty might be made rich. (2 Cor. viii. 9.) According to the appointment of his Father, and as the fruit of his eternal love, he was sent; and as he had out of love to man undertaken his cause, as a royal volunteer, in his love and condescension he came. In the virgin's womb he took human nature into actual union with his divine, that he might, in the same nature that man had sinned in clear God's truth, give to the law a perfect obedience, and at last shed his precious blood to satisfy all demands; and thus he removed

all and everything out of the way that stood between God and sinners. Thus as man he obeyed, suffered, bled, and died; and the human nature in which he obeyed, suffered, bled, and died, being in union with his divine, stamped infinite dignity on his work, so that he is a proper Surety and a complete Mediator. Hence Paul says, "There is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" Christ, the anointed of God for this work; and Jesus, a Saviour able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

You may see the love and grace of God beam forth, as soon as man fell, in making this object known: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." It was set forth in Abel's sacrifice; hence Paul says, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh." The whole of the ceremonial law exhibited the dear Redeemer and his work; hence, as Paul says, writing to the Colossians, "Which are a shadow of good things to come; but the substance or the body is of Christ." And, writing to the Hebrews, he says the law was "a shadow of good things to come." The prophets were all agreed about this precious mediator; for "To him give all the prophets witness;" (Acts x. 43;) and by the Spirit they sweetly spoke of him. And when the Lord Jesus came, he declared that he was the Door, and the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; and that no man could come to the Father but by him. He is "a glorious throne to his Father's house," or his church, and a precious throne of grace he is; and Paul's advice to us is, that we be constantly coming to it, that our needs be supplied.

In the dear Redeemer all the perfections of God's nature shine and harmonise. Here it is that mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss or embrace each other; so that poor sinners that are lost and ruined by the fall, and in themselves, are perfectly saved by this Mediator; not at the expense of divine justice, but consistent with it. And this is such a glorious way of salvation, that it is safe to man and honourable to God; so that the Father says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." See how sweetly the apostles spake of this way. Peter says there is no salvation in any other; and Paul agrees with him and says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." This is the glorious channel of all conveyance from God to man; this is what the mercy-seat and the ark typified. And as God communed with Israel from above the mercy-seat, and as that pointed out the Lord Jesus Christ, so to this day the God of all grace communicates through Christ his blessings to sinners, and, under the influences of his Spirit, they communicate to him; so that Christ is the grand meeting-place where God and sinners meet, so as to have communion with each other. Hence Paul beautifully observes, "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with

a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. x. 19—22.)

Now, if there is no possibility of coming near to God in this world, or in that which is to come, but through the perfect work of Jesus Christ, and he is the only way of salvation, what a mercy it is if the good Lord has taught us to see and to feel our need of him; if he has enlightened us to see our life of sin, led us to see our corrupt nature, and our cursed, condemned state as rebels against God in his law; if he has imparted to us life to make us feel what the light discovers; if he has chastened us that we should not be condemned with the world; hunted us out of all our refuges of lies; made us sick of our own ways; and by his power operated upon our wills so as to make us willing to leave the spirit and the practices of this world, and all our own supposed worth and worthiness behind; and to come as poor, needy, guilty, helpless, unworthy sinners to the feet of Christ, for all that salvation that is in him, and which we really need. For this precious Redeemer to be made known in the court of conscience so as to enjoy pardon and peace, what a mercy it is! and how does it call for our gratitude to the God of all grace! And what an awful thing it is to be left blinded by the god of this world, dead in sin, shut up in unbelief, given up to hardness of heart, and through pride to reject the Lord Jesus, to disallow of him, and to make him a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, so as to be offended in him and at him, as all worldlings, Pharisees, and hypocrites are; such as Arians, who deny his proper divinity, and call him a mere man; and all that deny his efficacious blood, the operations of his Spirit, his righteousness imputed; and, instead of trusting in him, the sure Foundation, are all of them building upon the sand. As sure as there is a God, dying in that state, all such will be damned for ever! Who is it that has made us to differ from these? The distinguishing grace of God alone; and therefore, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

(To be continued.)

If sin does not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet.—*John Mason.*

If a wealthy neighbour should invite the poor parish widows to dine on Sundays at his house, this invitation would give no right to dine to any but poor widows. And supposing a man should borrow female clothing, put on a gown and petticoat, and call himself a poor widow, this female dress would not procure a right to dine, but might expose him to a cudgel. Yet this is now become the genteel way of coming unto Jesus. Men borrow at a church the garb and language of a Christian, and say most sad things of themselves while they are upon their knees, as if they were poor sinners truly, and yet would execrate a preacher who should say the same things in a pulpit which they uttered in a pew.—*Berridge.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE CHARLES LODGE.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad to receive your letter, I assure you, and should have answered it sooner, but E—— got it, and he kept it so long that I was forced to fetch it; and as you say, so say I, my soul is united to yours for life and death.

Dear brother, I was much concerned when you could not come to L——, for I had made much labour of it, I assure you; but the Lord

“Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

And what a wonder of wonders it is that he has had thoughts of love and not of evil towards us, “to give us an expected end,” namely, by regenerating, convicting, and converting our poor sinful, vile, contaminated, and depraved souls, showing us our sad state by nature and practice, and making us feel our total and utter inability to do anything that is spiritually good, so that we were exposed unto and deserving of everlasting condemnation. Though this conviction produced very painful sensations, yet they were profitable, and means in God’s hand to teach us the need of Christ well; and blessed be God the Spirit for glorifying Christ in us, by taking the things of Christ and graciously revealing them in us, and to us, and for us to enjoy. And as condemnation was felt and feared, justification was revealed, and made known and felt, by a given faith of the operation of God in the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, by which God manifestly justifies the sensibly ungodly from all his sins, and by and through the death of his Son can be merciful to all our unrighteousness and our sins, and our iniquities can remember them no more. Dear brother, sweet truth this, sweeter than honey or the honey-comb, and more to be desired than gold, yea, the revenue thereof than choice silver. These sweets I have enjoyed above thirty-six years, and unnumbered times since then. It was the first doctrine God the Spirit brought to heal my wounded spirit, and I have never given over mentioning it in my preaching. Iniquity is a mystery, as you have said, but being justified by Christ’s blood is above a match for it; thrice blessed be God, for his unspeakable gift.

The dear Lord is kind to me, though he keeps me very weak in body, as I am never well. I have been an afflicted man above thirty-eight years. The wisdom of God is manifested in this also, to keep me humbly dependent on him, crying daily to him to be guided by his counsel through this world, and afterwards received to glory. My wife has been five weeks very ill, so that for many days I never thought she would be better, and I should have been the most miserable man in Yorkshire. But the dear Lord has raised her a little longer, I am glad.

We are carried on by supplies at Echoboth, but we are very few as a congregation; no increase; little or no unction; cold, barren, unfruitful. The Lord have mercy on us.

My brother, I am more plagued than ever with my old man; in

my flesh no good thing dwells. May God grant that sin may not have dominion over us; and may he bless us with this knowledge and faith, knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Christ, "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." This passage was made a peculiar blessing to me better than a year since, so that I have not forgotten it yet. The Lord be with you in reading and in prayer, and in studying, but especially in preaching of love to your Master, to extol him, and glorify him with your body and soul, which are his.

And now, dear brother, may God bless us with such fervent prayer one for another as shall prevail with him for Christ's sake. Amen.

April 30th, 1845.

CHARLES LODGE.

"TWO NATIONS ARE IN THY WOMB."

My dear Friend,—“The preparation of the heart as well as the answer of the tongue is from the Lord,” notwithstanding the many and various opinions that are in the world, the vain hopes, delusive confidences, and ignorant imaginations which the heart of man is ever studying and practising. O how truly awful is the state of man! a fallen creature, bewitched by sin, enslaved by lust, captivated by the devil, a bond-slave to all error and lies, ignorant and out of the way, with all his boasted religion, outward sanctity, mock modesty, pretended charity, wisdom, and pliability! Yes, with all these external endowments, more foolish than the ox or the ass—a fool with a witness. The very light within him is darkness; and O how great is that darkness!

Dear friend, what abundant cause you have to be thankful, and admire that free, discriminating grace which opened your eyes to see, yea, more, your heart to understand the things that make for your peace, when thousands and tens of thousands have it hid from their eyes! O what have we but what we have received? But perhaps you may be thinking or saying, “O did I but know, that I was truly satisfied concerning this! O that I was manifestly a Christian! O how shall I ascertain so high a privilege? I fear after all I am only a hypocrite; ignorant and out of the way; having a name to live, whilst I am dead in trespasses and sins.” This, perhaps, is your lamentation. It is, ever has been, and will be to all the true-born flock of Christ in every age of the world, the lamentation of Rebekah, “If it be so, why am I thus?” (Gen. xxv. 22.) In this heavy-laden manner grace drew her, and she went to inquire of the Lord. O what encouraging conduct is this for God's people! If he is pleased to bless it, go thou and do likewise. Rebekah cried, and the Lord heard her and answered her petitions, and said unto her, “Two nations are in thy womb.” And thus it is with every poor sincere, troubled soul. Two nations and two manners of people, flesh and spirit; the flesh lusting and pulling one way against the spirit, and the spirit pulling the other way against the

flesh within you. After the spirit, you would know God, love God, obey God, live to him, glorify him, and do all you do in this sense to the glory of God. But, alas, alas! when you would do good evil is present with you, so that you cannot do the good you feel in the spirit's desire, nor enjoy that liberty so desirable, and which at times has been so animating and cheering to your ransomed soul. Thus it was with David, and therefore he cried, "Quicken me, O Lord, for my soul cleaveth unto the dust; bring my soul out of prison," &c. Is this your experience? are you groaning because you cannot groan, lamenting and weeping because you cannot? like poor Job, looking for light, but behold darkness; groping at noon-day for the wall; seeking, though faintly, for peace, and yet obtain bitterness? If so, consider the patience of Job, and see the end of the Lord. After he tried him, he came forth as gold seven times purified. Job lost nothing but his brass and his tin, his vain confidence, and his self-righteousness. Poor Hezekiah lost nothing in the end, but obtained the sweet sense of pardoning love and mercy, and therefore sung that delightful anthem, "Thou hast, in love to my soul, brought me out of the pit of corruption, and cast all my sins behind thy back." Are you in this track, in this path? if so, why then sorrow not as those without hope. This was Rebekah's path, Paul's, David's, Job's, Hezekiah with Hannah, and favoured Lydia; yea, of all the children of the kingdom, God be praised. And I trust poor R., with J., are included; yea, a great multitude that no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues have travelled this path, and safely arrived at the desired haven of rest. Therefore, dear heart, take encouragement. The Lord's way is the right way, and that is through much tribulation. In the womb of Rebekah the children struggled for the mastery, and Esau, according to sense, gained the pre-eminence, and came out first, and afterwards Jacob, to whom the promise was made. But notwithstanding Esau was so cunning in hunting, Jacob, though a plain, simple character, obtained the blessing. And thus it has been in every age of the world, manifestly the runner and willer has missed the mark, whilst the poor lame soul takes the prey; and this you will find to your soul's satisfaction when the set time to favour your soul is come; for, after you have suffered awhile, the Lord will establish, strengthen, and settle you.

Badmington.

J. R.

That which is from everlasting shall be to everlasting; if the root be eternal so are the branches. Surely, for this good end, among others, it is twice recorded in the Revelation, that "their names were written in the book of life, from the foundation of the world," (Rev. xiii. 8; xvii. 8,) namely, to signify and assure that the elect shall be safely and surely kept from those dreadful apostacies which the rest of the world shall fall into and be overwhelmed with. And hence, perhaps, it is that we read of nothing done in eternity but election, and things appendant or peculiar thereto; as the promise of eternal life, the Lamb slain, the kingdom prepared, &c.—*Notes.*

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERI-
ENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 26.)

For several weeks the convincing operations of the Spirit were irresistible. During this time, the anxious solicitude I was under made prayer easy, and, as it were, spontaneous or involuntary. My principal concern was to obtain a manifested interest in Christ. The burden of my prayer was that God would subdue the enmity of my nature, and grant me absolute resignation to his will. However, I was sometimes afraid that I might die before my sins were pardoned or a spirit of reconciliation be given me. I took a tour of three or four hundred miles by water while under these serious impressions. I heard scarcely anything on my way but anathemas and imprecations in the dialect of hell. My path here might, with propriety, be said to be strewed with thorns. The temptations I was exposed to in this company were many and great. I was once ridiculed out of my reservedness, and joined them in a hand at cards, for pastime, as they called it. The compunctions I endured on this occasion were extreme; it seemed as if I had committed the unpardonable sin in so soon breaking through the resolutions that I had recently made. However, in the providence of God, even this proved an incitement to greater diligence and watchfulness afterwards. I was exceedingly fearful of being termed a religious hypocrite; so that I avoided all external appearance of seriousness or sanctity, until I should be renewed in the image of God. I seldom read any devotional book except when alone; affected my usual levity in company, not my former vanity of conversation; and at church, when I have felt the most poignant anguish, as if nature would dissolve, have looked around with as much apparent indifference as if all was quiet within, or I had heard nothing from the pulpit. A certain professor, speaking after my conversion with reference to this affected levity and apparent unconcern, supposed it to be real, and said that he felt so vexed at my volatile appearance in the meeting, that he wanted to get up and pull me by the ears. I do not recollect weeping but twice while under conviction. Once on reflecting that I had formerly been ashamed of Christ; (cause enough to make one weep;) and once on reading Christ's reproof, "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. xvii. 17.)

Generally, through the abundant mercy of God, I had such a feeling sense of the malignity of sin, and of my danger in consequence of it, as urged me to the most persevering earnestness in seeking an interest in the Redeemer. Sometimes I was almost out of patience, perceiving no change; but at length the most important period of my anxiety, as well as of my life, arrived. Late on a Saturday night, I was called to visit a patient; after administering relief, I lodged with a young man with whom I had formerly been very intimate; his principles were Deistical. In the morning I

walked out for meditation and prayer, and my comrade followed me; I had not the courage to tell him that I wished to be alone, lest he should suspect the cause. Not finding any opportunity for retirement, I gave it over. Afterwards we went to meeting together. From the first effectual furrow of conviction that the Holy Spirit ever drew upon my soul to this time, I had not felt such an awful stupidity as I did this day. I saw no beauty nor felt any power in the public worship of God in the forenoon, nor could I conveniently retire from my former associates in the interval. I was naturally extremely volatile and light in my manner; possessed an unusually retentive memory, that was abundantly stored with such kind of trash as is gratifying to giddy, unreflecting youth. I treasured up in it a world of witty anecdotes, expressive pieces of prose and poetry participating of the romantic and marvellous; which attracted round me occasionally shoals of such as delight in vanity. In short, I was naturally so devoid of all stability, and so perfectly empty and vain in my gestures and conversation, that my father has, unnumbered times, reproached me for my intolerable levity, as he called it. It may not be improper to remark here, that my father was a preacher of the Scotch Presbyterian order, in disposition exactly the reverse of levity; esteemed by those whose judgments can be relied upon, as the most able person in their knowledge to unravel intricate providences, to give satisfaction in trying and obscure cases of conscience; who was always much resorted to in times of awakenings, by people under concern of mind, and from whom, in such cases, they always got more relief than could be obtained elsewhere; and under whose ministry the revivals above spoken of took place. So that from a child I had always an opportunity of hearing all kinds of wants and complaints made by people of all ages, ranks, and conditions, under soul-concern, to their minister, with his answers, which may account for my not informing any but the two afore-mentioned of my being under soul-trouble, as I had by this means obtained beforehand all the information that mortals could communicate.

But to return. In the afternoon worship I had some little satisfaction; but still I was so listless that I began to think that God was going to withdraw his influence from me. This gave me great uneasiness, yet the anxiety did not remove the stupor. When I returned from meeting, I read a paraphrase on the evangelists without any apparent benefit, and was on the point of giving all up for lost. However, while the rest of the family were repairing to bed, I walked out in a field alone, and, kneeling down, my desires for pardon and a knowledge of it were stronger than ever. My case appeared so urgent, that it seemed as if I could no longer take a denial. I was about to form a determination that I would never rise from the earth until I had obtained relief; but as I did not know when that might come, I concluded such a resolution unwarrantable. It wanted three weeks to the appointment of the communion of the Lord's Supper. I prayed that my request might be granted before that time. This petition gave me great remorse, as I immediately

after beheld myself as a criminal; and, in that character, had been limiting the time when God should bestow upon me that favour he was under no obligation to do. My mind was now completely on the rack; my anguish was almost intolerable; the burden of guilt that lay upon me was hard to bear, "than all the world much heavier." I arose to go to the house to rest, but my distress was so great that I concluded first to wash my face in a cold rivulet that ran by, to see if that would not relieve the anguish I was in; a miserable remedy for a wounded conscience! Instead of this, however, I went aside, and, kneeling down again, begged of God, for Christ's sake, to grant me absolute resignation to his will. A sudden horror thrilled through my veins; I ceased to pray; I beheld myself guilty before God, as having no excuse to make; that I was *wholly* at his mercy; if he left me to perish, he would be just. In this silence and suspense I continued some considerable time. Everything in nature conspired to the solemnity of the scene. The night was remarkably clear and still, without a moon; the Cayuga lake (forty-two miles long and from two to five miles wide) smooth as glass; it being in the month of April, the streams poured down the rocks into the lake from every quarter. Except the noise of these rivulets, and the tinkling of bells, of which there were numbers on cattle and sheep near me, a dead, solemn silence seemed to reign over universal nature. This suspense (for it was a blank time with me; I had not a single thought in my power any more than a statue) was succeeded by an unpremeditated, supernatural, absolute, and involuntary resignation to the will of God, followed with inexpressible horror, as it were, chilling my blood. The reader may easily perceive the last sentence labours; for so tremendous was the scene; so unexpected and invincible the power that urged me forward; so unable, so disinclined to resist, and withal so fearful of the issue, that words can by no means convey an adequate idea of it. It seemed somewhat like leaping down a precipice in obscure darkness, without knowing where or on what I should land. (See Isa. xlii. 16.)

Here another pause, or total vacuity of thought, ensued; after which, to add solemnity to the scene, I was, without premeditation, invincibly led to call heaven and earth to witness that I had solemnly and unreservedly dedicated myself, body and soul, to God; that I had for ever renounced the treacherous pleasures of sin. The whole of this scene was like a vision; for not heaven and earth alone, but the whole creation, with awful and overwhelming identity, soul-dissolving and soul-penetrating evidence, confirmed the deed. The dedication had irrevocably and for ever passed my heart and lips, innumerable myriads had confirmed and sealed it, while I felt myself to be weakness in the abstract, and the obligations I was now brought under by the above dedication, a burden too great for Gabriel himself to bear. However, I arose from the place, light as air; the burden of guilt that had lain so heavily upon me was now *wholly* removed. I retired for rest; but when the morning came, it found me without any consciousness of guilt, and without any sensible love or gratitude to God. These opposites I could not reconcile; for I

had previously formed an idea in my own mind how ardent, how glowing, how consummately great my love to God would be should he subdue my native enmity, and bring me into the bond of the everlasting covenant! I now concluded that he had withdrawn the convincing influences of his Holy Spirit from me. A painful anxiety agitated my mind; I prayed that God would continue my convictions, and not take from me a sense of my need of a Saviour. But I could no more feel the guilt that I had formerly done. I asked my father some general questions bearing on my case, in hope that he might throw some light on the subject; his answers were such as would have bolstered up a hypocrite and set a way-side hearer down short of the kingdom of heaven. But the testimony of man would not answer my purpose, as I was determined not to take up with anything short of the witness of the Holy Spirit himself.

Being naturally formed for friendship, and ardent in my attachment, I concluded that my love to God would be as much higher than that to the creature as himself is greater than all his works. Not finding any love at all accompanying the resignation I had made, and my consciousness of sin and guilt being wholly gone, I feared that all that had passed was delusion. (See Hos. xiii. 13, &c.) I continued in this dilemma until Wednesday afternoon, when it pleased God of his infinite, self-moved mercy, suddenly to dispel my fears. A ray of heavenly light beamed into my soul. Then for the first I beheld the mediatorial character and glories of Jesus Christ with ineffable clearness. My whole soul was captivated, lost, and swallowed up in the contemplation and enjoyment of redeeming love and grace. This scene was transacted in the wilds of the state of New York, between two and three o'clock, P.M. My father and three brothers, young men, with myself, were preparing fallow-ground; that is, clearing the timber and brush off uncultivated wood land. But as the most compassionate Saviour had sounded the jubilee trumpet, which none present heard or saw at this time but myself, I could work no longer, but dropped the "pruning-hook," and went off into the wood to keep holy day. My divine Benefactor and Deliverer now received the poor unworthy object of his eternal choice into the melting embraces of his dying love; "the Holy Spirit came upon me, and the power of the Highest overshadowed me;" while the Redeemer illuminated the transformed regions of my soul with unutterable bliss! I silently bathed in this ocean of felicity; I drank my fill of the well-spring of life; I washed my steps in butter, the Rock (Christ) poured me out rivers of oil, (joy,) the heavens dropped down righteousness; I was fed as with marrow and fatness; my soul was abundantly satiated with the glory. At length I was as lavish with expressions of heartfelt love and gratitude to God as an earthen vessel with the treasure of grace in it is capable of being. O how inexpressibly precious was my dear Redeemer in the rich, boundless, and overflowing manifestations of his gracious and transforming presence!

"The dear extatic scene no words can show,
And none but by experience can know."

Such was the overwhelming fulness of love manifested on this occasion, that I was wholly lost to myself, and altogether insensible of the lapse of time; but such was the length of time that I had been absent, that, when I returned, my father gave me a sharp reprimand for neglecting the work so long. But my mind was too much absorbed in contemplating on the things of the kingdom to feel the force of his reproof. Neither did I inform my father or any other person of my change till a week afterwards, when I offered myself as a candidate at a session convened for the purpose of admitting new converts into the church. They were as much surprised at such an application, as they would have been if the greatest libertine in their acquaintance, without any apparent reformation, had offered himself as a subject for church membership with them. And as they interrogated me their astonishment increased, for I could readily resolve all their questions, except such as were applicable to those only who were "weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts;" at this I was a novice.

But to return. From this time I enjoyed sweet and almost uninterrupted communion with God for near twelve months; after which I experienced some small decay of spiritual fervour for almost a year, though not without some joyful foretastes of that exalted felicity prepared for the redeemed. This was succeeded by the most near, intimate, and exalted communion with God, accompanied with clear, strong, unwavering faith in Jesus Christ and confidence in the promises. I walked as in the immediate presence of God, and had, most of the time, clear and comprehensive views of his omniscience and omnipresence, which made me shun the very appearance of evil. I well knew, for I felt it, that "God is love." My heart was ravished with the riches of his grace; my whole soul was swallowed up in the prospect. There was an overflowing fulness. So great and so brilliant were the manifestations of Jesus Christ, that it seemed many times as if human nature would dissolve, and faith be changed for vision. My faith in Christ Jesus was so strong, my confidence in God so great, and the inexpressible, immediate, and intimate communion I enjoyed with the Holy Spirit such, that I never could or dare fully open to any one. (2 Cor. xii. 4.) I felt as free from sin and guilt as if there never had been such things known. In those days, and in that time, the iniquity of Israel was sought for, and there was none; and the sins of Judah, and they were not found. (Jer. l. 20.) I basked in the benign and refulgent beams of the Sun of Righteousness; washed in the fountain opened for Judah and Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness; (Zech. xiii. 1;) bathed in the river of life; took my fill of loves; and exulted in extatic bliss. I looked at the things that are not seen; the vast concerns of eternity rolled in continually as in a flood tide upon my mind; I conversed with invisible realities; by faith explored the regions of the spirits of the just made perfect; the earth, with all its concerns, receded and vanished from my view; while the ineffably precious, condescending, and glorious Redeemer took the unrivalled possession of my heart as my God and my All!

“ I yielded my soul as a captive to grace,
 When the banner of love was unfurl'd;
 My spirit dissolved in the rays of his face,
 And I died to the charms of this world.”

I had such enlarged views of the plan and way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and of the extent, purity, and spirituality of the divine law, that it seemed to me every one might behold it. It appeared evident to me that God could in no way be just if he did not punish the incorrigibly impenitent with everlasting banishment from his presence. I saw sin to be so exceedingly sinful, was so fearful of it, and of myself on account of it, lest I should fall into it, that I anxiously desired to die; yea, I daily prayed that God would take me away before I should dishonour him by backsliding. Many times, when I have attempted to pray, my Redeemer has prevented me with his grace; has answered my request before I had time to ask; (Isa. lxxv. 24;) has helped my infirmities with groanings that could not be uttered. This, this is grace indeed; grace “not to be thought on but with tides of joy, not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise.” O how inexpressibly precious and transporting was it to exclaim, in the language of the poet,

“ Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour, thou art mine!”

(To be continued.)

When God has laid out for a man a way, in vain does the man seek for a nearer one. We often see the things we aim at as travellers do towns in a hilly part, judging them to be near; but we see not the valleys and brooks that intervene.

Sure I am, that somewhat of my fallen *sinful* nature, is mingled with all I say and all I do. Even in the most solemn seasons, when engaged in divine employments, “who shall say how oft he offendeth?” If I pray, my very prayer-sins would be my condemnation; did not He, my Almighty High Priest, as Aaron his type shadowed, “bear away the iniquity of my holy things?” (Exod. xxviii. 38.) If I attend ordinances, or any of the several means of grace, how often may I detect myself in the vacant mind, and the absent affection, while in body presenting myself before the Lord. And what a train of thoughts sometimes rush in upon me, to carry off my attention, like what Job calls, “troops from Tema.” (Job vi. 19.) I should blush, if conscious of what passes within me was open to the view of those about me. And yet do I not know, that however noiseless and inaudible such things are before men, they all come up and appear open before God! How solemn is that scripture to this amount: “Thou hast set our iniquities before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance!” (Ps. xc. 8.) If my salvation depended upon one good thought of my own, untainted with the taint of inherent pollution which is in me, and rotten at the very core. I could not command it.—*Hawker.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. KEYT.

Dear Friend,—I heard of your sickness, and am come to visit you in spirit and by letter. Were I with you in person, I should presume to feel your pulse, look at your tongue, and inquire how your heart beats towards the good Physician. But as I am only a mean domestic, and sometimes employed by my Master privately to carry medicine, which he provides and prescribes for his poor sick folks, I cannot pretend to surgery or physic; but knowing my Master's skill, tenderness, and liberality, I humbly besought him to condescend to visit you, brother John, whom I love in the truth and for the truth's sake, and also as an acknowledgment of your kindness, (in my last sickness,) together with Peter and Phœbe. The Lord in mercy remember you all. There is balm in Gilead and a good Physician there. This you know; therefore I only attempt to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance, that hyssop and blood are effectual purgatives, wine and oil for wounds, bands for broken bones, the cooling waters of the sanctuary from the fountain of life and wells of salvation for fevers, bitter herbs to strengthen the stomach, milk and lamb for declines, strong drink for those that are ready to perish, wine for the heavy of heart, and the fatted calf for the returning prodigal, together with the robes, shoes, ring, music, and dancing. And you know when the joyful sound of pardon and peace, by the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, is joyfully blown into the ear of the soul by the silver trumpet and the breath of God, it makes the mouth sound out God's praise, so that the daughters of Zion go forth with a shining countenance in the dances of them that make merry. And you also know that the feast of fat things full of marrow and fatness, and wines on the lees well refined, are prepared for the citizens of Zion; and if any of these things are suitable to my friend's palate, may it please our blessed Lord to apply them for your good and his own glory.

But, my dear friend, I find many days of darkness. I have been a night and a day in the deep, suffered hunger, cold, and nakedness. Not that I now speak of want, God be praised. "Bread shall be given, and our water sure." "He will give meat to his people, and ever be mindful of his covenant." But it is needful (for some, that we might sympathise with Christ and his followers) to be stripped of all, and that the Lord might be enjoyed as our Portion. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." But of late I have been crying with David (Ps. xxii.) and Jeremiah, (Lam. iii.) &c., and at last my Lord's words sounded in my ears, thus, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Here my mind was drawn out in sympathy with my suffering Lord in his exquisite torture of body and soul on the cross and under desertion. Then I was carried back in contemplation to his last supper, and his amazing condescension in washing his disciples' feet. Then again to the doleful garden of Gethsemane, there to see him under the weight of our transgressions, with God's wrath lying hard upon him, forcing out agonising sweat of blood, atoning for his beloved.

There is a voice sounding in my soul thus, "*O remember me!*" and my heart answers,

"And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me."

But I must descend and return to the garden again, there beholding the majesty of the great I AM, speaking with the tongue of his human nature, which so struck his enemies with awe, that when they came to eat up his flesh they stumbled and fell; for thus we see it fulfilled, "As soon then as he said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground." (John xviii. 6.) In our translation it is, "I am *he*," but the word *he* put in italics has a tendency to obscure the glory of his Majesty, King Jesus, Jehovah of Hosts, the God of Armies. He is my Lord, and I worship him. (Ps. xlv. 10, 11; Isa. viii. 13, 14; 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8.) Those scriptures display, in the hand of the Spirit, *to the eye of faith*, the divinity and personality of our great Immanuel, the glorious God-Man, the Head of the Church, and he shall have the pre-eminence. I ever desire our King-Mediator to sit enthroned in my affections, and there sway his sceptre of power, justice, truth, and mercy. But where shall I get a sheet of paper large enough if my pen runs on this way? Have patience with me, John, for I cannot conceal his loving-kindness and tender mercy. O may it ever be for our comfort!

But I am to declare his goodness to unworthy me. On the Lord's Day previous to the Wednesday on which I was taken ill, Mr. B. gave me a token for good in time of need. On the Tuesday evening following, I walked home from Deptford Chapel, and I was a hungered, but we had not wherewithal to get a loaf. We went to bed, but hunger, &c., kept me awake; but, before I arose, the following words were brought to lead my thoughts to heaven, *i. e.*, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." There I eyed the fulness of spiritual provision; yet, being weak, I felt the weighty affliction of my poor wife and children. On the Wednesday morning, I found I must either go to bed again, or get out in the air; therefore I visited a kind friend, at whose table I am invited oftener than I can find freedom of mind to accept it. But on my way to their house, I was mentally wrestling with God in confession, prayer, and acknowledgment of past mercies; then the following scripture came, with some degree of persuasive, softening, meekening, humbling power to my soul, *i. e.*, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." Then poor little Faith handed this exceeding great and precious promise into my soul, which produced tranquility. Then Gratitude arose, with all humility, to acknowledge this so great a favour. Then the disaffected rabble began to sneer, jeer, mock, and deride, saying, "How do you know that Scripture came from God?" This question produced a gloom over the mind, and grieved the seed-royal that the King's promise should be doubted; but, as God would have it, Truth encouraged Faith, so he stood up in the audience of the people, saying, "It is the word of the Lord;" and so comforted the soul. Then the Infidels put another question, namely, "How do you know it was the word of God to you?" This

struck another damp upon a glowing breast. But Faith said, "It is the word of the Lord." Then Prudence urged Faith and Patience to watch and pray with all perseverance, and they joined as one, saying, "Let it be unto me, O Lord, according to thy word;" and soon after the same promise was sent again, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." So Faith *again* handed it into the soul; and it would have done you good to have seen the humbling tendency it had among the King's own loyal subjects doing his Majesty reverence. O what a respectful bowing of the soul there was, with an echo of, "Be it unto me, O Lord, according to thy word." All this was plainly to be seen, by the eye of faith in the mind, so as to affect the heart. Tears of gratitude were called up, and the singers were in motion for a song of praise to the Lord; but the favour was so great and overcoming, they could not sound it out, but looked on one another, smiled, and bowed their heads with self-abasement before the Lord the King. Soon afterwards it was suggested that the whole of this must be tried, which in general is the case with me, so there was a suitable petition put up.

All this was carried on in the way to my friend's house, where I dined and drank tea. Then they gave me a lift with them in a coach from the Borough to Fleet Street. From thence I walked, weakly and slowly, to Providence Chapel, and heard Mr. B.; but when the service was over, my troubles, *with increased force*, made a breach in my mind, and shook my poor weak frame. It was as terrible to my soul as a besieging army entering a breach made in a city, shouting, "Victory," with clattering of arms, and bloody swords and spears, and confused noise, with groanings from the wounded in garments rolled in blood, together with the ghastly appearance of the slain, &c. But what followed after on my body, in the coach and at the inn, you were an eye-witness to. Yet on my way in the coach I was pressed in Spirit to shout, to God's praise, by saying, "O what a privilege it is, in the face of appearance of death, to have a sense of the Father's love, the Son's redemption, and the Spirit's witness!" This witness of my adoption was a solid stay to my mind. I looked round upon you all with affectionate regard, and thought I should be glad to close my eyes upon you all, to see you no more in this world, but open the eyes of my soul upon Christ glorified, together with all the heavenly hosts of angels, and also spirits of just men made perfect in heaven above. And when I lay upon the bench at the inn, unable to rise or speak, I was divested of the fear of death, and I was resigned to his choice who gave himself for me.

Peter kindly accompanied me home; but when I alighted, I could not stand without holding. Some changes passed over my body and mind in the night, and in the morning the Lord condescended to proclaim his name before me. At this I was astonished, and I knew I was too weak to meditate, my head being disordered; but what my Lord condescended to bring was savoury meat, such as my soul loves.* It consisted of mercy, grace, abundant goodness, long-suffering, pity, and compassion from the heart of Immanuel, God with us, also Jesus, who saves his people from their sins. However,

I can only give you an outline ; but my heart blessed the Lord for his amazing condescension in visiting one so unworthy of the least of all his mercies, and of all the truth he has showed unto his servant. He was my only Physician, and, as a nurse, he condescended to make my bed in my sickness, and wrought in me submission to his will. This, together with a sense of his love to my soul, was greater comfort than the bed and pillow to the feeble body and fainting head. On Thursday morning I arose about dinner-time, and bowed my knees, desiring to return thanks unto the Lord for making his goodness pass before me ; and while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sins, acknowledging God's favours, and imploring his mercy and food for the nourishment of my feeble body, wife, and family, one of my children came up to me, saying I was wanted ; so in much weakness I walked down stairs to see my kind friend C., and when he took leave, he left a one-pound note. What shall we say to these things ? If God be for us, who shall be against us ? Love is overcome with God's goodness, and words are swallowed up. What shall I say more, but O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together ! and when it is well with you, remember me, as every day I am enabled to pray for you and all my friends in Christ Jesus, together with all my benefactors, known and unknown, also for Zion in her low estate, and my good old king ; and as the Psalmist of Jerusalem said, so I say of my country, " Because of the house of the Lord my God, I will seek thy good."

Tender my love to all the seed-royal, and accept the same yourself, together with Mrs. K., as I remain, yours affectionately in Christ Jesus, bless his name. Amen.

Tuesday Morning, July 29th, 1817.

God in his sovereign prerogative greatly manifests his love to believers in so frequently choosing their seed ; and the freeness of his grace in not rejecting wholly the seed of others.—*E. Coles.*

Covetousness is declared to be (Col. iii. 5) idolatry. " Joshua," said Ambrose, " could stop the course of the sun, (Josh. x. 12,) but all his power could not stop the course of avarice. The sun stood still, but avarice went on. Joshua obtained a victory when the sun stood still, but was defeated when avarice was at work." (Josh. vii.)

An awful silence appears amongst us, and I have good hope that the words which the Lord has enabled me to speak in your ears this day, have not altogether fallen to the ground. Your tears and deep attention are an evidence, I hope, that the Lord God is amongst us of a truth. Come, ye Pharisees, come and see, in spite of your satanical rage and fury. The Lord Jesus is getting himself the victory. And, brethren, I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not, but if one soul of you, by the blessing of God, be brought to think savingly of Jesus Christ this day, I care not if my enemies were permitted to thrust me into an inner prison and put my feet fast in the stocks as soon as I have delivered this sermon.—*Whitefield.*

INQUIRY.

The following case has been submitted to us for our opinion.

A married female was deserted by her husband. After the lapse of thirteen years she marries again, supposing he was dead; but after six or seven years' time the first husband returns. Can this female consistently continue a member of a gospel church?

ANSWER.

In the case, as thus stated, no mention is made of one important feature: Does the woman now live with either of the men? The word of God is most distinctly against her returning to her first husband; (Deut. xxiv. 3, 4; Jer. iii. 1;) and to live with the second during the life-time of the first is adultery. (Rom. vii. 3.) As a Christian woman, therefore, she must withdraw herself from both, and consider herself a widow. Her case is deeply to be pitied, especially if she be poor and dependent for support upon the man with whom she has been lately living, or if there be children. But the word of God is clear, and we think that the church cannot consistently allow her to sit down with them unless there be a complete and absolute separation on her part from both the men with whom she has lived.

As soon as the good Spirit of God begins to awaken, alarm, and to convince us of sin and unbelief, then the old things one after another begin to vanish; as God said unto Israel as soon as the passover was instituted, and God had begun to deliver his people, "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you." (Exod. xii. 2.) And when our deliverance is completed, then comes our new birth-day; then he says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth." (Job xxxiii. 24, 25.)—*Huntington.*

They that confess Christ shall be confessed by him; but professing Christ is not confessing him; these are distinct things. Confession is a living testimony for Christ in a time when religion suffers; profession may be only a lifeless formality, in a time when religion prospers. To confess Christ is to choose his ways and own them; to profess Christ is to plead for his ways, and yet live beside them. Profession may be from a feigned love to the ways of Christ; but confession is from a rooted love to the person of Christ. To profess Christ is to own him when none deny him; to confess Christ is to plead for him and suffer for him when others oppose him. Hypocrites may be professors, but the martyrs are the true confessors. Profession is a swimming down the stream like the dead fish, which many do; confession is a swimming against the stream, which none but living fish can. "He that confesses me before men, him will I confess before my Father in heaven." This promise is equivalent to a promise of eternal life; for whom Jesus Christ confesses, God the Father will never disown.—*M. Meade.*

O B I T U A R Y.

MR. R. PAPWORTH, OF ELSWORTH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

(Concluded from page 35.)

He manifested such love to those who waited upon him, and was so satisfied with all that was done for him, that it was a pleasure to be with him. His mouth was filled with praise and thanksgiving. To his daughter he said, "My dear, what a treasure you are to me to what an ungodly child would be. The dear Lord comforts me on every side." She replied, "My dear father, I think it an honour to have such a parent to wait upon, and I can never forget my kind parent; no one ever had a kinder." "O," he said, "my dear, I did not quite like to deprive you when young of a little company, but the Lord knew my heart, how I begged you might not be carried away with the vanity of this world; and he answered my prayer." She said, "Yes; and I remember you used to say, 'My dears, it is all vanity.'" He replied, "Yes, and so it is; but to have the fear of the Lord implanted in the heart when young, what a rich gem! It was that which kept me, for I had no parents; being left without a mother when a year old, and only ten when my father died; but the fear of the Lord preserved me. And I was thinking of little Moses. He was cast on the ocean of time something like me; but the Lord preserved him, and so he did me; and I was enabled to choose rather to 'suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' I never could enjoy it, for the Lord's eye was upon me, and those words used to follow me, 'Mine eye seeth thee.' O what a mercy! no thanks to me; the evils were in my heart, and so they are now, but they are not suffered to move their heads; they are all subdued by grace." His daughter told him the doctor said he must not talk, and thought he must be faint. "No," he said,

"I cannot faint with such a prop
As bears the earth's huge pillars up."

He wished to see several friends, and particularly one who assisted him when he was thrown out of the pony cart. "Ah!" he said, "how good the Lord was to me at that time! You thought, indeed, I was almost killed; but the Lord kills and makes alive. Since that time I have thought I never should lie on this bed again with such sweet and blessed feelings of a precious Christ as I then enjoyed, but it is just the same now." Then he went on to say that after his fall from the pony cart, when he became sensible, the first words that were spoken to his heart were, "'This sickness is not unto death.' And I said, 'What for, then, Lord?' He said, 'To show forth my praise;' and I thought I would praise him all the days of my life. But there have been some dark seasons since. Then I was afraid my cup would not be filled so full again; but it is. O if the Lord would but unloose my stammering tongue!" His daughter said, "My dear father, it is unloosed wonderfully." He replied, "I cannot tell you half; but do tell that person whom I mentioned to you that

there is a vitality in religion. I have heard him say, 'See how such and such act; there cannot be anything in religion;' but tell him there is; and if he stumbles at this, I fear he is on the dark mountains." After this, he brought up a great deal of blood again. When he could speak, he said, "Bless the Lord, my journey will be short now; but Jesus is my rest." After another attack, when he thought he must die, he stretched out his arms, and clasped them to his breast, saying, "Sweet Jesus, I clasp thee in my arms, the Antidote of death!" and he kept them so for half an hour, and we thought he would not unclasp them again." In about two hours he revived, and said, "O how good the Lord is! I feel myself gently sinking into his arms." And he took his friends one at a time by the hand and told them how happy he was, and how the Lord supported him. To one he said, "Love the truth, and the truth will carry you through. And, my dear friends, love one another; and may it be with a pure heart fervently; if it is not with a pure heart, it is as unstable as water. But may the Lord bless you, as he has blessed me." To one he said, "If you have a smoking desire, the Lord will kindle it to a flame." To his dear wife he said, "Do not weep, but rather rejoice; you have the same God to support you as I have; and if he does, O it is wonderful! He is faithful to his word. I love the word of God from one end to the other. There must be precept and promise—the spirit of it; and love is the moving cause." To another he said, "Love the truth; I know you love it; and those that do cannot set too high a value on it. It is far above gold, and silver, and rubies." The friend then read Hymn 591,

"How blest is the man who in Jesus believes,
And on him can cast all his cares;
A righteousness full and complete he receives,
That hides all his guilt, sin, and fears."

He said, "My dear, that is just for me."

They went down to tea, but before they had finished he was seized with another attack of the bleeding, and was again, to all appearance, all but gone. As they stood round his bed, expecting him to breathe his last, he said, in a faint whisper, "Water;" but he could not swallow it from a teaspoon; then he whispered, "sponge;" and he sucked it through a sponge, and said, "How nice." The nurse said, "How wonderful!" He heard her, and said, "You may well say, *wonderful*, for it is a mystery. I thought I was going this time, but the Lord's time is not yet come."

A person whom he wished to see, happened to call, and went and sat by his bedside. He said to him, "My dear friend, when I have heard you quote Scripture and argue, I thought what a fool I was; and I have just wisdom enough to know what a fool I am; but the goodness of the Lord is so great to me. I could wish you to enjoy the same, but I don't believe you do now, though I believe you have. But don't despise the weak, and be not carried away and puffed up with knowledge. O Ephraim! I would have given you up; but though you are a backslider, the Lord can restore you. Attend the means of grace where you can hear, and get food for your soul, and

don't deprive yourself of these comforts." All were astonished to hear him speak. His friend thanked him for his advice. He said, "If it is any good, it is what the Lord has given me; for I am but a babe, and what the Lord's will is concerning me I know not. He has a will, and I lie quite submissive to it. But I am obliged to alter that hymn which was so on my mind the day I came up stairs,

'Ah! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly flies away;'

I must alter it and say,

'Time *gently* flies away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day!'

One of his friends said they gave our Saviour a sponge. "Ah!" he said, "he had his enemies around him, but I have friends; it is all through his sufferings I am so blessed."

His medical attendant had not expected to see him alive again, as he lived seven or eight miles off; but when he went to his bed-side again, he said, "O my dear doctor, I am glad to see you once more. I thought you would come again; but I had my good Physician with me, and he prescribed water." But he said, "You take a little milk." "O yes," he replied, "I love the pure milk from the clean beast that chews the cud." After this he became much exhausted, and lay quiet. His daughter said to him, "How low you are!" He replied, "Yes, but the consolations of Jesus revive me; his garments smell of myrrh and cassia." At another time he said, "How the Rose of Sharon does revive me!" For the most part he now slept.

In the course of two or three weeks, to the surprise of all his friends, he so much revived as to be able to sit up, and continued so for many weeks. His mind was kept in peace on the Rock of Ages, and he often said how good the Lord was not to suffer the enemy to distress him. He was again able to read his Bible, which he so highly esteemed. One day his daughter went in to see him, and he seemed quite melted in tears. He took her hand with much affection, and said, "My dear, I have been walking up and down in this room by myself, weeping, with love in my heart, and thinking of those dear souls with whom I am united at Godmanchester. O the union! it will never be broken; it is in Christ. And I have been having such a sweet view of Moses and Aaron, and how the Lord united them together; how Aaron was mouth for Moses. So you see the body is not all mouth nor all ears; but each in its proper place; and though I have been such a poor timid creature, and often could not open my mouth, and for public prayer could not feel courage enough, yet there are those dear souls that have been mouth for me, and have told out the feelings of my heart. So every member in his proper place; and we shall all be satisfied when we awake in his likeness. But we must wait, and I desire to wait his time." His daughter was reading Rev. xiv. to him. He said, "My dear, none but the redeemed can learn that song." And when she

came to that verse, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth," he stopped her and said, "That is the Holy Ghost meant there; I heard that voice sixty years ago, many years before I heard it preached by any man. *That is the loud voice and powerful.* Man may preach with a powerful voice, and be inspired by the blessed Spirit, but if the heart is not opened it will have no effect. I was very young then, and very much distressed under the curse of a broken law for three years. I was at that time at school at Huntingdon. My master and mistress were particularly kind to me, and often used to have me in the parlour with them. They had only one son, and they made me his companion. They often used to play at different games in the evening, and they neither of them liked to lose, and I often saw anger would rise; this, with inward convictions, gave me quite a dislike to any gambling. I always hated the sight of cards, though I was often dragged into company." He then went on to speak of the way the Lord had led him when a boy. He afterwards spoke of Mr. Evans, and said, "After he left England, we had no settled resting-place, to hear to our satisfaction, until we went to Godmanchester, where we have attended for more than twenty years; and many of our late minister's (Mr. Scandrett's) texts and remarks are still fresh and dear to my memory, though he has been dead twelve years. But though I enjoyed his preaching, I was like the poor man waiting for the moving of the waters of everlasting love, to constrain me to walk in the precepts laid down in the precious Bible, I mean, believers' baptism, and uniting round the Lord's table to commemorate his dying love. I had so many fears; sometimes fearing if I made a public profession I should bring a disgrace upon the cause of truth; for I was ashamed at the conduct of some professors. Sometimes the devil and unbelief would tell me it was all a delusion; but this word was often upon my heart, 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart;' and I was kept still pursuing."

On the 20th of March, he was again seized with an attack, and brought up a great deal of blood, and we thought it must be his last trial. The following day he slept from exhaustion, after which he again revived, and said, "I think the Lord is going to take me this time, but I cannot tell; I must wait. I do not fear death; the sting is taken away. I was thinking my feet are on the rock, and all my enemies are under the rock, so they cannot hurt me; and I believe it will only be like falling asleep to me, the Lord is so good and gracious."

It wanted only a short time to his birthday; he mentioned it, and said, "I cannot expect to see it. Many times have I, like poor Job, wished I had never been born; but I am not under the curse now, nor have I ever felt under it since those words came, 'Loose him and let him go, for I have found a ransom,' though the devil and unbelief often tried to persuade me it was not true. But he was a liar from the beginning. Agur's prayer has always been my prayer, 'Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor

riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' 'God moves in a mysterious way.' Mr. Brown must needs come this way, to bury me in the waters of baptism, though I believe I was born again before he was born. I love the dear man for his works' sake, and for the sake of his Master, whom he so willingly serves, and I as willingly when the Lord's time came, and that is the best time. Many wondered I did not come before, as I had a springing well within; but it was a spring shut up, a fountain sealed, until the seal was taken from my lips; and when the Lord opens, no man can shut; and while he shuts, no man can open."

A young friend, a member of the church, came to see him, who had been much exercised about the ministry. He said to him, "Many run, but I believe *you* wish to know your calling is of God. I hope it is. But if it is, you will have to go through evil report as well as good report. May the Lord be with you, and strengthen you; and pray be gentle with the little ones." His love and affection went out after several ministers whom he had heard, and whose texts he had noted down, and they were brought again to his remembrance.

For some weeks he continued better, and was even able to ride out, and walk a little in his garden.

On Lord's Day, June 13th, he was taken much worse; bringing up a great deal of blood. Once he looked up to his son-in-law, and said, "O Mr. P—, if the Lord had been pleased to take me when I raised the blood before! I felt nothing then; but it is hard work now. But I must still pray for patience." He said he had two things to pray for; one that he might have patience to wait the Lord's time; and the other, that he might be ready whenever the hour came." He was very ill all that night, but the next day he was a little better. He said, "Blessed be God, he has given me strength enough, but none to spare. I am in his hands, and he has promised never to leave or forsake me, and his everlasting arms are beneath me."

His daughter read the following hymn to him, as it had been given out at a prayer-meeting by a poor blind man (a particular favourite of his) the Lord's Day before, between the services:

"The moon and stars shall lose their light,
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay.

"But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand every storm, and live at last."

"O," he said, "I cannot tell you what I feel to those dear souls! it is almost more than my poor frail body can bear. O yes, we are both of one mind, and both of one heart, because the Lord has changed our vile hearts and fashioned them both alike." His daughter said, "He did not forget you in his prayer." He replied, "I be-

lieve I have the prayers of the poor, and I value them much. It is better to be a Lazarus in the next world, though it does not appear so in this." Some one proposed reading to him that hymn of Watts',

"Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things."

He said, "I am sorry when good men speak against Watts; there are many sweet and precious hymns of his." When it had been read, he said, "Yes, it is very sweet; and when it is the Lord's will, I shall be glad to be gone; but I beg for patience."

After this time he was so very weak that he spoke but little, and only a few words at a time, and he could not attend to reading. Now and then his daughter tried to repeat or read a verse or two to him; once from Ps. xxiii., "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." He said, "No, my dear, no evil. I continually feel the everlasting arms are underneath me, and he has promised never to leave nor forsake me. All I heard when you read to me was this, 'He leadeth me in green pastures,' and I was thinking they are strange green pastures for some to look at. But it is in the promised land that I am expecting to find the green pastures, forgetting all the things that are behind, and looking forward to that which lies before." He then lay down, much exhausted. Several times he said he believed death would only be like falling asleep to him; he was not molested with any fear, for he believed the Lord would keep that which he had committed to him. Another time he said death was no more than tasting a drop of honey. At another time he said he felt himself just like a lamb, "and you know the Lord himself says, he carries the lambs in his bosom."

His daughter says, the last week in June he was so sinking that she thought they would converse with him no more, but knowing it would gladden his heart, she told him of the experience of two persons at the church-meeting. It seemed quite reviving to him; and when he spoke of anything during the week it was of the baptism. He thought the time long before it came, and how he should love to be there, and thought it was wonderful he should live to hear of it. On the Thursday morning he thought it was the Lord's Day, and that the time was come.

On the 8th of July, when he was wanted to take a little wine and water or arrowroot, which was all the support he had taken for seven weeks, he said, "Don't disturb me; I hope the messenger, death, will come and unclothe me, for I long to be gone."

On the 12th, we could not persuade him to take anything all day; he said he lay very comfortably. But in the night he took a few spoonfuls of arrowroot, and said it would soon be over; how he did wish his dear Lord would come and fetch him to his long home; it would be a glorious passport. His nurse said, "Then you are perfectly happy?" He said, "Yes; I long to be gone, when it is the Lord's will."

On the Friday morning, he beckoned his daughter to come to him; he took her hand, and said, "I bid you farewell," and something more she could not hear; but she did hear him say, "when it is the Lord's will." And so quietly did he fall asleep in the arms of his dear Lord, that neither his daughter nor the nurse, who were in the room, knew the exact moment.

In this peaceful manner our dear friend fell asleep in Jesus, July 16th, 1852, aged 72. On the following Tuesday his remains were laid in the tomb, to await the joyful morning of the resurrection.

The funeral was conducted with great simplicity and propriety. It was in the evening, in order that the labouring men of the village, many of whom esteemed and loved him, might have an opportunity of attending.

After the interment of the body in the burial-ground of the little chapel at Elsworth, where a short address was given, and the hymn, "Sons of God by blest adoption," was sung, we entered the chapel, and had a service there. The text was from Num. xxiii. 10: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A weeping ash now marks the spot where all that is mortal of Richard Papworth remains. May the weak and fearful be encouraged by his example. His experience was a fulfilment of those promises, "The tongue of the dumb shall sing," and, "At eventide it shall be light."

Godmanchester.

W. B.

Afflictions are a golden key, by which God opens the rich treasure of his word to his people's souls.—*T. Brooks.*

When we are brought to believe it is for our good and that in very faithfulness God afflicts us; to fear carnal ease; to fear being given up to our own heart's lusts; to fear that our convictions should go off and not terminate in pardon, peace, &c.; and yet no deliverance wrought out for us, to find a feeling after them, and a struggling to get under the load again; to a hungry soul thus taught, even these bitter things are sweet.—*Huntington.*

It is my mercy that the infirmities of age, which most men, even in perspective, shrink from, and in the earlier periods of life are apt to paint to their imagination as brooding with numberless evils, have dwindled into nothing, comparatively speaking, in my view. Now I am arrived in the midst of them; softened as they are, and more than softened, with the grace of God. True indeed, it is winter with me, but it is a kindly winter. Like the tree of the forest, long rooted, many a year in the succession of cold and heat have passed over me. I cannot expect, neither do I desire, any of the foliage of nature's buddings in vernal seasons; for little more is now left, either stem or branch, than the mere trunk. Nevertheless, the Lord that tempers all states and all events to his people, will graciously order all that remains to be filled in here below, in my eventful life; and as the prophet describes it, "will stay his rough wind in the day of the east wind."—*Hawker.*

R É V I E W.

The Protector; a Vindication. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1849.

To be misunderstood and misrepresented is the common lot of men much raised above their fellows. Envy follows eminence as the shadow follows the sun; and envy, open-eyed to every defect, is blind to every merit.

Few greater men have lived in modern times than England's once feared and honoured Protector, Oliver Cromwell; and upon few reputations has the tooth of envy and hatred fastened with more venomous and lasting fang. Many circumstances have contributed to this. He was, not by choice but by necessity, a Republican, and monarchy is deeply enshrined in the English heart. He laid low a proud and dominant church, and stabled the horses of his victorious troops in her cathedrals. This the National Establishment can never forget or forgive. He helped to depose and put to death the King—a crime never to be justified or palliated, though Charles I. was one of the most faithless and worthless monarchs that ever swayed the English sceptre. He defeated and put to flight, on the plains of Worcester, that profligate prince, Charles II., a name never to be mentioned without abhorrence by every lover of liberty, hater of hypocrisy, upholder of morality, and friend of religion. But above all, he was a Puritan, and a professor, we would hope, a possessor of vital godliness. To political enmity, therefore, against him as a usurper, there has been added the deeper-seated and more enduring religious enmity against him as a saint.

But the same causes which made Cromwell's name abhorred by a Tory church and a profligate court have also handed down his character to posterity blackened by prejudice and overwhelmed with calumny. When death, amidst the tears and prayers of thousands,* had stopped that noble heart, and for ever paralysed that mighty hand, and Charles II. was restored to the throne, it was the interest of every hireling scribe to blacken the character and pour contempt upon the memory of that great man, whose very name had made the foes of England tremble.† Every ass could now kick the dead lion. Every dangling courtier had his gibe and jest at the stern Puritan who had chased away such profligates as the eagle drives

* "The sorrow of the Protector's friends and of the majority of the nation cannot be described. 'The consternation and astonishment of all people,' wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell, 'are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them.' * * * * 'I am not able to speak or write,' said Thurloe; 'this stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the providence of God in it so stupendous; considering the person that has fallen, the time, the season wherein God took him away, with other circumstances, I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord. It is not to be said what affliction the army and people show to his late Highness; his name is already precious. Never was there any man so prayed for.'"

† Cardinal Mazarin, the powerful minister of Louis XIV., is said to have changed countenance whenever the name of Cromwell was mentioned in his presence.

before him a flock of hungry vultures. But scoffing jests were not the only insults offered to his memory. Not content with blackening his name, they must needs insult his remains. His very corpse they dragged out of the grave, hanged it at Tyburn, and threw it into a hole dug under the gallows. His religion they called fanaticism, his letters and speeches cant, his assuming the reins of government when no one else could hold them rebellion, and his prayers and tears hypocrisy. Every mercenary writer and court preacher curried favour by ridiculing the words and actions of the man who had purged the church of erroneous and immoral ministers, selected for his bosom friends and associates those alone who feared God, put down with a strong hand balls and theatres, and assembled in Parliament men whose chief qualification was the possession of inward grace. Oxford could not forgive a ruler who had made Dr. Owen Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Dr. Goodwin President of Magdalen; who had chosen his chaplains for their spiritual gifts; and who, in seasons of difficulty and trial, instead of consulting his cabinet, had sought the Lord with tears and supplications. These, in their eyes, unpardonable sins were not redeemed or counterbalanced by his making the name of England universally feared and honoured, by the stop he put to the victorious progress of France and Spain, or by the protection he afforded to the Protestants abroad, when he compelled the French minister to cast his shield over the very men for whom he had been whetting the sword.

The impressions of most persons as regards our Puritan ancestors have been formed from reading shallow histories, written by the infidel Hume or the hired scribbler, Goldsmith; and as these impressions are usually made in tender, unreflecting years, and are well suited to the carnal mind of youth, they become grounded in the memory as certain fixed truths. We have been taught at school to believe that Cromwell was a hypocrite and fanatic, because so we have read in Pinnock's Goldsmith. Here most persons' knowledge of the life and character of Cromwell begins and ends. Access to sounder sources of information few possess, or indeed care about. All that has been written of him by Owen, Baxter, Milton, Mrs. Hutchinson, &c., all the evidence derivable from his letters and speeches, the minute account still extant of his last illness and death-bed, and almost every other source from whence to form a sound judgment of his character, is to most, even educated, persons, unknown, and it is handed down from father to son as a most certain truth, that as Charles I. was a martyr, and is gone to heaven, so Oliver Cromwell was a hypocrite, and is gone to hell.

Without attempting to vindicate all the actions of Cromwell, yet one thing we may safely assert, that to him, more than to any other man, does England owe her present civil and religious liberty. That England is not a Popish country, that the Sovereign is not absolute, that the press is free, that Parliament meets, that we can assemble ourselves peaceably together to worship God in spirit and in truth, that the Bible may be circulated and read—in other words, that England is not

now a second Spain, Italy, or Portugal, is due, under God, mainly to Oliver Cromwell. What is called by church historians the Great Rebellion, was, in fact, a rising of English liberty against a vast conspiracy to make England a Popish country, and the monarch an absolute despot. Charles I. had married a Popish princess, a daughter of France, and there was a deep-laid plot to overthrow English liberty and English Protestantism. This conspiracy, hatched by Jesuits abroad, and to be supported by all the power of France, was, under God, defeated by the resistance of our Puritan ancestors. But however stout their hearts, or strong their hands, they wanted a guiding head. This Cromwell furnished them with. It was he who enlisted under his banner such soldiers as the world never saw before or since. "How can we be otherwise than beaten?" said he to Hampden. "Your troops are many of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and theirs are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten." He was as good as his word, and enlisted in the eastern counties the young freeholders in whose hearts he believed the fear of God was. John Bunyan was one of these soldiers, and shouldered his musket at the gates of Leicester. These were the men who, at their watch-fires, read their little Bibles, or engaged in prayer alone or with each other, or sang their hymns and psalms, or listened to the sermons of their preachers, or conferred with each other on points of doctrine or experience. These were hailed with joy wherever they went, for they protected the widow and the orphan, scrupulously paid for all the food and forage which they required, and put down with a strong hand oppression and violence.

With these views and feelings, which we have long entertained respecting Oliver Cromwell, we acknowledge ourselves to have been much interested in the work at the head of the present article.

Dr. Merle d'Aubigné is favourably known in this country as the author of the best account of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland which has yet appeared. Deeply struck with the original letters and other documents relating to Oliver Cromwell which Mr. Carlyle has published, and experiencing thereby a thorough revolution in his own views concerning him, he felt desirous to communicate similar impressions to others. He thus writes:

"I am well aware that the task I have undertaken is a difficult one. We have so deeply imbibed, in early youth, the falsehoods set forth by Cromwell's enemies, that they have become in our eyes indisputable truths. I know it by my own experience, by the lengthened resistance which I made to the light that has recently sprung up and illuminated, as with a new day, the obscure image of one of the greatest men of modern times. It was only after deep consideration that I submitted to the evidence of irresistible facts."

We have seen no work which gives so complete an account of the Protector, or which furnishes so much original and authentic evidence of his real character. He does not vindicate all Cromwell's

actions, but he has shown, and we think satisfactorily, that what is called his ambition, and his mounting from step to step, till at last he ruled England with absolute sway, was in him not a matter of crafty and deliberate policy, but the force of unavoidable and uncontrollable circumstances. The struggle between the Parliament and the King was for life or death. If Charles prevailed, all civil liberty was at an end, and with the loss of civil, was involved the overthrow of all religious liberty. Nor was there hope of peace, for Charles was so thoroughly faithless to his word, that no stipulations or promises, oaths or treaties, could bind him. This, then, was Cromwell's unhappy position; we say unhappy, because he was forced by it into actions which must have grieved and wounded his conscience. When once he had drawn the sword, the question with him was this, "Shall I withdraw, or go on? If I withdraw, the cause is ruined. Not only I myself, but thousands of the Lord's people, must perish; tyranny will prevail, Popery triumph, the gospel be extinguished, and the blood of the saints be shed like water. If I go on, I may establish civil and religious liberty on a firm basis." We who, in the days of general liberty, sit under the shade of our own vine and fig tree, which were watered with the blood of our suffering forefathers, are very imperfect judges of the motives, feelings, and actions of men like Cromwell. Nor can we enter into his peculiar temptations and the perplexing difficulties of his position. He was fighting, as he believed, for the cause of God's saints. To abandon them would be to abandon the cause of God. Thus was he led on from one step to another, till at last it came to this point, that unless he took the reins of government, anarchy and confusion would reign in the land, evil men would have full license, property would perish, law would cease, and the whole kingdom be overrun with crime and violence. Any government is better than no government; and one government was alone practicable after the death of the King—the government of the army. And if this were indispensable, where was the arm that could wield that sword with such skill, power, and moderation as his? It would have been far better for him quietly to have lived and died on his farm at Huntingdon, to have strayed by the banks of the sluggish Ouse in prayer and meditation, and been gathered to his fathers without one drop of blood in his hand. But this he could not do. Like a man who incautiously enters a broad and rapid river, he had to swim for his life. The shore he had left he could no longer regain, but must now breast the waves which carried him by main force along whither he would not.

Unless we understand and bear in mind the circumstances of the times, and his peculiar position, we cannot enter into the character of Cromwell, and are most imperfect judges of his conduct and actions. The King was a faithless tyrant, besotted by love to a Popish wife, who was in league with France, and whose every movement was directed by the Jesuits. The Cavaliers, his soldiers, were a profligate, debauched set, atheistic in sentiment and dissolute in life; his counsellors were either semi-Papists, like

Laud, or violent and tyrannical, like Strafford. No promises could bind such a King. Restore him to power, he would use it to crush all liberty. On the other side was every principle and feeling dear to Cromwell's heart: his country's ancient liberties, the cause of vital godliness, the free conscience of the saints—at last his own life, and with that the lives of thousands. Where was he to stop? Instead of considering his misdeeds, consider his temptations, his peculiar position, the circumstances of the period. Consider, too, the largeness of his mind, the far-seeing views which he had, the universal deference paid to his opinions, and the critical conjunctures wherein, if he had not acted, all would have been lost. Consider, too, the use he made of his power when attained. How tolerant to all parties, how moral and religious his court, how unassuming his demeanour! Such a period as Cromwell's brief reign England never before saw, and has never since seen. Never were vice and immorality so put down, never was the gospel so widely preached, never did religion so prevail, and we may add, never did England stand higher among the nations, never was she more honoured, never more feared.

But we have dwelt so long upon the external circumstances of Cromwell's character, that we have left ourselves no space for our main object—the consideration of him in a religious point of view. We must, therefore, defer this view of our subject to a following Number, concluding, for the present, with a letter which we think will surprise some who have no other idea of Cromwell than a soldier or a usurper:

“To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his house, called Otes, in Essex:

“Present these.

“Dear Cousin,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

“Yet to honour my God, by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find, that he giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies ‘*Prolonging*,’ in Kedar, which signifies ‘*Blackness*,’ yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though he do prolong, yet he will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as he is in the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say he hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. One beam in a dark place hath much refreshment in it; blessed be his name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. O I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light! I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true. I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of his mercy! Praise him for me; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

“Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I

am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me; he is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath, of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more farewell. The Lord be with you; so prayeth,

"Your truly loving cousin,

"Ely, 13th October, 1638."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE R. PAPWORTH, SUGGESTED WHEN MEDITATING ON HIS ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS.

The spirit has left its frail cottage of clay,
For the mansions of light and the regions of day;
It has entered that city of which we are told
That its gates are of pearl and its pavement of gold.

With the crown on his brow, and the palm in his hands,
A conqueror, and more than a conqueror, he stands;
The extent of his rapture no soul can compute,
For he harps with a harp that shall never be mute.

A little we know of the song that he sings,
For we heard him essay it while pluming his wings;
He lisped it among us, ere taking his flight
To the church of the first-born, the children of light.

'Twas of love everlasting, immutable, free,
That first shone on a worm so unworthy as he;
And the blood of the Lamb he delighted to tell
Had absolved him from sin and redeemed him from hell.

The strains were immortal, though mingled with earth,
And he struggled with weakness in giving them birth.
But now he partakes of that fulness of joy,
Where the wine has no mixture, the gold no alloy.

Nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor bondage, nor fears,
Nor sin that has ravaged this valley of tears,
Shall ever intrude on the ransomed above,
Arrayed in white robes, and made perfect in love.

No night shall be there, nor a cloud intervene;
While the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall be seen.
But the height of that bliss is beyond all compare;
For what heart can conceive of the happiness there?

Godmanchester.

W. B.

He that owns not God's hand in every dispensation, disowns his sovereignty; and he that repines denies his righteousness.—*E. Coles.*

True faith fixes on God's word in all its distresses. Whatever, says the soul, be my state and condition, whatever be my fears and perplexities, whatever oppositions I meet withal, yet I see in Jesus Christ, in the glass of the gospel, that there is no inconsistency between the glory of God and my salvation; that otherwise insuperable difficulty, laid by the law in the way of my life and comfort, is entirely removed.—*Owen.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 41.)

Having thus shown you the place where God and sinners meet, and proved it to be Christ Jesus, and that it is only through him that poor sinners can have communion with God, I proceed to my next general head, and that is,

II. To show you the ground of communion with God. And do you observe, first of all, the real foundation of communion is union. Hence I will lay down this proposition, that all the persons that God has willed to save, and has loved with an everlasting love, are united to Christ in the eternal decree of election, and are one with him; and all such shall have communion with God in time and to all eternity, and none else. Now the will of God is the fountain of all the communion that God's people have with God; in fact, all the blessings they ever will enjoy come from the divine will. Hence he says to Moses, “I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;” and Paul says that we are “predestinated according to the good pleasure of his will;” and he “worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.” The fact is, that God willed, purposed, determined, and decreed to bless a number of the fallen race with all spiritual blessings before the world was in actual existence, and by his grace to make them meet for himself, and to bring them safe to heaven, that they may be found blessing him to all eternity; and the way is Christ. The blessed agent that makes these poor creatures meet is the Holy Spirit.

Now all that God willed to save and decreed to bring to glory he

loves with an everlasting love ; this is plain from Jer. xxxi. 3 : " I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And it is a free love ; he does not love or save them for what he saw in them, for he saw nothing in them but sin, as says Ps. liii. ; neither did he love them for what they would do, for they must be saved before they can do any good at all ; but he loved them freely, because it was his will. And it is unchangeable love ; it always will be what it ever was, full and free, without the least shadow of a turn ; for " God is love," and God is unchangeable, and it is boundless, and also unspeakable. Hence says John, " God so loved the world ;" so as not to be expressed ; and he is quite lost in it, and therefore says, " Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." And, " Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Now, as God has willed to save poor sinners, and thus loved them, so he has entered into covenant with his co-equal and co-eternal Son and the Holy Spirit. The Father has provided for all his elect in his Son ; hence we are said to be blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ. The Son of God has in covenant agreed to all his Father's proposals, and undertook to do all for them in obeying and suffering, as their Surety. And the Spirit, as a divine person, undertook to teach men their fallen state as sinners, the need of Christ to save them ; to bring them to confession and prayer, to testify of Christ to them, and to make them meet for heaven. Hence Christ is said to be God's elect, and in covenant engagements to be set up from everlasting to be in time manifestly a Mediator ; and all that God decreed to save, and loved, he chose in Christ. They are the Father's gift to him, and they are his charge, and they are said to be loved with the same love that Christ is, as it relates to his manhood ; for the Saviour says, " And hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 23.) And as Christ is the covenant Head and Representative of his people, they being all the objects of God's love, chosen in Christ, given to Christ, they are one with Christ, and ever will be what they ever were ; that is, secure in Christ, bound up in the bond of everlasting love, so that they are eternally united to Christ ; and devil, sin, nor death shall ever be able to disunite them. Hence we read of their security in Christ, and of their being " preserved in Christ" until called ; and as God loves them in Christ, is determined to save them, and as they are one with Christ, eternally united to him, from this very source does all communion proceed.

And what is it that makes a man happy, even now ? I answer, a manifestation of God's love to his soul, so as for him to know that he is one with Christ, the covenant Head. Hence says John, " We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him ;" and if God did not love us in Christ, we should never have one particle of grace in this world, nor any heaven in the next ; it all flowing from that love in uniting us to Christ. This is the real

ground of all the blessings that God communicates to us, and the ground of our communicating to God our confessions, our petitions, and our thank-offerings. Christ Jesus took our nature in the Virgin's womb, and in time we are favoured with his Spirit; and this Spirit actually joins us to him in a manifest way, as the fruit of eternal union to him; as Paul says, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit" with him. Now our being chosen in Christ, the covenant Head, and loved with an everlasting love, did not prevent our fall in Adam, but rather included it; and though in the eternal decree of electing love we are one with Christ, and in him are blessed with all spiritual blessings, yet by the fall we are in a most wretched state, slaves to the devil, under the power of sin, enemies to God by wicked works, and rebels against God's law. As Paul says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

And as we hate God in this fallen state, so we do man. Hence we are said to live in envy and malice, to be hateful, and hating one another; and in this state we know nothing of our oneness with Christ, according to God's eternal decree. But then observe what God says to his Son, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Ps. cx. 3.) All the objects of God's choice, the persons that are given to Christ, shall be a willing people in time, which plainly implies, that before God's power operates upon their soul, they are unwilling; and the language of all their hearts naturally is, "We will not have this man to reign over us;" (Luke xix. 14;) "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." (Job xxi. 14.) And the Saviour says, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life;" (John v. 40;) which evidently sets forth the obstinacy and perverseness of man's will; and whilst a man is in such a state there is no actual joint. But it pleases God, according to his promise, to display his power in the soul of man, and to make him willing to leave his wretched course of life, which he is led to see is a life of rebellion against God; for where this power operates, there is a discovery made of sin, and such a soul is made willing to leave the spirit of the world as well as its outward practices. And though he may for a time try to make his heart better, and, through ignorance, to establish a righteousness of his own, yet it will in the end be made clear to him, by feelings within as well as by judgment without, that his whole soul is totally corrupt; that he is a lump of sin and a mass of iniquity; that all his vows, resolutions, and promises are of no use; and when he has properly tried his own strength, his righteousness, his supposed goodness, and all that ever he trusted in give way. His wisdom is turned into foolishness; his supposed righteousness made out to him to be the worst sins that ever he committed; his vows, resolutions, and promises all broken, until he is afraid to make another; all natural religion, all his acquired religion, proved to him to be worse than nothing, and his sin ever before him, guilt upon his conscience, the wrath of God pursuing him, the fear of death and judgment to come, so that his heart meditates terror. Such a soul, having divine light to discover

these things, and life to feel them, and a divine power operating in his soul, comes to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in him by God. This proves the honesty of his heart; and, like the Psalmist, he cries, "Search me, and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Such a one is jealous over his own heart, for fear that he should be deceived, and is continually suspecting himself. He is poor, and feels that he is, as a sinner, destitute of all good; and he is needy, so needy that he will never be satisfied until he can by faith eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, for nothing short of this will do for such a soul. And as the power of God operates in his soul, he is brought under some softening operations at times, and does really accept the punishment of his iniquity, falls in with the justice of God, and knows that he is truly deserving of that wrath which he can see is revealed in the law against sinners; at times stands astonished at the long-suffering of God, who has put up with his manifold provocations; and by the power of God in his soul, he falls down before God, confesses his crimes, and, being humbled, he begs, like the publican, for mercy, puts his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope, and would think it a great mercy to escape from destruction with the skin of his teeth. Such a soul is made willing to leave all things that stand in opposition to the Lord Jesus, and is willing to be saved by Christ alone, and therefore hungers and thirsts for him. God's promises hold forth to such souls every blessing they need, and his word gives them every encouragement they need, to press on to know the Lord for themselves as their covenant God: "For the needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "And for the oppression of the poor, and the sighing of the needy, now I will arise, saith the Lord; will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him;" and God never said unto any of the seeking seed of Jacob, Seek my face in vain.

Now, if a poor sinner is thus far taught and led on, there is manifestly a joint, or such a soul is joined to the Lord manifestly, inasmuch as his will, in the business of salvation, is one with the Lord's, and this work flows from such a soul being one with Christ in eternal love and choice; for were he not in the covenant Head, he never would be made willing in the day of God's power to come to Christ for salvation. But all this will not satisfy a poor sinner; there must be a vital union by a real receiving of Christ by faith into the heart, the hope of eternal glory; for there is no joy nor peace but in believing in the blood and righteousness of Christ Jesus. And when the good Spirit leads such a poor, sensible sinner forth, in the exercise of faith, to receive Christ with all that he is and has, so that the soul sucks and is satisfied with the breasts of consolation, by a living faith he milks out the blessed contents of God's promises, as suited to his case, he then is delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory; and the more he receives by faith, the more does he go forth in love to God, for his goodness to him in Christ. He loves Christ for the great things he has done for him; and he loves the Holy

Spirit for making these things known to him ; so that such a soul is satisfied with the Lord's goodness.

This was the case with David, with Hezekiah, the publican, and the gaoler, and with the apostle. A vital union is then felt, faith in such a sinner's heart works by love, God in a very peculiar way is endeared to him, real friendship between God and such a sinner is enjoyed ; the name of Christ is like ointment poured forth in such a man's soul, his meditation in the Lord is sweet, God is all in all to him, he feels what it is to be heavenly-minded, and enjoys life and peace. This is a little heaven begun in his soul ; this is the union that is spoken of so much in Scripture, by the vine and the branches in it, by the head and its members, by the husband and the wife in union, by the foundation and the superstructure upon it, &c. ; and though it may be and often is interrupted by the devil, sin, the world, and men, and things in the world, yet it never can be dissolved, for what God does is done for ever. But the joining that I have spoken of, when a man's will is brought to submit to God's, and this vital union that is brought about in due time by the blessed Spirit's testifying of the Lord Jesus, is all, from first to last, the fruit of good-will in God, and his electing love to his people in Christ from all eternity ; so that the one is the fruit or the effect of the other ; or, in plain English, what is done in time is the manifesting of what God has done in his eternal purpose. My security is founded upon what God has done for me in Christ from everlasting ; and my comfort lies in its being made known to me by the blessed Spirit, which is done in time.

Hence I conclude by asserting, that every grain of grace that is given to me in time, such as the fear of the Lord to bring me to reverence his name, and by which I depart from evils and errors ; all the light that shines into my heart, to discover my lost, ruined, helpless state as a sinner against God in his law ; all the life under the influence of which I feel my wretchedness and my want of a dear Redeemer, and hunger and thirst after his atonement and his righteousness ; all the faith he favours me with, whereby I receive his promises, his blood, and righteousness, and the hope I have in his mercy, whereby I am propped up and kept from sinking ; all the deliverances he blesses me with in answer to the cries the blessed Spirit enables me to put up to God ; all the rest, peace, and joy that is found in believing ; all the support under all sorts of troubles that I feel ; all the manifestations of love, and displays of his mercy ; all the confessions, prayers, and thank-offerings, together with all the love that I have to his blessed name, his people, his word, ways, and worship ; the repentance, godly sorrow, self-loathing, and self-abhorrence that I feel ; all the meekness that is felt, whereby a soul vents out his grief before God ; all the humility of soul that is felt, under a sense of what I am before God, and his great goodness to me in Christ, together with the blessed grace of patience, under the exercise of which the soul patiently endures sufferings from men and devils ; in one word, all that is enjoyed in time that is good, or will be enjoyed to all eternity,

is the free gift of God in Christ. It all comes through the Mediator, Christ; and by the Holy Spirit it is all brought into the soul in time, in a measure; it will be all enjoyed fully in the celestial regions of eternal day; and in it all God will be glorified to all eternity. The whole of it springs from our being loved with an eternal love in Christ, and in the covenant of rich, free, sovereign grace, being one with him; or, to stick to the point, eternally united unto him.

(To be continued.)

BY THESE THINGS MEN LIVE.

My dear Friend,—I received yours, and feel obliged to the friends for their kind inquiries after my welfare. I do feel unworthy to be ranked with the people of God, and yet should be of all creatures most miserable were I not possessed of a good hope that the dear Lord has put me amongst the children, and given me a name and place better than that of sons or daughters.

I do not doubt that you think it long since you heard from me. I assure you it has not been from want of regard to you all as Christian friends, nor because I did not wish to communicate my joys and sorrows to my fellow-travellers; but such has been my weakness that I have been quite unable to write, and even now it makes me very unwell when I attempt to do so. I received a letter with yours, from my medical adviser, and he says I must avoid all exertion, either of body or mind, or it will greatly impede or interfere with my recovery.

I am thankful to say I am mending very slowly, and do hope, if the Lord will, to be able to see you all face to face in a short time. It has been indeed a very heavy affliction, but not one stroke too much to humble me and to show me a measure of what was in my heart, but to manifest the delivering hand of a covenant God and to give me another proof that he does love me and will not let me quite depart from him. During the first few days of my affliction the furnace brought up much dross to view, and I seemed left to hardness of heart and to my feelings shut up in unbelief. O the misery and wretchedness, to feel all the sufferings of body, and with it an absent God, with no power to supplicate a throne of grace, the heavens as brass, shutting out, as it were, our prayer, and all this in the prospect of shortly entering a boundless eternity! O this is indeed trying! and teaches us that nothing less than the exertions of that almighty power which first quickened us can revive us again, and bring again the graces of the Spirit into lively act and exercise. But O what a mercy we have to do with a faithful, covenant-keeping God! I trust my soul has proved him so again and again. He was pleased to pour out upon me a spirit of prayer, and enable me to plead with him and remind him of his promises, and also to put my mouth in the dust, to confess before him my folly and sin, as far as it was revealed to me, and to be

really humbled under his mighty hand. He gave me that firm hope in his mercy which again raised me from the borders of despair, and I was enabled to say in feeling, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him," &c. I well know now the meaning of Hezekiah's words, "Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Hos. ii. also is very descriptive of the Lord's dealings with me. The Lord gave me that portion of his word with sweetness and power, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy steps." Indeed, though not carried out in ecstasies or joyous feelings, yet such has been the mercy mingled with the affliction, and such the stayed and at times peaceful frame of mind with which I have been favoured, (together with the deep sense of my utter unworthiness of the least mercy, and yet having a good hope through grace in the unchangeable love and mercy of my covenant God,) that I have been made more than submissive, and constrained to thank and bless him for all his dealings, but most for this severe affliction.

Yours in the truth,

D—, Sept. 18th, 1852.

E. S.

Death is in the believer's inventory of good as truly as life; neither can he enter into the joy of his Lord, but by passing through the same valley of the grave as his Lord has passed before him.—*Hawker*.

As Abraham dealt by his concubines' children, so does God by the Ishmaels of the world; he gives them portions and sends them away. (Gen. xxv. 6.) But the inheritance he reserves for his Isaacs; to them he gives all that he has, yea, even himself; and what can we have more?—*Coles*.

The blessed effect of this shining of the Sun of Righteousness on the *spiritual* mind is not dissimilar to what is induced by the rays of light from the sun of the firmament in the *natural* world. When at any time a refulgent beam of that great luminary of the day darts by a more pointed direction into a room than in his ordinary shining, we discover numberless floating atoms of dust, which though they were as much in the room before, yet are now only made visible by the sun's shining. It is the same by divine manifestations, shining more and more in the hearts of the Lord's people. The floating mists of indwelling sin then appear, which were before obscured. Discoveries are then made of the inherency of our corrupt old man of nature, which, though not daily seen, are daily there; and the blessed effect, under the gracious unction of the Holy Ghost induced thereby, leads the regenerated child of God to be more distrustful of himself, and to learn the greater needs be of the complete righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. And here indeed it is that the path of the just "shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" when, as the apostle states it, "we present every man (said he) perfect in Christ Jesus." (Col. i. 28.)—*Hawker*.

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERIENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 50.)

There was a remarkable revival of religion in the place at this time (Ovid, State of New York). The conversions, however, were among the aged and middle-aged; none under twenty-seven were hopefully wrought upon. One woman, seventy-five years old, was the subject of this work; she was the most tender and grateful creature that I ever beheld; only to speak of the mercy of God to her would overwhelm her. I have heard her, with a heart almost too full for utterance, and with eyes suffused with tears, declare her wonder and astonishment at the amazing love and condescension of God to her, after she had spent the prime of her life and the vigour of her days, and was old and worn out in the drudgery of sin and Satan. In silent wonder I adored the sovereignty of God, who had mercy on the old in trespasses and sins, and passed by, wholly passed by, the youth. However, there was a sympathetic seriousness among the young people for a time, but it soon wore off, and an awful stupidity followed.

One day, reflecting intently upon the danger of their setting their faces Zion-ward and then looking back, I beheld them arraigned at the bar of God, and interrogated thus: "How came you to turn your back upon me, after making such a specious appearance of seeking my face and favour? What could induce you, after the convictions you have had of the truths of my word, to prefer slavery to sin and Satan to my easy service?" Panic-struck and speechless, I beheld them sinking under the curse and vindictive wrath of God, to remediless, interminable woe and misery. The scene overwhelmed me, my strength left me, and I sat down to prevent falling. The dreadful state of a separation from God now appeared to me in all its horror, the tremendousness whereof loosened my joints and unhinged my frame; my spirit sank within me. I entreated the Lord to remove from me a prospect I was utterly unable to bear. My father and two brothers were in the field with me at work; but as my mind was much engaged with invisible realities all the morning, I had purposely withdrawn from them, to avoid interruption. After striving and praying to be relieved from this oppressive view, I recovered strength and arose to labour. My curiosity was now excited to know what further would become of them, and I pursued after them, from the place where I had last seen them; but a veil was thrown over the sequel of their state, so that I could not see in what kind of place they were, nor in what their punishment consisted. However, I knew that, according to the vision, they were lost. Amazed and overwhelmed with the dreadful thought, all my strength left me, and I sank down again to the earth. My anguish on their account was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I kept from sobbing aloud, being oppressed with convulsive sighs. Again I prayed to be relieved from the view of their state,

when it was taken from me so far that I was able to rise to work, still revolving in my mind what further would become of them. My soul melted within me. I concluded that I would go to my father, and converse with him on the subject, as I had formerly heard him relate a similar case of himself. When I came within a little distance of him, all the former scenery was revived. I beheld them in full view of their awful inheritance.

“Tremendous sight! all hope now fled in air;
They wring their hands in anguish and despair.”

I was now no longer able to bear the terrors of the amazing scene, but sank, astonished, to the ground. Trembling took hold on me; my whole frame was convulsed above measure; I expected that I should not survive the uncommon agitation I was in, neither did I desire. I apprehend that I had at this time as clear, identified, and impressive views of the general judgment as I ever shall have. I had also as clear an apprehension of external things as ever, if not clearer, but remained speechless, and the violent agitation I was in lasted near an hour and a half. When I recovered so as to speak, my father, who saw my convulsive motions, now came to me, and asked me what ailed me; I told him, “The youth,” and lost my speech again. He said that God would do no injustice; that his wisdom, goodness, and power were fully equal to deal according to equity throughout his vast dominion. This I did not doubt of in the least. It was not from fear that any injustice would be done that I trembled; but the future punishment of the wicked, when made known or identified to us by immediate revelation, is appalling to human nature. After my speech had returned, we had some further conversation on the subject, and parted. I was so completely absorbed in the contemplation of these things that I lost my appetite for my necessary food and water for three days. (Dan. x. 3, 15—17.) And the impression I received at this time gave me pain for a year afterwards, when I thought of it, and occasionally to this day, though eighteen years since.

After this, I found myself on the east side of the plain; it appeared about a mile wide, and its length interminable to the eye; the surface of it was level and as smooth as glass—a beautiful evergreen. While I stood admiring this extent of plain, there appeared two uncommonly large trees, one a little bigger than the other, as if plucked up by the roots, coming towards me from the south, with a moderate velocity, horizontal, root foremost, with all the leaves green, and in motion, like the quaking ash or poplar; they passed by me, and went on toward the north with uniform speed, till lost in the blue abyss. One tree followed in the wake of the other; their leaves seemed to answer the purpose of wings; the movement of the trees was superbly grand, majestic, irresistible, uninterrupted, and wonderful. But I awoke, and behold it was a dream! Again, with immense labour and difficulty I climbed up on the outside of a building so large and high that the top of it reached the clouds; but I got up. This also was a dream.

After this, I settled in a place where the only church formed were Methodists, (Arminians,) quite a large society of them, and they used every possible means to proselyte me to their sentiments in vain. They furnished me with Fletcher's "Checks," and a whole host of Arpinian writings; used various arguments to convince me of my errors; but I was invincible by all their labour. My change was so conspicuous that all that saw me recognised it. One formalist, to whom my life and conversation was a continual reproof, told me that he believed I gave more attention to religion than I should wish I had, even in the day of judgment. I was filled with all the fulness of God, and felt the privilege, importance, and benefit of being at peace, and in covenant with the eternal God, through Jesus Christ, pervade all my powers. I felt so entirely devoid of sin and guilt, that I was at a loss to know whether I had need do anything but praise the Lord continually, like the spirits of the just made perfect; for such was the exuberance of divine love manifested to me, that I did not feel any guilt or sin to confess, or fear of any to excite me to pray against it. I seemed to exist in the regions of holiness, to dwell on the suburbs of Paradise, to move in concert with the glorious and ransomed throng that continually surround the burning throne with ever-adoring praise, and converse with them in their own dialect in the language of the Canaan above. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." (Ps. cxiii. 7, 8.) The Sun of Righteousness shone into my soul with infinite complacency and delight. His rays dispelled all the powers of darkness, sin, and guilt; wrath, fear, death, hell, and damnation shrank before his omnipotent touch, as though they had never been. But who can measure the immeasurable, describe the indescribable, or define infinity in the language of mortals?

As I was ever inviolably constant in my friendship to the Object of my affections, abhorring the least coldness or indifference, I concluded that I should be faithful to my "first love;" and the uninterrupted and sweet communion I enjoyed with God, such undeniably clear manifestations of his pardoning love and favour for nearly three years, confirmed me in the opinion. But, alas! I did not know myself, and I had not the benefit of an experimental guide like the late Wm. H., S.S., to lead me: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." And, "They which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." As I moved in a region higher than any one about me, there was none to give me that gentle watchword that under such circumstances I stood in need of. I had, to use a sea phrase, much more sail than ballast, for I abounded in love and joy, but had no experience of self, and knew none experienced in such exalted scenes whose falls I could profit by. Every one endeavoured to pull me down that I was acquainted with, except my father, and he said nothing *pro* or *con* about it. To be short, I was lifted up with pride, and fell into condemnation. I imagined that I was in some degree an object of the divine favour on account of my own personal goodness, losing sight of the insuperable merits of Christ; not con-

sidering that, notwithstanding the grace of God, I was by nature still destitute of all good, utterly unable, independent of God, to perform one holy act, or even to produce one holy desire, and forgetting the declaration of Christ, "Without me ye can do nothing." Satan had a hand in all this; for he knew that the birth was so clear, well-marked, and legible, and that the candle of the Lord shone so bright upon it, that it would be lost labour to attempt to dispute me out of my adoption in the family of "the firstborn whose names are written in heaven;" therefore he never attempted it; (1 John v. 9, 10;) but he lifted me up to the wind and caused me to ride upon it. He expatiated largely on the goodness of my state; and as the Arminians, taking advantage of my exalted state, brilliant manifestations, glorious views, and consummate joys, endeavoured to proselyte me to their principle of sinless perfection and second blessing, telling me that if I would only own it, I was already in possession of them, Satan applied their doctrines. But I never believed a word of all that Satan or the Arminians adduced, so as to adopt their creed.

Faith must be tried, and "where much is given, much will be required." I was to learn my own weakness, and find out where my strength lay by experience; and a painful experience I have had of it; for I have been "sore broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death." Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold of me, so that I am not able to look up. I have left my "first love," and God has hid his from me. Although I have a strong hope of obtaining the sensible manifestations of the Spirit, and the reconciled presence of God, through the infinite merits of Christ, yet I am in righteousness withheld from port. Howling winds drive me devious from the way in which I would walk;

"And day by day some current's thwarting force,
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course."

It seems as if the more I struggle for deliverance the faster I am bound with chains. In short, I "walk in darkness and have no light."

Notwithstanding the obscurity in which I am involved, I know that I love God and his holy law, and am daily pained with my own stupidity and the carelessness of others. Horror takes hold on me when men transgress the law and trample on the authority of God. I live under the enlivening expectation that my Redeemer will draw aside the veil that hides his mediatorial glories from my view, and that my sun will shine the brighter for rising out of the night of tribulation when he has sufficiently humbled me for my folly. If I could once believe that my salvation depended upon my persevering in the way of holiness, independently of the immutable promise and aids of divine grace, I could never pray again; for I find I have inherently no more power to obtain the consolations of the Spirit than to raise the dead. I would as soon attempt to swim by the help of a ton of lead as rely on my own works for justification, in whole or in part, before God. I am at best an unprofitable ser-

vant, sluggish and idle, cold, listless, and indifferent, where I should be all life and vigour. I am apt to think that I sometimes suffer more from stupidity than others' from their sharper conflicts. But I would not dictate Infinite Wisdom in choosing what kind of rod I must be chastised with. I find my heart to be naturally a cage for every unclean and hateful bird, a sink of sin and wretchedness, from which nothing but the atonement of Christ can deliver me. I find so much distrustfulness of God, such ingratitude to the best of Benefactors, such a want of faith in the promises, that were it not for the invisible, almighty hand of God, I should sink into despair. And though often, or always, put to shame for my unbelief by unexpected relief, and in ways that the wisdom of man could never have invented, yet I am continually driving at the old trade. O the patience, long-suffering, and tender mercy of God! I want just such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ is, for I fall short of the glory of God in all I attempt to do.

“ So guilty, so helpless am I,
That I durst not confide in his blood;
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.”

I did not perceive myself to be declining, it was so gradual, until some time after I had strayed far away from that light, liberty, peace, and joy that I was wont to possess. But I have now just light enough to render darkness visible. God is contending with me by cutting off all my expectations from the creature; by withholding the quickening operations of his Holy Spirit from me, and leaving me to drag, as it were, my “chariot without wheels.” I am clearly sensible that I carry about with me a body of death, and daily groan under it, anxious for deliverance. Since Christ has hid his face from me, I am happy in none of the enjoyments of the present life; they have all lost their lustre.

“ My Sun is hid, my comforts lost,
My graces' droop, my sins revive;
Distress'd, dismay'd, and tempest-toss'd,
My soul is only just alive.”

When will the Lord return? When shall I again enjoy the sensible manifestations of his reviving, transforming presence? Grant me thyself, O Lord, and I will ask no more!

“ Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.”

O that I could come near to him, even to his mercy-seat! Could I “shake myself as aforetime,” could I plead the promises by faith, I should receive an answer of peace. But, alas! my locks are shorn, the Philistines are upon me, and I must wait at the gate of wisdom till they are grown again, looking to God to preserve me amidst all the dangers with which I am surrounded till the hour of my release arrives.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. MOORE.

Dear, Friend,—This is “the end of our conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” The Father of all our mercies has declared him his beloved Son, and has commanded us to hear him. And our Lord says, “Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do,” that the Father may be glorified in the Son; ask what ye will, and I will do it. He promised also to send the Holy Spirit to help our infirmities, that we might pray according to the will of God in Christ Jesus. In this way poor sensible sinners find mercy and grace to help in times of need; and though we know not how to order our speech, by reason of darkness, yet the same God who teaches thus can furnish us with every good word needful for us to speak, and every good work; for it is the will of the Father of mercies that the Holy Spirit should fill the hungry soul with good things. But what things are so good as grace from the fulness that is in Christ, saving, all-sufficient grace, suitable to our great need? Our wants are many, and sometimes cannot be numbered; but Jesus Christ is the Treasure-house of all spiritual and temporal blessings for his poor afflicted members, his brethren, sisters, mother, and friends; for he declares of him who does the will of his heavenly Father, “the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother;” and “this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” Blessed are they which do his commandments, that ye believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love one another. Good old John the Divine, directed his little children to the Propitiation and Advocate of his little flock. He pointed out Christ Jesus as their God and Saviour, and said, “Little children, let no man deceive you,” (1 John iii. 7,) neither turn you aside from Christ, nor from the profession and confession of him, for if we deny him, he also will deny us.

And now, my little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. To abide in him is to love him, and we can truly say, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee,” that is, in comparison with thee, and none nor anything to the exclusion of thee. Now read what the Holy Spirit by John says, “And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also.” (1 John iii. 18—24.) And you have loved indeed.

The good Lord remember all my kind friends, and have mercy on them in that day, for in how many things they in your quarter and you have ministered unto me, you know very well. The good Lord bless you all according to your need and to his own praise. Amen.

August, 1816.

W. MOORE.

I never knew the meaning of God's word till I was afflicted.—
Luther.

O B I T U A R Y.

ALICE DITCHFIELD, OF CHORLEY, LANCASHIRE.

My dear Friend,—Having been personally acquainted with the subject of this memoir for many years, and witnessed some of her soul exercises in the ways of Zion during that time, and also having had some account of her early days from her own lips, I have felt inclined to forward you a brief account, in hope that it may be useful to some of Zion's children who are still dwelling in Meshech and travelling in the path of tribulation. Yours in the truth,

Preston, Nov. 15th, 1852.

J. W.

Alice Ditchfield, of Chorley, Lancashire, was born and brought up in a dark and dead part of the country, (as far as gospel things are concerned,) attending the neighbouring church with her parents. In course of time she had the Church Catechism to learn. After often repeating the answers in a careless manner, it pleased the Lord, about the age of fourteen, to open her eyes to see and her heart to feel the awful and solemn mockery contained in the answer to the second question, "In my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This lay very heavily on her conscience, feeling sensibly that it could not be true in her case. "A member of Christ? O that cannot be! 'A child of God? What a sin," she exclaimed, "for me to tell such untruths, when God sees and knows what a sinner I am! 'An inheritor of the kingdom of heaven? O I am sure I cannot go there, so unholy and wicked as I am!" In consequence, she refused to repeat the catechism. Being very much perplexed and distressed about it, and having no one to give her any information or consolation, she went to the Church minister, and told him what distress she felt about the catechism. He endeavoured to quiet her mind by telling her to be good, and then she might make herself happy. She endeavoured to do her best, but found she could neither do good nor be happy, so she went again to the minister, but got no consolation; only he admitted that, though no doubt good men had made the catechism, it was wrong in the things that gave her such distress; but he could not alter it; he hoped the time would come when the necessity of an alteration would be more seen, and that it would then be made right.

Her trouble and distress began at length to be noticed by those who knew her. One prescribed one thing, another something else; and, among her counsellors, one persuaded her to go to a fair, at some distance. When she entered a room at an inn there, she heard a voice powerfully within her, "What doest thou here?" and such a horror came over her that she left the room and went home, with a guilty conscience; and the words sounding continually all the way, she wished she had never been born. For weeks she laboured to find peace, but neither at home or at church could she find it; and feeling herself so wicked, and others saying that she must have done something very bad, she often felt the words as belonging to her, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

She had an aunt noted for piety, a Roman Catholic, and she thought if she went to her and told her of her state, she might be able to render her some assistance. Accordingly she went. Her aunt told her if she would only turn to their church, and learn their prayers, she would soon be happy; theirs being the only true church where real peace could be found. Being willing to do anything, she readily complied, feeling that the peace she desired was worth any sacrifice. But she found no ease for her guilty conscience; she therefore regarded her aunt as a physician of no value, and was compelled to abandon that way. Her burden still becoming heavier, and sin making her more and more ashamed of herself before God, often forced out of her soul, "What must I do to be saved? Is there any way?"

About this time she heard of a good preacher in the Establishment, about eight miles from where she lived, and she determined to go to hear him, feeling if it were three times the distance it would be no obstacle, if she could only hear "words whereby she might be saved." She went; the minister enforced with great power and energy the spirituality and curses of a broken law against the sinner, which made her tremble and quake. She continued to go for some considerable time, liking the preaching and being much attached to the preacher. Still she heard no "glad tidings of great joy" in her heart, which often sent her home groaning and sighing over her lost and forsaken state. After this, she went to hear another preacher in the same town, who took for a text, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin," which sermon was made a great blessing to her. Christ felt precious to her soul; she had hope in his precious blood, and went on her way rejoicing in the Saviour and his power to save, but not feeling her own personal interest as she could desire.

Soon after she became acquainted with the Independents, who appeared very kind to her, and took much interest in her spiritual welfare, as they called it. She became a constant attendant, though the chapel was a considerable distance from where she lived. Her mind continued much exercised about her state, and she often returned from chapel with great bondage and misery in her heart. Seeing and hearing others among whom she worshipped converse, she found that they were not troubled or plagued as she was, so she came to the conclusion that if she became a member it would be different; consequently she joined the church, but soon found that this union did not join her experimentally to the Lord, and she was more and more convinced that it must be the blessed Spirit alone that could enable her to say, "I am the Lord's!" which was what her soul hungered and thirsted after. She continued a member with them upwards of twenty years, during which time they often had supplies from various parts, some preaching salvation by grace and works, others entirely by the will of the creature and creature righteousness, which caused her soul to groan within her. Feeling her own righteousness as filthy rags, she could not help crying out against their yea and nay gospel, so that she was a speckled bird

among them, and all the self-righteous were against her. (Jer. xii. 9.) They would often ask her in an exulting way, "Well, how do you like this?" after hearing the uncertain sounds of grace, creature works, and self-righteousness, and at last Christ's work, brought in to make out weight, if the scales should turn the other way, making it neither law nor gospel. She often felt compelled to speak out her mind freely against all such preachers, feeling that if her poor soul be saved, it must be by the free grace, love, and mercy of a covenant-keeping Jehovah, through the blood and righteousness of the God-Man Mediator, which brought her to experience the sword which the Lord brought on the earth. (Matt. x. 34—36.)

Whilst she sat in bondage and misery generally under the preaching, no better results attended her at the prayer-meetings. I have heard her say, in effect, "O how my poor soul was tortured, and wounded, and driven away; but there was no shepherd among them 'to deliver out of the mouth of the lion,' 'to bind up,' or to restore; and when I had any sweet moments, love-tokens, or drawings out of love to the dear Lord, it was generally in private, when at times I could pour out my whole heart to him, tell him of all my troubles, and commune with him whom my soul loved above all earthly things."

At length there was a preacher settled who, I believe, knew not the way to the city, which caused her often to debate with him about his preaching. This he disliked, and at last told her that she was a Gadsbyite, and that he should not be dictated to by her. She then began to attend a room occasionally where a few despised people met. They had the name of being quarrelsome and of a bad spirit, which caused her to look with a jealous eye upon them. Still she heard something from the pulpit which united her heart more and more to the people. But she was told that they had a most awful creed, which they kept a secret until they got people among them. This secret creed perplexed her very much, until it pleased the Lord to cause the late J. M'Kenzie to call upon her, when she wished to have this secret creed opened up and explained. This gave him an opportunity, like Aquila and Priscilla with Apollos, of "expounding the way of God more perfectly," which was made a great blessing to her, in opening her understanding to see and feel that "secret of the Lord which is with them (only) that fear him." This made her still more decided for the truth, and such a troubler among the people she met with, that at length the minister told her that they could not worship together. The evil reports she often heard about the people at the room, caused her to fear and dread them, reasoning in her own mind, "If these reports should be true, and I should get among them, and find it out to be so, what must I do? I shall then be entirely an outcast." However, she attended at the room, and heard a sermon from these words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," &c., (Rom. viii. 1,) which brought her to the determination to come out from among them, and like Moses, "choose to suffer affliction with the people of God." Consequently she sent in her resignation to the Independents. There were occasionally ministers who preached the truth among them; but such

came seldom, not being liked, though her soul then got a little joy and light by the way.

The ordinance of believers' baptism, as a command of the Lord, opening up to her mind, she desired to follow her Saviour, and, from a love to him, to keep his commandments. She was baptized in May, 1838; it was a sweet day and a precious time to her soul, feeling powerfully that in keeping his commandments there is great reward. Having been a long time in Egyptian bondage, and now being delivered, like the Israelites at the other side of the Red Sea, she sung the song of deliverance, of free, sovereign grace, through the precious blood of a crucified Jesus. She now felt the value of a gospel ministry, lamenting over her ignorance, after making a profession so long. The occasional ministry of the late J. McKenzie was especially made a great blessing to her; and under the sweet sound of a free-grace salvation, her deeply-exercised soul has often been refreshed and comforted. She was one of those who were subject to bondage through the fear of death, often dreading that grim messenger; and wondering how she would be enabled to meet him at last. So much did she prize the ministry of the blessed gospel, that she was exceedingly anxious for a chapel to be built in the town in which she lived; and although for a time it appeared impossible, yet she had the satisfaction of seeing a neat chapel built, and her soul often watered within its walls.

But I must leave any further particulars, and come to her last illness, during which time she had some sharp and strong temptations, and also much bodily suffering. Once when meditating on the sufferings of Christ with some solemnity and a feeling of sympathy with the Lord, a fiery dart was shot into her mind with such force that she felt the pain and smart of it for several days and nights. It was this, "You laughed at the sufferings of Christ;" and so quickly was this repeated, that it made her cry out in an agony of soul, "How could I laugh at the solemn and awful sufferings of the dear Saviour?" "You did; you did!" was returned, "and how can you expect pardon for that?" She said, "O the agony and distress I felt I cannot describe; for although my bodily pain was great, it was not to be compared to what my soul suffered, for having, as I feared, laughed at the groans and cries of a precious Jesus. I felt ashamed to look up, fearing I should meet his frowns, which I felt I could not bear. But one night, when my bodily pain was subdued and my cough quiet, I suddenly felt my soul softened, and a running after my dear Jesus; and these words came with great power, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.' 'O, I exclaimed, 'from all sin! then if I did laugh at the sufferings of Jesus, his blood cleanses from that also, blessed be his precious name!' And immediately I felt my wounds healed, and my heart filled with love and praises to his dear name for the great things he had done for me."

It now began to be manifest that her time was not to be long here, as she appeared to ripen very fast. Her pain being so great, early one morning she was obliged to be taken out of bed and

supported on a chair, when she desired Hymn 199 to be read, also Ps. xxiii., and that her husband should engage in prayer. Her soul appeared much engaged with the Lord. On being asked if she felt her safety in Christ, she replied, "I have not a doubt about that; but I long to depart and be with him." She craved for patience to wait his blessed will.

About this time her aged father called to see her, and during the conversation observed, "Ah! Alice, you are not now skipping away to P. and B., on a Lord's Day, as you used to do." She replied, with great earnestness and solemnity, "No, father; I am now resting with sweet confidence on that sure Foundation that I have found, which at that time I was running about seeking after with a hungry and thirsty soul;" and began to speak of herself as a base and vile sinner, saying that nothing but the free grace and unmerited mercy of God would do for her, when an eternal world was opening up to her.

To another friend who called to see her, she began again to speak to the honour and praise of the power of God in supporting her, in her time of need; and being cautioned by her son that she knew how talking brought on coughing, and what she had suffered by talking so much, she said, "You do not know what a good day I have had; it has been a time of refreshing, and I must tell of what the Lord has done for me."

A very dear friend of hers, whose preaching had been made a blessing to her frequently, called to see her on the Lord's Day. When she saw him she appeared overcome, and called him to her, and in a low voice desired him to pray to the Lord that he would soon take her to himself, but afterwards was much tried about it: "What presumption it was in me to request such a thing; it was fleshly, and I feel guilt on account of it;" and then cried out, "O Lord, pardon my impatience and my weakness, and give me grace to wait thy blessed will. I have need of patience." She requested Hymn 143, "Rock of Ages, shelter me," &c., to be sung, and the 156th, as being suitable to her feelings; the 667th she often desired to be sung, "Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head," also the 483rd, "Yes, I shall soon be landed."

She now became very weak and exhausted, through disease, pain, and coughing, which gave evidence of the "silver cord being loosed," and that the "wheel could not remain long unbroken at the cistern;" (Eccles. xii. 6;) but having a little respite, and her cough being still for a time, in the middle of the night she suddenly called out, "O it has come at last!" When her son asked, "What has come?" she replied, "I have often wondered what sort of a welcome I should have at last, and it has just come: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'" And then began, in sweet adoration and praise, "To him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," &c.

After this she said very little; the things of time she appeared to have done with, and although life still possessed the body, her heart evidently was where her treasure was. Her husband afterwards asked her if she wished him to engage in prayer; she answered,

"The king's daughter is all glorious within," &c. Thus she was arrayed within and without. And just when there was but one step between her and death, she was solemnly admiring the beauty and righteousness of her Saviour, while he disarmed death of its sting for her. She fell asleep quietly in Jesus, Oct. 13th, 1852, aged fifty-seven. "The memory of the just is blessed."

She desired, if anything was said after her death, that the text should be, "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. 8, 9.)

The promises are made to encourage faith, not to cherish sloth.

The Lord, my condescending Instructor, has done by me as by the prophet. He has been leading me into those *chambers of imagery* which are in the heart, not explorable by natural researches. And the result has been with me as with him. Every door the Lord has opened before me has led to some new discoveries, which before had been concealed from my view. And as the gracious Lord led me through the several chambers of imagery, one by one, he gently admonished me as I passed in words like the prophet: "Hast thou seen this, O son of man? turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these." (Ezek. viii. 15.) My God has done the part of a spiritual anatomist; he has dissected and laid open to my view my heart. He made in it deep incisions. He has brought to my observation corruptions which, unknown to me, were festering there. And while performing this merciful office, he has accompanied high divine operations with the most instructive lectures. And the consequence has been, I have found his word (as the apostle described it) "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.) Nevertheless, though every operation has been humbling and painful, I have found the effects salutary; for thereby I have been brought into a better knowledge both of myself and of the Lord. Indeed, had any hand but his Almighty hand proposed the work, I should have revolted at it. Neither could any human eloquence have persuaded me that such depths of rottenness were lurking within me. I should have felt indignant at the bare suggestion; and, like one of old, had any charged me with it, have replied as he did to the prophet: "But what! is thy servant a dog that he should do such things?" (2 Kings viii. 12, 13.) But before him "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins," I fall prostrate and lie in silence in the dust. Yea, even more than this. Convinced from such discoveries that "the half has not been told me," I can, and do, though with shame and confusion of face, most readily subscribe to that solemn decision of Scripture, in which the Lord himself is the Almighty speaker, when he says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?"—*Hawker*.

REVIEW.

The Protector; a Vindication. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1849

(Concluded from page 68.)

To understand and rightly appreciate the character of Oliver Cromwell, we must, in imagination, transport ourselves back to the peculiar period in which he lived. Though the principles of truth are immutable, and the precepts of the gospel unchangeable, and by these infallible standards men's actions must be judged, yet unless we can enter into the peculiar circumstances of that period of confusion and strife, we are most imperfect critics of the conduct of the great Protector. In these days we enjoy liberty of conscience, and civil or ecclesiastical tyranny is unknown. If we choose to write an article to show that the theatre is an ungodly amusement, or that government of the church by bishops is unscriptural, there is no Archbishop Laud to bring the Editor of the "Gospel Standard" before the Star Chamber, to fine him £10,000, publicly flog his naked back in Cheapside by the hand of the common executioner, put him in the pillory, slit his nose, cut off his ears, and brand his cheeks with a hot iron. If Cromwell's blood was stirred up to draw the sword against such tyranny, we can hardly help forgiving, if we cannot fully justify him. In viewing, then, his religious character, a few words on his peculiar position may not be inappropriate.

It has been observed by a distinguished writer* that there were, from the very outset, two reformations in England—that of the King, and that of the people. The first began and terminated in the Establishment, and has therefore left deeply imprinted on her worldly, semi-papistic character. It was, for the most part, a mere external, political reformation, commenced from worldly motives and directed to selfish ends. The King (Henry VIII.) wanted a new and young wife, the nobles panted for the abbey lands, and the people were weary of priestly arrogance and Popish exactions. Gospel truth, spiritual religion, vital godliness—what charms had these divine and heavenly realities for a king bloated with pride and lust, for courtiers hungering after the fat lands and wealthy manors which lay outstretched beneath the shade of Woburn and Malmesbury Abbeys, or for the rude masses which had for centuries been trodden down into the mire of superstition by the iron heel of Popery?

But side by side, or, to speak more correctly, underneath this outward Reformation there was another of a wholly different origin, and of a totally distinct nature, pursuing its silent course. This did not originate with a cruel, licentious king, but with the King of kings; did not distribute broad acres among courtiers, but the riches of Christ among needy souls; did not merely drive from the cottage the monkish legend and the exacting priest, but sent in their place the word of God and a minister of truth. This Reformation was not a mere transference of the nominal headship of the church from

* Guizot.

a wicked Pope to a wicked King, or a change from singing prayers in Latin to saying prayers in English, or turning an altar into a table, or diverting tithes from a Popish pocket into a Protestant one; but a Reformation of heart and life—a regeneration of the soul, a spiritual work on the conscience, an implantation of grace and godliness. The offspring and produce of the external, political Reformation was the National Establishment; the child of the inward, spiritual Reformation was Puritanism.

These two reformations being, therefore, radically and essentially distinct, soon came into collision. He that was born after the flesh soon persecuted him that was born after the Spirit. No sooner did Queen Elizabeth feel herself firmly seated on the throne than she began to persecute the Puritans. Her successor, James I., followed her example, and Charles I. walked faithfully in his father's steps. The bulk of our readers are probably not aware of the persecutions suffered by our Puritan ancestors, to which we have indeed already alluded; but the following extract from the work before us may serve to give them a little idea of the shameful indignities and barbarous cruelties inflicted upon them:

“Dr. Leighton, father of the celebrated archbishop of that name, for publishing ‘An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion’s Plea against Prelacy,’ was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000; to be set in the pillory at Westminster, and publicly whipped; to lose his ears, have his nostrils slit, and his cheeks branded with the letters S.S., ‘Sower of Sedition’—a sentence that was executed in all its severity.

“Prynne, a very remarkable man, was a barrister of Lincoln’s Inn. The first crime that he committed, and for which he lost his ears, was his having published a work entitled, ‘*Histriomastix*, the Player’s Scourge,’ directed against all stage-plays, masques, dances, and masquerades. The King and Queen were fond of masques and dances, and Henrietta of France often won loud applause in the court theatricals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. His second crime was a work against the hierarchy of the Church. As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the stumps on this occasion were literally sawn off. ‘I had thought,’ said Lord Chief Justice Finch, feigning astonishment, ‘that Mr. Prynne had had no ears!’ ‘I hope your honours will not be offended,’ replied Prynne; ‘pray God give you ears to hear.’ Oliver’s ear heard, and his heart throbbed with emotion.

“As Dr. Bastwick ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer, ‘Farewell, my dearest, be of good comfort; I am nothing dismayed.’ The surrounding crowd manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations.

“On descending the scaffold he drew from his ear the sponge soaked with his blood, and holding it up to the people, exclaimed, ‘Blessed be my God who hath counted me worthy, and of his mighty power hath enabled me to suffer anything for his sake; and as I have now lost some of my blood, so I am ready and willing to spill every drop that is in my veins in this cause for which I now have suffered; which is, for maintaining the truth of God and the honour of my King against Popish usurpations. Let God be glorified, and let the King live for ever.’

“When Mr. Burton, a Puritan divine, was brought on the platform, and was asked if the pillory was not uneasy for his neck and shoulders, he answered, ‘How can Christ’s yoke be uneasy? He bears the heavier end of it, and I the lighter; and if mine were too heavy he would bear that too. Christ is a good Master, and worth the suffering for! And if the world did but know his goodness, and had tasted of his sweetness, all would come and be his servants.’

“Such were the acts of Charles I.—acts that filled Oliver’s soul with horror and anguish.”

But how do these remarks bear, it may be asked, on the religious character of Oliver Cromwell? Thus. Before he appeared in public life he had for several years belonged to these despised and persecuted Puritans. This is in itself some evidence of his religious sincerity. He professed their principles, supported their ministers, and worshipped in their assemblies at a period when Dr. Leighton was pilloried, publicly whipped, had his ears cut off, his nose slit, his cheeks branded with a hot iron—cruelties and indignities worthy of savages and cannibals! Why? Because he had written a book to show that the government of the church by bishops was not scriptural. It certainly looks like sincerity, when a man of family and property like Oliver Cromwell casts in his lot at such a time amongst a persecuted and despised people. Had Cromwell merely put on his religious profession when Puritanism was rising and gradually obtaining the ascendant, his sincerity might be well called in question; but it was when it was trodden under foot that he joined himself to the sect everywhere spoken against.

There is, we believe, no distinct record of the time and way in which conviction was wrought in his soul, beyond the letter which appeared in our last Number; but from the following extract it would appear that it was soon after his marriage, 1620, when he was about twenty-one years of age:

“The next ten years were passed in seclusion, years in which a man is formed for life. Cromwell busied himself in farming, and in industrial and social duties; living as his father before him had done. But he was also occupied with other matters. Ere long he felt in his heart the prickings of God’s law. It disclosed to him his inward sin; with St. Paul, he was disposed to cry out, ‘O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ and, like Luther, pacing the galleries of his convent at Erfurth, exclaiming, ‘My sin! my sin! my sin!’ Oliver, agitated and heart-wrung, uttering groans and cries as of a wounded spirit, wandered pale and dejected along the gloomy banks of the Ouse, beneath a clouded sky. He looked for consolation to God, to his Bible, and to friends more enlightened than himself. His health, and even his strong frame were shaken; and in his melancholy he would often send at midnight for Dr. Sincott, physician in Huntingdon, supposing himself to be dying. At length peace entered into his soul.

“An important work, as we have seen, was finished in Oliver during the nine or ten years of obscurity and seclusion that intervened between his marriage and his obtaining a seat in Parliament. Milton, who knew him well, says of him, ‘He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, and a magnanimity well adapted for the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years, he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around, as the cultivation of a pure religion and the integrity of his life.’”

But Cromwell could act as well as profess, and made manifest that the grace of God which bringeth salvation purifies “a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” It would seem that during his worldly days he had won large sums in gambling. The money thus sinfully obtained he felt he could now no longer retain:

“At the time when Popery was thus re-appearing at the court of England, the gospel flourished in the house of Oliver, who was occupied with his flocks

and fields, with his children and the interests of his neighbours, and, above all, in putting into practice the commandments of God. Salvation was come to his house, and his light shone before men. He possessed great delicacy of conscience, and of this we shall give one instance which occurred a little later. After his conversion to God, he remembered what Zaccheus said to Jesus, as he went into his house, 'Behold, Lord, if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' Cromwell had taken nothing in that way; but, like other men of the world, he had won some money formerly in gambling. This he returned, rightly considering it would be sinful to retain it. The amounts were large for those days; one of them being £80, and the other £120. His means were not ample; his family had increased; but such things had no weight with him. His religion was not one of words, but of works. As soon as his conscience spoke, he responded to its suggestions, however great the sacrifice he was compelled to make. He remembered Christ's remark, and acted on it during his whole life, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

On Cromwell's entrance into public life, and the gradual way in which his great abilities displayed themselves, it is not our purpose here to dwell. Our object is rather to gather up what evidences we can of his religious character. Let the following interesting anecdote be accepted as some evidence that he knew what secret prayer was :

"Sir John Goodricke, used to relate a remarkable anecdote, which we should probably assign to the siege of Knaresborough Castle, in 1644, and which was told him, when a boy, by a very old woman, who had formerly attended his mother in the capacity of midwife. 'When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough,' said she, 'I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times, to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room. Having aired the bed, I went out, and, shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the key-hole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time; when returning again, I found him still at prayer; and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house; from which I concluded he must be a good man: and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused.'

But admitting, as we think must be admitted, Cromwell's sincerity, we feel it necessary to point out a most signal error, we might almost call it a delusion, which casts a long and lurid shadow over the whole of his public life, and has irreparably damaged his name. A persuasion was deeply imprinted on his mind, and not on his mind only, but on that of the Puritans generally in his day, that their cause was so the cause of God, that in fighting earthly battles they were fighting for the Lord, and that in killing their enemies by the sword they were destroying the foes of Jesus. This strange persuasion they seem to have imbibed from the letter of the Old Testament; instead of adhering to the spirit of the New. The Puritan soldiers, encamped on Roundway Hill or drawn up in battle at Cropredy Bridge, viewed themselves as standing in the same position as the children of Israel when they drew out their hosts in Gibeah against the Philistines. In their eyes, Charles and his Cavaliers were Amorites and Amalekites, Essex and Cromwell

Joshuas and Jephthahs. Oliver's broadsword was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" Naseby field; the valley of Ajalon; and the cutting off the King's head, the hewing Agag to pieces in Gilgal. This was a fearful and fatal mistake—the fundamental error which eventually ruined their cause, brought back a profligate prince, and well-nigh shipwrecked civil and religious liberty. It was indeed a grievous error, if we do not go so far as to call it a fanatical delusion, and did more harm to the cause of vital godliness than any other circumstance from the Reformation to the present day; but it was an error shared by some of the best and greatest men of that period, and therefore not to be laid at the door of Cromwell alone, as a damning and damnable crime. Had he originated this persuasion as a means to carry out his own ambitious designs; or, contrary to his better judgment, had he availed himself of it, when already existing, to ride by it into power; had he worked by it, as an instrument of deception, and attempted to sanctify evil deeds by colouring them over with religious hues, we should need no other evidence of the insincerity and rottenness of his profession. But no one can read his letters and speeches without being convinced that in this point he was no hypocrite, but was himself fully persuaded that in fighting with carnal weapons he was fighting the cause of God. He might be deceived, but he was no deceiver; he might be deluded, but he was no impostor. He never went into battle without prayer, nor came out of it without praise. He spent much of the night in prayer before he stormed Basing House. The Duke went to Waterloo from a ball at Brussels; Cromwell went to Naseby from off his knees. The world calls the one general a hero; the other, a hypocrite. Let the Scriptures decide which is the better preparation for death. But right or wrong, this persuasion that God was with him was confirmed to Cromwell by every successive victory; and the wonderful manner in which he triumphed, in the face of the greatest difficulties, rooted it more and more deeply in his mind. He thus wrote to the Parliament after he had taken Bristol by assault, Sept. 14th, 1645:

"For the Hon. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

"I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, that this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

"It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, that in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know that faith and prayer obtained this city for you; I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that he have all the praise.

"Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer. They agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe have

the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual in the body [which is the true church], and to the Head [which is Jesus Christ]. For being united in forms, commonly called *Uniformity*, every Christian will for peace sake study and do as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind, we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands, for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that, he knows not the gospel; if any would wring that out of your hands or steal it from you, under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of,

“Your humble servant, “OLIVER CROMWELL.”*

What a remarkable dispatch from a commander-in-chief! And what a Parliament, to receive such a communication! Such a dispatch in our House of Commons would be received with shouts of laughter and derision. But let men say what they will, let them call it cant and whine—one thing is certain, that in that day God was openly acknowledged, that honour was paid to his name, that his glory was sought, and his favour desired.

Having seen how Cromwell writes to the Parliament, let us see how he writes to a brother soldier:

“For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies, at Windsor: These.

“Sir,—It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men according to the flesh, are things lighter than vanity. I find this only good, to love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them; and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being conformed to Christ and the rest of the body, *i. e.*, ‘the Church’) participate in the glory of a resurrection which will answer all.

“Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, which, when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

“I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes

“Your Excellency's most humble servant,
“London, 7th March, 1648.” “OLIVER CROMWELL.

How are we to explain the above letter on the common assumption that Cromwell was a hypocrite? This, be it remembered, is

* To a person who really desires to penetrate into and understand the ruling principles of Cromwell's character and conduct, the above letter communicates more sound information than pages of what is called history. Hume says, that if Cromwell's speeches and letters were collected into a volume, they would form the most nonsensical book in the world. What will not prejudice and ignorance combined say? the truth being that he was one of the most sensible men that ever lived, and his speeches and letters, though the style is somewhat loose and obscure, are as full of good sense as they are sound in principle. To a philosophical infidel like Hume, John xvii. or Gal. iii. would be nonsense. But what is such a man's judgment worth?

the easiest and most sweeping of all charges. We have only to say, "This man is a hypocrite," and it sweeps away at a stroke all his profession. His experience, his prayers, his life, his words and actions, are all swept away at once into the common sewer. But this is the way of the world, not the leading and teaching of the Spirit, which "proves all things, and holds fast that which is good."

But let us follow Cromwell into the bosom of his family. A man cannot well be a hypocrite at home. The mask must indeed be closely fitted on not to drop off at his own fireside. The stout-hearted Oliver was a most tender and affectionate husband and parent; and some of his letters to his wife and children breathe, intermixed with religious admonition, the language of sincerest love. He thus writes to one of his daughters:

"For my beloved daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's Quarters: These.

"Dear Daughter,—I write not to thy husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed [*i. e., not in the mood*] at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your friends at Ely are well. Your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of his, and could go less in desire [*i. e., become less desirous*], less pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not thy husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [*thy husband*] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am

"Thy dear Father,

"London, 25th October, 1646."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following letter was written to his son:

"For my beloved Son, Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These.

"Dick Cromwell,—I take your letters kindly; I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

"I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are; I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and his face continually; let this be the business of your life and strength; and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even life eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; no, but inward, transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and participating of, the divine nature: 'That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.' (2 Pet. i. 4.) It's such a knowledge as Paul speaks of (Phil. iii. 8—10): 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him and

the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.' How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

"Carrick, 2nd April, 1650."

The two following letters were addressed to his wife, and were evidently written from his heart. The first was written the day after the battle of Dunbar :

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My Dearest,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

"The Lord had showed us an exceeding mercy; who can tell how it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

The second was written when he was at Edinburgh, soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness :

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My dearest,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man; but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions; in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you with all his spiritual blessings.

"Mind poor Betty [Elizabeth Claypole] of the Lord's great mercy. Oh! I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him [her husband]. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them; knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is. Let them seek him in truth, and they shall find him.

"My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest, Thine,

"Edinburgh, 12th April, 1651."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

Our object, it will be perceived, has been to let Cromwell speak for himself. His own letters afford the best and most trustworthy evidence of his real character. He thus writes to his son-in-law :

"Dear Charles,—I write not often. At once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee; and indeed my heart is plain to thee, as thy heart can well desire; let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny, turn all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the people of God; that the Lord knows and will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds; which, though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good are well satisfied and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

"Dear Charles, my dear love to thee, and to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to

my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again. If she knows the covenant (of grace) she cannot but do so. For that transaction is without *her*; sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in his blood. Therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to him, thirsting after him, and embracing him, we are his seed; and the covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed; God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in him to us. The covenant is without us; a transaction between God and Christ. Look up to it. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write his law in our heart; to plant his fear so that we shall never depart from him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in covenant, who cannot deny himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

"If you have a mind to come over with your dear wife, take the best opportunity for the good of the public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me that the Lord would direct and keep me his servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own; but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me; I do for you all. Commend me to all friends."

But we pass on to his death-bed, which has been greatly misrepresented. Dr. d'Aubigné rejects the well-known story of his conversation with Dr. Goodwin:

"It is said by some writers that he once asked Dr. Goodwin, who attended at his bed-side, whether a man could fall from grace? Which the doctor answering in the negative, the Protector replied, 'Then I am safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace.' We have seen moments of doubt and fear trouble passingly the dying bed of the firmest and most pious Christians. It might therefore be possible that the light which shone in Cromwell's heart suffered a brief eclipse. Yet it is very remarkable that the faithful witness of the Protector's death, who has reported with such care all his words and all his prayers,* does not make the slightest allusion to this conversation with Dr. Goodwin. It is, besides, in contradiction to all the discourses held by him on his death-bed, and still more so to the whole of his life. He was a Christian too far advanced, too well grounded and enlightened, to put a question like that which has been ascribed to him. We are therefore inclined to question the authenticity of this anecdote."

Though somewhat long, we cannot forbear giving some extracts from the work before us relating to his dying hours:

"Cromwell's disorder grew worse. He was soon advised to keep his bed, and as the ague-fits became more severe, he was removed to Whitehall. Prayers, both public and private, were abundantly offered up on his behalf.

"The Protector's language on his sick-bed unveiled his thoughts and the favourite occupations of his heart. According to the words of St. Paul, he set his affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Oliver was content and willing to be gone. He expressed himself convinced that there were better mansions, a better inheritance, a better crown, a better throne, yea, every way better things in heaven provided for him.

"The sick man, tortured by fever, spoke much of the covenant between God and his people. He saw, on the one side, the covenant of works; but on the other, he hailed with rapture the saving covenant of grace. 'They were two,' he exclaimed, as he tossed on his bed; 'two;—but put into one before the foundation of the world?' He was then silent for a time, but resumed, 'It is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the covenant.' After a brief silence, he spoke again, 'The covenant is but one. *Faith in the covenant is my only support.* And if I believe not—*He abides faithful!*'

* The Groom of the Bedchamber, in his Collection.

"Speaking to some who were by him as he lay on his death-bed, Oliver said, 'Whatsoever sins thou hast, dost, or shall commit, if you lay hold upon free grace, you are safe. But if you put yourself under a covenant of works, you bring yourself under the law, and so under the curse. Then you are gone.'

"As his wife and children stood weeping round his bed, he said to them, 'Children, live like Christians. Abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doth righteously is born of him. Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world. I leave you the covenant to feed upon!'

"'Lord,' he exclaimed, 'Thou knowest, if I desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works.' Another time he was heard moaning, 'Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril? Man can do nothing; God can do what he will.'

"Yet he could not escape from those anxieties which so frequently disturb sincere minds in the hour of death. He knew that he was a sinner. He could say with the Psalmist, 'My sin is before me;' and cry with Job, 'The terrors of God set themselves in array against me.' Thrice over he repeated these words of Scripture, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' But this trouble did not last long. Cromwell knew him 'who died once unto sin,' and could exclaim with David, 'Blessed is he whose sin is covered.' He resumed, 'All the promises of God are in him. Yes, and in him, Amen; to the glory of God by us—by us in Jesus Christ. *The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold.* I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God; or rather, am beloved of God. I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!"

The dying words of Cromwell deserve attentive consideration, especially the two sentences which we have marked in italics. Had he been a fanatical enthusiast, he would have been lifted up with self-confidence, or rested on something visionary; had he been a hypocrite, he would most probably have been in despair. But he was equally removed from both these extremes. He was indeed, like most believers, exercised about the great change. Death did not find him careless and unconcerned. The weight of those solemn words which he thrice quoted lay upon his spirit. But he had support, and if he may be believed, support of a right kind. "*Faith in the covenant,*" he said, "*is my only support.*" His faith did not rest, as lying historians have asserted, on the predictions of his recovery by his preachers, but on the only solid foundation of a sinner's hope—the covenant of grace. And so far from being in despair, he said, "*The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold.*" What striking words are these! And who spoke them? A dying man, after a profession of nearly forty years. Why should we cast them aside because Oliver Cromwell spoke them, unless we are prepared to say that his whole life gave them the lie?

In the dead of the night he was heard to offer up the following prayer:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however thou do

dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people. Forgive their sins, and do not forsake them, but love and bless them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. And give me rest for Jesus Christ's sake, to whom, with thee, and thy Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory, now and for ever! Amen."

But his hours were now numbered:

"On the Thursday following, Underwood, the Groom of the Bedchamber, who was in attendance on his Highness, heard him saying, with an oppressed voice, 'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not'—here his voice failed him; what he would have added was undoubtedly, 'leave me; he will, not leave me.' He spoke again from time to time, in the midst of all his sufferings, with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit. 'I would be willing to live,' he said, 'to be farther serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.'

"Ere long, he betrayed by his movements that agitation which often precedes death; and when something was offered him to drink, with the remark that it would make him sleep, he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'

"Towards morning he showed much inward consolation and peace, and uttered many exceedingly self-abasing words, annihilating and judging himself before God. 'It were too hard a task for any,' says the Groom of the Bedchamber, who assisted him, 'especially for me, to reckon up all those graces which did shine forth in him.'"

But death had now set its mark upon him:

"It was the 3rd of September, 1658, the anniversary of his famous battles of Dunbar and Worcester; a day always celebrated by rejoicings in honour of these important victories. When the sun rose, Oliver was speechless, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he expired. God shattered all his strength on this festival of his glory and his triumphs."

Thus died one of the greatest men that the world ever saw—a true-hearted Englishman, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the noble Puritan. His name has indeed been covered with obloquy. Cringing courtiers and servile bishops, rosy doctors and hungry curates, with the whole race of male and female gentility who despise dissent as vulgar and hate liberty as encroaching on their privileges, have for these last two hundred years abhorred the name of Cromwell. But those to whom liberty is dear, and who abhor Popery and despotism, will revere his memory; and if, on calmly weighing the evidence laid before them, our spiritual readers can entertain a good hope of his having been a partaker of grace, this will give him an additional title to their affection and esteem.

How terrible is God to the enemies of his people, how faithful to them that fear his name! Though he will try us, cross us, disappoint us, and visit our sins with a rod and our iniquities with scourges, yet he will not suffer the children of men to die it, nor to pass unpunished if they attempt it. No, says God, "I will undo all that afflict thee;" and, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye."—*Huntington*.

POETRY.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

THESE LINES WERE WRITTEN FROM PRECIOUS VIEWS OF HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH.

Cleanse me, O thou blessed Jesus,
 By faith, beneath the purple tide;
 Nothing but thy blood can save us,
 Flowing from thy wounded side.
 That blood that from thee flowed so free,
 Lord, let me know it flowed for me.
 Nothing but thy blood can wash me,
 Nothing else for sins atone;
 Nothing short can set me free,
 But the blood of Christ alone.
 That blood that from thee flowed so free,
 Lord, let me know it flowed for me.
 I know that I can never merit,
 By my works, this precious blood;
 On the housetops I'll declare it,
 'Tis alone the gift of God.
 That blood that from thee flowed so free,
 I hope, sometimes, it flowed for me.
 'Tis love, 'tis blood, 'tis Jesus' favour,
 Saves from death, and hell, and sin;
 The finished work of Christ the Saviour;
 These, these alone I'll glory in.
 His love, his blood, so rich, so free,
 The only things that can save me.
 Not duty-faith, nor free-will props,
 Can ever naked souls relieve;
 They must have the rich, rich drops
 Of blood brought home; by faith
 receive
 That blood that from thee flowed so free;
 Dear Jesus, bring it thus to me.
 For I know I'm vile and guilty,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 But I know, though vile and filthy,
 Blood can cleanse me from it all.
 That blood that from thee flowed so free,
 I almost feel sometimes for me.
 View him, my soul; he comes from
 Edom;
 Gaze and look; behold, he comes!
 'Tis he that gives the church her free-
 dom;
 'Tis he that cleanses chosen ones.
 Yes, his rich blood, that purple tide,
 This, this alone can your sins hide.
 Behold the Victor, as he cometh,
 With garments died from Bozrah
 glorious;
 Not him that willeth or that runneth,
 But blood alone that is victorious.
 "My blood that in rich drops once fell,
 To save my much-loved bride from hell."
 Poor, naked, helpless souls, do listen;
 Hear what this mighty Conqueror
 says;
 May the eyes of your mind glisten;
 May your heart in rapture praise
 This Jesus, who once shed his blood,
 That he might bring you nigh to God:
 "I trod the wine-press quite alone;
 My Father's wrath, I drank it all;
 My church set free, for sins atone;
 This way I ransomed from the fall."
 And when by faith this is applied,
 I then shall say, "For me he died."
 O my soul, with sweet attraction,
 Listen to his lovely voice:
 "Mine own arm hath brought salvation
 For my church, the Father's choice;
 They are now redeemed from hell;"
 Declares the great Immanuel.
 On this his greatness I rely;
 Grace, mercy, love, and blood my plea;
 All creature-works I do deny;
 They never can my soul set free.
 No; Jesus' blood alone can save,
 And he shall all the glory have.
 Let this alone be all my theme;
 Thy secrets, Lord, unfold to me;
 By faith sometimes to catch a gleam,
 To know I am by grace set free.
 Then I shall with thee one day dwell,
 To sing the wonder, saved from hell!
 Pause, my soul, adore and sing
 The wonders of Immanuel;
 Of Christ, the Sacrifice for sin;
 Surpassing mortal tongues to tell
 The heights and depths of love and
 blood,
 That ransomed all the sons of God.
 All before his incarnation,
 Prophets, long before this day,
 Died by faith in this salvation,
 Seeing Christ, the Life, the Way;
 Who was to come and shed his blood,
 To pardon all the elect of God.
 Without blood there's no remission
 From the sentence of God's law;
 It must be kept without transgression;
 Never must there be a flaw.
 How rich and free was then that blood,
 That fulfilled all demands of God!
 Through the types they saw the Lamb;
 Through the offerings Christ did see,

That he, by his almighty hand, Should come and set his people free ; And, by the shedding of his blood, Beheld they were the sons of God.	Confess'd that they were strangers here, Were pilgrims, bound to see his face ;
Abraham rejoiced to see his day ; The elected saints and prophets glad Boldly followed Christ, the Way ; Yea, all that were by sin made sad.	That beauteous face, that beams with love, Before the angelic throne above.
By faith they saw his precious blood ; Through that, by faith, brought nigh to God.	Yes, they were filled with great desires For their rest and home with God ; The love of Christ brought them through fires,
By faith they saw, beyond the figures, Through the slaughtered goats and sheep,	And the faith they had in blood ; That blood of Jesus and his name, A Lamb, from earth's foundation slain.
All the glorious, rich, rich treasures Laid up for those who in him sleep, That die by faith in love and blood, One day shall rise and reign with God.	Is it here your hope is founded ? O my soul, do search and see ; If not you will be confounded ; From God's wrath you cannot flee.
The promises they saw quite clear ; They by the Spirit did embrace ;	But if blood is on your door, From God's wrath you are secure.

(To be continued.)

When a child of God thinks he can go alone, he is nearest falling.
—*John Mason.*

The more the world frowns, the sweeter will be the smiles of Jesus ; and the greater unkindness you meet with from your relations, the greater will be your esteem of the affection of the Redeemer. What though all your earthly connections fail—and their friendship is continually fluctuating and changeable—yet in Jesus you find an unchanging friend, one born for adversity, and who sticketh closer than a brother. There is much meaning in that word of the prophet, *Therefore*, when he says, “ *Therefore* I will look unto the Lord ;” that is as much as to say, *Because* all things else are dissatisfying, I will look where I am sure not to be disappointed.—*Hawker.*

Amidst innumerable mercies, with which my bountiful Lord has strewn my path, and manifested his loving-kindness to me on the right hand and on the left, I can discover nothing on my part but continued cause of humiliation before God. My daily walk of barrenness too nearly resembles the prophet's description of the heath in the desert, “which doth not see when good cometh.” (Jer. xvii. 6.) And let some men say what they will of a progression of holiness in the creature, I am free to confess that I know it not. It forms no part of my creed ; neither do I find it in my experience. How the Lord deals by others is not for me to judge. But in relation to myself, since the Lord was pleased to call me by his grace, and to reveal his Son in me, I have been led into deeper discoveries of my own creature-corruption ; as through divine teaching I have been brought into the further knowledge of the Lord. And the result to this hour is, that in proportion as I have found the fulness, and suitableness, and all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus Christ to my state and circumstances, when I myself am weighed in the balances I am found wanting.—*Hawker.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"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.

No. 208. APRIL, 1853. VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 74.)

Having thus pointed out briefly the ground or foundation of communion, and proved it to be union, I shall now

III. *Treat of communion itself.* "And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

Communion with God is a very great and grand subject. And what is all religion without it? An empty, vain show. But what is communion? It is a person communicating to another favours that are needed, and the person that receives these favours to be found communicating back to the giver or donor, according to the benefit received, by grateful acknowledgment, by being thankful, so that it is active in the giver, and passive in the receiver; and for these communications on both sides to spring from real love or union. This is communion, or fellowship; as we read in Phil. iv. 15, "Now, ye Philippians, know also that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only." Paul and these Philippians were united in heart. Hence he says they had fellowship in the gospel; and, out of love to Paul, they communicated to him in a temporal way, and thus they were active; Paul, the receiver, was passive; and, in return for their kindness, he communicated by acknowledging their kindness and thanking them for it.

Now I have shown before that none but the objects of God's love and choice, the purchase of the dear Redeemer's blood, and those that are in time blessed with God's Spirit and grace, will ever

have any communion with God; for we are all by nature alienated from the life of God, and at a great distance from him by sin and wicked works, and it cannot be possible to have communion with God in that state; for, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And we are said to be blind and dark, yea, darkness itself; and darkness and light can have no communion. Now God is light, and in him is no darkness at all, and we are darkness, and how can we in such a state have any communion with him? And further, we are dead in sin, and therefore can have no intercourse with the living God while we are dead. Moreover, we are unrighteous, and God is essentially righteous; he is holy, but we are unholy; sin reigns in us, and God is perfection. Now we cannot in such a state have communion with God; it is impossible. And no sinner in such a state can ever be beforehand with God; for if God communicates nothing to a man, a man will never communicate anything to God. Manasseh had never done anything but sin and rebel against God until God communicated to him. And what did Matthew, Zaccheus, the thief upon the cross, Mary Magdalen, the publican, the Jews as recorded in Acts ii., the apostle Paul before his conversion, or that long black list recorded in 1 Cor. vi., and many more that might be named? What was there communicated by any of them until God began with them first? There was nothing done by them but sin, neither was there anything in them but sin.

And look back, my fellow-sinners, to our own case. Should we ever have sought after God if he had not sought after us? Where is the man that can say that he was beforehand with God? No man can, if he knows himself. And how blind and ignorant must those be that are boasting of free will and human power, and of meriting his favour by their own supposed strength and goodness; for, as the Saviour says, "Can a corrupt tree," as all men naturally are by the fall, "bring forth good fruit?" Impossible. We may as well expect grapes from thorns and figs from thistles as expect it. But for ever he adored the God of love, he has chosen us in his Son, and loved us in him; and according to his good will and matchless love, through the Mediator, Christ, he does most sweetly communicate that to us which brings us to communicate back to him, in such a way that he is delighted with us and we are delighted with him. But what is that which God communicates to his people or gives them?

First of all, he gives them *himself*, according to his good will in his covenant love and engagements, or he makes himself over to them as their God; and therefore it is said by one in faith, "The Lord is the portion of my soul, therefore will I hope in him." And the language of God in his word is, "I will be thy God." And the church in the Psalm says, "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide unto death." So that believers are related to him in covenant love, and have an interest in him. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord;" for, as Paul says, there are gods many and lords many, but to the Christian there is but one God; and this God, in distinction from all others, is the God of salvation;

and from this very source does all covenant blessings proceed or flow : " My God," says Paul, my covenant God, " shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And he is to all believers what he was to Abraham : " I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward ;" their shield to defend them from all their foes, their portion now and for evermore. They have a mutual interest in each other, and therefore it is said that they are heirs of God. (Rom. viii. 16, 17 ; Gal. iv. 7.) And this is a most wonderful sentence, for it expresses interest in each other, property in each other, and of course fellowship ; so that they are said to converse with each other in a mutual way, or they talk to each other.

Such communion had God and Abraham about Sodom ; and when it was over the Lord is said to leave communing with Abraham. And the same blessed converse Moses had with the Lord, and spoke to him face to face. And when the Lord meets with his people, talks to them, makes it manifest that he has loved them with an everlasting love, visits them with his presence, and reveals the secrets of his heart to them ; when they draw near to him in prayer, and are favoured with access to him through Christ, are blest with freedom and liberty in their approaches to him, and, as Job says, come to his seat, open their mind, tell him their mind, and pour out their hearts before him ; they have a little communion with God, as their God in covenant, so that there is a sweet intercourse open between God and his saints. And they are said to dwell in each other ; as John says, " He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 John iv. 16.) And God is the dwelling-place of his people to all generations ; and the Trinity of persons is said to dwell in the followers of the Lamb ; (John xiv. 23 ;) and such have communion with God.

Furthermore, they are said to walk together because they are agreed. Christ has made reconciliation by his precious blood ; and by the blessed Spirit this reconciliation is manifest in them ; and being thus mutually agreed, they walk together. And to set forth the strength of this union and communion, he is said to walk in them, and they are directed to walk in him. But now observe the blessedness of having such a God as this. He is God over all, and for ever blessed. He is the Creator of all, the Preserver of all, the kind Benefactor of all. It is him that preserves man and beast. But he is the God of nature and providence only to the non-elect, but the God of grace and truth to the elect ; and all hearts are in his hand, and all men and things at his disposal. He has power over devils, sin, and death ; and there is nothing too hard for him to do, nothing impossible to be done by him, seeing he has all power in heaven and earth. There is not one perfection of his nature but what are all engaged in the behalf of his people, some of which I will mention.

1. His *immutability* : " I am the Lord, I change not ; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Let the earth be convulsed, and let what will take place in this world, and let the children of God come into as many straits as they may, and let their frames and feelings be what they may, their God is the same, without the shadow of a turn.

2. His *omnipresence*. He is everywhere, to see his people's straits, the craft of their foes, what they need, and the way to deliver them: "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him." (2 Chron. xvi. 9.) So that he is continually with them, and never slumbers nor sleeps. And in this way there is a manifestation of his omnipresence and his omniscience.

3. His *wisdom*. See in the Scripture how he orders, manages, and brings about deliverances for his people, and in such a wise way that he secures all the glory to himself.

4. Look for a moment at his *long-suffering*, his *forbearance*; how he puts up with his children's manners, provocations, and insults, which they are continually offering to him; and like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities and forbears his saints, time after time.

5. View his *mercy* in manifesting pardon to their consciences again and again; and by these means he endears himself to them, and gains their affections to himself.

6. *Power* to put all their enemies to shame, and to deliver them, however impossible to flesh and blood. Witness his power displayed at the Red Sea; so that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

7. And one thing more I will mention, and that is, the *love* of God. Hence he says to his church, "I will rejoice over thee to do thee good, with all my heart and with all my soul." So that here is, first, his immutability, he cannot change; his omnipresence, he is everywhere; his omniscience, he sees all things; his wisdom manages all; his long-suffering, he puts up with all; his forbearance endures all; his mercy pardons all; his omnipotence delivers all his people; and his heart being full of love, he is determined to exert himself for his elect. All things, therefore, shall "work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

See how all these attributes were engaged in the behalf of Jacob, Joseph, and the children of Israel at the Red Sea, in bringing them to the promised land. And see how God appeared in the behalf of poor David. And look at the conduct of God towards poor Mordecai and the Jews; see what wisdom, power, and love there was displayed. Take notice of God's dealings with the prophet Daniel in the lion's den, the three children in the fiery furnace, and poor Peter in bringing him out of prison, and then say, if you can, that there is anything wanting in the God of elect men to do them good. And is he not the God of salvation? And such a God as this is the Christian's; and says God to his church, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God." And as the poet says, "How can I sink with such a prop as my eternal God?" So that God gives himself in covenant love to his people.

In the next place, he gives us *Christ*, and all the blessings of grace in him; as Paul says, "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.) And elsewhere he says, "We are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, 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." So that the elect are in Christ. And so likewise are all the blessings of salvation deposited in him by God the Father: "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" and it is out of that fulness that his people receive grace for grace. "And of him," that is, of God the Father, "are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" that he that glorieth should glory in the Lord.

So that God communicates, first, Himself; and, secondly, His dear Son, gives us grace in him, and all blessings in him. This is done in his purpose of grace, and in covenant love. But though this is all done in God's mind, yet the man knows nothing about it; for God may make himself over in his covenant favour to poor sinners as their God, give them grace in Christ, so that they have all that can be needed in Christ; but there must be an actual communication to them in time, and this is done by God communicating his Spirit, and that Spirit communicating grace out of the fulness of Christ. Now the Spirit is said to proceed from the Father and the Son; as Christ says, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." (John xv. 26.) In fact, let men have what they may in Christ, until they are in possession of the Spirit, or the Spirit is communicated to them, they know nothing of communion with God; for, as before observed, no man can be beforehand with God.

Man cannot communicate to God until God has communicated to man. Hence the Spirit is promised to all God's elect as the Spirit of grace and supplication: "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." (Zech. xii. 10.) And, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." (Isa. xlv. 3.) And again, "I shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live." (Ezek. xxxvii. 14.) Now these promises shall be fulfilled in all God's elect in God's appointed time and way; and when this blessing is by God communicated to a poor sinner, the sinner begins to communicate to God, but not before. This idea I wish to keep up, that God is always first with the sinner.

But then observe, the Spirit may come upon men and never take up his abode with them as a Spirit of grace. He came upon two men, namely, Bezaleel and Aholiab, to qualify them to do the work of the tabernacle that was to be erected in the wilderness: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah; and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold, I

have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan; and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee." (Exod. xxxi. 1—6.) But this is very wide or different from his coming into a sinner's soul as the Spirit of grace and supplication.

And according to the testimony of the prophet Isaiah, the ploughman in the field is instructed by God for his business: "For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." (Isa. xxviii. 24—27.) So it was with the prophet Balaam, the Spirit of God came upon him, and he spake some grand and glorious truths about Israel's safety and their temporal felicity, and even prophesied of the Lord Jesus Christ; but then he was destitute of saving grace. And to this day there are men that speak gracious truths, and yet are not in possession of a Spirit of grace and of supplication. And Saul was in possession of the spirit of prophecy, but was he in possession of grace? No, not a grain; but, in fact, a slave to the devil. And Paul says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.) So that, according to all these accounts, a man may be very ingenious in temporal matters, prophesy truth as Balaam did in a measure, have a great deal of knowledge, understand all mysteries, have a deal of historical temporary presumptuous faith, and if a person of property give away his all to the poor, and in defence of his faith and practice be burned at the stake, and be able to speak very eloquently about divine things, and yet be destitute of the Spirit of grace, notwithstanding all these gifts, and the blaze such a one makes, and the figure he may cut before men; for all this, and a deal more, is far short of the treasure of God's grace in the heart.

But God's elect are all in due time favoured with the Spirit of grace and supplication, and when they are thus blessed they will begin to communicate to God. And I wish to observe, that when the good Spirit comes to take up his abode with one of God's elect, he forms a new man of grace in the soul, which is quite perfect, or complete; and though there is room for this new man to grow; yet there is no room for any more members. It is a perfect new man of grace, produced by God's Spirit in the soul. Hence Christ says, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." John calls it the seed of God, and so does Peter; and Paul calls it a new man. Now this comes from the love of God, through the Mediator, by the Holy Ghost into the soul; and in such a soul there is the fear of the Lord, said by Solomon to be the beginning of wisdom, that is in the soul of man; or, in plain terms, there is wisdom in the heart where divine fear is, and nowhere else.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. RADFORD, OF EXETER.

My dear Brother and Sister in the dear covenant Head, his church's faithful Husband and never-failing Friend; in his precious name I greet you with "All hail, highly favoured of the Lord!"

I find by your letter that you have lately been sorely tried inwardly and outwardly, both in the church, and also by men of corrupt minds, who have turned their backs not only upon you, but the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. Well, such are to be made manifest that they were not all of us. This has been the case with the professed church of Christ in days past, and so it is in our day. But our Lord asked the question of his disciples, "Will ye also go away?" (John vi. 67.) Peter gave a ready answer for his brethren and himself; and, through rich grace, both you and I can give the same, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Hitherto kept by the power of God, we are therefore safely kept. We are by nature the same as they were; and, if left to ourselves, should, concerning faith, make shipwreck. But the decree in the blessed Trinity respecting our salvation in Christ and the eternal love of God the Father, fixed upon us as the chosen in Christ, and that brought home to the soul in time by the life-giving power and energy of the Holy Ghost, translating us from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, causes the soul to stand astonished with holy admiration, and to say, "Why me, Lord? an ill and hell-deserving sinner like me?" This blessed sight and knowledge of the love of the Three-One Jehovah to us in our undeservedness of it, works self-abhorrence in us, as it did in Job, and love to the glorious Trinity, who thought upon us in our low estate, and safely secured our everlasting salvation in Christ, which world, flesh, or devil, can never frustrate.

Let the enemies to these glorious truths say that they lead to licentiousness if they will. We say, in answer, that "He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Holiness, in heart and in action, in life and conversation, is what every real child of God through grace sincerely desires; he longs to put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man; to enjoy more conformity to the image of Christ; to shine as a light in this world to his glory, by grace overcoming, subduing, and keeping under the power of the old man. But I know we are to endure this warfare between flesh and spirit as long as natural life remains; then afterwards the child of God will ever be the enjoyer of that peace that passes all understanding, never more to be called into the field of action against world, flesh, or devil, but enjoy the company of the God of peace for ever and ever; for we cannot enjoy that peace which we wish to enjoy with him here, on account of enemies that so often disturb it. It is melancholy to observe, that in our day two walking together who are spiritually agreed can scarcely be found, because new-fangled notions are the taste and rage. 1

often think of our many years' walking together and agreement as the heart of one man, in the faith and truth of the gospel and the experience of the work of grace in us by the power of the Holy Ghost. To God alone belongs the glory, who has kept the sower of discord among brethren from making a separation between us, who in ourselves are as weak as bruised reeds.

I rather smiled at a paragraph in your letter, of one called by the name of Sense, to whose hand you cannot trust the helm in a storm. There are two of these troublesome, ill-advising fellows in my ship, nearly related to each other, the one called by the name of Carnal Sense and the other Carnal Reason. I have often heartily wished the Captain would discharge them and turn them ashore; but he will not, for he has a use for them. Very lately, in a foggy, gloomy, dark day, came on a sudden storm, which lay me on my beam ends. In a moment I lost my standing, and was in my lee scupper, fearing the ship would never right again. I gave up all for lost, these said Sense and Reason both being at the helm; and had not Master Faith displaced them and took the helm himself, in a little time I should have been a wreck on the rocks of S(c)illy. My feelings were so tremendous at the time, that it is impossible to relate them. I cannot bear to see either of them at the helm even in a smooth sea, with a pleasant breeze; they are so obstinate and self-willed that they will neither of them steer by the point of the compass, as commanded, but are for their own way in everything, however contrary to orders. Besides, they are purblind, and cannot discern anything clearly so far off as the jib-boom end, being unfit to be trusted on the fore-castle to look out ahead, either in a dark night or a thick fog. Well, peace will commence in a short time, and then I shall get rid of all my troublesome shipmates, and never sail with them any more.

I see by your letter you are even now surrounded with troubles of one kind and another. Ah! it is a troublesome ocean indeed, and what every vessel that has sailed before us has found it to be; witness Ps. cvii. and Heb. xi. But they all got safe into port at last, by the wisdom and skill of the Captain; for there never was such a skilful navigator as he is; he never undertook to navigate a vessel which became a wreck, but brought all safe into port, though the storms have been so tremendous at times that all hope of being saved has been given up by the crew.

You say in your letter you think you shall leave me in the wilderness, though you are thirty years younger than I am. It may be so. I can only wish and pray that you may be favoured, as David was, with faith and love in sweet and lively exercise in your soul, when you "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Mind, to the believer it is only "a shadow," not a substance. Christ has taken away the substance himself; it is only a sweet nap till the morning, and then we shall get up at the sound of the trumpet, and feel such refreshing after our sleep as we never felt before. The body of death will be left in the bed, and we shall never groan under his intolerable load any more.

Mr. H., the bearer of this, can give you an account of us and of Exeter. We have to bless God for his spiritual blessings, and for the temporal mercies that we enjoy day by day; they all come down from the Father of Lights, as Israel's manna did in the wilderness. He alone is worthy of the praise.

I have said nothing about the awful times. I know that the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. The Lord prepare us for every event, and give us submission to his sovereign will.

Mrs. R. is much as usual; sometimes better and sometimes worse. I bless the Lord for the health he has blessed me with at my time of life. We shall be glad at any time to have a line from you.

Mrs. R. joins with me in affectionate love to you, Mrs. F., and family, wishing you every needful blessing, both spiritual and temporal, and subscribe ourselves,

Yours in the gospel,

Hill's Court, Exeter, March 15, 1833. J. & A. RADFORD.

[Old Mr. Radford was much respected by the people of God at Exeter, as a simple-hearted, faithful minister of the gospel. When we knew him, rather more than two years after the date of this letter, he was, though very old, still lively in the things of God, and used to preach to a few people in his own house, where we heard him. His widow survived him several years, dying only a few years ago. She was an experienced, well-taught woman, and sat for some years under Mr. Huntington. She told us, though she condemned herself for the idolatrous feeling, that at that time she used to look with pleasure and veneration at the very smoke which came out of his parlour chimney.]

I have been assured by a gentleman of undoubted credit, that when he was in the pursuit of all the gayest sensualities of life, and was reckoned one of the happiest of mankind, he has seen a dog come into the room where he was among his merry companions, and has groaned inwardly and said, "O that I had been that dog!" And have you, sinner, felt nothing like this? Has your conscience been so stupified, so "seared with a hot iron," (1 Tim. iv. 2,) that it has never cried out of any of the violences which have been done to it? Has it never warned you of the fatal consequences of what you have done in opposition to it?—*Doddridge.*

True indeed, (and in the recollection I desire to bless the Lord for his distinguishing mercy over me,) I have been kept by his restraining grace from the more outward acts of sin into which some (and great professors too of inherent holiness in the creature) have fallen. And from the Lord's mercy, I have not been made (as the Scripture expresses it) "the reproach of the foolish." (Ps. xxxix. 8.) Yet notwithstanding these things, I am now too well acquainted, from long experience with the workings of inbred and indwelling corruptions, not to know and as thankfully to acknowledge, that such preservations are wholly the result of God's grace, and not the effect of my merit.—*Hawker.*

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERI-
 ENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
 OF NEW-HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 80.)

But to return to the thread of my narrative. I now began to see that everything that befell me was the immediate appointment of my heavenly Father. In entire dependence on him, I asked for every individual thing I wanted—for deliverance from all evils felt or feared; and when I could implicitly rely on his veracity, he always granted me what I desired of him, even beyond my expectation.

I now entered into the salt trade, and as most of the dealers in that article manufactured at the Onondaga Salt Springs were treacherous in verbal contracts, I made a bargain with two men for seven or eight hundred dollars' worth of salt, to be paid for in merchantable pine boards, delivered at the salt works, with a forfeiture of one hundred dollars on either party neglecting to fulfil the contract. In the appointed time I carried a boat-load of boards in pursuance of the contract, and the men cavilled at the boards, though they were according to agreement in their quality. I had much difficulty with them, for they refused to take the boards, as they were now selling in market for less than mine were contracted for. Soon after this, the man of whom I had engaged my supplement of boards for the above-mentioned contract died suddenly, and left me wholly unable to fulfil my contract. I related these circumstances to my antagonists, and as they had given up the idea of building, they did not appear for the present inclined to trouble me. However, they would not consent to have the bonds given up; so that it appeared that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The men were Irishmen, real sharpers, twin brothers, by the name of M'Cabe. I rested quiet from them nearly two years, when they informed my father of their intention of prosecuting me as a delinquent on the bonds. At this time I lived forty miles from my parents, who were much exercised about the matter, and sent one of my brothers in haste to inform me of what I might expect from them. I returned the following answer to their information: "Revered Father,—No doubt you thought the news John has brought would have a very serious effect upon me; but no, God has granted me confirming grace, whereby I am enabled to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give God thanks. I have a deep, settled confidence in God, that he will cause everything to work together for my good. I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong. I can go to God in my greatest trials, take hold on the covenant, and plead the promises with divine assurance. For thus saith the Lord, 'Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' When I first received the intelligence, I besought the Lord for his almighty aid on so gloomy an

occasion, and he prevented me with his love, ere I could make known my case to him by supplication. I think that I enjoy more of the divine presence than most Christians. I find God to be at all times a very present help to me in time of trouble. God lifts me above my present difficulties so much that I do not feel the least possible anxiety, on the occasion. I shall ere long be where I shall see that all these trials were necessary. I consider no labour too painful to be undertaken, no affliction too severe to be patiently sustained, for the sake of Christ. Probably you pity me, but that is needless; for I would not change my situation with any man living.—I am, with esteem, your obedient son, and one with you in the Spirit in the Lord Jesus Christ, U. S. L.—Lyons, May 19th, 1804.”

I asked the Lord to provide some way of escape from their lawless demands, and he inclined them to drop the matter, so that I never heard anything from them afterwards. Here I set to my seal that God is true, and that full confidence may be reposed in him.

We were on a certain time without either meat or butter, and I did not know from whence we could obtain any. I asked God to send us a supply in his mercy, and in an hour or two there came a poor man, from whom I had intended to receive nothing for my services, and brought us seven pounds of butter, and I received it with gratitude as an immediate answer to prayer. “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!”

At this time we lived comfortably, only what we had did not come in till it had been some time wanted, and came in apparent answer to prayer. A very rich professor lived in the neighbourhood, who in my necessities was covetous and worldly to grant me that relief which I occasionally stood in need of, and which at times I asked him for. And the devil set him to work; for on a certain time, when my father came to visit me, and to preach in that town, he complained to him of my spending too much time in devotion, for my life and conversation was a glaring reproof of his formality and undevotion; and it appeared as if he wanted my father to use his influence to damp the flame of my love and zeal for God, that he might be rid of such a perpetual, disagreeable monitor. My father, in a friendly manner, informed me of what the good man had said concerning me, but did not urge me to love God less, neither to serve him with reserve. I need here make no comment on what were my feelings on the occasion; for it appeared that he was willing to have kept me from the enjoyment of this world and of the world to come. “If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates, in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shall surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Beware that there be not a thought in thy wicked heart, saying, The seventh year, the year of release, is at hand; and thine eye be evil against thy poor brother, and thou givest him nought; and he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be sin unto thee.” (Deut.

xv. 7—9.) In the fall of the same year he bought up all the wheat that could be found in the place, which rendered it scarce before the next harvest, and of course increased the price, and made it more difficult for the poor to obtain it, and carried it to market; and what with the distance, (three hundred miles,) and hiring hands to transport it in boats in small rivers, with contingent expenses, and the fall of the price of wheat when he reached the market, his loss was so great, that when he returned he said, had he thrown all his grain into the river, (four hundred bushels,) and paid two hundred dollars for doing it, before he started with it, he should have saved money in comparison. He sowed seventy acres of good wheat in the same fall, and in the following year the insect (Hessian fly) destroyed the whole of it, so that he did not get as much as he sowed. Fields containing fifteen or twenty acres he never pretended to harvest. There never was known any of the insect in wheat in that town before or since, and the wheat that he sowed was of his own raising. In the winter following he lost nineteen nice sheep, with several cattle, and, if I remember right, some horses, for he had great possessions. All these things coming in such quick succession upon him made him somewhat sensible that "riches are not for ever." He would after this come into my house and sit and weep like a child, and say that he would give all the world to enjoy the tranquility and felicity that I did.

One morning I had a strong premonition of my father's coming to see us, and accordingly told my wife that he would be at Lyons before now, and the impression was so strong that it kept me as much on the watch as if I had been informed of his coming. About eleven o'clock he came while I was in the door of my house looking out for him.

Two or three years after this, I had some dealings with a merchant to the amount of twenty dollars. I had owed him that but a little while when he, without informing me of his intentions, or asking me to pay him, left my account with a magistrate for immediate collection, who being friendly to me, informed me of my adversary's design, so that by his seasonable information I escaped additional expense. I felt his unreasonable proceeding to the quick. However, the Lord not long after struck him with madness. He was very wicked. "For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform. Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them." (Ps. xxi. 11, 12.) It is dangerous meddling where God displays the glory of his grace in an extraordinary manner. The Lord has been so kind as to give me a premonition of almost every remarkable event that is to befall me.

I was once in a small open field in the wilderness; when all on a sudden there appeared a tornado a little to the right of where I stood, that bore down all the trees, without exception, that stood in its way with resistless force. I did not feel at all alarmed, but while I was viewing the scene with wonder, there fell some very

large hailstones close to me. I thought that when I returned and came to tell my people what large hail I had seen, they would not believe me, so to prevent all doubt I took one of the largest and tied it up in a bandana handkerchief. It was so large that the corners would but just come together to form a knot over it. I returned home and carried it into a store, and exhibited it to the astonishment of beholders. When I awoke, behold it was a dream. The following morning my mind was very much oppressed, and I grew gloomy, restless, and uneasy, and for three days repeatedly told my wife that some of my father's family were very sick or dead. On the eve of the third day after the dream came my youngest brother, and informed me that my eldest brother was lost on the Oneida Lake, in a gale. Here was the interpretation of the dream. The little opening in the wilderness, the Oneida Lake, surrounded on all sides with uninhabitable woods; the tornado, the gale that upset the boat and drowned the hands (three in number); the great hailstones, the heavy tidings; the merchant's shop into which I brought the hailstone, the merchandize they had on board.

Since I have had a family I have never been once entirely clear of debt, though the Lord has given me so much moveable property that one half would pay all that I owe. No one thing has ever chafed or galled me like being perpetually in debt. I have prayed, groaned, entreated, and been sullen, stubborn, and shamefully rebellious, have envied the rich when I saw their prosperity; but I have been for seven or eight years, through grace, in some good measure cured of this disease. The Lord sent home conviction on my mind of the great folly and wickedness of such conduct, by suggesting the following queries. "Would you be willing to exchange conditions with those you now envy?" Conscience would answer, with shuddering, "No; not for a thousand worlds into the bargain. Then why do you complain?" When I pass the rich professor or worldling, I think that I would not exchange with you though all your possessions were pure gold down to the centre of the earth. I shall retain this disposition as long as the Lord wills it and no longer; for of myself I am just as stable as water, and as strong as imbecility in the abstract; have such power and favour at a throne of grace, that it gives me a violent headache to keep my mind stayed upon its Object; feel so engaged in prayer, that in a chilly day, when I want an additional coat on, I am obliged to pull off the one I have already on, and yet sweat with the labour. Still, at the first touch of the "live coal from the altar," away I go, Philip-like, and for joy and life scarcely know whither.

But to return, On a certain time the Lord's hand was so long closed that I ran considerably in arrears, and my creditors began to call upon me, and I saw no way of answering their just demands: when a young merchant lent me sufficient to liquidate the debt, and told me, if I should want, to call again. As a physician, I had been instrumental in bringing him through a severe fever, which was at that time epidemic and very mortal. He was not a professor of religion, but one of the best of unbelievers. His favour, in a time when it

was so much wanted, made such an impression on my mind, that I have prayed for his salvation ever since (sixteen years).

After this I left the state of New York and moved into Connecticut. Here for a time I fell into the back-ground, but a man severely afflicted with rheumatism employed me with my electrical machine, and afterwards gave me fifty-five dollars for my machine and attendance. This relieved me from my present embarrassment. After this I dealt with a merchant, who was as avaricious and worldly a man as ever I was acquainted with, for such things as I wanted in my family; but he not having every article I wanted, I took eleven dollars' worth out of an adjacent store. I was in at the last-mentioned store shortly after purchasing the goods, when some company being present, the conversation took a turn on the subject of the state of the church in that place, when the owner of the store, whose principles were deistical, gave out some base and cruel reflections on the Christian religion, which I defended with some warmth, making severe remarks on the disposition of that man who would wish to destroy the "foundations of the righteous." My observations cut him to the quick, and gave him great offence. As soon as I was gone out of the store, he drew up my account and carried it to a justice of the peace for immediate collection. The officer informed me immediately of what the storekeeper had done, and I went to the professors of religion in that neighbourhood and told them what was doing. They pretended that they did not believe that he would drive the matter to an issue, and I could not prevail upon any of them to do anything for me in this affair. As it respected aid from men it appeared my case was hopeless. I went home and committed my cause to God, after which I went to my adversary to see if I could not "agree with him quickly while I was in the way with him." But when I came there, I found that my "Lord and Master" had been before me; for he had inclined the "worldly man" of whom I first spoke to go unasked of me and settle the matter. And he reprov'd the storekeeper severely for his unmercifulness; while my enemy retorted back occasionally, for a month, for interfering in the business unsolicited. The gratitude I felt for deliverance in such an unexpected way is better felt than expressed. From henceforth I included him with the rest of my benefactors, and continually bore him on my heart to a throne of grace. This was at Danbury, in Connecticut. After this I removed my family to New Haven, where, in three or four years, an acquaintance of mine from Danbury called upon me, and informed me that the above-mentioned benefactor and his wife were hopefully converted and had joined the church.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Christian is a wonder; he is the most contented, yet the least satisfied; he is contented with a little of the world, but not satisfied with a little grace, for he would still have more faith, and be anointed with fresh oil.

EDITORS' REMARKS ON A PREVIOUS INQUIRY.

It will perhaps be remembered that a case was submitted to us in the February Number, p. 55, for our opinion relative to a female continuing a member of a gospel church who had married a second husband when deserted by her first. Our judgment on that case has been objected to by some of our readers, and several letters have been addressed to us on the subject.

For the sake of brevity, we then gave a mere abstract of the case; but as the subject has caused some discussion we think it best to insert the original letter, or at least the most important portion of it, the part omitted being chiefly introductory:

"Dear Sir,—The writer of these few lines stands connected with a church in which is a most important case, and it has unanimously been agreed unto to submit it to the Editor of the 'Standard' for his view of the question. It is not to satisfy any curious whim, nor is it to decide any quibble that has arisen between two parties, but it is a real case in existence. It is this: If the husband of a female should leave her, and she, in the course of time, should marry again, and then her first husband should return, whether she could scripturally stand as a member with that church? In this case, the man left his wife, and she, in the course of thirteen years, married again, not knowing whether the first husband was dead or no, and then, after she had been married again six or seven years, the first returns, so that it becomes generally known that the first is alive. Can she remain scripturally a member with that people? Please to give your opinion on this question through the 'Standard' as early as possible.

"Yours in love,

"January 11th, 1853."

"AN INQUIRER.

It will be perceived by the above letter that the case was submitted to our judgment by the general desire of the church. We could not well, therefore, decline giving our opinion on the subject, though we were, and still are, quite ignorant what church it is which has thus appealed to us.

Our view, it will be remembered, was that, under the circumstances named, the woman could not consistently continue a member of a gospel church. This judgment has been objected to by several correspondents. The nature of these objections will appear from the following letter, which is perhaps as good as any that we have received on the subject:

"Dear Sir,—Feeling much surprised when reading in the 'Standard,' February Number, your reply to a church respecting the case of the poor woman, I pondered again the passages referred to, and also 1 Cor. vii., and cannot but come to the conclusion that your reply must have been written in haste, feeling sure that you would not willingly make those hearts sad whom God has not made sad.

"The poor woman was a widow, deserted by her husband thirteen years. In this case I maintain, and have, I believe, the law of our country, the most well-taught men in the word of truth, and also the mind of the Holy Spirit on my side when I say, that she was justified in doing what she has done. (1 Cor. vii. 15.) Those who know and have felt the pangs of a widowed heart, made so by the worst of all deaths, desertion, can well attest the truth that she had no husband; he was dead to her; consequently was justified in the course she took. Woe to any church that would separate a wife from her lawful husband, or in such a case dare withhold the communion from an acknowledged sister in Jesus. Could any words reach that poor soul, I would say, 'May you be

enabled to search prayerfully the word of truth, and, with Jesus' smiles, you need not fear the frowns of any church or the world.'

"Praying that the 'Standard' may still be uplifted with truth for its motto,

"I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
"Feb. 18th, 1853." "R. P.

We fully admit that it is a very painful and pitiable case, but in the things of God natural feelings are not to be our rule and guide, but the unerring word of truth.

Now we fearlessly assert that, according to God's word, nothing but death or divorce can dissolve the tie between man and wife. The Lord Jesus has settled this point with his own lips. "The Pharisees also came unto him, tempting him, and saying unto him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. They say unto him, Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away? He saith unto them, Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery." (Matt. xix. 3—9.) The law of the land* is based upon this declaration, and allows of no dissolution of marriage but by death or legal divorce. We assert, therefore, that neither by the law of God or man can a woman marry again in the lifetime of her first husband without committing adultery. How express is Paul here! "For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband *so long as he liveth*; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress; but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man." (Rom. vii. 2, 3.)

Absence or desertion is cruel and ungodly conduct, and most truly pitiable is a woman's case, to be abandoned for years and left in ignorance whether her legitimate husband and protector is dead or alive; but neither his desertion nor her uncertainty dissolves the tie. If absence or desertion break the marriage tie, it may be asked, How long must that absence or desertion be to have this effect? Shall it be a week's, a month's, or a year's absence that shall do it? And if these terms are too short, where are we to put the limit? If one

* "A person who is already married is under a legal disability to contract a second marriage whilst the first wife or husband is alive; and although there may have been the strongest ground for believing that the first wife or husband was dead, the children of the second marriage would not in England derive any benefit from the absence of moral guilt in their parents."—*Penny Cyclo-pædia*.

year's desertion cannot break the marriage tie, can it be broken by ten or twenty years' absence? R. P. is not only out in law, but in Scripture, and quite misunderstands the meaning of 1 Cor. vii. 15. The apostle is speaking in the context of a believing wife united to an unbelieving husband. He assumes on this point two cases. 1. That the unbelieving husband wishes to continue to live with his believing wife. In that case, "Let her not leave him," says the apostle. (ver. 13.) But 2. The unbelieving husband may depart and desert her on account of her religion. In that case, he decides that she is not bound to follow him and insist still to live with him: "Let him depart; a brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases;" that is, to follow him and press to live with him if he have deserted her. But does he say anything about or sanction her marrying again? Where does he say that desertion dissolves the marriage tie? On the contrary, in the very same chapter he decides the exact opposite: "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord." (1 Cor. vii. 39.) How clearly he decides the matter that death alone dissolves the marriage tie! The number of years that he has deserted her, her ignorance where he is, the belief she entertains that he is dead, her desolate condition, her poverty and necessity, her unprotected condition—all these pitiable circumstances do not, cannot alter the law of God and man. He is her husband and she is his wife till death or divorce dissolve the tie. Here, as in numberless other cases, the sovereign will of God, the law of the land, and the general benefit of the community, overrule the suffering of individuals. And though this may occasion individual hardship, yet what a general benefit to married women accrues from it! If desertion could dissolve marriage, thousands of unprincipled husbands would avail themselves of it, and no wife could be sure, as now, that she should continue such till her own or her husband's decease.

We should be ashamed to take so much pains to prove what is so plain and clear, did we not know what lax views and feelings prevail, in the minds of many concerning the marriage tie. We have a specimen of this in the letter of R. P. Here is a man maintaining he has "the law of our country, the most well-taught men in the word of truth, and also the mind of the Spirit" on his side in asserting that the poor woman was justified in marrying a second time without proof of her husband's decease, and that his desertion of her was a sufficient warrant for her taking such a step. We cannot wonder that carnal people entertain such lax views about the sanctity of the marriage tie; when professors of religion advocate such unscriptural sentiments.

But the question put to us was, whether the church should allow a woman to continue in church membership who has married a second time in the life-time of her first husband? We adhere to our original opinion and say, "No." Let the following reasons be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary:

1. It is evidently, as we have shown, unscriptural and illegal for

a woman to marry a second husband in the life-time of her first. His long absence and her consequent belief of his death, though they diminish her guilt in remarrying, do not, as we have proved, disannul her first marriage. By allowing her, therefore, to continue in church membership, the church would sanction what is forbidden by the laws of God and man.

2. It would open the mouth of the world, always ready enough to spy out inconsistencies. A church is bound by the strongest motives to put away every stumbling-block and cause of reproach. Though not mentioned, yet it seems almost implied, that the woman is still living with the second husband. If this were sanctioned by the church, would it not justly be a matter of reproach?

3. It would probably be the source of perpetual strife and heart-burning, as it is evident the circumstance has already much tried the minds of the church, and become a question of dispute amongst them.

4. It would rob some, if not many, of the members of all comfort and profit at the ordinance, even if their views were not fully decided on the point; as we well know that when the mind is tossed up and down with doubts and suspicions, there is little but disquietude at the Lord's Supper.

5. If the poor woman be of a tender conscience it might lead hereafter, if not now, to much distress of mind lest she should have received the Lord's Supper to her own condemnation.

Thus we adhere to our original opinion that, assuming the woman to be living with either of the men, and most probably, if with either, it is with the last husband, it is not consistent with gospel order that she should continue in church membership.

But let us suppose that she sees and mourns over her sin, and that, as a proof of her repentance, she separates herself from both men, why then, we think, if the church is satisfied of the reality of her repentance, she may be, after a time, restored.

We have almost a parallel instance in the New Testament, in the case of the man who had his father's wife. (1 Cor. v.) This, of course, was not his own mother, which is too dreadful to think of, but his father's second wife, whom the father had divorced or deserted. The son, considering the former marriage disannulled, takes her to wife. Of course, the circumstance that she had been his father's wife much aggravated the case, being forbidden by the Levitical law, (Lev. xviii. 8, Amos ii. 7,) as well as being most revolting to nature. The apostle, therefore, directs the church to "put him away from among themselves;" that is, separate him from church fellowship. But he is brought to sincere and deep repentance, and then the apostle directs his restoration: "Sufficient to such a man is this punishment, which was inflicted of many. So that contrariwise ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow. Wherefore I beseech you that ye would confirm your love toward him." (2 Cor. ii. 6—8.) But can we believe that he continued afterwards to live with her? Would he not, as a proof of his repentance, put her away, and continue to live separate from her?

So would we say if the poor woman manifest repentance of her unhappy step, to use no harsher term, and the church is satisfied of the genuineness of her repentance, and she evidence it by withdrawing from the company of both men, and continue to live separated from them, then we consider that the church may scripturally allow her to sit down with them.

An objection has been also advanced to our opinion that the woman should separate from both of the men. It is argued that as the first is still her husband, the second being no valid marriage, she might, and indeed ought to return to, and live with him. In a legal point of view, this might not be wrong, but we believe it is not in accordance with the word of truth. To prove this we brought forward two passages of God's word.

But objections have been made to our view of Deut. xxiv. 4, and Jer. iii. 1, as not applicable to the case, and being a law confined to the Levitical dispensation. Now, to clear up this point, we must bear in mind that some of the laws and prohibitions of the old dispensation were of temporary, and others of perpetual obligation. For instance, circumcision, sacrifice, unclean meats, &c., were obligatory for a time; but the prohibitions of theft, murder, adultery, false swearing, are of perpetual obligation. Which enactments are temporary and which perpetual may be generally decided by the nature of the case and the peculiar language employed. Now we believe if the passages we quoted be carefully read, it will appear that the prohibition of a woman's returning to her first husband, after being possessed by a second, is grounded on the very nature of the case, and is not a mere temporary enactment. It is spoken of as "an abomination to the Lord," and "polluting that land" in which it is a common practice. It is indeed repugnant to every feeling of nature that a man should take back a woman who has been possessed by another man. It is therefore a prohibition grounded on unalterable circumstances. If our readers will examine those passages where "the land is said to be polluted" or anything is called "an abomination to the Lord," they will find mention made of some crime in itself revolting to the natural mind and conscience.

But it may be said, the first is still her husband, the second being no marriage. Granted; but is the poor woman as she would have been had she contracted no second marriage? Has she been faithful to the marriage tie? She has lived with another man, and thus violated the marriage bed. If her husband deserted her, she has been unfaithful to him. We will even advance a step further, and say we cannot but believe that a woman of truly delicate feelings and chaste mind would, apart from all higher considerations, shrink from living with either husband, as feeling that as regards the first she had been unfaithful to his bed, and, with regard to the second, that she could not live with him in adultery. Nay further, whether our views of the passages quoted be right or wrong, we believe, were the Christian wives and mothers who read our pages polled, we should have a large majority of voices in favour of our opinion that the poor woman should inflict on herself the penalty of widowhood.

O B I T U A R Y.

ANN BOORNE, OF GREENWICH, KENT.

Ann Boorne was born at Greenwich, in April, 1803. Her mother, who was a godly woman, and member of a church where the gospel was faithfully preached, was in the habit of attending the chapel constantly, and would as often as possible take her daughter Ann with her on week evenings. We have no doubt, in so doing, she had a persuasive hope that her daughter would obtain "the blessing, even life for evermore," which was perceptible, in some small degree, in the days of her childhood, as she evidenced a desire to attend the means of grace, gave great attention in hearing the gospel, and was at times happy in hearing godly conversation as well as in reading good books. She thus seemed to take a different course from her brother and sisters at that time, of whom she had three then living, and has often since expressed a desire to feel that gratitude which she felt in those early days.

The exact time divine life entered her soul she was not able to tell, but she grew on spiritually, like Samuel, of whom it is said, "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." (1 Sam. ii. 26.) So that it was clearly manifest to some, though not to herself, that she was effectually called by grace early in life. She was marked by some of her associates, where she went for a short time for improvement, for being, as they considered, over-particular; but, when they were sporting with vain talk, which she would reprove, they soon showed their hatred to her, by which she endured reproach for the name of Christ some few years before she became of age. But she was not without spiritual help even in those days. One time in particular, when about the age of sixteen, she was very much blessed under the ministry of Mr. T. Burgess, who was then pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Deptford; and she remembered his telling the people, when they were favoured more than usual in hearing the word preached, to write it down, as it might be a help to them at a future day. But this she neglected, therefore we cannot give particulars of that favourable time. Also, there were other times when she heard with much profit, sweetness, and savour, under the ministry of Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Hardy, and other gracious men. She possessed a true sense of her lost and ruined estate by sin, and certainly had heard the powerful voice of God in his law, yet knew but little at that time of the evils of her own heart, which were discovered to her in after experience. We may say she heard the trumpet from Sinai sound loud and long, and at length being ready to perish, according to her feelings, the promise reached her case: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet" (of the gospel) "shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem." (Isa. xxvii. 13.)

When about the age of nineteen, it was thought a change of air might be beneficial for her health, as she was then troubled with a

cough, which never was removed long together, especially in the winter seasons. She visited several relations at distant parts, where she was kindly received and entertained for several months, some of whom were in affluence ; but she testified that her happiest time was with an aged aunt near the borders of Wales, where they scarcely tasted meat more than once a week, and that in general bacon, yet she had so much enjoyment in spiritual conversation, that she fully proved Solomon's words true : "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." (Prov. xv. 16, 17.) And although she had a great taste for gentility, yet she felt herself more at home and happier in this humble cottage than in any other of her visits, where tables were profusely spread with dainties of every description.

As regards the married life, she evinced a desire not to be unequally yoked ; for when she had an offer from a person whom her parents did not disapprove of, from the connection and prospects, she showed no liking to the choice, because she perceived no fear of the Lord in him. But when he who afterwards became her husband came to solicit her company, and she discovered in him the fear of the Lord, she, like Moses, was willing to forsake the treasures of the Egypt of this world, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches. She was married in May, 1824, which brought her into the experience of what the Scripture declares, that "such as are married shall have trouble in the flesh." She had known but very little of outward trials and difficulties previous to this part of her life, yet she manifested a persevering desire to perform all the duties relative to her station with cheerfulness and pleasure, both as a loving wife and an affectionate and tender mother. She always showed a tender, anxious care for her dear children, and keenly felt the stroke when called to experience their death. She had the painful experience of losing four out of nine, and we have reason to think the loss of her eldest son (an account of whose death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" of July, 1850) very much affected her constitution. At the loss of her first child, in 1827, she was brought into greater concern about her own state, when the Lord was very gracious to her, in granting her a sweet deliverance, under a sermon by Wm. Abbott, of Mayfield, who occasionally at that time preached at Deptford. The subject was from 1 Cor. i. 8: "Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." This she mentioned in her last illness, it being brought sweetly to her recollection, and was to her a hill Mizar, when the glad tidings of grace and truth by Jesus Christ was made known to her soul : by which she proved that "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." Though she was thus favoured, and at other times too, by the Lord giving testimony to the word of his grace, yet for upwards of twenty years she did not attain to any great confidence long together ; but for the most part the language of her heart was,

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

She was the subject of many fears, and often felt the force of Satan's temptations, as expressed by Mr. Hart,

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

In the year 1841, or 1842, she, with her dear partner, was brought into great trouble and anxiety, expecting to be thrust out of their habitation at Deptford in a short time, and no suitable place for their business could be obtained, when the Lord, in his wonder-working providence, sent Mr. Tiptaft to Deptford to preach, who knew nothing personally of them or their situation at that time. His text was from Isa. lii. 12 : “ For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight ; for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your reward.” And truly it was a word in season, and was fulfilled in this instance, for they continued in the same place a year or two longer, and when the time arrived to remove, the above words, “ The Lord shall go before you,” proved as a staff in the hand of faith. But previous to their removal, our dear departed friend experienced much trouble in her mind from the suggestions of Satan, causing her to fear that, from the appearance of things in providence, she and her family would come to want ; and so powerful was this temptation, that no argument could remove it, but she hoped some place might be found in a neighbouring parish, where she had heard the poor were more kindly treated. There was no real cause why she should have such fearful conclusions, therefore we impute it to the powers of darkness, being Satan's hour of temptation. Under this sharp exercise these words were very helpful to her, “ My God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Also, these words were much on her mind, “ Leave thy fatherless children with me ;” from which she feared that her husband was going to be taken from her, yet she was brought to see the meaning of them to her was, to be anxiously “ careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”

At length she was removed, in Providence, in 1844, to the place where she ended her days, which, for the most part, were days of deeper exercise in spiritual things ; for though she had passed through many painful and severe conflicts previously, yet she had a deeper experience of them during the last six years of her life, and had a greater discovery of the evils within, which, under divine teaching, was made a means of humbling her when advancing towards a pinnacle, as she often complained of being the subject of much pride, deeply lamenting the effects of a body of sin and death, as described by Mr. Hart :

“ When foes to God and goodness,
 We find ourselves, by feeling,
 To do what’s right unable quite,
 And almost as unwilling ;

“ When, like the restless ocean,
 Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
 Flood after flood, with mire and mud,
 And all is foul within us.”

Under this painful exercise, Mr. Shorter’s ministry was peculiarly blessed to her, both in London and at Deptford, which was a means of casting up her way, giving light on her path under particular exercises and powerful temptations ; so that she could say with Jeremiah, “ Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart ;” and she could truly say with the disciples, “ Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

We here extract one of the many instances of the Lord’s goodness to her from a private memorandum of her own writing. Speaking of various trials, she adds, “ I was greatly harassed in my mind, and tempted to believe that my portion would be with those who would be for ever blaspheming the name of the Lord ; and the thought of being for ever banished from the presence of him that with all my heart I desired to love, and from his dear saints that I felt such love to, O how it tore my heart ! How have I begged of the Lord to do what he pleased with me in this life, so that he would but take me to himself when time will be no more ! One day, while under this trial, these words arrested my attention, and raised me to hope I should have deliverance, ‘ Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious.’ On the following Lord’s Day, I heard Mr. Shorter from these words, ‘ And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.’ (Isa. xxx. 20.) O that was a good day to me, for it was the means of raising me again to hope in the mercy of a tender, loving Saviour !”

Thus, by various ways, the Lord instructed her to understand what he has said concerning all his children : “ I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.” (Isa. xlviii. 17.)

She was very much weaned of late from the things of this life ; and the Lord was pleased sweetly to commune with her soul, which made her earnestly desire a continual confirmation, and the language of her heart was,

“ In me, dear Jesus, now increase
 Heart faith, that’s pure and true ;
 Heart knowledge of thy pard’ning grace,
 And heart experience too.”

The Lord condescended to regard the cry of his handmaid, and favoured her with many gracious visits of his love during the time of her affliction, beyond what she had ever experienced before, or ever expected in this world, which she was enabled to testify of, to the comfort and consolation of her family and friends. There

were many portions of Scripture, at different times, that were blessed to her, as well as hymns; and in her late affliction her drooping faith was sweetly revived, and her doubts and fears removed, so that she was enabled to embrace the promises as her own, many of which she named. The following scripture, was very sweet to her some time back, but more so of late: "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. i. 20.) And here she was brought sweetly to rest in the Lord, and said she could leave her husband, children, and all in his blessed hands.

After this, she experienced intervals of darkness and desertion, and seemed to regret that she was not able to do anything for her family, as she was naturally of an active turn of mind and thoroughly industrious habits, possessing excellent gifts and acquirements in domestic usefulness, and being of a cheerful and lively disposition. She was always gratified, when well, in being fully employed for the benefit of her family. But she was now going to rest, and being sensible of this, she dropped many hints, which have been useful since her death.

Her disease, which was chronic asthma, connected with decline, began to affect her about nine months previous to her death, from which time the doctors gave little or no expectation of her recovering. Last May and June she spent a few weeks with some Christian friends and relations near Croydon, with whom she was every way comforted, until she desired to return home. She thought she had benefited by the change, and seemed a little better; but she soon began to droop again, and on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, she was unable to come down stairs as she had hitherto done. On the same day, when her husband was giving her some tea in bed, she said, "How precious Christ is to me!" adding, "Precious, precious, precious!" She then said,

"O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!"

And, thinking her end was near, she repeated,

"In all the ways through which I've pass'd,
And all the paths I've trod,
It ever has appeared at last,
He's still my gracious God."

She endured much pain in labouring for breath, which, with her cough, prevented her from sleeping the greater part of whole nights for several weeks. She felt the need of patience, and, from her extreme weakness, felt fears lest she should lose her senses; but she remained perfectly sensible to the last breath. She expressed a desire to die and leave the world; and when we thought she was a little better, a week or two before her death, she seemed as if she should be disappointed if she was not taken home by death. However, she soon began to droop again, and grew weaker; and on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th, she was taken much worse, and, as she thought, for death. The doctor was sent for, who said she was in

dying circumstances, and about five hours after she breathed her last. She said, "O what a mercy I have not got a religion to seek now!" Having to labour for breath prevented her from speaking much more, but she answered to all that was asked, and expressed a desire for us to entreat the Lord to give her patience. About an hour before her death, she said,

"He's still my gracious God!"

and evidenced to the last that her mind was sweetly stayed on him, as she continued patiently breathing, being supported by pillows, till she reclined back, when her happy spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal day.

Thus died our beloved friend, Ann Boorne, on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, 1852, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, in her 50th year.

Our desire is, in writing this very brief narrative of her life and experience, that it may be a blessing to the household of faith, especially those who, like her, are the subjects of many doubts and fears; for we are warranted to affirm concerning all such as are rooted and grounded as she was, that "it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." (Matt. xviii. 14.) Therefore, the Lord help *you*, whoever you are, to fight on in the unceasing warfare; the victory is sure; and may the abounding of hope constrain you to exclaim, "Henceforth there is laid up for *me* a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." To whom be glory and power everlasting. Amen.

Greenwich, February, 1853.

W. B.

When Joseph had interpreted the chief butler's dream, how pathetically does he plead with him. "Think of me when it shall be well with thee." But alas! such is the base ingratitude of man, that all was in vain. When restored to his dignity at court, he thought no more of poor Joseph in prison. Exalted stations elevate the mind above feeling for the distressed. But it is not so with the King of kings; he is ever the friend of poor sinners, and remembers us in our low estate. Behold, for us he now hangs on the accursed tree, between two cursed sinners. One was taken and the other left. See your own state in both. Behold the marvellous power of the Lord's sovereign grace in one. Here is a reviler of Jesus changed into a petitioner to him. There was no alteration in any outward circumstances; all things continued just the same. Christ hung, to all appearance, as a mere man dying at his side. What, then, caused the change in him? O hide your heads, and blush at your proud notions of free will; fall down and adore distinguishing grace! One malefactor is left to his free will, and expires blaspheming Jesus; the other dies believing in him and praying to him. He was snatched by grace from the gates of death and hell, as a brand which our Saviour would not suffer to be burned.—*W. Mason.*

REVIEW.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Two marked features are stamped upon the internal history of the church of Christ since the memorable day of Pentecost. The one is, the outpouring upon her, from time to time, of the blessed Spirit, of which the Pentecostal effusion was the first fruits and pledge; the other is, her sensible decline and decay when these effusions of the Holy Spirit are suspended or withdrawn. Thus the history of the church of Christ, as viewed by a spiritual eye, is, for the most part, an alternate series of bloom and decay, fruitfulness and barrenness, youth and old age. As in the seasons, spring follows winter, and autumn summer; as in the tides, ebb succeeds to flow; as in the human frame, decline treads on the heels of vigour; as in the starry heavens, the waxing gives way to the waning moon; so in the visible church death follows life, feebleness strength, decline and decay activity and vigour.

We may perhaps assign the times of Oliver Cromwell as the period when vital godliness in this country rose to its highest point. We do not say that there was not, in those days, much mere profession, some fanaticism, and not a little hypocrisy. The same genial warmth which clothes the trees with leaves, flowers, and fruit, hatches the maggots in the dunghill. Religion, like a hardy Alpine plant, thrives best in obscurity on the bleak mountain side. The flower which is cradled in the storm and slowly nurtured by the melting snow of the glacier, sickens and dies in the close, warm atmosphere of the greenhouse. Thus the very outward prosperity which, under the Protector, accompanied a profession of religion, was the cause of its decay. The sun of courtly favour, like the sun of last July, burnt and blighted instead of ripening the crop. When a profession of godliness was a passport to honour;* when a Parliament was chosen for the supposed grace of the members; when praying soldiers carved, with their swords, the way to victory; when Scripture phrases were in every one's mouth, and, to use Bunyan's expression, "religion walked abroad in her silver slippers;" vital godliness, it is evident, was in extreme peril of being suffocated in the crowd of its own followers. We do not blame Oliver Cromwell for putting down, by a strong hand, sin and ungodliness, and advancing saints to posts of honour and usefulness. Indeed, consistently with his exalted position and religious principles, he could do no otherwise. But sin, Satan, and the carnal heart, were not to be baffled even by the piercing mind, iron will, and strong hand of the great Protector. Like the Diabolonians in Bunyan's

* "Cromwell's court was free from vice," says Dr. Harris, "All there had an air of sobriety and decency; nothing of riot or debauch was seen or heard of. Whereas formerly it was very difficult to live at court without a prejudice to religion, it was now impossible to be a courtier without it. Whosoever looks now to get preferment at court, religion must be brought with him, instead of money, for a place."—*D'Aubigné's "Protector."*

"Holy War," they gained admission into the city under feigned names. There is no language which self-interest will not use, no mask which it will not wear, to gain its sordid ends. Ambition, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues its way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

We need not wonder, then, if in those days hypocrisy widely prevailed, and that by it many were deceived ;

"For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth :
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

When, therefore, that wicked king, that profligate sensualist, that pensioner of France, that disguised Papist but real infidel, Charles II., was restored to the throne, wickedness, which the iron hand of Cromwell had repressed; burst forth as a mighty torrent and flooded the land with the most filthy streams of profligacy.

One of the most mysterious events in history, when first glanced at by a spiritual eye, is the Restoration of 1660. Why the Lord should have permitted so fair a scene to be so overclouded, and his name, cause, and truth to be so overwhelmed, is indeed to our feeble view, at first sight, utterly incomprehensible. The pulpits during the Commonwealth were, for the most part, filled by men of truth, for Cromwell had sent commissioners through the land, called "Triers;" who deposed from the ministry, not only all erroneous and ungodly ministers, but even all who could not give some account of a personal, individual work of grace on their own souls. The churches and chapels were crowded with hearers, and, according to the united testimony of the gracious writers of that period, there was a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a large gathering in of living souls. But under all this goodly show there must have been concealed, as a few years made manifest, an amazing amount of secret ungodliness. The caged wolf does not lose his thirst for blood because shut up in the den of a menagerie. The sensual, depraved heart of man is not, cannot be regenerated by the outward restraints of morality or religion. When, therefore, the return of Charles II. unbarred the dens in which the firm hand of Cromwell had shut up the wolves and hyænas, they rushed forth to fill the land with blood and rapine. The derisive shouts of the London mob round the corpse of Cromwell, as, torn from the grave, it hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, loudly proclaimed the joy of the vile populace that sin was again broken loose. And many an echo did those inhuman shouts find in the breasts of the higher classes, both clergy and laity, who rejoiced from the very bottom of their hearts that the gloomy

days, as they called them, of Puritanism were come to an end. Nor were they slow to take vengeance on those who had so long debarred them from so much profit and pleasure. The Parliament of 1662, led on by Clarendon, raged with all the fury of the Spanish Inquisition.* The Puritan preachers were ejected from the pulpits, and if they attempted to gather a few people together to break to them the bread of life, they were committed to prison, transported as slaves to the American settlements, and for a third offence, or if they returned to their country, were sentenced to death as common felons. Meanwhile infidelity and profligacy were installed in high places, and ran down the streets like water, at a time when Bunyan was in Bedford prison, Owen pursued by soldiers, hundreds dying of want and sickness in the gaols, and the poor children of God timidly meeting together by night in woods and caves.

Contrasting this wreck and ruin with that fair building which in Cromwell's time seemed to shine forth as a temple of religion, one is tempted to say, "What a triumph for Satan; what a blow for vital godliness!" If we admit it was a triumph for Satan, it does not thence follow that it was a fatal blow to the kingdom of Christ. Here, as in other instances, Satan's victories are Satan's defeats; the church's reverses her triumphs. Satan rises that he may fall; the church falls that she may rise. Outward prosperity is the church's worst atmosphere. It is like the malaria of the sunny Italian plains, which carries death in its train, though it comes as a soft balmy breeze. The smiles of Cromwell were more fatal to the health of godliness than the frowns of Charles. A sifting, winnowing time was needed, and it came. Thus, as we have pointed out in a former review, by the very persecutions which broke out at the restoration of Charles II. was the church purified, and the power of vital godliness preserved. This hot persecution was the sieve which riddled the chaff from the wheat, the furnace which separated the dross from the gold, the fire which tried every man's work of what sort it was. It is not the purpose of God, at least in this dispensation, that the saints should occupy high places, and obtain power and dominion. They are to be a suffering remnant, a despised outcast people, as their Lord and Master was before them. In the Commonwealth, therefore, the saints were in a false position; and, if this palmy state of things had long continued, religion, shot up into unnatural growth, like an over-tall youth, would have died of a lingering consumption.†

* Coleridge, after a long and laborious investigation of the persecutions of the Puritans in the time of Charles II., including, we presume, those of the Scotch Covenanters, expressed it as his decided opinion that they equalled, if not outdid, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition.

† To guard against any misunderstanding of our language we would observe, that we are not speaking here of religion as wrought by a divine power in the heart of an individual child of God, which cannot die of consumption or any disease, but of religion as prevailing generally in a nation, which is measured by the number of its real partakers, and by its power in the heart of individuals. In this sense religion may be said to ebb and flow, increase and decay.

We thus see that, in the mysterious providence of God, mercy and wisdom were secretly couched even in the darkest and most disgraceful period of the English history since the Reformation; and thus we become, in a measure, reconciled to the downfall of Puritanism, the persecution of the saints, the temporary eclipse of liberty, and that gloomy period of cruelty and profligacy, sensuality and despotism, the bare recollection of which makes the blood of every true-hearted Englishman thrill in his veins. For the space of nearly twenty-eight years, viz., from 1660 to 1688, was Puritanism thus trodden under foot; but at length the crimes and follies of the second James, in his blind and bigoted attempts to reinstate Popery, so outraged the feelings of the whole nation, that it arose as one man to hurl him from the throne. Then followed the peaceful Revolution of 1688, the grand epoch, when our civil and religious liberties, for which our Puritan ancestors had been struggling for more than a century, were first established on a firm base. It was then, under William III., who brought with him from Holland the principles of universal toleration, that dissent for the first time in this country obtained a legal footing, and persecution was finally put down.

But what followed when Israel, as of old, thus obtained rest? A gradual and general decline and decay of vital godliness. That the Establishment was sunk into the deepest darkness and death we need not wonder. She had cast out her salt on that memorable Bartholomew's day, when two thousand of her clergy were compelled, for conscience' sake, to forsake her walls. Having put out her right eye, she gradually sank into deeper and denser blindness. Infidelity so widely prevailed in her, both amongst clergy and laity, that some of the bishops in Queen Anne's time (Atterbury, for instance) were generally believed to be infidels in heart; and most of the works published on the subject of religion were, like Bishop Butler's celebrated "Analogy," directed to prove Christianity true. The very necessity for such works on the external evidences of Christianity as were then published by such men as Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, Gilbert West, Doddrige, &c., proves that infidelity was widely prevalent. And morality was no better. The periodicals of that day, such as the "Spectator" and "Tatler," evidence a state of such general laxity of principle and conduct among the educated classes as fills the mind with astonishment. To stem this tide of licentiousness, the preachers of that time had no better dam to throw up than dry, dead morality. Tillotson's Sermons and "The Whole Duty of Man" give a good idea of the approved divinity of that period—a mere dishing up of heathen morality. Christ's blood and righteousness were kept wholly out of sight, with all the other truths of the gospel; and a sincere, but imperfect obedience was pointed out as the only way to heaven. The operations of the blessed Spirit were ridiculed as enthusiasm, and those who pleaded for them were counted as the worst of fanatics. Whilst the higher classes were thus sunk in carelessness and profanity, the lower were abandoned to the grossest ignorance. There were scarcely

any schools, the Bible was little circulated, (being at that time an expensive book,) and less read, and education of the working classes generally frowned upon. There being at that time few manufactures, the population was scanty and almost wholly rural, under the absolute control of the squire and the parson, who, with all their differences about the tithe, agreed in one thing, that religion consisted chiefly in coming to church, and not breaking down hedges or poaching for game; that if a man knew how to plough and sow, mow and reap, he knew enough for this life; and that if he did not drink or swear, and kept his church and sacrament, he was in a fair way to be happy in the next.

And where, all this time, were the children and successors of the noble army of martyrs, the Puritans, who in the days of Charles II. had suffered so much for truth and conscience? Sunk, sunk miserably low. The Dissenters in the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II., were in a lower state than they are now, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Barker, morning preacher at Salter's Hall, and one of the best ministers among the dissenters, thus complains of the state of things in the dissenting churches: "Alas, the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel—Christ crucified the only ground for fallen man, salvation through his atoning blood, sanctification by his eternal Spirit, are old fashioned things, now seldom heard in our churches! A cold, comfortless kind of preaching prevails almost everywhere, and reason, the great law of reason, the eternal law of reason, is idolized and deified." When "the great law of reason" enters a pulpit, the great law of revelation is sure to leave it; and thus we need not go far to inquire what the hearers were who could listen to, and approve of such doctrine. When the law of reason had thus levelled the battlements of Scripture truth, Arianism and Socinianism entered in through the breach, and we may be sure that infidelity would not be slow to follow. Thus the crown of truth fell from the head of most of the dissenting churches, and a general sickness overcast the whole body. God has always indeed had a people on earth, a seed to serve him, and doubtless he had his hidden ones in those days of general darkness, declension, and decay; and, without doubt, he had also, as in the darkest days of Israel of old, his ministering prophets, his witnesses clothed in sackcloth, who preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. But these were few in number and widely scattered, and have left few enduring traces of their memory or work. We feel, therefore, warranted in asserting that the face of religion never, in this country, since the days of the blessed Reformation, wore so gloomy and dark an aspect as in the first forty years of the last century.

Our object in this brief sketch has been to trace out the history of religion in this country from the days of Cromwell to about the middle of the reign of George II., when a remarkable revival took place, chiefly through the labours of the celebrated George Whitefield. The book before us, with an abundance of mere worldly gossip, contains many striking anecdotes of that remarkable period.

We purpose therefore, in our following number, to give some little account of that signal awakening, which, mixed as it was with much human infirmity, yet was, we cannot doubt, accompanied by a large gathering in of ransomed souls.

P O E T R Y.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

(Continued from page 100.)

Nothing else, dear Lord, can save me, But thy blood upon the lintel;	Yea, every evil and offence Committed by a chosen one,
Nothing, Lord, can set me free, Unless with blood my heart thou sprinkle.	All laid on Christ and nailed him there; This was what he then did bear.
This is the only firm foundation On which I rest for my salvation.	Yes, my soul, he bore the guilt, Bore the weight of justice too,
Arminians' works I do detest; Salvation by our human merit;	Justice' sword up to the hilt, Pierced him, my soul, yea, through and through.
It never can poor souls give rest, Or bring you glory to inherit.	See the vindictive hand of God; Nothing satisfied but blood!
It must be Jesus' blood and love; This brings to realms of bliss above.	Look, my soul, upon this Lamb, What he bore, was it for you?
But shall I reach the heavenly shore, No sickness know, no pain, no night;	Has he paid the just demand For your sins the sum that's due?
There his absence mourn no more, But dwell in everlasting light?	Sometimes I feel I do perceive it, Then again I can't believe it;
Yes, my soul, if washed in blood, This, this you will enjoy with God.	Seem too black, too vile, too guilty; Think that Christ can ne'er dwell here;
See, my soul, the fountain open, Rich the streams that from it flow;	Yea, from top to toe so filthy, Makes me often sink for fear,
Streams of love and blood betoken What he suffered here below,	Lest I should not be found one there, Where crowns of glory bright they wear.
That he might bring to heaven above The objects of his Father's love.	Then again a hope arises In the Lamb that once was slain;
See, my soul, this Christ rejected, When he hung upon the tree,	My soul a free salvation prizes, Hungers, thirsts for it again;
Marred with blood, his face dejected, All to set his people free.	Longs to share in that blest feeling— Pardon, through the Spirit's sealing.
Forsaken of his Father there, That those he loved might glory share.	'Tis there alone my hope is centred, On the Lamb that once was slain;
See, my soul, the sunbeams hiding, Would not see the bloody scene;	Nowhere else can it be ventured, Only in his lovely name.
That crown of thorns his temples piercing, Put upon his head through spleen.	No other hope have I beside, But in Jesus, who has died.
Say, my soul, had you a hand Among the cruel, bloody band?	He salvation's work accomplished, When he bowed his head and cried,
Yes, my soul, if you're elected, Loved, and chosen by that God,	Cried aloud, and said, "'Tis finished!" Bowed his lovely head, and died.
You were one that once rejected, Pierced Jesus, shed his blood.	Then were all th' elect set free, By Jesus' hanging on the tree.
Yes, my soul by faith will see, 'Twas sin that nailed him to the tree.	Yes, my soul, he said, "'Tis finished!" Bowed his lovely head and died.
Sins both present, past, and hence; All that by the church are done;	All the church's sins diminished, In his love and blood they hide.

Nothing can you disinherit,
If you're saved through Jesus' merit.

Now the middle wall is broken,
Temple's veil now rent in twain;
What, my soul, did this betoken,
When the Lord of Life was slain?
What, my soul, did this prefigure,
When Jesus did his life deliver?

Types and shadows here were ended;
Veil of scarlet, purple, blue,
The ark within, what it intended,
Now beheld with open view;
Christ within the veil appearing,
With his blood th' elect redeeming.

There the types and figures vanished;
Before the Antitype they fall;
Christ, the Sacrifice, then banished
His people's sins, yea, sunk them all.
Who can, my soul, the wonders tell,
Of Jesus' blood, that saves from hell?

Mortal tongues far short are seen;
Can't proclaim the depths of love;
'Tis but little of the theme
We can tell out of Christ above,
Who on our earth once bled and
died,
So strong the love for his dear bride.

No, my soul, you can't explore it,
Depths too deep, while here below;
Mortal's tongues must fall before it;
Half the wonders cannot flow.
'Twill take eternity to tell
The love that saved his bride from
hell.

Still, dear Lord, I would be gazing;
By the Spirit trace the ways
Of a free salvation praising;
Let me see far greater rays.
Let me know that I shall sing
The matchless grace of Zion's King.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A pole held out to a drowning man, and by which he is drawn to land, saves him, just as faith saves a sinner. In a lax way of speaking, we are said to be saved by faith; and, so the drowning man might say he was saved by the pole, though in truth he was rescued by the mercy of a neighbour, who thrust a pole towards him, and thereby drew him safe to shore.—*Berridge*.

He that would read to profit must read and meditate. Meditation is the food of your souls; it is the very stomach and natural heat whereby spiritual truths are digested. Prayer, says Bernard, without meditation, is dry and formal; and reading, without meditation, is useless and unprofitable. A man shall as soon live without his heart as he shall be able to get good by what he reads without meditation.—*T. Brooks*.

And who are you, O wretched man! who are you, that you should oppose him? that you should oppose and provoke a God of infinite power and terror, who needs but exert one single act of his sovereign will, and you are in a moment stripped of every possession; cut off from every hope; destroyed and rooted up from existence, if that were his pleasure; or, what is inconceivably worse, consigned over to the severest and most lasting agonies? Yet this is the God whom you have offended, whom you have affronted to his face, presuming to violate his express laws in his very presence. This is the God before whom you stand as a convicted criminal; convicted not of one or two particular offences, but of thousands and ten thousands; of a course and series of rebellions and provocations, in which you have persisted, more or less, ever since you were born; and the particulars of which have been attended with almost every conceivable circumstance of aggravation. Reflect on particulars, and deny the charge if you can.—*Doddridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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.

No. 209.

MAY, 1853.

VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Continued from page 106.)

By the fear of the Lord men depart from evil; and the fear of the Lord is to hate evil, pride, and arrogance. By this fear men are prevented from evil, and kept from it; it is a new covenant blessing, and a sweet grace of God's Spirit, and one of the promised blessings of God: “I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me.” Where this fear is, there is a reverence of the name of the Lord, and a tender conscience, a meditating upon soul concerns, and a great deal of thought about death and judgment to come, how matters will go in that great day of account. There is some knowledge of the great distance and disproportion between God and the soul; and the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night is this, “How will matters stand with me at death and judgment?” and at the same time there is light diffused by God through the whole soul; so that a man's sins are set in the light of God's countenance, and are ever before him, and he is led to all the dark corners where he has practised the works of darkness. He flies to the works of the law, to make God, as he supposes, amend for his bad deeds. He works hard and means well. The devil is suffered to work with his besetting sins; his vows, resolutions, and promises give way upon trial; he is plunged into sin, and down falls all his Babel-building. To work again he goes; as fast as he builds God pulls down; the law contends against him, finds fault with him; the law condemns him, conscience accuses him, his sins stare him in the face, the wrath of God is felt within, he is guilty before God, and it is heavy upon his conscience. The distance be-

tween God and him is felt ; and though heaven and earth are against him according to feeling, he keeps in this legal way till he has tried all his strength. And by the good Spirit's teaching, he is led to see and quickened to feel that all his life was a life of rebellion against God, his whole soul all corrupt, his strength perfect weakness, his wisdom all foolishness, his supposed righteousness all sin in the eye of the law ; death, judgment, and wrath before him ; and perhaps all the night long scared with dreams and terrified with visions ; and yet under it all there is a honest conscience.

Such a soul will do the truth, and come to the light ; and when these feelings in any measure subside, he will be afraid of carnal ease, of taking any comfort to himself, for fear of a deception. He is jealous over himself ; he is a hungry soul, and to him every bitter thing is sweeter than carnal ease. He does not want to deceive, nor yet to be deceived ; and though the fear that is in him is attended with a deal of slavery, yet such a soul has the fear of the Lord, and this is evidenced by the tenderness of such a man's conscience and the honesty of his soul in the things of God as far as he is taught. And the true light is in him, for it discovers his life, his nature, and the whole of his natural religion, or acquired, to be in God's account sin. He sees his heart to be the worst thing in the world, and is put out of conceit with himself, and all worth and worthiness. He has by the same Spirit life ; he feels as well as sees ; so that such a soul is a feeling sinner, in opposition to a hardened one, and is really poor in spirit, for he can no longer boast of his good heart ; and having this fear, light, and life in his soul, and faith to believe in God as a holy, just, and righteous Being, faith in his law believes that God would be for ever just in causing him to feel the wrath of it for ever.

He credits what God says of man's fallen state as a sinner before him, and is at a point that, if ever he stands before God, it must be in God's own way, through Christ. As the power of God has operated upon his soul, he is willing to leave all and to come to Christ for all ; and such a poor soul is welcome to the dear Redeemer, for he came into the world to seek and to save the lost, and he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Some of the Lord's people feel these things more than others, I firmly believe, and some open, notorious sinners have not so much self-righteousness to be stripped of as others ; but they are all blest with the fear of God, are truly illuminated to see the state they are in before God, and the need of Christ to save them. They all feel their lost state, and hunger and thirst after Christ in his person and work to be manifested to them and in them ; and the power of God has made them willing to come empty to Christ for all that they need. As soon as these things are in the soul of a poor sinner, he will, under the influence of them, begin to communicate to God, by honestly confessing to God what a miserable sinner he is, and under it all he will make an acknowledgment to God of his kindness to him as a sinner, for all his long-suffering mercy in putting up with his manifold sins to the present time.

Such a soul has a tribunal erected in him, and the bills that are brought in against him by law and justice are all signed by conscience, so that he is altogether guilty; he sees it, he feels it, he falls down under it, and, like the poor publican, he confesses his sin to God; and it is no easy thing for a poor sinner who feels all against him, to come before that God whom he has sinned against and honestly confess his vileness to him. A man may very easily say that he is a sinner, as many in a hypocritical way do, but never feel what sin or guilt is; such, as the Church of England expresses it, "cloak and dissemble" their sins before God, and by words say that they are "tied and bound with the chain of their sins," when at the same time they neither see nor feel what sin or guilt is. Such are not honest in their confessions. But the good Spirit makes the heart honest, and conscience is exposed to the force of truth, a discovery of sin is made, and under the influence of life it is felt. By a divine power the will is bended towards God, and the soul is led to confess its vileness before God, and what it deserves for sin; and the long-suffering mercy of God is viewed very great, inasmuch as the rebel is still spared, and God has not cut him down as a cumberer of the ground and sent him into the pit of destruction. Now if I am led in heart and soul to communicate to God by humble confessions, it pleases God, and it honours God, for the sinner's views of himself will be according to God's word.

Further, such a sinner is brought to cry unto God for mercy. Feeling his sin and his guilt he seeks for pardon, and the blessed Spirit helps his infirmities; and in the midst of all his confusion and shame, he is earnestly begging, like the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and like David, "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." And finding himself sinking, he prays, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Now the blessed Spirit, by these confessions and supplications, leads the poor sinner to communicate to God his desires, his wants, his troubles; and as the soul vents out its grief by confession and prayer, it gets a little ease; the burden is in some measure transferred from the poor sinner's mind and cast upon God; as the Psalmist says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." This was poor David's case. When trouble was conceived in his mind, and God's hand was heavy upon him, and no venting it out before God in confession and prayer, he speaks as follows: "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old, through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." But then mark the good success he had as soon as the good Spirit led him to confess and pray: "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." (Ps. xxxii. 3—5.)

Various are the changes in such a person's mind. Sometimes a particular feeling of sin, misery, guilt, wrath, attended with a deal of fear; sometimes a spirit of confession and prayer, and a very great appetite for a deliverance out of all distress, so that the soul

hungers and thirsts after the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer; at other times the keenness of all these things shall abate, and a spirit of deadness shall prevail, and some foolish, vain things that are in this world shall meet with entertainment in the mind, until fresh troubles come, and all the troubles coming on afresh, if not ten times heavier than ever. Deadness is gone, and confession and prayer go on; and such a soul has such discoveries of its corrupted state, that it is at a loss for words to express it. It has a deep sense of its need of a crucified Saviour. The blessed Spirit discovers the suitability of the Lord Jesus to a poor sinner in such a state, that the sinner is stirred up again and again to beg and pray for God's mercy to be made known to his bleeding conscience, through the work of a crucified Christ. Such a sinner is taught that he never can have mercy in any other channel, for justice will not admit of mercy's flowing to me, as a sinner, without satisfaction; and it is satisfied through Christ, and all pardoning mercy comes through him. The sinner is taught this, and, knowing his want of it, he cries to God for it. Now, a poor soul that is favoured with the Spirit of grace does communicate to God in this way, by confession and prayer.

Furthermore, this blessed Spirit leads to many things that have a tendency to encourage such a poor soul, and there are a few things that have been the means of encouraging my soul in this way of seeking God. First, the declarations of God's mercy as revealed in God's word: "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee." (Ps. lxxxvi. 5.) Again, "For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." (Ps. cxxx. 7.) "Thou art a God ready to pardon." (Nehem. ix. 17.) "For I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed; for the Lord dwelleth in Zion." (Joel iii. 21.) And his covenant name is suited to such a soul: "The Lord God, gracious and merciful; slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." (Exod. xxxiv. 5.) "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

In the next place, there are many sweet invitations in God's word, such as these: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.) "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly," or heart, "shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 37, 38.) "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) And the dear Redeemer says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Again. There are many promises made to such a soul, as, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 3, 6.) And, says Christ, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Again. There are many sweet examples of God's great mercy to vile sinners, such as an idolatrous Manasseh, poor David, Jonah, Mary Magdalene, the thief upon the cross, the publican in the temple, Saul of Tarsus, and that black list in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. God is as full of grace and mercy now as he was then, for there is nothing too hard for the Lord; and Jesus Christ is the same to-day as he was yesterday, and will be so for ever.

And one thing more is worthy of notice, and that is, that every cry that his Spirit produces in the soul of man shall be certainly answered in God's time and way. Hence says Hannah, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill." "He heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners." "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "The needy shall not alway be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them;" and all that call upon him in sincerity and in truth shall be saved.

Now these things, under the blessed Spirit's leading and teaching, have a tendency to encourage such a soul to press forward, notwithstanding the roughness of the way, and never to give up confessing, begging, pleading, and supplicating, though heaven and earth at times may make against him according to his views and feelings, as long as there is one promise in God's word to give him any encouragement. The devil will lay hard at such a soul to keep him from any comfortable hold of Christ crucified; but the blessed Spirit, in the midst of all opposition, leads him on, gives him fresh light and life, and sometimes he shall have a sweet visit; for those precious portions of God's word shall be made so suitable to the soul, that there shall be a little comfort found in the soul from these encouragements above, and a firm persuasion in the soul that God in his time will appear. And there is immediately a good hope or an expectation raised in the soul that he will be gracious; the mind is raised from gloom in a measure, and things in the soul wear a pleasant aspect. This humbles the sinner more than ever, and he begins to feel a little godly sorrow operate, a little satisfaction is felt in the soul, and the goodness of God makes the sinner melt and dissolve before God, that he is more than ever struck with the long-suffering mercy of God toward him. Under such influences we feel a cordial love to God's people and to God and his truth; and as God's goodness is believed in, our soul is drawn out to admire him, to love him, and to adore him, and this softens our hearts and meekens us before the Lord. His condescension is so great that we are struck with astonishment at it; and though this does not amount to a deliverance, strictly speaking, yet it is a sweet encouraging visit to such a soul; it is the light breaking forth as the morning; and where this is the case, the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in his wings. It is a sweet prop to the soul; it is helping the soul with a little help; and it is highly prized by him, for it was much needed. This is God communicating to the sinner, and the sinner communicating to God.

But it is often the case that a sinner, after these precious visits, gets into the same feelings as before, nurses this comfort, and lives upon it till it is all gone. Darkness is again felt, guilt lies heavy, the temptations of the devil more fierce than ever, and perhaps of a ten-fold worse nature, if possible, than they were before; instead of going forth in faith, full of unbelief, looking upon the visits he has had to be a delusion of the devil, and calling himself a thousand fools for even entertaining a thought of salvation; instead of hoping in God's mercy, a desponding in the mind, and that little access to God that was felt attended with the greatest distance, so that we know what Solomon says is true, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and the devil insisting upon it that all that was felt was nothing but natural, and that it amounts to the hope and joy of the hypocrite. But though this may be found, and ten times more of the like nature, the same good Spirit that has taught us and led us does not leave us, but springs up in the soul again and again, and favours us with fresh visits; and all former visits are brought fresh to mind and memory, and a deal of encouragement is found under all these visits. But after all, my fellow-sinners, there must be something more communicated to the poor sinner to make him happy, and to make everything straight between God and him; for though he has these lifts by the way, and they greatly encourage him, yet he wants to enjoy the pardon of sin, to feel the sentence of justification in his soul, to have the love of God in his heart, and for all this to be witnessed in the court of conscience by the unerring witness of God's Spirit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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 will embrace Christ in his robes, you must not think scorn of him in his rags. If you will 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.—*John Bradford the Martyr.*

Jesus had one religious cheat among his twelve, who made a penny of his Master, but did not live to spend it. This bids you guard against such cheats, but not be scandalized at the gospel when they happen. You would not surely renounce honesty because you have been cheated by a man who made a false pretence to it; nor would I renounce my creed because a sly professor proved a thief and has been hanged.—*Berridge.*

If the subjects of regeneration be the elect, only the elect, and all the elect, then prove your election by your regeneration; you cannot prove regeneration by your election; for bare election, if you know it, alters no man's state. Many of God's elect lie long in an unregenerate state. Election is never, in Scripture, brought in as a proof of grace in us, but grace in us is brought in as proof of our election.—*T. Cole.*

NARRATIVE OF THE BIOGRAPHY AND EXPERI-
ENCE OF DR. URIEL S. LINDSLEY,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 114.)

The hand of the Lord seemed again to be fast closed, and for a considerable time I saw nothing but unavoidable bankruptcy before me. And now was the time for the adversary to work. He brought every debt I owed afresh to my mind; and said that Christians at the present day were not governed by gospel motives, and so I could expect no relief from them. He told me that I had left my first love; that God was wroth with me; that he had hid his face from me; that I could not expect help in unforeseen ways, as formerly, when "the candle of God shone upon my head;" that now he (God) "held back his throne and spread a cloud upon it," and faith could not penetrate so as to procure compassion or relief; that evident answers to prayer were to be expected only while sensible communion was felt and enjoyed; and that I had nothing to expect but as great dearth and famine in circumstances as I felt in my soul. I stood listening to his lies, like a "fool in the correction of the stocks," and till I felt the same spirit that Elisha did when he turned back and cursed the forty mocking children. I now murmured and rebelled exceedingly. As the rich appeared to live easily, I was tempted to envy them, and to feel absolutely unreconciled to my lot. (See Ps. lxxiii.) This was "deep calling unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." But I did not stay for ever in this tempest, for after a few months it so abated that I could "swallow down my spittle." After this the Lord appeared more favourable in a way of providence again, and I got nearly out of debt.

In a trying providence I asked a rich man for a small favour that would not have cost him either time, pains, or money, but he denied me. I used entreaty, but he remained inexorable. My soul felt his cruelty. However, he went raving mad in a few weeks after, and died.

About a year after this, the overseer of the almshouse died, and I asked the Lord to give me the place, which in his goodness and mercy he did; and here I remain still.

Four years ago (1816) I had so violent an attack of the typhus fever that none expected me to recover. Twice while under the height of the complaint I gave up the hope of recovering, so violent were the symptoms; but neither of these times was of a minute's duration. "I tried the sound, and found that I had three fathoms." I examined my situation critically, and saw that the anchor was cast in an excellent berth; that the cable was the gift of God, and that it was sufficient to hold the vessel of mercy even in the tempest of death; and so, though racked with bodily pain and distress, I lay and rode quietly at anchorage in God. Had I judged from the violence of the symptoms at this time, I could have had no hope of getting well. But I drew my conclusion from a very different source. It is written,

“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” As I thought that I did not feel strength communicated sufficient to the day if I were called to die, (for I had no reviving discoveries of the dying love of Christ, nor any sensible manifestations of his gracious presence,) I concluded, according to the above-mentioned promise, that I should recover.

A little more than a year since, a cousin of mine, Edward Potter, came to pay me a visit. He was intoxicated with Arminian doctrines, and I laboured hard to bring him off from those errors. I gave him the works of Wm. H., S.S., to read. When the Methodists found out that he was frequenting my abode, they remonstrated against it, telling him that I was a dangerous man, &c. However, through grace, I had got his ear, and I found the “root of the matter” to be in him; so their influence over him began to decrease as mine increased. Just before he left them altogether I had the following dream, which I immediately perceived was premonitory of the difficulty that would follow his leaving them, as they have since laid it all to me. I was inside of a large building, and there appeared machinery of considerable size. The great wheel that moved all the rest was very heavy, and, while revolving on its axis, it appeared to smoke at one of its gudgeons, as if it would take fire for the want of oil or water to prevent friction. I stopped the wheel, and took out a something four-square, with a hollow in it of a half-round for the reception of the gudgeon. This four-square box in which the axis turned appeared to be formed of one solid piece of salt. When I had fixed it, and was putting it back in its place, it touched something that immediately caught fire and flamed, filling the whole house above with a blaze. I looked at the flame, without fear, as it ascended, and it went up through the house, and out of a steeple that I had not seen before, but which now appeared in the centre of the roof of the building. In endeavouring to put it out, I awoke, and the room where I lay appeared on fire, or in a complete blaze for a minute.

Sometimes when I lie down for rest I obtain a short nap; then I awake, and, all being still around me, eternity with all its importance rolls in like a flood upon my mind; it appears like a shoreless ocean, and, as it were, within touch; and the greatness of the view, when indulged with it, keeps me awake whole nights. When these seasons return I do not love to lose the benefit of them; I delight in them, solicit them, have no disposition to sleep while they last, lie lonely, and explore the vast scenes of the invisible world, the regions of immortality; immensity unfolds itself to my thoughts. And as the morning returns, with regret I leave these all-important scenes, these invisible realities, to be immersed in the various but insipid avocations of this present world. I grudge my eyes even that sleep which nature requires, and fain would spend those hours in reading, writing, meditation, and prayer, that others from choice spend in oblivious sleep. It is long since I have been “weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts;” but I have been growing in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many

hard lessons for flesh and blood to learn are allotted me in my pilgrimage, and the only improvement I seem to make of them is, that I am nothing and that God is all. And precept has to be "upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line," to make me know this, though the Scriptures are full to the point.

When I take a retrospective view of the visions of God that I was indulged with in the days of my espousals with Jesus Christ; when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head; when by his light I walked through darkness; when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the Rock (Christ) poured me out rivers of oil; (joy;) when my root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch; when my glory (Isa. lx. 19) was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand; my folly and wickedness, in "measuring back again my steps to earth," appear without a name. Yet it is "by grace we are saved;" if it were by works, it is evident I should be lost.

"For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my condition still."

I find that I do not move in religion one hair's breadth but as the Holy Spirit of God inflames my love or invincibly quickens me. When the Spirit moves, I move; and when he stands still, there is a full pause to my motion. (Ezek. i. 17—21.)

I never was troubled with the "fiery darts of Satan" for any length of time together, but when they come, they come with such force that they, as it were, hiss through my soul over and over again. They used to trouble and foil me exceedingly in time past, but through grace, and a knowledge of Satan's devices, they have lost their force, for they bring no guilt upon my conscience, nor does God condemn me because of Satan's darts. However, they are often so horrid, that when they do come, they make me shake my head or shudder for the time; and I immediately beseech the Lord to chain the adversary of my soul a little shorter, that he may not reach me. Sometimes a sleepy devil is suffered to vex me, so that let me be reading, writing, or praying, I can hardly keep awake. Then I pray to God against him, and away he goes from me to harass or stupify some other poor child of God, while I can keep awake whole days and nights without feeling sleepy, till human nature complains for want of rest, as I trespass so much upon the usual hours allotted for sleep.

O when shall that hour arrive when the free and unclogged spirit shall no more require sleep, rest, or the food that perishes—no more require disciplining, but, freed from all encumbrance and alloy, shall mingle with kindred spirits in the regions of unsullied purity and holiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest; where neither moth nor rust corrupt; where thieves cannot break through and steal, and where that old thief (Satan) can never enter to rob the soul of its joy, as aforetime in this world; where our sun shall rise to set no more; where God

shall look upon us, through Jesus Christ, with eternal complacency and delight; where the cup of everlasting consolation, felicity, and delight shall pass round among the ransomed of the Lord; where the redeemed shall bask in the meridian splendour of the Sun of Righteousness, swim in seas of bliss, exult in divine joy, solace in endless pleasures, take their utmost fill of loves, and ascribe all possible honour, glory, majesty, and power, to the eternal Three-One, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, without one jarring note to mar the music of the heavenly choir? Must I come down from this rapturous flight? I must; for the language of mortals is designed for lower subjects.

Thus, agreeably to your several requests, I have been as particular as I could, seeing, as before observed, I had to depend upon memory, never keeping a diary, which I now much regret. If any of my dearly-beloved correspondents hereafter wish for further information on any particular part of my biography, let them signify it by letter, and, if the Lord will, I will attend to it. All that is penned here is done in simplicity and truth, and is a plain account of the dealings of God with one of the least of all saints, and the most unworthy in the household of faith.

Dedicated to my brethren in the Lord: T. Bensley, C. Goulding, J. Eedes, J. Keyt, Wm. Moore, J. Chamberlain, C. Raby, Mr. Sadler, Mr. Peto, M. Hooper, S. Jubb, and to all in your fraternity who love Christ in sincerity, whether in soul-travail, in the furnace of affliction, or on Mount Pisgah, viewing by faith the land of Canaan.

URIEL S. LINDSLEY.

THE WORK OF GOD THE SPIRIT IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Of late years the highlands of Scotland have very much engrossed the attention of travellers; and there are few men of taste and leisure in Britain, of sufficient means, who have not visited the romantic scenery of the North. One amongst the visitors, a preacher, called at the house of an old woman, who, as he was informed, was a good person, and, after being introduced, he said to her, "You are an old servant of Christ; how long is it since you entered into his service? I am sure you must have found him a good Master."

"Serve Christ!" said she, "Alas! I can say little about that. I have been a poor sinner all my days, and was never worthy of being called a servant of such a Master. But it is now forty-nine years since Christ first began to serve me. Nay, I may say it is twenty years more; for I have been cast upon his care from the womb till now. But I count from the time when I was led, by the mercy of God, to know him as my Saviour; and I am sure he has served me ever since."

"What do you mean by Christ serving you?" asked the preacher. "That is saying a great deal for yourself, is it not?"

She replied, "It is saying a great deal, but not for myself. I am

one of the most worthless creatures that ever lived; that is all I can say for myself. But I can never say anything too great about Christ; and I never see so much of his greatness as when I think of him stooping down to serve such a vile sinner as I am. Do you not know that in the house of Christ the Master serves all the guests? When he brought me home to himself, he began to serve me; he took away my filthy garments and gave me change of raiment; he clothed me with his own righteousness, which presents me without spot before the throne of God; he gave me his Spirit to instruct me, to lead me, and sanctify me. Ever since he has taken care of me. He led me gently, and carried me in his arms as one of the weak of his flock; he has borne with me and forgiven me ten thousand provocations; he fills my mouth abundantly with good things, and crowns me with loving-kindness and tender mercy."

"Well," said the preacher, "but I hope you are a servant of Christ for all that, and bound to his service by the strongest ties. You know it is said of the state of glory to which, I doubt not, you are approaching, 'There his servants serve him;' and what is perfected in that state must be begun in the present life. The Lord *has* crowned you with loving-kindness and tender mercy. Now I am sure this will lead you to obey and serve him."

"That is all very true," replied the good woman; "I know that I am bound by his authority, as well as by every consideration of love and gratitude, to obey him in all things; in this I hope the same Spirit of truth has instructed me. But somehow I do not like to think so much about my serving Christ as his serving me. I can draw no comfort from my services. The more I think on that subject, the more I am filled with alarm and anxiety, because I know that in everything I come short. I am a poor sinner, and not worthy to lie at his footstool. I see myself poor, and vile, and worthless, as much as ever I did; and although I have been so many years an object of his kindness and mercy, I cannot recollect that ever I made him a proper return for the least of his favours. Whenever, therefore, I think of my doings or services, I am filled with shame and confusion of face. But when I think of what Christ has done for me, I am satisfied that my mind gets hold of something that keeps it up. I think of him humbling himself and laying down his life for me; I think of him exalted to heaven to help and save me; I think of him as my Advocate within the vail, interceding for me before his Father's throne; I trust in him, and am sure that he will not fail me, for none perish that trust in him. Now I like to think and speak about these things, for they are the very life of my soul. When I look to myself, and think about my serving Christ, I see nothing that is worthy the name, but everything the very opposite; but when I look at Christ I see nothing but perfection; and for my peace of mind just now, as well as for my eternal salvation, I know none but Christ. I ever must say, 'None but Christ.'"

"No doubt you are right," said the preacher. "To every one that believes in Christ he is all and in all. While you trust him

you are safe. But you know every one that has hope in Christ purifies himself, even as he is pure. You said just now you were as vile as ever you were. Do you not feel yourself different from what you were in the days of your ignorance? It is said of believers, 'Once they were darkness, but now are they light in the Lord;' that they were the servants of sin, but having obeyed the truth, they have their fruit unto holiness. You must have learned that Christ not only has done all the work of salvation for you, but that he has also performed and is performing his work in you; that is, by the knowledge of his word, the discipline of his providence, accompanied by the grace of his Holy Spirit, making you more like himself, more dead to this world and more alive to that which is to come."

"All that is true," she replied, "but that does not make me think myself a bit better. I have all this in Christ, and to his name be all the glory. When I think of any difference in myself, I think it is all for the worse; I see nothing about myself but sin, and the worst of all sin, that which is done against my kind and gracious Saviour. I am glad to turn from the view of my wretched self and look at the glorious righteousness of my God and Saviour Jesus Christ. O happy me, for there is nothing wrong there! I never knew my own character till I saw Christ in the riches of his mercy and the glory of his perfect righteousness, as revealed in the gospel, for the salvation of poor sinners. When this was brought home to my heart, I saw how vile I was; and O how I abhorred myself! Blessed be his name, that ever he turned me from the love of sin and a vain world. But still I see so much of sin in me, that instead of thinking of any difference of character, or of being more holy than before, I am led to say, 'O wretched that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

Mr. Burkitt, born in 1650, and author of Hymn 934, observes in his journal, that some persons would never have had a particular share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him.

I marvel much that any who allow the imputation of Christ's death should yet object to the imputation of his life; since, if the obedience of Christ's death may be imputed, or placed to our account for pardon, why may not the obedience of his life be imputed also for justification, or a title to glory? One is full as easy to conceive of as the other; both are wanted to discharge our legal debts; and both will be embraced and sought with eagerness when our debts and wants are truly known. But here the matter sticks; men do not feel their wants, and so reject imputed righteousness. The heart must be broken down and humbled well, before it can submit to this righteousness. (Rom. x. 3.) Till we see ourselves utter bankrupts, we shall "go about to establish our own righteousness," and cannot rest upon the Surety's obedience, the God-Man's righteousness, as our legal title to glory.

—*Berridge.*

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY HENRY TANNER, FORMERLY MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT EXETER.

Dear Friend and Brother,—I received yours as an immediate answer to my prayer, which my covenant God and Saviour often indulges me with. I am, for this language, accounted by some an enthusiast, but I bless God the air I breathe soon causes it to evaporate. Reproaches for Christ and his religion have but little effect upon an old veteran who has been so many years in the holy war of this King of kings. I know that I am deficient in all my performances, and incorrect in all my sayings, so it is no wonder if my words are misconstrued.

I can assure my highly-esteemed and much-valued friend, that Nicodemus does not live as a dweller in my heart, yet his incredulous words to our dear Lord, "How can these things be?" are some of those darts which the devil and unbelief often inject into my mind with all their hellish force; yet my sovereign Lord and King has furnished me with a piece of armour, which he calls the shield of faith, that blunts them all. When I was seeking salvation, "How can such a thing be," said I, "that such an unclean, such a vile transgressor should be saved? Impossible!" But after I received this armour he still harassed me as a sore plague for four or five years. Sometimes I was fearing, sometimes hoping, sometimes believing, sometimes doubting, until the great Bishop of souls came down and confirmed me. This work was not done in a cathedral, but in a ship-builder's yard, and he continued with me all day, yet none of the men in the yard saw him. And this was a day to be remembered by me as long as I live, either in time or eternity. And then the cursed enemy, unbelief, received such a deadly wound in his head, that I saw him lie sprawling on the ground. And I have, through grace, enjoyed the blessed effects of this work ever since, so that I have not been suffered to entertain one doubt of my saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ for upwards of forty years. Yet in every circumstance of life he is crawling about on all fours, looking at every crevice, but gets no footing, glory be to God!

And how, my dear Sir, do you think this work was effected? I had one day just entered on my labour, and was hewing a piece of timber with my axe, when on a sudden I heard—not an articulate sound—yet an impression was made so strongly on my mind, as if any one had been close behind me, and in a solemn tone of voice had said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" I then rested my hands on my axe, and looking up, said, "Lord, teach me how I shall behold thee;" and I pursued my business with so much vigour that I cannot express. But the good Lord took my ideas, thoughts, and heart, and led them back into the secret chamber of his purpose, counsels, and covenant, and showed me his eternal decree of electing love, that he had loved me with an everlasting love, or he would never have drawn me to the knowledge of my salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ; and then he again repeated, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. I again prayed to be taught. And in this

manner he continued with me all that day. He led me to Paradise, to receive the benefit of the first gospel promise, then showed the great gospel Antitype, then the streams of typical blood flowing from the brutal victims* from age to age, until the fulness of time for the promised seed to come, when the eternal Son of God became the Son of Mary, and was made under the law to redeem me from its curse, that I might, by the Spirit of adoption, with believing pleasure call God Father, and be made joint-heir with Christ. Thus I have ever since been called on continually, in every circumstance, to "Behold the Lamb of God," &c., who came on purpose to make me free from every charge; and I believe he has done it. Indeed, I could add a great deal more of my good Bishop's proceedings at my confirmation, but I have been too prolix already. But my good friend and brother will excuse me if I say I am constrained to sing daily, and many times a day, that becoming anthem, sung by the angelic host at the incarnation of our Jehovah-Jesus, "Glory be to God in the highest!"

I am, my dear Sir, however, fearful lest I should be deemed ostentatious, though I must inform you that all these things concur, by the assistance of the divine Spirit, to conquer unbelief and strengthen faith. I know Jehovah's purposes are all predetermined, and I am, as you see, to persevere in my ways, "beholding the Lamb," through whose precious blood stream all my supplies for body and soul, for time and eternity. And I must say I am lost in wonder in beholding the wonderful dealings of Jehovah-Jesus towards me, both as to body and soul. As to the salvation of my soul, he has done and completed *all* without me, either first or last; and in regard to my body, I see the method of his promise is by the arm of his power, in such a manner as I could never conceive. When I knew not how to provide for myself and family, my strength for labour being done, I only by faith pleaded his promise; and beyond all the conceptions of reason, he touched the hearts of my dear brother W., and that never-to-be-forgotten and honourable friend, J. Thornton, Esq., † though at such a distance, to send relief. Is there anything too hard for God to do? Surely not! Then should I not make my boast in the Lord? I should think it a fresh wounding of my precious Lord were I not to do so, or to discredit his faithfulness, after so many unthought-of favours, through so many unknown instruments, to me.

I must, however acknowledge, as in the Shulamite, the company of the two armies struggling for the mastery within me, nature and grace, flesh and spirit, and every power fully too, and, in reason's view, at times scarcely knowing which will have the victory; but when

* That is, the brute beasts, as bullocks, lambs, &c., which under the Levitical law were offered in sacrifice.

† John Thornton was that wealthy merchant and princely benefactor of whom Cecil said that the Lord had bestowed upon him the same gift as upon Solomon, "largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea shore." To mention one instance only of his liberality, he allowed John Newton stately £200 a year for the poor at Olney, with permission to draw, if needed, for more, making a sum of more than £3,000 received by Newton during his residence at Olney. It is pleasing to see this princely philanthropist relieving the necessities of the poor old worn-out ship carpenter.

enabled to hold fast the word of God in the hand of faith, and to believe that "the elder shall serve the younger," I go believing what God has determined shall come to pass. It can be but a little while longer, according to the course of years, I am to abide in the wilderness. A few more trials, a few temptations, a few actings of faith in prayer, a few more sighs, deep sobs, and groans, and I shall be wafted to the shores of eternal glory, where sobbings, sighings, and groanings shall be no more, but where all tears shall be wiped away from my weeping eyes, and I shall be for ever with my precious Lord and Christ; there I trust I shall meet my good friends Mr. W. and J. T., with all the redeemed by the blood of Jesus, to join in an eternal and endless song to God and the Lamb for evermore. Till then you are, and, I trust, will be, a part of the subject of my weak, but fervent prayers.

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

Nov. 17th, 1789.

HENRY TANNER.

[Henry Tanner is doubtless known to many of our readers by the memoir of his life and experience published by Dr. Hawker. His striking call under Whitefield, whom the evening before he had gone "to knock over" with a stone, will recur to their remembrance.]

That the immortal God should become mortal flesh! It were great condescension that the soul of man should enter into a worm, or that all the angels should become worms; yet that were nothing to Christ's stooping to take our nature upon him! Consider the time when he did take our nature upon him, not when our nature was a virgin, but when it was defiled; not man's nature in innocency, but in his sinful, corrupted, condemned, accursed state.—*Owen.*

All the promises revealed are but the manifestation of God's original promise, copies, as it were, of that which was made to Christ, in whose breast, as one expresses it, the original of our records is kept; and the application of those promises to us is but the writing out the counterpart of what was done in heaven. As all promises were made in him, so all promises were first made to him, and to us as one in him, which seems to be the meaning of the apostle in those words, "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ."—*Eyles Pierce.*

The holiest Christian can put no trust in his holiness. His daily seeking to grow in grace proves his holiness defective. "Tekel" is written on every duty: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Dan. v. 7.) And he knows the meaning of those weighty words, applicable both to soul and body, "Verily, every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." (Ps. xxxix. 5.) His utmost holiness and his freest services do not answer the demand of God's law; and, if in any measure depended on for justification, it would bring him under the law's penalty, and condemn him. He is, therefore, forced to fly out of himself entirely, and seek a refuge only in Jesus.—*Berridge.*

EMIGRATION.

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Is it right in the sight of God for those who fear his name to emigrate?

I am induced to trouble you with this question, not only on my own account, but because I am persuaded your kind reply will be a word in season to many besides myself.

I have a wife and four small children, and am in a small way of business, and though I have struggled in uprightness, yet I fear the Lord does not intend that I shall prosper in it; for, what with losses and disappointments, and heavy rent and taxes, I am afraid I cannot go on, and consequently I am at a loss to know what to do. In the midst of my perplexity my mind is led to Australia, not with a view of digging for gold, but I believe with God's blessing I could till the ground, or teach a school, or, in a word, I could turn my hand to anything by which I could obtain an honest subsistence. Australia appears to me to be a way open in the providence of God; but it is a matter of serious inquiry with me whether it would be right in his sight for me to take such a step. My sincere prayer is to be led aright, and I hope the Lord in mercy will direct you to give such a reply as may tend to his honour and my good, and to the good of all who feel interested in the matter.

I am, yours in the hope of the gospel,

London, Feb. 8th, 1853.

A POOR MAN.

ANSWER.

The Christian tone and feeling of the above letter, coupled with the general importance and interest of the subject, has induced us to devote a short space to its consideration; not as thinking ourselves able to relieve our Correspondent's perplexities, or assuming to decide a point open to a variety of opinions, but as simply hoping that a few remarks from us may help to throw a little light on a matter which, without doubt, has often come before the mind of many of our readers.

It is evident that a great and increasing movement is taking place in this country under the form of emigration, the results of which, however dimly shadowed forth, cannot at present be distinctly foreseen. The emigration of last year from the British isles exceeded 200,000 persons, of whom 50,000 proceeded to Australia. Such a mass of individuals cannot leave a country for new homes without exercising an important influence both on the land which they quit and that on which they enter; and we cannot help seeing herein the providence of God in thus spreading the English language, civilisation, liberty, and religion over the earth, and founding, as it were, a new England at the other side of the globe. The remarkable discoveries of gold in Australia have given such an impetus to this movement, that it has become almost a mania, unsettling hundreds of minds, and disposing even some of those who fear God to cast a wishful eye across the wide sea. It is for their

sakes we now write, hoping that a few simple words on the subject may, with the Lord's blessing, turn the scale where wavering, and help to break the snare which we see already entangling the feet of many.

The church of God, though vitally and essentially distinct from the world, is yet in her time-state so surrounded by it, that great movements of this nature must necessarily exercise upon her a considerable amount of influence. So powerful, too, and yet so subtle, is this influence, that however separate the church may wish to keep herself from the world in heart and spirit, yet she is necessarily brought into such a relationship with it, directly or indirectly, through business, family connections, or other unavoidable circumstances, that she cannot remain unaffected by it. As on board the same ship the rolling waves rock alike all the crew, from the captain to the cabin boy, so the surging billows of the heaving sea of emigration, now agitating so many hearts, must necessarily move many a Christian bosom. As national calamities, such as war, famine, and pestilence, and general fluctuations of prices and markets, work and wages, food and labour, necessarily affect the family of God, so a great movement like that of emigration, now going on, must exercise a direct or indirect influence upon them. We make these remarks to meet the objection that a child of God ought not to be affected by such subjects, and should keep his mind utterly unmoved by them. He might do so were he a monk or a hermit, but being in the world, he can no more avoid being in some degree influenced by its movements, when they agitate society at large, than one bough of a tree can remain unmoved when the rest are rocked by the wind.

The *indirect* influence, then, of this great movement the church cannot avoid, and must necessarily feel; but the important question at once arises, whether those who fear God should take a *direct* part in it; in other words, is it consistent with the will of God, as revealed in the Scriptures, and with the teaching of the blessed Spirit in the heart, for a partaker of grace to emigrate, especially when apparently almost driven to it by necessity, as our Correspondent above intimates is his present case?

We must here at the very outset declare, in the most unqualified manner, that our own mind is decidedly against a child of God's emigrating, for reasons which we shall presently more fully unfold; but we at the same time admit that there are exceptional cases. To mention a few instances that occur to our mind. Every attempt to gain an honest livelihood by indefatigable industry may be continually defeated, and every other avenue closed; or the way may be strikingly marked out in providence, as, for example, the previous successful settlement of a son in a colony offering a favourable opening to a brother; or a daughter joining her parents; or a young woman marrying a gracious man about to emigrate, to whom she has been previously engaged; in such and similar circumstances it would be extremely difficult, if not inconsistent, to lay down a

peremptory rule that a child of God should not emigrate. Instances, too, have occurred where several members of a church have gone out together, and taken their minister with them, so as not to be deprived of a preached gospel or the ordinances of God's house. In these, as in many other cases, it is difficult, and indeed impracticable, to lay down a broad rule from which there is to be no swerving or departure. We entertain, indeed, a strong and decided opinion on the subject, and feel desirous to lift up a warning voice against what, we believe, is a wide-spread and increasing delusion, pregnant with ruin and misery to hundreds; but we do not wish to speak in a dogmatic tone or lay down an unalterable rule. The spirit of the gospel, which we ever desire to follow, is averse to laying down distinct, definite rules, and tying down the people of God to a rigid line, where the precept is silent. But we may, without presuming to dictate, or claiming special spiritual light, offer our advice as a friend, and in a spirit of affection urge on our gracious readers the necessity of learning the mind and will of God before they take a step which must colour the whole of their future life naturally and spiritually. Instead of listening to the suggestions of unbelief and covetousness, or lending a ready ear to the accounts given in newspapers and by worldly people, let them rather seek to be guided by the spirit and precepts of the gospel, the dictates of a tender conscience, and the influences of the blessed Spirit on the heart, bowing it to the revealed will of God. To act in a matter so important without special guidance will probably terminate in the bitterest self-reproach and disappointment for the rest of their days.

But, it may be asked, "Is there, then, anything inherently sinful or wrong in emigrating to a foreign land, to make you speak so strongly?" No; by no means. Abraham was an emigrant from the land of the Chaldees to the land of Canaan; Jacob emigrated to Egypt with all his family; the children of Israel emigrated out of Egypt, under Moses. But let it be borne in mind that all these emigrations were according to a special and divine command, and therefore cannot be adduced in favour of emigration without some similar gracious or providential intimation.

But in addressing ourselves to this question, it is evident that it has two distinct aspects, and may be viewed as bearing upon the natural as well as spiritual interests of the intending emigrant. We may seem to be departing from strictly spiritual ground in examining the subject under its temporal and worldly aspect; and yet were we to omit all consideration of this side of the matter we should be leaving out a most important element of the question, for it is evident that a hope of worldly advantage forms the chief motive for emigration. We have read and thought upon the subject under both these aspects, and shall therefore give our views upon it under these two points:

1. Will persons, generally speaking, better themselves in a temporal point of view by emigration?
2. If they have a clear prospect of improving thereby their tem-

poral condition, are there not spiritual considerations, paramount to all worldly interest, which should nevertheless keep them at home?

We fully believe that the golden dreams of most emigrants will be most miserably disappointed, and that they will rue the day when they turned their back on their native land. But even were their success certain, there are, in our opinion, spiritual considerations which should at once decide them not to quit their English home.

There are only two countries which present themselves to an intending emigrant as offering advantages superior to those in our native land—the United States of America and Australia. To persons in very needy circumstances, as agricultural labourers, domestic servants, and such unskilled mechanics as smiths, carpenters, &c., these countries, and especially the Australian colonies, offer abundance of food and employment at high wages, if they can get to them. But to persons not absolutely struggling with the depths of poverty, and unable or unwilling to labour with their hands, and that much harder too than in England, we believe emigration to be utterly unsuitable, and likely to terminate in the deepest disappointment. Take the United States. A poor Irishman, whose only capital consists in a pair of stout arms and brawny shoulders, who was nursed with the pig and lay down at night near the cow, who has never known any better diet than the potato, and that equally coarse and scanty, will doubtless find in America food in quality and quantity more than heart could wish. But to persons removed by position from the labouring class, with, perhaps, the exception of small farmers, who can work with their own hands, we believe that the United States present no advantages beyond those of our own country. But apart from this, there are other circumstances, as a climate of intense extremes of heat and cold, and therefore very unsuitable to the British constitution, great unhealthiness for children and immigrants, habits and manners repulsive to English feelings—all considerable items in the scale of temporal happiness. And when we view the question spiritually, there is that great, that important drawback, the low state of religion. Truth, we understand, in America is very little preached or known, and there are very few churches which even profess it.

Should a child of God, then, leave the land where the decree of God fixed his first and his second birth at a mere peradventure, or because he fancies thereby to improve his worldly prospects and position? Should he leave the church of which he is a member, the pastor whose ministry has been blessed to his soul, the friends with whom he has taken sweet counsel, the house of prayer where he has often found rest from the turmoil of the busy week, to cast himself upon a foreign shore, where he may not have a single spiritual friend or companion, and never hear a gospel sermon, but live and die in some backwood settlement, where the very name of Jesus is unknown?

Or if his thoughts turn to Australia, what will he find there? To speak first of its temporal advantages. A poor Wiltshire or

Dorsetshire labourer, who has no thought or care beyond the present life, may find there high wages and abundance of food, even without digging for gold. But for all who will not or cannot work hard and live hard, the Australian colonies are utterly unsuitable. They are now, too, being flooded by a race to whom our railway "navvies" are gentlemen. Liberated convicts, ruffians of the lowest, vilest stamp, and all that horde of lawless vagabonds whose lusts and passions are stimulated and gratified by sudden flushes of wealth, and these congregated by thousands, must pollute and disorganise society to the very core. And shall a peaceable, quiet child of God rashly throw himself into a land which will probably grow worse and worse, as new gold discoveries attract new flocks of these lawless and godless wretches? A child of God had better pine on a crust at home than go and dwell in such a Sodom. How plain is the Scripture here! "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." (1 Tim. vi. 6—11.)

But indeed restlessness, discontent, and unbelief lie much at the root of a desire to emigrate. Indolent people fancy that at the other end of the world they can get on without industry. In many minds a restless love of change is a predominant feature. They get weary of their place of abode and of the dull routine of daily employment. Novelty, variety, fresh faces, new scenes, a different mode of life, promise an undefined pleasure. As a necessary consequence, business becomes neglected, and they soon fall behindhand; more active, energetic men push before them, and they become overwhelmed in debt and insolvency. What must they now do? Emigrate. But whither? To some distant land where indolence, as they fancy, will have the easy employment of picking up "nuggets" of gold much as children pick up shells on the sea-shore. Others are ill-tempered, contentious, quarrelsome, and, like the sea-gull, are most alive and brisk in a storm. These find, after a time, that in a battle wounds are not all on one side, and that there are those who can return their blows with interest. Chafed and miserable, they hate the town or village where they live, and emigration comes across their mind. To get away from their neighbours is their desire. But will they get away from themselves? If they could bury their quarrelsome temper in some dung-heap before they left the English shore, or throw it overboard on their voyage to feed the sharks, they might hope for peace and quiet across the wide Atlantic or on Australia's sunny coast. But they carry with them a bitter fountain, which will taint their daily drink, whether drawn from the Ohio or

the Murrumbidgee. We are full of self-deception. There is a strong stream of public feeling just now influencing hundreds to emigrate. All this insensibly works upon the mind of the people of God, and almost unconsciously, disposes them to plans and projects of emigration. They are influenced, too, by their children, or worldly relations and neighbours, and by a floating dream-cloud of prosperity and happiness beyond the wave; as if a child of God were promised, or should expect prosperity and happiness out of Christ, or on this side of heaven and glory.

But if probed to the bottom, we doubt not unbelief will be found to be the central fire whence issue all these volcanic heavings. But is this a voice which should be listened to? Is God not the God of providence as well as of grace? Can he not take care of the body as well as of the soul? Must you go to the ends of the earth because there is no God in England? Are there no mines here for honest industry, though they do not turn up gold to the blow of the pick? Be not like the unbelieving lord on whose hand the king leaned, (2 Kings vii. 2,) who mocked at any other way of bread coming but from windows made expressly in heaven. There is bread in England for honest industry, and that, too, to be eaten under our own vine and fig-tree, in the land of our fathers, amidst the unspeakable advantages of long-established civilisation, and, above all things, the blessings of a preached gospel, the ordinances of the Lord's house, and the society of the excellent of the earth. God's own words are, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." (Ps. xxxvii. 3.) What did Naomi get by emigrating? She had, indeed, a better excuse for leaving the land of her nativity than most of our emigrants, for she was hard pressed by famine. But mark the event. She that went out a happy wife and mother returned in the bitterness of her soul a desolate childless widow. "Call me not Naomi,"* she replied to her wondering fellow-townsmen, "Call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?" (Ruth i. 20, 21.) It is dangerous to quit the position where God in his providence has fixed us, unless we see the pillar of the cloud moving before us. It is not every difficulty in Providence which bids us prepare our stuff for removing. And when we consider the length of the voyage to Australia, rarely less than three months, with all the misery and discomfort of such close package with ungodly companions; the expense of the transit if there be a family; the difficulty, almost impossibility, of return, with exhausted resources if found a failure; the enormous cost of house-rent where it can be procured;† and the general rush of immigrants filling up every opening situation; we see such a concourse of objections against emi-

* Naomi means "pleasant;" Mara, "bitter."

† At Melbourne a four-roomed house lets for £100 a year, butter sells at 3s. 6d. a pound, coal at £5 a ton, and other things in proportion.

Our advice, therefore, to those who desire to fear God is, Do not emigrate, but continue where God has placed you. We admit there are exceptional cases; but we believe that the safer and better way is to seek to the Lord instead of the ship-agent, and by honest industry dig into the mines of Providence here rather than toil and sweat in the mines over the water. Hitherto hath the Lord helped you. He has promised that your bread shall be given, and your water shall be sure. The gold and the silver are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills. Instead, therefore, of seeking misery beyond the waves, "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these (temporal) things shall be added unto you."

The grace of Jesus brings salvation; and through faith, as an instrument put in the sinner's hand, he is enabled to reach the grace; just as a beggar, by his empty cap stretched forth, receives an alms.—*Berridge*.

Supposing you have been free from those gross acts of immorality which are so pernicious to society that they have generally been punishable by human laws; can you pretend that you have not, in smaller instances, violated the rules of piety, of temperance, and charity? Is there any one person who has intimately known you that would not be able to testify you had said or done something amiss? Or if others could not convict you, would not your own heart do it? Does it not prove you guilty of pride, of passion, of sensuality; of an excessive fondness for the world and its enjoyments; of murmuring, or at least of secretly repining, against God, under the strokes of his afflicting providence; of misspending a great deal of your time; of abusing the gifts of God's bounty, to vain, if not (in some instances) to pernicious purposes; of mocking him, when you have pretended to engage in his worship? (Isa. xxix. 13.) Does not conscience condemn you of some one breach of the law at least? And by one breach of it you are, in a sense, a scriptural sense, "become guilty of all," (James ii. 10,) and are as incapable of being justified before God by any obedience of your own as if you had committed ten thousand offences. But, in reality, there are ten thousand, and more, chargeable to your account. When you come to reflect on all your sins of negligence, as well as on those of commission; on all the instances in which you have "failed to do good when it was in the power of your hand to do it;" (Prov. iii. 27;) on all the instances in which acts of devotion have been omitted, especially in secret; and on all those cases in which you have shown a stupid disregard to the honour of God and to the temporal and eternal happiness of your fellow-creatures; when all these, I say, are reviewed, the number will swell beyond all possibility of account, and force you to cry out, "Mine iniquities are more than the hairs of my head." (Ps. xl. 12.) They will appear in such a light before you that your own heart will charge you with countless multitudes; and how much more then that God who is greater than your heart, and knows all things. (1 John iii. 20.)—*Doddridge*.

R E V I E W.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Life of Whitefield. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

(Continued from page 131.)

The blessed Lord, before he ascended up on high, left with his disciples a declaration, a precept, and a promise, all which three are intimately connected with each other. The *declaration*, which forms the firm basis both of precept and promise, runs thus: "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." Then follows the *precept*: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And then is added that most blessed and encouraging *promise*: "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.)

However low, then, the church of Christ may seem to sink, these three things stand firm as the eternal throne of the Most High: 1. That Jesus lives at God's right hand, ruling and governing all things in heaven and earth. 2. That it is his revealed will that the gospel should be preached. (Compare Mark xvi. 15.) And, 3. That he has promised to accompany his disciples and servants with his Spirit, presence, and grace to the end of the world.

We showed in our last Number the fallen and sunk condition of the church of God in this country during the first forty years of the last century. But a gleam of light is about to break forth, the dawning of a brighter day. And where of all places does this faint glimmer first appear? In the darkest of all corners, the firmest stronghold of prejudice and bigotry, the very seat of Satan as king over the children of pride—in the orthodox, High Church, Tory University of Oxford. About the year 1732, a few students became impressed with a concern for their souls, and formed a little association to meet together in order to pray, read the Scriptures, and converse about the solemn things of eternity. It was about this period that George Whitefield was entered at the University as servitor* at Pembroke College, and, being already under serious impressions, was after some little time induced to join himself to their society. This was not indeed the first time that he manifested a concern for his soul. In the account which he has given of his own experience, he speaks of having had convictions even in childhood. "Such," he says, "was the free grace of God to me, that though corruption worked so strongly in my soul, and produced such early and bitter fruits, yet I can recollect very early movings of the blessed Spirit upon my heart. Once I remember, when some per-

* The servitors, of whom only a few now remain, were a poor class of students who had their commons gratis, and other advantages, whereby they passed through the University at a very small personal expense.

sons (as they frequently did) made it their business to tease me, I immediately retired to my room, and, kneeling down, with many tears prayed over the 118th Psalm." Much of this religion, whether natural or spiritual, clung to him as he grew up, for he says of himself, that when still at school, for more than a twelvemonth he had gone through a round of duties, "receiving the sacrament monthly, fasting frequently, attending constantly at public worship, and praying often more than twice a day in private." Whether these convictions were the dawns of divine life, or the mere workings of natural conscience, we will not attempt to decide; but one thing is abundantly evident, that neither during this period, nor when he first went to Oxford, did either he or his companions know anything of the gospel of the grace of God. Their favourite books were Scougal, Thomas à Kempis, and Law. Not knowing, therefore, the way of salvation by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, and misled by these false guides, he sought it ignorantly by the works of the law, praying and fasting with such austerity for weeks together that at length he could not walk, from extreme weakness. But it is evident that the blessed Spirit was at work upon his conscience. He thus speaks of his experience at this period: "When I knelt down I felt great pressures both on soul and body, and have often prayed under the weight of them till the sweat came through me. God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground in silent and vocal prayer." Here was the Lord training up a champion for the field of battle, teaching his hands to war and his fingers to fight, and instructing him from soul experience afterwards to batter down those strong towers of legality and self-righteousness in which his own soul had been imprisoned, and which filled the length and breadth of the land. His health sank under the load of soul-trouble and his severe fastings and austerities, springing from the persuasion that it was his duty to shut himself up in his study to fast and pray till he had entirely mortified his will, and had become perfectly holy in body and soul. His tutor, who was much attached to him, sent a physician to cure his body, but there was watching over his bed a far better Physician, the great Physician of souls. He thus describes his deliverance from the curse and bondage of the law:

"Notwithstanding my fit of sickness continued six or seven weeks, I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it through eternity; for about the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his dear Son by a living faith, and, by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, to the day of redemption. But O with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring-tide, and, as it were, overflowed its banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing psalms aloud. Afterwards they became more settled, and, blessed be God,

saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

When his health was sufficiently established to bear removal, he left the University for his native place, Gloucester, where he gradually regained his former health and vigour. His load of sin was gone, the Sun of Righteousness shone upon his soul, and, guided and taught by the Spirit of truth, he spent most of his time in searching the Scriptures, secret prayer, meditation, and communion with the Lord.

From his earliest years the thoughts of the ministry had occupied his mind. Even when he was waiting with his apron and sleeves on at the Bell Inn, Gloucester, he wrote three sermons; but when his soul was blessed with a sense of pardoning mercy, he could not forbear speaking to others of the solemn things of eternity. Having at that time no other sphere, he visited the gaol every day, reading and praying with the prisoners, besides reading twice or thrice a week to some poor people in the city. In this way was the Lord secretly training him up for the work of the ministry, till his self-denying labours reaching the ears of Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, he sent for him; and though Whitefield at the time was but twenty-one years of age, he offered to ordain him whenever he wished it, and also to give him a cure. This offer Whitefield, after much serious consideration and earnest prayer, accepted, and was ordained deacon on Sunday, June 20th, 1736, in the Cathedral at Gloucester. He thus takes a review of the services of the day:

"I trust I answered every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say, Amen. And when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart do not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who, this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon me that ministration in the church. I call heaven and earth to witness that, when the bishop laid his hands upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into his almighty hands."

We shall not here enter on the question how far Whitefield was right in becoming a minister in the Church of England. No light had broken in upon his mind to show him her unscriptural position and errors; but his soul being all on fire to preach the gospel, and the door being thus opened in providence, he embraced it as of the Lord. He thus describes his first sermon:

"Last Sunday, in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Curiosity drew a large congregation together. The sight, at first, a little awed me; but I was comforted with a heartfelt sense of the divine presence, and soon found the advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners, and the poor people at their private houses, whilst at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted over-much. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with

some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked; but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop that I drove fifteen people mad the first sermon! The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday."

We shall take this opportunity to describe a little of Whitefield's peculiar, almost unparalleled, gifts as a preacher—gifts so remarkable that we cannot doubt they were bestowed upon him for a peculiar purpose. His voice, which is affirmed to have been so clear and powerful as to be audible at the distance of a mile, appears, by general testimony, to have been in all other respects one of the most effective ever possessed by man, capable of taking every varied tone of emotion, and whether poured forth in thunder to rouse, or in softer music to melt, making its way to the heart with irresistible force and effect. Its tones, too, were singularly varied, and at the same time so truly natural, expressing every tender feeling of the heart with such touching pathos, that the dullest hearer was riveted as by an invincible charm as soon as he opened his lips. His action, too, was singularly expressive and becoming, being easy, natural, and unaffected, yet eminently striking, though sometimes bordering almost on violence. His language also was peculiarly simple and full of fire, broken frequently into short sentences, abounding in figures and illustrations, interspersed with the warmest, tenderest appeals to the conscience, mingled often with his own uncontrollable sobs and tears, and divested of all that heavy lumber which weighs down preacher and hearer. Matter and manner were alike new, and burst upon a sleepy generation as a brilliant meteor, which in the midnight darkness draws to its path every eye.

Previous to his time sermons were for the most part long-winded, dull essays; and even when they were sound in doctrine, which was very rare, were, like the old Puritanical writings, more fitted for the closet than the pulpit, and divided and subdivided till "*nineteenthly*" weighed down eyes and ears into involuntary slumber. The holy fire which burned in Whitefield's soul burst its way through all these artificial coverings, and the glowing warmth which made his thoughts to breathe and his words to burn penetrated the hearts of his hearers. A minister once asked Garrick, the celebrated actor, why persons were so affected by a tragedy who fell asleep under a sermon? "The reason is," replied he, "that we speak falsehood as if it were truth, and you speak truth as if it were falsehood." Whitefield spoke truth as truth. The truth of God was in his heart, and a flame of love burnt there which lighted up his countenance with energy and his eyes with fire, poured itself forth in the most ardent and expressive words, quivered in every note of his melodious voice, and streamed forth in every wave of his hand. There is a peculiar charm in real eloquence, riveting the mind and swaying the feelings of the heart till it yields itself to the voice of the orator, as the strings of the harp to the fingers of the musician. The very sound of his voice can make the heart alternately burn with ardour and indignation, or melt it till the tears gush from the eyes. All this is

distinct from grace; and hundreds and thousands who melted at the accents of Whitefield's voice, lived and died in their sins. Like the prophet of old, he was unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; but they heard his words and did them not." (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.) Yet be it borne in mind, that these very natural gifts were bestowed on Whitefield for a particular purpose. It was these which gave him such congregations, and made his preaching admired by such men as David Hume, the philosopher, Lord Chesterfield, the courtier, and Franklin, the worldly politician, as much as by the poor colliers at Kingswood, when the white gutters, made by their tears, streaked their black cheeks. Whitefield was no actor cultivating his voice or studying his gestures; but these gifts were naturally in him, and he used them as inartificially as a person possessed of an exquisite ear and a beautiful voice pours forth melodious tones as the free utterance of the music within.

But besides these natural gifts, there was a peculiar power—the power of God, resting on his ministry. That a most signal blessing accompanied his labours is beyond the shadow of a doubt. John Newton, who had frequently heard him, in a funeral sermon preached at his death, from John v. 35, thus speaks of him from personal knowledge:

"The Lord gave him a manner of preaching which was peculiarly his own. He copied from none, and I never met any who could imitate him with success. They who attempted generally made themselves disagreeable. His familiar address, the power of his action, his marvellous talent in fixing the attention even of the most careless, I need not describe to those who have heard him; and to those who have not, the attempt would be vain. Other ministers could preach the gospel as clearly, and in general say the same things; but I believe no man living could say them in his way. Here I always thought him unequalled, and I hardly expect to see his equal while I live. But that which finished his character as a shining light, and is now his crown of rejoicing, was the singular success which the Lord was pleased to give him in winning souls. What numbers entered the kingdom of glory before him! and what numbers are now lamenting his loss, who were awakened by his ministry! It seemed as if he never preached in vain. Perhaps there is hardly a place, in all the extensive compass of his labours, where some may not yet be found who thankfully acknowledge him for their spiritual father. Nor was he an awakening preacher only; wherever he came, if he preached but a single discourse, he usually brought a season of refreshment and revival with him to those who had already received the truth. Great as his immediate and personal usefulness was, his occasional usefulness, if I may so call it, was, perhaps, much greater. Many have cause to be thankful for him who never saw or heard him. He introduced a way of close and lively application to the conscience, for which, I believe, many of the most admired and eminent preachers now living will not be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge themselves his debtors."

On this point we shall have another opportunity to enlarge; but we cannot omit here his devotedness to the work of the ministry. Seven times did he cross the Atlantic, at that time a long and perilous voyage. From the very first, too, he had a most singular power of winning the affections of his hearers. His sincerity, warmth, deep and genuine feeling, and, above all, the blessing of God resting

on the word, riveted to him the hearts of hundreds. His second visit to Bristol is thus described :

“He was met, about a mile from the city, by multitudes on foot, and some in coaches; and the people saluted and blessed him as he passed along the streets. He preached, as usual, five times a week, attended by immense crowds of all ranks. Collections were made for poor prisoners; societies were formed; and great inducements were offered to persuade him to remain in his native land. The congregations were overpowering. Some, as he himself remarks, ‘hung upon the rails, others climbed up the leads of the church; and altogether the church was so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain.’ June 21st he preached his farewell sermon at Bristol, and toward the end of the discourse, when he came to tell them, ‘it might be that they would see him no more,’ the whole congregation was exceedingly affected; high and low, young and old, burst into a flood of tears; and at the close, multitudes followed him home weeping.”

The same extraordinary popularity followed him to London, where he arrived about the end of August, 1737 :

“He preached generally nine times a week, and yet so numerous were his assemblies, that thousands could not gain admittance to the largest churches of the city; and, to prevent accidents from the pressure of the crowd, constables were placed at the doors. The Lord’s Supper was administered often on Sunday morning, when, long before day, in the winter months, the streets were seen filled with people carrying lights, and conversing on religion as they proceeded to church.”

“As the time approached when he was to leave England, the people showed their esteem for him by many expressive tokens. They followed him so closely and in such numbers, for advice, that he could scarcely command a moment of retirement. They begged to receive from him religious books, and to have their names written with his own hands, as memorials of him. The final separation was to him almost unsupportable.”

Making every allowance for his natural gifts, there must have been a peculiar power resting on his ministry, to produce these effects.

His first visit to America, which soon followed, was not accompanied with such a display of divine power as the succeeding, he being there but four months, and his labours being chiefly confined to Georgia, then a new and most unhealthy settlement. Being desirous of ordination as a priest, he embarked for England on Sept. 8th, and was nine weeks on the voyage, tossed about with bad weather, in a ship out of repair, and in want of provisions.

It was during his stay in England, before his second visit to America, that the pulpits being closed against him, he first preached in the open air :

“‘I thought,’ says he, ‘it might be doing the service of my Lord, who had a mountain for his pulpit and the heavens for his sounding-board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the high-ways and hedges.’ These motives impelled him to make the experiment, and feeling his duty to be no longer doubtful, he proceeded to Kingswood for that purpose. The colliers were without any church, and so notorious for their wicked and brutal manner, that, when provoked, they were a terror to all the neighbourhood. On Saturday afternoon, the 17th of February, he preached at Rose Green, his first field pulpit, to as many as the novelty of the scene collected, which were about two hundred. Adverting to this, he exclaims, ‘Blessed be God that the ice is now broken, and I have taken the field. Some

may censure me; but is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge.' Every time he went to Kingswood the number of his hearers increased. Thousands of all ranks flocked from Bristol and the neighbourhood; the congregation was sometimes computed at twenty thousand. With what gladness and eagerness many of these despised outcasts, who had never been in a church in their lives, received the word, is beyond description. 'Having,' as he writes, 'no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a Friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which, as the event proved, happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I know, by happy experience, what our Lord meant by saying, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some on the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for and quite overcame me.'

With this extract we must close, for the present, our review of the celebrated apostle of the last century, hoping to resume the subject in a future Number.

POETRY.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

(Concluded from page 132.)

When my mortal tongue is still,
My body mouldering in the clay,
That I shall sing on Sion's hill,
Throughout an everlasting day;
This, my soul, is what you feel;
All this may the Spirit seal.

Then when you are called to die,
Time with you to be no more,
You will surely mount on high,
To sing upon that heavenly shore,
With all the glorious, blood-bought
band,

Sweet hallelujahs to the Lamb.

See, my soul, that Christ ascending
From the tomb wherein he lay;
Vain the seal, the watch attending;
See, the Victor clears the way!

Every obstacle removing,
Which over and around were brooding.

See, the Victor mounts on high,
Entering with blood within the veil!

There he reigns, no more to die;
There with blood he does prevail;
That blood that on the cross was shed,
To save his people from the dead.

Within the holiest he stands,
For ever interceding there;
With wounded feet, and side, and hands,
This to the Father doth declare:
He has redeemed his much-loved
bride,

When he views his hands and side.

Interceding, yes, my soul,
Ever now before the throne,
For the wounded, not the whole;
This dear Jesus does alone.
'Tis the sick he came to save,
Not them who no Physician crave.

Yes, my soul, he's ever pleading
The rich merits of his blood;
Comforts those who're on him leaning,
Finally to bring to God.

When their sorrows here shall end,
Such everlasting glories tend.

O my soul, the thought of drinking,
Sometimes makes thy poor heart sing,
Always filled from such a Fountain,
Where the living waters spring;
Where, my soul, there is no night,
But rich and everlasting light.

Yes, my soul, 'tis this that lightens
Sorrows deep, that on you fall;
This that cheers your heart, and
brightens,

While here below you grope and
crawl;

A hope that's fixed beyond the grave,
In Jesus, who has power to save;

Power to save the vilest creature
That is brought to feel the fall.
Matters not how black his feature,
Jesus' blood can cleanse it all:
"Tell you, you're all fair, my love;
You shall dwell with me above."

Yes, Manassehs, Pauls, and Peters,
Shall be saved, every one;
Not by works of fallen creatures,
But the works that Christ has done;
By Christ's merits, love, and blood,
Pleading within the veil of God.

Yes, my soul, 'tis all rich favour
Of the sovereign God and King;
Choosing Jesus Christ the Saviour,
For salvation free to bring
To them who feel they're lost and slain,
Bound with fetters and with chain.

'Tis for such henceforth expecting,
Jesus waits within the veil;
All his chosen sons erecting
In the building; none shall fail;
No living stone shall e'er be lost;
Blood has bought them; blood the cost.

Then when the stones are all brought
home,

Into the building fair and strong,
What shouts will echo round the throne,
When Christ the top stone shall
put on.

"Grace, grace unto it!" will they sing,
Throughout the empire of our King.

May you, my soul, be found one there
To join in that sweet song divine,
That shall those wondrous glories
share,

That are unspeakable, sublime;
There to cast your crown, and fall,
Crowning Jesus Lord of all.

Yes, if, my soul, you reach the place,
Make one among the favour'd throng;
I'm sure you'll sing his rich, rich grace;
This I am sure will be your song;
Casting your crown before your King,
And, shouting, make the mansions ring.

Crystal walls for ever sounding
With melodious notes of love;
Jesus' grace, o'er sin abounding,
Brought us to the courts above,
Making heaven's high arches ring,
Shouting mercy through their King.

Yes, my soul, 'twill be for ever,
Singing songs with harps of gold;
Singing of that theme, and never
Will the song be dead or cold;
Here will harps be hung on willows,
Through the rising of the billows.

No, Satan's storms will then be o'er;
No unbelief, nor doubts, nor fears,
Never can they reach the shore
Where the Lamb for ever cheers;
But every blood-bought son will sing
The lasting glories of his King.

T. W.

Since first my unbelief was felt, I have been praying fifteen years for faith, and praying with some earnestness, and am not yet possessed of more than half a grain. Jesus, who knew well, assures you that a single grain, and a grain as small as mustard seed, would remove a mountain; remove a mountain-load of guilt from the conscience, a mountain-load of lust from the heart, and a mountain-load of trouble from the mind.—*Berridge*.

You have heard, no doubt, of beggars who tie a leg up when they go a-begging, and then make hideous lamentations of their lameness. Why, this is just your case. When you go to church to pray, which is begging, you tie your righteous heart up, and then make woeful outcry for "mercy on us miserable sinners." These tricks may pass awhile unnoticed, but Jesus Christ will apprehend such cheats at last, and give them their deserts.—*Berridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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.

No. 210.

JUNE, 1853.

VOL. XIX.

THE BENEFITS OF A MERCY-SEAT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CONWAY STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 4TH, 1815. BY EDMUND ROBINS, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT THE SAID PLACE.

(Concluded from page 138.)

And this leads me to take notice of another thing that God communicates to a sinner through Christ, and that is, mercy displayed in the forgiveness of sin. This is the very blessing that the soul wants to enjoy, for until this is the case, though he has visits in a measure of God's goodness, yet there is something wanting, and that is, the blood of Christ to cleanse his conscience from all guilt; or, in other words, a firm persuasion by the Spirit of faith that I am interested in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; and until this mercy is communicated to the conscience, there is always something wanting. The poor publican in the temple wanted this mercy; and so did the Psalmist: “Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.” The gaoler found his need of the same blessing, when he cried out, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved?” And poor Mary, at our Lord's feet, knew the want of this blessing; and so does every poor sinner, as soon as he is taught to know by feeling the wretched state he is in.

And the soul will find that it cannot feel a going out in thankfulness to God until he is led to believe that his sin is washed away in the fountain of Christ's blood; neither is there a solid peace in the conscience till there is a beholding of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; nor can the soul find that nearness to God. But when the set time is come to favour the soul with the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, and God, by his blessed Spirit, leads the soul forth in faith to receive the atonement of Christ, so that the mercy of God is enjoyed, this is a blessed

communication to the sensible sinner's heart; this is the balm of Gilead, the saving health of all nations, a sure remedy for the conscience. As John says, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The cause of such a sinner's misery is removed at once; that is, sin, in its filth and guilt. He finds a nearness to God; as Paul says, "We are made nigh by the blood of Christ; for through him we both," that is, Jew and Gentile, "have access by one Spirit unto the Father." This is the grand blessing that brings us nigh, so as to have peace and joy in believing; and sure I am, that where this blessing is made known, a soul will be communicating to God thanks, and blessings, and praises for such great mercy.

One thing more that God communicates to a soul is righteousness; and as the man is taught by the Spirit that as a sinner in Adam he is free from righteousness through the fall, and that he never can get admittance into glory without righteousness, and has been taught to know that he has no strength to work one out, and, having life within him, he hungers and thirsts for one, the gospel reveals one suited to his need; and the poor creature being condemned by law and conscience for want of one, it is very suitable to such a poor, self-condemned sinner for the good Spirit to lead him to take a proper view of Christ, as a Surety, in his undertaking and finished work, and to give him a proper view how Christ was made sin for his people, that they might be made the righteousness of God in him. As a faithful Surety he stood in the sinner's law place, and in man's nature he obeyed the law perfectly; and that very obedience is imputed to the sinner that in time believes. It is a righteousness of God's providing; it is a righteousness wrought out by God's co-equal and co-eternal Son in human nature; it is adequate to the demands of law and justice. The Father is well pleased with it, and it is to and upon all that believe. This is the righteousness that is set forth in the gospel; this, and no other, can give us, as sinners, an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God above.

Now, when the poor soul is by the Spirit of faith persuaded that it has an interest in the blood of Christ, by the same Spirit it also is persuaded of an interest in him as the Lord his righteousness; these two things go together. Hence some have said that there is an active and a passive obedience, and it is true, and if a man is interested in one he is in the other. The active obedience of Christ is his life of obedience to the preceptive part of the law, and his passive obedience is his dying in the sinner's room, and shedding his precious blood to atone for guilt. Christ has done all this for his elect. Hence it is said, "He was led as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." And Peter says, "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." And Paul says, "He obtained eternal redemption for us." So that he is the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe. Now, when God the Holy Spirit leads the soul forth in faith to behold him as the Lord our righteousness, and the good Spirit testifies of his blood and spotless obedience to the conscience, this is what we may call salvation; and thus does God communicate to men from

above the mercy-seat a grand type of Christ, and the soul goes back in heart-felt acknowledgments to God, the Donor of such good.

Such a soul passes sensibly from death to life in this act of believing. He feels peace in his soul, joy in God; the Spirit bears witness to the work, and law, conscience, justice, and all appears on the sinner's side, and the blessed Spirit operates as a Comforter, and by a living faith the soul sucks out the blessed contents of the promises, and milks out, and is delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory. Such a soul is sealed up to the day of redemption, anointed with the oil of joy, draws near to God, finds sweet access to him, and by the Spirit he feels the love of God in Christ made known to him; the fear of death that he had is removed, and the dreadful tormenting thoughts that racked the sinner's mind are all gone, and his meditation is now sweet; he is spiritually minded, so that life and peace is felt.

Whilst he remains under this influence, his conversation will be about heavenly things, and the name of Christ is as ointment poured out in his soul; he is satisfied with the Lord's goodness. This is a foretaste of heaven; as Dr. Watts says, "It is glory begun below." And now it is that the soul is filled with the high praises of God and holds sweet communion with God, is really in possession of the mind of Christ, and walks with God in peace and equity. The mind is most sweetly employed in meditation, the memory retains God's goodness, the will is in sweet submission, the conscience is at peace, the affections are set at God's right hand, so that God is supremely loved, and the understanding understands God's dealings, and the judgment declares it is all right; in humility and love the soul ascends to God, gratitude of heart and the deepest compunction of soul is felt, astonishment at God's kindness is increased, and the soul feelingly says, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I was such a stranger from thee?" Sweet meltings of soul are felt, godly sorrow and repentance are exercised, and the scripture is fulfilled where it is said, "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall lothe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations; when I am pacified toward thee, for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." Such a soul as this has communion with God in these displays of love and mercy, and with the dear Redeemer in his suffering circumstances; or, as Paul says, he has fellowship with him in his sufferings; and he has communion with the Holy Spirit by the witness that he bears, the comfort that is felt, the joy that is experienced, and the constraints of eternal love which he sheds abroad in the heart.

Now, if you want the whole of this matter in a narrow compass, I will give it you; first, in the words of Paul, and secondly in the words of Peter. Paul says, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." And Peter says, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving

the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." And if you want a specimen of all this work, I will give it you in the case of David. For instance, when God arrested David in his conscience, and communicated fear, light, life, and power, by his Spirit, he cried out, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure; for thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me."

Here was a sensible sinner under divine teaching; he had the fear of God in him, he had light to discover, he had life to feel, and power displayed in him, and God rebuking him and chastening him; he was miserable, and the cause of it sin. Well, what does he do? why, all his false props being taken away, and he sinking in the horrible pit, and sticking fast in the miry clay, he communicates to God by confessions and supplications: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Well, it pleases God to favour him with a confidence that he would appear in the displays of his goodness to him. This helped him and propped him up; as he says, "I had utterly fainted unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Having a little faith to believe that God would appear, he found a little patience to wait God's time and way, and at last, in answer to his cries, God delivered him. Mark his own words: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

Now here is God's goodness communicating to David what he really needed; and what does David say to it? why, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." And did he not communicate to God? yes; take it in his own words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." And again, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." All that I have said, you see, was clearly manifested in the experience of David, both on the bitter side and also the bright; God communicated to David, and David communicated back to God.

Now, when the soul is thus blessed, a vital union is felt, and fellowship is enjoyed. God and such souls walk together, being agreed. They talk to each other; the soul talks in confessions, prayers, and thank-offerings to God, and God talks in them by his Spirit, and in this way they have communion. They are very fond of each other's company and of hearing each other's voice,

and seeing each other's face, and of banqueting together. The soul says, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." (Song i. 2.) "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant." (Ps. xxxi. 16.) "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice; cause me to hear it." (Song viii. 13.) And, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." (Song iv. 16.) And then observe what the Lord says to those in union with him: "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue." (Song iv. 11.) "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." (Song ii. 14.) And indeed the whole Song of Solomon sets forth this union and communion in a wonderful way. Hence he says, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" and she says to him, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits;" so that they have sweet entertainment on both sides. And it is wonderful how they are charmed with each other's beauty. Hear what the Lord says of his church at large in Song iv. 1—7; and concludes, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." And what does she say of him, Song v. 10, to the end? She concludes, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

But I hasten on to notice one thing more, and that is, that God communicates a fresh supply of grace to his children, to enable them to stand against the devil, the flesh, and the world; for they are to come into the field of battle, and not to be always joyful and happy upon the mount, for God has set the day of prosperity and the day of adversity one against the other. The more God's goodness is manifested to the soul, the more will the devil and his subjects war against it. When God's face is hid, the devil comes with his temptations to dispute us out of all that we have felt; and if he cannot do this altogether, he will use all the means he can to draw us into some abomination; and if he cannot get us into actual sin, he will stir up all manner of evils in our hearts, and sometimes fill us with blasphemies to curse God, the Bible, and all that is good. It is the will of God to try the righteous, and therefore he hides his blessed face from us, and we are in darkness, as the Scriptures witness; and this is the devil's opportunity. It is often the case that he comes in like a flood, and sweeps all comfort, rest, peace, and joy from the soul, and stirs up his own wretched crop within us, till we appear more like devils than saints. No access to God, no communion is enjoyed; and as it is all wrong within, so it is wrong at times without, and we say as Jacob did, "All these things are against me." "My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord." And, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" And we feel that we can do nothing towards getting out of this state. Now, if we were never to come into such a labyrinth, we should not want the promises of God to be fulfilled, nor know what it is to have a fresh supply of

grace ; hence God suffers us to come into some sore conflicts within, that he may have an opportunity of fulfilling his promises to us and in us, because we cannot in any measure communicate to him in such a state without a fresh supply of God's grace.

Now all this grace is, by God the Father, treasured up in Christ, and we are to be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Christ is a glorious throne to his Father's house, and we are to come with a humble boldness to a throne of grace, that we may obtain grace to help us in time of need ; and, by the Holy Spirit, we are favoured with it, and we, under its influences, communicate to God. And sure I am, that the devil will be constantly lying in wait to entrap and to entangle us ; our own hearts will always take the devil's part ; and we shall be hated of all men for the truth's sake. We have no strength to stand against any evil within or without, or to take a step in God's way. There is no confession, prayer, life, or motion in the soul ; no appetite, no hungering or thirsting, nor one grain of gratitude to God, without the Spirit's influence. But God has declared that his Spirit shall be in his children as a well of living water, springing up in the exercise of faith, hope, and love, till we come into glory above ; and that he will water us every moment, and by his power keep us night and day ; and that we shall bring forth fruit in old age, to show that God is upright and faithful to his word ; as Paul says, " God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." So that, however low the springs may be, the Fountain is full, and the springs shall rise again and again, so that such a soul shall never be famished for good and all, as long as there is a grain of grace in Christ or a particle of love in God ; for, says Christ, " Because I live, ye shall live also ;" and out of his fulness we all receive, and grace for grace. And in proportion as this grace and love is communicated to us, so we, under the blessed influence of the Spirit, communicate to God, so that we have communion with each other ; and as we are delighted with his communications to us, so he is delighted with our confessions, prayers, and praises.

Again. If we are suffered to backslide from him in any measure, we find the sensible intercourse stopped up between God and us, and sin is of a hardening nature, and we should never commune with God any more, if he did not communicate to us a meek, soft spirit. Under this we confess to him our vileness, and implore his mercy afresh ; he hears, and answers, and makes himself known to us as a sin-pardoning God again and again, as he did to Ephraim ; and this leads us to admire him, to love him, and to bless and praise his holy name for all his mercies to us, the most unworthy of all his creatures. And indeed, praise is all that he gets for saving men ; it is the only revenue of his kingdom, and he inhabits the praises of Israel ; and sure I am, that the end of God, in his purpose of grace, is his own glory, in the salvation of men from Satan, sin, guilt, wrath, law, death, and damnation. This is the end of Christ's death ; and it is the end of God's Spirit in regenerating and making us meet for heaven. And this is in some measure answered in this world, when

the soul is brought to praise God in truth here ; and it will be fully accomplished in the world to come, when the whole body of God's elect are all brought to cast their crowns before his throne, and unitedly ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Here in this world communion with God is sadly interrupted, but in that blessed abode there will be nothing to interrupt it to all eternity.

Communion with God is found in this world in the means of God's appointments, and we are directed to be diligent in all the means of grace ; and God's promise is, that "the diligent soul shall be made fat." And we have found him in prayer, hearing and reading his word, in conversation with his family ; and at times he meets with us when lawfully employed in this world. But let him come when he may, his visits are sweet and precious. And if we narrowly watch his hand in providence, and in the displays of his grace to us, and notice what there is going on in our hearts against him, I am sure there is not a day passes over us but that we shall feel that we want supplies of grace, and also have something to confess to God, stand in need of prayer, and also have something to be thankful to God for, if we are led to observe the feelings of our own souls within, and God's kind providence without.

Now, by the above things we see the benefits of Christ as our Ark and our Mercy-seat. Were it not for God's love, we should never be thus favoured ; and were it not for Christ Jesus, we never should have one of these blessings, consequently we should never have any communion with God. God's Spirit and all grace are, you see, communicated through Christ as a channel. The Spirit comes, and the Spirit communicates grace, such as fear, light, life, faith, hope, and love, patience, meekness, true humility, godly sorrow, and repentance. Mercy is displayed in pardoning sin, righteousness to cover us and to justify us, peace of conscience, love to God, rest for our souls, comfort and joy, a fresh supply of grace, and heaven at last. O the goodness of God to such poor wretches as we ! O the love of Christ, undertaking our cause, and dying to redeem us ! O the love of the Spirit to teach us to know our want of all these things, and for leading us to know anything of them in our own hearts, so as to have communion with God ! Yes, such souls are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and without these things not a soul can be saved ; for I must be regenerated by God's Spirit, and by that holy agent made holy, or have a meetness for glory ; I must be washed in the blood of Christ from all my sins ; and I must also be covered with his righteousness, for no unholy, unclean, unrighteous person can ever gain admittance into the celestial regions of eternal day. As says God in his word, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord ;" and there is no holiness but by the Spirit of grace. "The righteous nation that keepeth the truth shall enter in." The Saviour says they shall enter into life eternal, and shall shine forth as the sun in the glory of their Father's kingdom for ever and ever. But "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

And, lastly, no unclean persons shall enter, but all that are washed in the blood of the Lamb shall. O what a mercy to be thus blessed! Let death come when it may, such a soul will be for ever happy, and at the last day shall be publicly owned and honoured by the Saviour before men and devils, and they shall hear this glorious sentence: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and will be favoured with sweet communion with the Three-in-One to all eternity. Gbd, in tender mercy, favour you with more of this communion from above this glorious mercy-seat in this world, that you may be found among this highly-favoured number at last, if God permit, for his name and mercy's sake, through his dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ. To whom be all glory and praise ascribed, now and for evermore. Amen and amen.

[We cannot forbear calling the special attention of our spiritual readers to the Sermon which we have concluded in the present Number. For clearness of doctrinal statement, for depth and fulness of experience, for simplicity and strength of language, (though evidently the production of an uneducated man,) and for the sweet savour pervading and impregnating the whole, we scarcely know its equal. If any one were to ask what are the views of the "Standard," what one piece would it point to as embodying that with which it desires its pages to be filled, what are the doctrines it desires to be declared, what the experience to be unfolded in them, we could hardly point to any one article which has for some time appeared that so fully represents them as Robins's Sermon on the "Benefits of a Mercy-seat."

We can say this freely, as he has been many years dead, and the sermon has been long out of print. We feel, therefore, a solemn pleasure in enriching with it our pages; and may the God of all grace abundantly bless it to the souls of our readers!]

We say, hunger will break through stone walls. Desperate circumstances make men violent. Thus it is with a convinced sinner. He sees himself in the city of destruction; and Moses has set his house on fire about his ears, as Bunyan says in his "Pilgrim's Progress." Now, he cannot think of God, sin, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, with an air of indifference. No, he is awake. He sees the importance of them. His soul is alive; he feels the weight of them. He finds sin has destroyed him; the law terrifies him. Death stares him in the face; judgment alarms him. He trembles to see hell moved from beneath to receive him. Now his fancied good works, his morality stand him in no stead. He hungers after righteousness. His apprehensions of wrath make him violent. His hunger is keen; he besieges the kingdom of God with eager prayer. He forces his way through every opposition; he breaks through every wall of obstruction, with, "O give me Christ, or I perish! Give me his blood to pardon me, his righteousness to justify me, or I am lost for ever!" This is fleeing for refuge. This is like one escaping for his life, from dreadful flames and devouring fire. This is being violent: such take the kingdom of God by force.—*W. Mason.*

ORIGINAL LETTERS BY J. JENKINS, W.A.—No. III.

I have read and perused the letter of my dear daughter in the faith with a great deal of satisfaction. A sweet unction attended it; life, light, love, and power appear in it, attended with, as in the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness; and let long suffering follow. All this is our Beloved's *own* pleasant fruit, which he himself, as the Sun of Righteousness, puts forth, and which he partakes of when he is pleased to come to his garden. It is honey with the honeycomb; the word which he has spoken himself, and the contents of it, which the Spirit pours out into our hearts. Under this sweet influence, we are meekened, humbled, and melted, and are filled with love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. All these go back to him again in sweet and endearing expressions of love, praise, and thankfulness, which he gladly receives, and returns back again, saying, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" He can receive nothing from us but what he has *first sown*; he sows in righteousness, and we reap in mercy; he breaks up the fallow-ground, then we seek him, and never leave off till he comes and rains righteousness upon us.

A deal of the dross, I see indeed, my dear sister, has gone off; and thus his word is fulfilled, for he has said, that "the filth of the daughter of Zion" shall be purged from her "by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning." Your judgment is past, and you have sung of mercy and of judgment; and since that, his word has been like a fire shut up in your bones, and at times the flame has kindled, and you have spoken with your mouth. And the word of the Lord tries you, as it did Joseph; and so it will, till the word of the Lord come again. And he that shall come, will come; but the just must live by faith, and patience must have its perfect work. After Abraham had patiently endured, he obtained the promise; and so shall the daughter of Abraham, who looks to Abraham, her father, who believed against hope, and to Sarah, her mother, who by faith received strength to conceive the incorruptible seed, and to bring forth in the appointed time; and the promise is, that they shall go through the fire and through the water, and out into the wealthy place.

I see nothing in this letter but the footsteps of the flock. It is the strait path wherein you shall not stumble, and the path which will "shine more and more unto the perfect day," when no darkness will ever more appear. Hold him fast, submit to his will, and patiently wait on him. "He hath loved the people; all his saints are in his hand; they sit down at his feet, and receive of his words." It is the time now to suffer for awhile, and the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, will, after this is over, make perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle us. And whatever benefit you may have received by so poor and weak an instrument, let the dear Redeemer have *all the praise*, who hath made him to differ, and who indeed has separated him from the rest of his brethren. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and

hated him; but his bow abides still in strength, and the arms of his hands are in some measure strengthened by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; and to him be all the glory for ever and ever. Amen. And I hope you will pray that the blessing of him that dwelt in the bush may be upon his head; yea, the blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breast and of the womb, may ever attend Joseph.

I had some difficulty to bring myself to write this, as I see your path, your trials, feelings, and comforts, in hand and in expectation, so clearly described and pointed out in these letters. But to comply with your request, I send these lines; and may God for ever bless my daughter.

J. JENKINS.

While our corrupt nature, derived from Adam, invariably produces its like in endless succession from father to son, there is an entire disconnection with every earthly affinity in the heirs of grace. They are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man; but of God. Hence, it is no uncommon thing in life for godly parents to have ungodly children; and so *vice versâ*, many, that by regeneration are made godly, have sprung after the flesh from ungodly parents. Grace is not hereditary. Abraham might, and indeed did *wish* for his son Ishmael to have grace; but Abraham, no more than any other earthly father, could *will* it to him. Some of the Lord's chosen have been the children of many prayers from the womb; while *others* have been brought forth in the very sty of sensuality, and nursed amidst the prayerless and profane. (Ezek. xvi. 3.) And what trophies of grace has the Lord raised to himself in all ages, when from such haunts of licentiousness he has gathered, and stills gathers his children, to people his kingdom! —*Hawker.*

Love without reason is a mad passion. Profession without love is but "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" unmeaning noise to others, unprofitable to him that makes it. Love is of God. It is that precious ointment that is poured forth from the Father of love upon the head of our spiritual Aaron, and runs down to the skirts of his garment, even upon all his brethren, the children of love. Love descends from God through Jesus, to us, spreads itself among the brethren, and ascends in grateful odours to the God of love. We are all like Simeon and Levi, brethren in iniquity; and as with them, so anger and self-will is also found with us. Both are the effect of pride, and are contrary to faith and love. The question is not, Are we perfectly freed from every passion and temper contrary to love? nor, Are we to expect this from our brethren? God loves us not as sinless, but as he views us in Christ Jesus. Do we really love the children of God as such—love the members of Jesus purely for his sake? Instead of indulging, do we curb and resist, watch and pray against our tempers, which are contrary to love? This is a blessed evidence that the root of love is in us.—*W. Mason.*

OUTLINES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Dear Sir,—The following letter, containing the substance of a sermon, preached at Deptford, in 1827, was written by the request of our dear friend, Mrs. W. Boorne, an obituary of whom appeared in the April Number of the "Gospel Standard." She was very much blessed in hearing it preached, and had it sweetly brought to her remembrance in her late affliction; and we hope the same blessing may attend the communication of it to others. It was sent in answer to the letter which here precedes it.

Greenwich.

Yours truly,

W. B.

Dear Sir,—I cannot rest satisfied until I have made you acquainted with the Lord's kind and gracious dealings with my soul, that his dear name may be glorified, and you may see that your message was not in vain; for I can say he is a God hearing and answering prayer. It seemed that every word you said was for me. I had this passage on my mind about a fortnight ago, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;" since which time the Lord has seen fit to remove by death a very dear and interesting child. But he has been graciously pleased to send peace into my poor doubting, fearful soul, through the word of his grace delivered by you on Sunday afternoon. Indeed, I can say that the work is begun and is going on in my soul, for the Lord has confirmed me in the belief of the truth that the dear Saviour died for me, and that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life; so that I was constrained to sing the hymn Mr. W. gave out, especially the two first lines,

"Let everlasting honours crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my God,"

which I dared not have done in the morning, for I felt overwhelmed in trouble concerning my state more than because of the death of my child. It appeared to me many times a thing impossible that the work was begun, or that the dear Saviour would ever condescend to look on such a wretch as I felt myself to be. He is faithful to his promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" for I am confident I have found it so.

Last week, when I was petitioning his blessed Majesty to give me some evidence that my dear child was saved, these words came very forcibly into my mind, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." I wondered what the words could mean, as I thought it was not an answer to what I was begging for. But now I can tell, for I feel I have got that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. O Sir, I can freely give up my child, and say, "The Lord does all things well." Her loss is more than made up to me. That which I have

been longing for these eight years, was to know that my worthless name was written in the Lamb's book of life! O how often have I longed to know if he died for me! and now to feel a sweet persuasion of it at such a time as this is an unspeakable mercy. For him who could crush the world to dust in a moment if it were his pleasure, to look on such a poor worm, and more than that, to be one of his favourites; to be one that he will own "in that tremendous day;" it melts my heart and humbles me to the dust, and calls for more gratitude than I can express.

I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in sending this, but I had a desire that you should know that your labour is not "in vain in the Lord," and that he should have the praise. As you obliged Mr. A. with the substance of a discourse in a letter, I should be thankful, and esteem it as a great favour, if you will, when convenient, oblige me with the substance of the one you delivered yesterday afternoon, for I stand in need of confirmation unto the end.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Broadway, Deptford, Oct. 22nd, 1827.

ANN BOORNE.

Dear Friend,—It is with pleasure I reflect upon my last visit to Deptford, because the Lord made it further manifest that there is amongst you a remnant who are of the election of grace, who have his approbation in meeting together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and likewise my being favoured with his sanction in coming to speak in his name. To all such I wish grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The account you saw, sent from Mrs. W. Boorne, I consider to be, "The Lord giving testimony to the word of his grace," so as to cause her with the heart to believe unto righteousness, and with the mouth or pen to make confession unto salvation. May the Lord add unto you a number of such.

As desired, I willingly send you the substance, as near as I can, of the discourse the Lord was pleased to set his seal unto:—

"Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. i. 8.)

The apostle being the means of bringing many at Corinth to the faith, gives thanks to God on their behalf for the grace bestowed on them, and tells them God is faithful by whom they were called to the fellowship of his Son Christ Jesus, and that the Lord would confirm them unto the end. The persons whom the Lord has confirmed and still confirms are called "disciples;" hence the apostles are said to go through the cities where they had preached "confirming the souls of the disciples." These are such as are called "disciples indeed." Disciples indeed are made sensible of the need of divine teaching, and cry to the Lord for wisdom and understanding, and are encouraged to this by him who, because he is good and upright, teaches sinners in the way, who guides the meek in judgment, and

has promised to teach the meek his way. These are taught of the Lord to know their poverty and want, to know the spirituality of the law, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Such are brought to the feet of the Prophet of God's church and people. In Matt. v. we read of Christ's going up into a mountain, and calling his disciples unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Such disciples, thus sitting at his feet, find his word fulfilled in their experience. The word of his grace removes their guilty fears; the word of righteousness silences their accusers; the word of reconciliation brings peace; and by the faith of a Mediator, they find they are brought nigh unto God, and are in a state of friendship with him. These are following on to know the Lord, and such are confirmed unto the end.

The things disciples are to be confirmed in: Some of them need confirming in the doctrines of Christ, in consequence of the temptations they labour under, and on account of the cunning craftiness of men who lie in wait to deceive the souls of the simple. His doctrines are those of the doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in one God. "I will," says the Son, "pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." The Saviour declared concerning himself, "I am the Son of God;" "I and my Father are one." For this the Jews stoned him, and for this they said he ought to die, and desired sentence against him. He preached the new birth and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, in talking to Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. He declared the doctrine of remission of sin, and also of justification, and freedom from condemnation and wrath by faith in him. He taught the doctrine of the saints' final perseverance, in his prayer to the Father, saying, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And we know that he set forth eternal election; our names written in heaven as the greatest ground of a Christian's joy. He rejoiced in spirit; he admired his Father's choice, and his sovereignty in passing by the wise and prudent and revealing his mysteries unto babes. These are the doctrines of our God and Saviour.

Again. We find most of the Lord's people wish to be more confirmed about their interest in Christ Jesus, their part and lot in election, their interest in the love of God, and are much perplexed about the work of grace begun and carrying on in their hearts. Now, the Lord has various means in which he confirms his people. One of the chief is that of the word preached. The Lord has promised them pastors after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding; such pastors are furnished with the wholesome words of Christ; are well acquainted with the experience of a Christian; they know the path of tribulation; they speak from the abundance of the heart. The Lord directs them where to go, fur-

nishes them with messages of grace and truth, and attends the word with power.

By attending the ministry of such, weak hands are strengthened, and feeble knees are confirmed. Some who are staggering through unbelief, or the suggestions of Satan, or the delusions of his agents, are established in the truth; others, who doubt of their interest in Christ, pardon of sin, and a state of justification, find faith comes by hearing. At other times, when fearing they are not among the chosen of God, they go from hearing the word rejoicing in this, that their names are written in heaven; and many of the family in darkness, the work of God being obscured and hid, seek light upon their path, and find it; as one prays, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants." Sometimes this confirming work goes on in reading the Scriptures, or some portion being applied with power to the soul; and likewise the reading of godly men's works. Another way in which they are confirmed is by being favoured with answers to their prayers under temptations about their state. They cry to the Lord; the Spirit being the Spirit of supplication, they prevail; by his power they believe, peace flows in, and the Spirit assures them of their adoption, and of the love of God unto them; and this work is to go on to the end. This being the case, you must expect trials and troubles to the end. Some may say these are bad tidings; but it is so decreed, that through great tribulation we must pass in order to stand before the throne and the Lamb. Every appearance of our God in affliction; the help afforded in trouble, and deliverances granted, strengthen, establish, and confirm us. "By these things men live;" and by these means we are assured of the covenant love of our God unto us; and such are brought to believe that he will never leave them, that he will never, no never forsake them. Persons who are thus confirmed unto the end will appear blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This day of the Lord is, when he will come a second time, which will be a very different appearance from that in the days of his flesh. He then appeared as a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" was a poor and needy Man; was buffeted, spit upon; crowned with thorns, and crucified. But when he comes the second time, he will come as the God of Glory, in his glorified humanity, with his glorious attendants, ten thousands of his saints and angels. He will descend from heaven with a shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; the dead in Christ will be raised, and those who remain on earth until he comes will be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

Before his first coming, many were looking out, waiting in hope and expectation of it; and believers are now said to be looking for the fulfilment of his promise, believing he will come. We look for his appearing, and when favoured with comfortable assurance of interest in his great salvation, and are blessed with the light of his countenance, we long for and love his appearance. But he will then come as the Bridegroom of his church. He will come to be admired and gloried in his saints.

We are to be confirmed "unto the end," that we may be blameless

in that day. This will be wonderful indeed, and an unspeakable mercy to be blameless when all the world will be covered with shame and confusion, being found in their sins, when all the world will wail because of him. How widely does the path as well as the end of such differ from that of carnal professors! Some believe for awhile, hearing the word with joy, and then fall away; some go on holding damnable heresies, and others in a vain confidence, having no changes; and of some it is said, they "took their lamps, and took no oil with them;" none of these are acquainted with confirming work. The Lord's people are a tried people. When they are once truly convinced of their sinful, ruined condition, nothing short of a knowledge of salvation, winning of Christ, and being found in him and in his righteousness will satisfy them. These know what it is to be burdened with the old man of sin, and to be in heaviness through manifold temptations, for the trial of their faith; and what with a frowning world, frowning providences, and an evil heart of unbelief, they know what it is to take up their cross daily, in order to follow their Lord. These cannot go on without help and strength from above. Such cannot set light by the means the Lord has appointed; they have an appetite for spiritual food, and, meeting with many things to stagger them, they need confirming unto the end. Their convictions, temptations, and trials, discovering their dross and tin, make the fountain precious; their own deformity makes them prize the righteousness of the Surety, this best robe, the wedding garment. Such being declared by the Lord to be clean, being washed, justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God; such being accepted in the Beloved, and standing complete in him, will be without blame in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. To whom be glory, praise, and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Your willing and affectionate servant in the Lord,
 Mayfield, December 6th, 1827. WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Doubtless our friends the Editor and Publisher have some knowledge of William Abbott. He used to visit Frant, Five Ash Down, Seven-oaks, Waldron, Otford, Deptford, and other places occasionally, to preach. Mr. Fowler republished some of his experience and the substance of a sermon in 1838, which was the year in which he died. The original of the above has been laid by for years, seen only by a few private friends, and we think it may be very acceptable to many. That God may make it effectually so, is the desire of, Yours, &c.,

W. B.

You read, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14.) A Legalist would see the Lord *by* his holiness, by the *merit* of it, but he cannot; and an Antinomian would see the Lord *without* holiness, but he must not. Thus, a Christian man can neither see the Lord *without* holiness, nor *by* it; which, though a truth, may seem a mystery to many.—*Berridge*.

A LOVE VISIT.

On a certain evening in December last I was busily employed in my lawful calling with both hands, but my thoughts were equally, if not more active than the members of my body; but they were not joyous thoughts, "but rather grievous." I was bemoaning the great distance that appeared to be between my soul and God, as regards comfortable communion with "him whom my soul loveth." I was not just then doubting my interest in the "covenant ordered in all things and sure," but there seemed to be no spiritual commerce carried on between my soul and heaven; and when this is the case, I am one of those strange beings who cannot "live up to their privileges," but am very restless, and despondency pervades my spirit. I had not "seen the King's face" for many days, and was grieved in mind because he who should have comforted me was removed far distant. As I have already observed, I was bemoaning my sad condition, when all at once I felt a strange melting down; godly contrition began to flow forth, penitential feelings, and the "love of God which passeth all understanding," was being shed abroad in my heart; yea, "it was the voice of my Beloved that knocked, saying, Open to me, my love, for my head is filled with dew." "My Beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him. I rose up to open to my Beloved;" for, he said, "Rise up, my love, and come away." "Where the word of a King is, there is power;" and so I found it, bless his dear name. He gave both "power and will," and glad obedience followed in his train; himself prepared the room. As dear Hart says,

"For shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet
Reception worthy thee,
With sinners thou wouldst never sit—
At least I'm sure with me."

As he turned in to "tarry for a night," I most gladly relinquished my temporal employment; yea, like one of old, I was obliged to "turn aside to weep," being filled with the consolations of the gospel. I wanted vent. I sought seclusion; but tears of love, praise, and gratitude flowed forth so copiously, and the tongue was compelled to "utter forth the memory of his great goodness" in an audible manner, so that this matter could not be hid in a corner. My dear partner came weeping to me, fearing, as she said, that nature with me was about to be dissolved. O how I entered feelingly into those lines by Mrs. Steele,

"Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found."

According to my feelings, had not vent been given through the senses, my body must have burst under the "weight of glory" I then enjoyed.

This display of the love of a triune Jehovah came so opportunely, it came so unexpectedly, so unlooked-for, making good that glorious

promise, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." It was a river to swim in. All the words of truth which exalt a blessed Jesus and lift him very high flowed in one continuous course into my soul. I said, "It is enough, Lord; stay thine hand, or 'I die with love.' Or if thou wilt yet pour out the love of thy heart in such copious streams, give strength to bear up under such overwhelming discoveries of thy immortal love, thy all-cleansing blood, and thy glorious merit as my all-sufficient Redeemer; for thou hast indeed 'remembered me in my low estate, for thy mercy endureth for ever.'" Once I felt assured that none of the Lord's family, while in the body, could bear up under the "eternal weight of glory." We must die to prove it in its full meaning. In this case it was unutterable, and passed knowledge. He caused me to be joyful in this day of prosperity; and while his right hand embraced me, his left hand was under my head to support me under the soul-ravishing views I then realized by the power of the blessed Spirit. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." I clearly saw my standing in this "covenant ordered in all things and sure," and how that nothing could separate me from his love. "Once in Christ, in Christ for ever." Thus the eternal union stands. He told me he had many things to say unto me, but that I could not bear them then, but that he would come again and receive me to himself, that where he was, I should be also.

What bowels of mercy I felt to all those "who love the Lord in sincerity," and especially to all who are seeking him sorrowing, the hoping and fearing ones, who have tender consciences and the fear of the Lord implanted in their hearts, by which they "depart from the snares of death!" and how God would, in his own time and way, make good his promise in their experience, where it said, that "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." For myself, I was obliged to say, "O why such love to me? While many of thy dear followers abide many years in the valley of humiliation, how is it, Lord, that thou wilt manifest thyself unto me (who am the least of all saints) in this delightful way and manner?" It is "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

I was conversant with a dear old man (lately deceased) who had never had a manifestation of God's favour to that degree he longed for until on the verge of Jordan, when he had passed his seventieth year; then, for the first time, the dear Lord softened his heart, and he could approach the mercy-seat with a contrite spirit, and a desire to depart. He had been nearly all his life-time "subject to bondage," but his fears were entirely removed, and not one thing was left which could in the least degree bind him to this world. He told me this himself; and the substance of his humble, yet great faith, may be expressed in two lines,

"My soul into thy arms I cast;
I trust I shall be safe at last."

This dear man's spirit was richly, yea, pre-eminently, adorned with "the fear of the Lord," that divine preservative, by which his words and actions were hourly and daily tried between the court of tender conscience and him who trieth the "reins of the children of men." If he had said a word too much in conversation, there was no rest for him until it was recalled; had he offended against a brother in word only, no peace could he find until matters were made straight. Would to God there were more of this amongst the "children of light!"

But to return. The dew lay all night upon my branch. I laid me down blessing and praising the Lord for his rich mercy to me, who before had had such hard thoughts of him. I had never realized such a token of love since the time that pardon, peace, and reconciliation through the blood and righteousness of a dear Redeemer, were brought home with divine power to my heart and conscience, which occurred nearly four years since, when I was manifestly sealed an heir of the "promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." These blessed visits are worth waiting for. How they revive the spirit, make "crooked things straight, and rough places plain!" To them "who have no might, he increaseth strength," whereby they come out of the sorrowful chamber "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." At these times a man's ways please the Lord, and he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him; all his foes fly to their dens at the approach of the Prince of Peace when he arises, the sweet morning star of the soul. Lord, unbelief tastes not of the bliss, but is trodden down at the gate of the citadel, for the time being; and all the powers of the mind break forth in sweet harmony and divine melody. "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" the wintry season of the soul is for a time over and gone, and the flowers appear on the earth. All the graces of the blessed Spirit receive fresh vigour, whereby they are strengthened to receive the next attack from the enemy, "when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." God does nothing in vain. If he grant a respite from spiritual adversaries, and a short cessation of hostilities, it is that we may be duly equipped for that warfare which never ceases finally,

"Till death, which puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin."

As our day is, so shall our strength be. I have ever found that after the day of prosperity, the day of adversity succeeds it. By these things men live and fear before the Lord, and in all "these things is the life of my Spirit." However some may despise frames and feelings, I can truly say,

"Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more."

Surely it is far wide of the mark for the Lord's family to be accused of living upon frames and feelings, so as to forget the Author

and Giver ; as one justly observed, that he would travel fifty miles to see those characters who could sit down contented because they were hungry and thirsty.

“ To see good bread and wine
Is not to eat and drink.”

There can be no real satisfaction of mind until we drink for ourselves of that river which “maketh glad the city of God ;” and I am sure such a soul will not be so taken up with the streams as to be entirely forgetful of the fountain. For myself, I can truly say that I highly prize the smallest token for good, and do feelingly exclaim with dear Hart,

“ Lord, let thy visits oftener be,
Or let them longer last ;
I can do nothing without thee ;
Make haste, my God, make haste.”

That the Lord may bless his dear, tried followers in all places of his dominions, and in his own time bring them “to the light, that they may declare his righteousness,” is the prayer of,

March 10th, 1853.

NATHANIEL.

Before that the Lord matriculated me in his university, the numberless bounties he showered upon me were for the most part undiscerned from what quarter they arose. The blessings came, but the hand which dispensed them was hidden from my short-sighted view in the cloud of the Lord’s own gifts. Neither was this all ; for in the unhumbed pride of my fallen nature, like Israel of old, I was tempted to suppose that much of my own deservings might be traceable in my mercies. (Deut. viii. 17.) But in the divine school, at the very first trammels of education, the axe is at once laid at the root of the tree of all creature attainments and creature confidences.—*Hawker*.

O distressed soul, whom do you dread? To whom do you tremble to approach? Is there anything so terrible in a crucified Redeemer, in the Lamb that was slain? If you carry your soul, almost sinking under the burden of its guilt, to lay it down at his feet, what do you offer him, but the spoil which he bled and died to recover and possess? And did he purchase it so dearly, that he might reject it with disdain? Go to him directly, and fall down in his presence, and plead that misery of yours which you have now been pleading in a contrary view, as an engagement to your own soul to make the application, and as an argument with the compassionate Saviour to receive you. Go and be assured, that where sin has abounded, there grace shall much more abound. (Rom. v. 20.) Be assured that if one sinner can promise himself a more certain welcome than another, it is not he that is least guilty and miserable, but he that is most deeply humbled before God under a sense of that misery and guilt, and lies the lowest in the apprehension of it.—*Doddridge*.

THERE I WILL MEET WITH THEE.

My dear P.,—I am, through mercy, well in my health, and hope you and the family are so likewise. No doubt you find some trials, but that is no new thing to us. What a mercy it is we have found that which raises our souls at times above them, which is where Christ sits, at which place sweet communion with the Father of all mercies and God of all consolation is found! Things often appear so dark and so perplexing as to bring us to our wits' end, and make us stagger like drunken men. We then find no refuge left but that which our blessed Lord has provided, which is a refuge from the storm—Himself, and his blessed work revealed to the troubled soul by the divine Spirit. It is no human aid, no native strength can help a soul at such a length. In the first promise lies the seed which is to

“Break down Satan's power,
And raise us up in some blest hour.”

The time is fixed by God, who cannot lie. He works to reveal his power and make known his love with, “Yea, I have loved thee.” Blessed salutation! It cannot be, then, but that he loves me now, and loves me evermore. In darkness, in sore temptations, in heavy afflictions, it is best understood; it is then he reveals his secrets, and proves they are with the righteous: “I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry; and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory.” Zion is a compact and strong city. It has been often attacked by all the force and rage of Satan and his powers; but never until they can undermine the Corner-stone can they break down any part of the building; and every attempt made to do it writes more plainly thereon, “It is a building of mercy.” “But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him;” “I have said, that Mercy shall be built up for ever.”

How truly indebted are we for every spiritual blessing to him who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ, he having thus secured them all to us and us to him, not in part only, which satisfies the carnal professor, whose heart is bound in the world and worldly things. But not so the longing soul. Christ Jesus unto the church is made of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. This is all, and enough; but there is not enough without all; an aching void is found till Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory. The Holy Spirit is the sanctifier, who reveals unto the sinner the need of, and blessings in, the righteousness of Christ, which is imputed to the soul, and both in the name of the Father and of the Son, he being in essence with them one: “For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.”

Thus I say he, the Sanctifier of the church of the living God, purges their consciences from dead works, from the guilt and filth

of sin, creates a clean heart, and renews in them a right spirit. Real repentance does he produce in the heart, when he shows that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, and the love of God is shed abroad in the soul. A tender conscience is the effect of his indwelling, which is ever found attending the fear of the Lord. Real freedom does he produce in the soul. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, as a Spirit of adoption, there is liberty. With open face we behold then, as in a glass, the glory of God, and are changed in the same image. A broken-hearted, humbled sinner, and a gracious, loving-hearted, bruised Saviour, meet; such a meeting I firmly believe will take place in this world with all who are blessed, as I am certain will in the realms of eternal glory; the one being an evidence of the other. Thus the church has said, does say, and shall say, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." It is not in her own strength, but that of her beloved Lord's: "He put his hand in by the hole of the door."

Love to all dear friends, and accept my purest affections.

Brighton, May 4th, 1824.

W. S.

If a natural man were admitted into heaven, he could find no pleasure or satisfaction there; all the joys of that blessed place would be to him tasteless and insipid, and afford him no more happiness than concerts of music to a deaf man, or a variety of colours to a man born blind; yea, such an one would rather flee to hell for company like himself than stay in heaven to be tormented and tantalized with pleasures whereof he could have no relish or enjoyment.—*W. Hammond.*

But to suppose the worst, what if you were really the vilest sinner that ever lived upon the face of the earth? What if your iniquities *had* gone up into the heavens every day, and your transgressions *had* reached unto the clouds; (Rev. xviii. 5;) reached thither with such horrid aggravations, that earth and heaven should have had reason to detest you as a monster of impiety? Admitting all this, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. xviii. 14.) Are any sins of which a sinner can repent, of so deep a dye that the blood of Christ cannot wash them away? Nay, though it would be daring wickedness and monstrous folly, for any "to sin that grace may abound," (Rom. vi. 1,) yet had you indeed raised your account beyond all that divine grace has ever yet pardoned, who should "limit the Holy One of Israel?" (Ps. lxxvii. 41.) Or who shall pretend to say, that it was impossible that God might for your very wretchedness choose you out from others, to make you a monument of mercy, and a trophy of hitherto unparalleled grace? The apostle Paul strongly intimates this to have been the case with regard to himself; and why might not you likewise, if indeed the chief of sinners, obtain mercy, that in *you*, as the chief, "Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who shall hereafter believe?"—*Doddridge.*

“WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP FROM THE WILDERNESS, LEANING UPON HER BELOVED?”

My dear Friend,—The blessing of the God of Israel rest upon you. Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied.

Fellow-pilgrim to the celestial city, dear sister beloved in Christ, not having heard from you for some time, and having heard that you have been sick, nigh unto death, I now write to you to inquire how it is with you, hoping you are better. Are the consolations of God with you but small, or is your spirit triumphant in Christ, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us? Many things we find by the way to draw our hearts, and eyes, and minds from and off a precious Christ. I say a *precious* Christ, because I have felt him so; and I believe my friend has so too. Blessed be God for that. The way to heaven is rough and thorny, but sure. The best way to prove this is by experience. Experience teaches; and all whom God teaches, he teaches to profit. Afflictions, sorrows, losses, crosses, disappointments, vexations, bereavements, and trials of every sort and name are found in this way, and teaches us this lesson, that “this is not our rest.” Thanks to God it is not; if it were, it would be a poor rest indeed. Gospel precepts, exhortations, commands, assurances, promises, and invitations, prove to us what the secret mind of Jehovah is concerning us. Every stripe of his rod shows to us his divine displeasure at sin, and teaches us how bitter and evil a thing it is to sin against his holy and gracious majesty.

The end of every manifestation is the development to us of divine decrees and purposes. The heart’s love of a precious Christ felt within the breast teaches and inspires us to all holy acts of obedience, melts down the hardest heart, subdues the most refractory and rebellious will, removes every fear of death, loosens the affections to all things here below, bows down the mind to divine sovereignty, and endears the dear object of our heart’s delight to our souls far more than tongue can tell or pen can describe. The blood of Christ felt in the conscience proves its power to cleanse from all sin. God’s denials discourage and are pricking thorns to our flesh; but our necessities compel us still to pray. His delays are not denials; he denies whatever is asked for amiss. He delays, to make us more importunate, and the blessing sweeter when it comes. He answers, to encourage us still to ask of him more. He gives, to receive his own back with usury, and lets down a drop of heaven now and then into our hearts to strengthen faith, encourage hope, and sweetly to assure our souls that the promised rest above does indeed and of a truth remain for us.

Thus whom God teaches, what blessed profiting will be the result. God has taught me the truth of these things by experience. How blessed, how trying it is to be under divine teaching; how peaceful and glorious will be the end thereof! And all God’s children shall be thus taught to know their Shepherd’s voice, to know his great salvation by feeling experience, to try the spirits, to know

the power of atoning blood in their hearts, to bow and kiss the rod, and to love, and serve, and glorify their dear Redeemer God below, in hope to reign with him above; and great shall be the peace of his children.

Is my friend weakly in body? So am I. Is she passing through Zion's furnace? So am I. Is she despised, afflicted, and counted by many the offscouring of all things to this day? So am I. Has she been near to the door of death, and yet preserved and raised up again? So have I. Has she tasted the joys of heaven on earth? So have I. Does she often lament her leanness, and mourn under the hidings of God's countenance? So do I. Does her flesh often fret beneath the chastening hand of her loving, gracious Lord? So does mine. Is she the subject of so many changes, oppositions, fightings, strugglings, and contradictions within, that she is a complete wonder to herself? So am I. Does she count all vanity under the sun, and often long to be with Christ at home? So do I. Does she feel many drawbacks? So do I. Has she many weights to carry about her? So have I. Is she often increasing them, while she longs to lay them aside as she runs? So am I. Does she feel at home, and sometimes most blessedly comforted too, amongst God's dear despised praying family? So do I. And will she feel right well satisfied when she is safe with Christ to sin no more? So shall I.

Ah! my dear afflicted friend, how blessed it is to be a Christian, a follower, a lover of Christ! "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." A curious way to make his love known, is this, say some. True, a wise and blessed way too. Love made known in the fire is heart-breaking, soul-killing, world-crucifying, and God-glorifying love. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and a heart opened by and taught of God let him understand, and covet to feel more and more of this love and its blessed effects, and be satisfied, willing, and desirous to attain to a feeling, experimental acquaintance with the heavenly mystery; at any rate God wills he should, though it may be through floods of sorrow, trouble, and woe, and fires of temptation, tribulation, and anguish; for if a man would give his body to be burned for the divine favour, it would be utterly contemned and unavailing.

The Lord so instruct and lead my friend into the whole will of God, and his grace so sweetly resign her thereunto beneath the unction of the Holy Ghost, and the droppings of Jesus' blood, the effects of Jehovah's love, that her soul, and heart, and tongue may sing in the furnace, be still under every chastening, glory in Christ and his cross, esteem this world not worth her notice, count every trouble, every pain, every sorrow, every groan, one in the appointed number less, and rejoice in prospect of singing in sweetest strains above the theme which divine grace has taught our souls below, "To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen."

I would, my Lord, thy chast'nings bear,
 In hope above thy crown to wear.
 O give me grace sufficient, do,
 And make me more than conqueror too.

I would be taught at thy dear feet,
 And know and do thy will complete;
 I'd live and die in thy embrace,
 And live and sing in heaven thy praise.

I would be found among the saints,
 And mingle mine with their complaints;
 I crave a lot with them and thee,
 With Christ to dwell, from sin set free.

I'd show the world whom 'tis I love;
 I'd always feel my heart above;
 I'd spend my days to honour thee,
 Who has done such great things for me.

I've sung the theme now sung above;
 I've wept and sung, "My God is love;"
 I surely then shall praise him there.
 Then farewell world, and sin, and care.

No soul that's out of hell can be
 More worthless, Lord, than sinful me.
 That grace which saved me still can save
 The vilest soul this side the grave.

Since I have mercy found while here,
 No needy sinner need despair;
 Love undertakes the blackest case,
 And saves the chosen all by grace.

Praise to the Father, God of love,
 Praise to the Son, our Friend above;
 Praise to the Spirit, God of power,
 Praise him, my soul, for evermore.

My friend will perceive that I can scarcely leave the subject, but as time admonishes and business calls, I must.

Our kind love to you in Christ Jesus, to the D—— friends, and to our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. They will kindly bear with me a little longer; I have not written to them lately, as I have so many hindrances. This favour I am obliged to beg of all my friends, till their patience seems at times almost worn out.

Patience is a precious grace; it is hard to be learned and hard to be maintained. It works experience, and surmounts many difficulties. Experience makes fools wise, and works hope; hope remains to the end, expects all God has promised, is an anchor to the soul, and "maketh not ashamed," because the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart. Christ revealed in the heart is the sum total of the blessed apostle's mystery, and the love of Christ shed abroad therein the climax of all blessedness. This also I have learned by experience; experience teaches.

Adieu, my fellow-traveller, let us see you or hear from you soon. Lean all your weight on our Beloved's arm. Come up out of the wilderness. The heavenly land is in sight. Diseases, afflictions,

and death are the heavenly Husband's servants. Fear not; thy God lives for ever, and we shall reign with him above. We are, through mercy, much as usual. Farewell.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, May 26th, 1852.

G. T. C.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

It is indeed wonderful, and beautiful, and comforting beyond description, to know that we are chosen of God! The rising above this world, forgetting everything but that all our sins are forgiven; the thought that we have the same witness as Abel and the prophets, "If the Son shall make you free, ye are free indeed," for the words to come with force, and without a doubt, "free indeed;" to be mourning over our sins and praying for the Lord to deliver us, and happen to open the Bible, and the eye to fall upon the words, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works;" to pray day and night for God to bless us, and to be answered, "As a prince thou hast power with God and man, and hast prevailed;" (this is an unknown tongue to the world, and to the mere professor fanaticism and enthusiasm;) to be in the house of God inquiring of the Lord, and to be answered by the minister in the pulpit as if the minister knew our thoughts; (it seems almost incredible, and sometimes it appears to me almost presumption, and I then pray forgiveness for my presumption;) to find the scripture, "Before they call I will answer," strictly true; as soon as the thought comes to pray to be answered; to have those words forcibly applied, "I have put my words in thy mouth," and, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," and this really to come to pass; to be lifted up by the beautiful promises contained in the Scriptures, and after all this to be humbled to the dust; to be completely barren, not able to bring a scripture to mind, to read parts we have had so much comfort from, and they to appear, as it were, a dead letter, stripped of everything but life, and a waiting for the Lord to lift up the light of his countenance upon us, saying, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and praying for deliverance, and after all this for the Lord to manifest himself to us brighter and stronger than ever, to have more heavenly feelings and assurances: are not these changes? are not these evidences of a child of God?

A STUDENT.

On Sundays we march to church in our best clothes, and are decently seated in pews, which are swept every Christmas. Aged people look grave enough, but the young ones stare about them, and are peeping at every one who steps into the church; for we keep dropping in all prayer-time. And, during the sermon, some listen, others giggle; and, when the weather waxes warm, a few are half awake, and the rest are fast asleep.—*Berridge*.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

Grace, as manifested in the call of every vessel of mercy, is equally sovereign and discriminating; but this divine sovereignty appears, at least in our eyes, to shine forth more signally conspicuous in some cases than others. Nathaniel was as much an instance of the sovereignty of grace as the thief on the cross; yet the guileless Israelite, praying under the fig tree, appears a more suitable object for divine mercy to visit than the murderous accomplice of Barabbas. Saul of Tarsus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, seemed farther from the kingdom of God than meek-hearted John, casting his net into the Galilean lake. Yet once admit the completeness of the fall, and that all are alike dead in sin, and the sovereignty of grace is as conspicuous in one as the other. Children of gracious parents, often commended by them to the throne of mercy, accustomed to hear the preached gospel, kept from outward evil, subjects perhaps of early convictions, and impressed with the necessity of a divine work on the soul, seem nearer to the kingdom of heaven, though not really so, than those who have never heard of spiritual religion except as a thing to be ridiculed and despised.

The subject of the following memoir was in the latter class, not in the former, and therefore in appearance a more conspicuous instance of divine sovereignty. Her parents being yet alive, and highly estimable persons, besides having always manifested much love and affection to their deceased daughter, we feel forbidden to say anything to their disparagement, beyond the circumstance that, like most worldly people, they were, at the time the Lord began his work upon her soul, staunch advocates for the Establishment, and hostile to dissent under every form. They of course brought up their family in the principles entertained by themselves, and, possessing ample means, gave their children the benefit of an excellent education.

Their daughter Caroline, the subject of this memoir, came home from school in the year 1842 or 1843, when about seventeen years of age, and being of pleasing person and manners, and full of spirits, was just upon the eve of being launched ("brought out," as the term is) into the gay world. But about this time a half-sister of hers, who was married and settled at some little distance, began to manifest a concern about religion, chiefly, we believe, through the instrumentality of various sermons in the "Penny Pulpit" which had fallen into her hands. Feeling a desire, therefore, that her only surviving parent (Caroline's mother) might derive benefit also from them, she took them over with her, that she too might read them. Caroline, seeing them much together and reading these mysterious pamphlets, had her curiosity stimulated to discover what they were, and finding some in her mother's room, took them secretly to her own, to read them by herself. It is not for the author of those sermons, the compiler of the present memoir, to say anything more

about them than that in this mysterious manner the God of all grace was pleased to begin his work on her heart, using them as the means of opening her eyes and turning her from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; for these sermons made a deep impression on her mind, and powerfully arrested her attention. Let it be borne in mind that up to this time she had been, though exceedingly amiable, a carnal and worldly girl, full of life and high spirits, and, from her sweet temper and cheerful and obliging disposition, the idol of her domestic circle; but till these little messengers came into her hands, not only ignorant of vital religion herself, but ignorant even that there was such a thing. As, then, her eyes were now for the first time opened to see eternal realities, her conscience was quickened to feel her state as a sinner before God, and the arrows of conviction pierced her heart.

Being thus brought, as it were, into a new world through the instrumentality of these little messengers, she felt desirous to procure other sermons by the same author, and obtained through her sister, to whom she now opened her mind, and who at that time seemed similarly impressed, a sermon from the same pen, entitled, "Winter Afore Harvest." But if the "Penny Pulpit" sermons had pierced and wounded her conscience, this discourse cut her all to pieces, for it stripped her of all her strength, wisdom, and righteousness, by insisting on the work of the Spirit on the soul, and the utter worthlessness of all natural religion, and filled her mind with such distress that for three months, her brother said, he never saw her smile. She now separated herself almost entirely from her family, except at meals, shutting herself up almost wholly in her own room, reading the Bible and praying and groaning for mercy. Anxious for relief, she now procured more of the "Penny Pulpit" sermons, searching if she could find in them anything to give her a hope of salvation. Sometimes she felt a little encouragement from reading; at other times sank almost to the verge of despair; so much so, that at one time, having been reading the word of God, and feeling, as she thought, that she was the character against whom the Lord had indignation for ever, in a flood of tears, and a heart broken with a sense of her sin and guilt, she gave up her Bible and Hymn Book to her mother, saying, "Take these, dear Mamma, they will be of no more use to me, and may the Lord make them a blessing to you, for there is no mercy for me." But as these miserable feelings of despair gave way, she could not but resume searching the Scriptures and seeking mercy where alone it could be found.

As Caroline became more and more exercised about her own state, her eyes began to be opened to see the formality of the services of the Church of England, and she felt it a great trial to attend them. But about this time the family went down to the sea-side, and on the first Lord's Day of their arrival there, her father called upon them all to go to church. All being ready to go except Caroline, he insisted, in spite of all her remonstrances, that she should accompany

them. She felt compelled to obey, but cried much on her way thither, and whilst at church read her Bible most of the time, at intervals crying and praying to the Lord to deliver her from partaking in such mockery and hypocrisy, and feeling a determination, whatever might be the consequence, to go to church no more. When they returned home, she made this determination known to her mother, and, notwithstanding the opposition she met with, carried it out, and seldom, if ever, entered the doors of the church again. She possessed naturally much firmness and decision of character and great integrity and honesty of mind; so that when once a thing was commended to her conscience as right, she was enabled to adhere to it at any risk, cost, or sacrifice. But consider her situation; living in the bosom of a worldly family, plied with every weapon of remonstrance and ridicule, with scarcely a spiritual friend or companion to encourage her, or the ministry of the gospel to help her, struggling against her dearest connexions, and sunk in her own soul with distress and despondency. What but the power of grace and the fear of God in her heart could have maintained her in this spot? But guilt of conscience and deep earnestness about her soul were means, in the Lord's hands, of keeping her close to the throne of grace, and preserving her from being turned aside from the strait gate and narrow way. She was very fearful of self-deception in the things of God, and about this time addressed a letter to the Editors of the "Gospel Standard," under the signature of "Much Afraid," ("Gospel Standard," June, 1844, Vol. X., p. 178,) requesting an answer to the inquiry, "How the voice of Conscience can be distinguished from the voice of Satan?"

Thus, though surrounded with every earthly comfort, she had neither rest nor peace, often wishing she had been anything in creation so that she had not an immortal soul; and walking the fields and lanes under these feelings of distress, truly she dwelt alone, and was not numbered with the nations. The first time, we believe, that she derived any solid, lasting comfort, was from a sermon in the "Penny Pulpit" by Mr. Gadsby, from the text, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." In reading this sermon the Lord blessed her with a sweet hope in his mercy. But her deliverance, if our memory serve, for we have heard her relate it, was in her own bed-room. We have not a distinct recollection of the words which were then applied to her soul; but in some lines written by her in an after period, we find the following allusion to this manifestation of pardoning love, and to the words then spoken to her soul:

"Once when my soul was sore oppress'd,
Bow'd down with guilt and sin,
'Fear not, thou trembling soul,' thou saidst,
'Thy sins are all forgiven.'

"My soul did then o'erflow with love
To thee, dear Lord, and thine;
But often now thou standst aloof;
I cry, and sigh, and pine.

“ I fear thou’lt never more return.
What anguish fills my breast !
I want thee as my all in all,
My peace, my joy, my rest.”

Early in the year 1845, her grandmother, a person advanced in life, who had also for some years manifested a concern for her soul, and had a love for the truth, learning something of the distress of mind which Caroline was experiencing, made her a proposal to go and live with her at a neighbouring town. She eagerly replied, “ No, I will not go there ; but if you will take a house in Stamford, I will go and live with you there, because I can then hear the gospel preached, and I cannot bear the idea of going anywhere but to some place where I can sit under the truth.” Her grandmother consented, and a house was taken in Stamford solely and entirely for the sake of hearing the gospel. Considered in a worldly point of view, this was a great sacrifice for Caroline to make ; for though a very kind and affectionate person, her grandmother was old, infirm, and of very eccentric habits, and the change from a house in the country, surrounded with every comfort, to a little close cottage in the heart of a town, was a great transition to a young woman in the prime of life, and brought up as she had been ; but concern for her soul, and desire to hear the word, and to have the society of those who feared God, made all such sacrifices light. Nor was she once heard to complain or murmur, though continually in circumstances very distasteful to the natural mind, and very different from what she had been accustomed to from childhood. After residing some little time in Stamford, and becoming acquainted with the friends, some of whom felt much union with her, she expressed a desire to be baptized and join the church. This was not at first acceded to, as it was thought desirable for her to wait till the work was more fully proved ; but as her mind became more and more impressed with the ordinances of God’s house, her request was listened to, and she came before the church, when the simple, touching manner in which she related the dealings of the Lord with her soul, carried with it that weight and power which moved every heart towards her, and she was received unanimously as a candidate for baptism. On May 3rd, 1846, the pastor of the church baptized her, and she was received into the church.

Her residence at Stamford lasted about two years, during which time she maintained a most consistent walk, and became much beloved by the friends from the sweetness of her disposition, as well as her tenderness of conscience and spirituality of mind. In her natural manner there was something singularly frank and pleasing, and with the poorer friends a freedom from stiffness, coldness, and pride, which made her and them quite at home together ; and as her delight was to converse on the things of God, she would often go and sit with them at their houses as opportunity served, though far from being a gad-about and busy-body in other persons’ matters. The state of her mind when at Stamford may be gathered from the

following letters, addressed to a female friend there and a member of the church, to whom she was much attached :

“ My dear Friend,—I am very glad to hear that you and all the dear friends at Stamford are well. Believe me it is not ‘out of sight out of mind,’ for I often think of you, particularly at such times when I know you are together in the chapel. I indeed long at such times to be with you, though last Lord’s Day I seemed to have a little enjoyment in my solitude, (for I spent most part of the day in my bed room,) and as it was the first time since my arrival that I had any comfort, I prized it doubly. I seem to have had of late a solemn weighing up of my religion; you know what I mean, a separating between natural and spiritual religion; between presumption and true faith; between real, heartfelt prayer and mere expression of the lips; and between the workings of the natural conscience, which admits of evil in smaller matters, and the workings of a conscience made tender by God, which hates and loathes evil in every shape and form. You know how very solemn such times are. My heart sank within me as I discerned how often I thought evil good, and have mistaken natural for spiritual feelings. How self mixes with everything! When I speak a word with a desire for God’s glory, I find a secret aiming at the exaltation of self. How miserable all this is! I want, when I look into my heart, or rather am enabled rightly so to do, to find things right instead of wrong; not that I expect to find any good thing in my natural heart, but I want to see more of the Spirit’s work going on; to find myself guided in everything by right motives; to find that all my thoughts, words, and actions are solely for the glory of God; and though I can say it is the fervent desire of my heart that it should be so, yet it seems to be little further than desire. But a sense of my helplessness and unfruitfulness humbles me. I can find it at least does me that good, and seems to press me onward to the Lord to seek help of him, to beg of him if I am wrong to set me right at *any cost*, and to

‘ Smile me into fruit, or chide
If no milder means will do,’

which are two lines I cannot always say. Finding all this working within also prevents my looking to or relying on self. Dear friend, whoever may glory in self, *I never can*, for I hate myself most truly, and it forces my soul, naked and helpless, to seek to the dear Lord for clothing; nor does he disappoint me; for though I have had of late no particular testimony, yet I feel it to be a blessed thing to pour out the desires of my soul before him, and to have a hope in his dear name, which I would not exchange for all the world can offer. Perhaps you may feel interested in knowing whether anything had occurred to produce the solemn feelings. I know of nothing but this. A farmer in our village, a man of dissolute habits, last Sunday week came here with a bad hand, having been stung; in a few days he was thought to be dying; he was terribly frightened, and seemed quite brought down; he had despised religion before. However, contrary to expectation, he has recovered, and he goes on just the same as ever. I thought, when I heard of it, how possible it is to have convictions, and merely natural convictions. Am I sure that the Spirit has really taken me in hand?

“ Aug. 13th, 1846.”

“ Yours very affectionately,

“ CAROLINE.”

“ My dear Friend,—I have just been reading over your letter. I am sure you were much favoured in writing, as I was the first time in reading it, for I was obliged to keep putting it down to give vent to my feelings. I thought much of you last Lord’s Day. I knew it was ordinance day, and I felt quite uncomfortable that I could not be with you; but in the evening the Lord so blessed my soul that I counted myself happy indeed. I was completely melted down in love and affection toward a dear and suffering Saviour. I had such a sense of union with him and such heartfelt communion with him, as I cannot describe. I was more than two hours in my room, feeling that I could

not leave it, and so sweetly was I blessed in pouring out my soul, that I knew not how to leave off. The words that were spoken to my heart, and which had so sweet an effect, were, 'Thou art mine.' I did not care to find them in the Bible, for I knew they were there, and just what I wanted. I had been down stairs previously, and seemed led to meditate on the Saviour's sufferings, when my soul felt so melted that I hastened to my bed-room, and while on my knees was favoured with a sense of access to him. I told the Lord all my fears; that I feared even this melting down might be but the produce of natural affections, and I begged that he would satisfy my soul with a testimony of his love. It was then that those sweet words were applied, and indeed I was satisfied; as I said before, I did not know how to leave my room. I got back again as soon as supper was over; and, as my sister sleeps with me, I was glad to get into bed, and put the light out, that I might again give vent to my feelings. I wept myself to sleep for joy; but in the morning I rose with an aching heart, for the Lord's presence seemed to be withdrawn, and I felt vexed that I had gone to sleep. May I not say, dear friend, that the Lord has been gracious to me? for though the feelings are gone, yet the dear Lord is the same, unchangeable in his love, though not always giving testimonies of it; at least we do not perceive it; for rebukes and trials must be equally testimonies of his love. Must they not?

"I am afraid I must leave off, as it is nearly post time. I could write much more. I do not seem to have told you half of what I feel inclined to say; but I must conclude.

"Believe me to remain, dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"Sept. 18th, 1846."

"CAROLINE.

"My dear Friend,—My not having answered your last letter is easily accounted for. When I received it, I found it very suitable, as I was in a low place, waging perpetual warfare with self, and, in spite of all, self frequently getting the victory. I became weary of the conflict, and seemed desirous of a little ease, but the Lord in mercy has not suffered that; so here I am still in a low place, though I have had at times a little revival. Yesterday I felt quite melted down in reading a hymn. I had been reading Romaine's 'Life and Walk of Faith,' which added not a little to my trouble, for he said that 'his interest in Christ was a settled matter, never again to be called in question'; and he writes as though, after a certain time, he never had a doubt, and as though faith were always in exercise. This not being my case, it puzzled me. Mr. P.'s sermons suited me exactly, particularly that one from the text, 'Your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope.' I do not think that the Lord's people, after they have been manifestly delivered, get into despair; it is not possible altogether to forget the past, but dark clouds often do rest on past experience, which exercises the mind with distressing fears; at least it is so with me. I believe I am very weak in faith, yet I have no power of my own to act faith, as it is called, or to strengthen it. I often tried some time back to act faith on promises; but I could not, if it were to save my soul. Now you have found out the cause of my silence. I was waiting to give you a better account, hoping by and by to be raised out of the dust; but in this I am disappointed.

"I hope to see you all before long, if God permit. We expect to be at Stamford in about a week's time. With kind love to our dear pastor and all the friends, who are often in mind and share my best affections, believe me to remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Oct. 20th, 1846."

"CAROLINE.

She resided at Stamford about two years, when, in the providence of God, early in April, 1847, she was led into the North of England, a step which eventually terminated in her marrying and settling there.

As this was a turning point in her life, and we have much still to

narrate of her experience, we deem this a suitable place to suspend the thread of our memoir, hoping to resume it in our following Number.

As we are somewhat pressed for room, several pieces having been for some time in type, we are induced to defer our Review to a following Number.

POETRY.

TO A SUFFERING MEMBER OF THE BODY OF CHRIST.

"A bone of him shall not be broken."—John xix. 36.

Poor suffering limb of Christ, the Head,	The spear that pierced the Saviour's
Beneath the rod of training,	side
Through death's dark valley who art led,	To thee should be a token
And sorrow's dregs art draining,	That, though the flesh be rent and tried,
Lift up thy head thy woes above,	A bone shall not be broken.
Recall what God has spoken;	And as when Satan did his worst,
Though he may wound & bruise in love,	And Christ left dead and gory,
A bone shall not be broken.	The prison gates of death he burst,
Fear not to trust the love and skill	And rose to joy and glory;
Of Christ, the good Physician;	So to the feet as to the Head,
The hand that probes the wound will	This surely does betoken:
heal	Though on the bed of death they're laid,
And mend the soul's condition.	They'll rise to him unbroken.

The first thing that faith does is to knock the brains of reason out.—*Martin Luther.*

Philip was commanded by the angel (Acts viii. 26) to go down toward the south, into the desert. Now, reason would have said, "What is there to go into a desert for? What can there be there?" But faith said, "God has commanded it, and I will obey." So, in the obedience of faith, Philip went. He knew that God would not have commanded it unless he had some important end in view. Reason often says, "If I take such and such a step, such a thing will follow, and then what will come next? and what after that? and where will it end?" But faith says, "It is God's command, and that is enough. I can leave the rest with him." So Philip went into the desert; and behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority, was returning, and sitting in his chariot. And the Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." And Philip obeyed. The Spirit did not say, "For the man is a chosen vessel to me;" or, "I will make thee a blessing to the man;" no; but simply, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot," thus leading on Philip step by step, without assigning any reason why. And Philip not only obeyed, but *ran* to him. This was the obedience of faith. And so in the ordinance of baptism. God has commanded it, and faith has to do with the *command*, not with what may follow. Faith is satisfied to leave that, being persuaded that God would not have commanded it at random.—*S. S.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"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. XIX.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

[We insert here the commencement of a curious old history of the call and conversion of a Roman Catholic nearly two hundred years ago, which we think will be found on the whole interesting and edifying. The first part, contained in our present Number, is chiefly introductory, and therefore not so profitable as what will follow.—Ed.]

My father and mother, according to the information I have had, lived in the Strand, at London, where I and my two sisters were born. I heard that I had another brother, but he died in infancy. My father was, as I understood, by trade a whitesmith, and being a good workman, he had a good place of business under King Charles II. He was by profession a Roman Catholic; so was my mother, grandfather, and grandmother, both on father and mother's side, with others of my relations, all of them deeply dyed in the profession of Papistry. We were all born and bred up in that religion. My father died in the prime of his life; he left us small, and I, being the youngest, cannot remember anything of him. He died in England, but my mother soon after went to Holland. She took only me along with her, leaving my two sisters, Dorothy and Elizabeth, with some of our relations about London. She went privately. What was the occasion of her going I cannot tell, unless, as I have thought since, it might be upon the account of her religion; she being, as I have heard, a very zealous woman in her profession, and it being a troublesome time, in the latter end of King Charles II.'s reign, against all those that did not conform to the Church of England; which act, though it was chiefly executed against the Dissenting Protestants, yet the Papists had some share in it. Now, Holland being a place where all enjoy the liberty of serving God according

to their consciences, I conceive this might be one occasion of her going. But, alas! she had not been long there before she fell ill, and grew worse and worse, until she sickened and soon died.

Here I was left in a strange country, among a strange people, away from all my relations and acquaintances, and I myself altogether helpless, for I was so young that I cannot remember my father nor my mother; I cannot remember my going into Holland, nor any of these passages, but what I received something of by information since. But O the goodness of Divine Providence that appeared for me at such a time! "When father and mother had left me," as David says, "then the Lord took me up." The Lord was pleased to stir up and incline the heart of a Papist gentlewoman, who I suppose had some acquaintance with my mother before she died. This woman took me as if I had been her own, and put me out to nurse, and, when I was capable, she put me to school, where I continued until I could read any sort of books in Dutch well. I took my learning, though but a child, eagerly. I was always, I can remember, from the time that I began to read, very bookish; when I saw a book, I had an unsatisfied mind until I knew what was in it.

I was put out to a place where the chapel joined the house. There I was taught to serve mass, to wait at the altar upon the priest. I suppose their design was to have me go further, but Providence ordered it otherwise. I can well remember that then, though but about six or seven years old, I was at times under great conviction. They used to tell me what heaven, hell, and purgatory were. These things made a great impression upon my thoughts then. I was much afraid of hell; the thought of it was terrible to me; I had a great desire that I might go to heaven. Purgatory was very dreadful too; for as they told me, so I believed, that purgatory was as bad as hell, only out of purgatory there was redemption, but out of hell there was none. I was so settled in the principles of Popery; that I verily thought none went to heaven but Roman Catholics; yes, I can remember that I was so zealous, as for forcing others to turn Catholics, for if they were not, they could not be saved.

The gentlewoman who brought me up after my mother's death was very strict with me, and made me say my prayers very often. She gave me beads to pray by, which I was to say through before I gave over, a prayer to every bead, which consisted in three parts: First, the Belief; secondly, the Lord's Prayer; thirdly, prayers to the Virgin Mary. But I had other prayers besides these upon other occasions. Confession of sin I was forced to often; and I remember very well, that if I did not tell the priest all the sins I knew of, if I hid any particular sin, I went under the guilt of it; for I thought it could not be pardoned if I did not confess all my sins unto the priest.

When I was about seven or eight years old, as near as I can apprehend, I was under such convictions, that I used to get by myself in the chapel, when I thought nobody saw me, and fall down before the altar upon my knees, Christ hanging upon a cross just above the altar, in that very form that the Scriptures give us an account of—

a crown of thorns upon his head, with the blood running down his temples; his hands and feet nailed to the cross, and the blood running from thence; a hole in his side made by the spear, the blood seeming to run out abundantly; nothing covered his naked body but a small thing like a linen cloth, or swathe, round about his middle. This was not like a picture drawn by the painter, but a solid body, so made to the life, that it appeared like a very man, with flesh, blood, and bones, hanging upon the cross; and so affecting to my carnal sense, that I was ready to adore it, as if it had been Christ himself. This image I used to fall down before upon my knees in private, and pray as well as I could. What words I made use of I cannot now remember, but they were to this effect, that I might be saved, my sins pardoned, and that I might not go to hell.

I was such an admirer of pictures, especially the picture of Christ and the Virgin Mary, that I could not forbear giving divine adoration to them; so ignorant was I, that I looked upon it as my duty. Yes, I remember very well how fearful I was to lie alone; but if I had but the picture of Christ or the Virgin Mary at the bed's head, it would quiet me, and remove from me those fears that I was troubled with. I have many times since wondered at my own ignorance in many things that then I was zealous about and verily believed to be true.

In this place I continued until, I suppose, I might be between eight and nine years old, serving mass, waiting upon the priest at the altar, until the beginning of the reign of King James II., and then this gentlewoman wished to come to England, it being a time then that smiled upon the Papists. After she concluded to come, she waited the time and took me along with her. But she had told me that I should go back again with her; and so she had, as I think, told the people where I boarded, for they were very unwilling to part with me; therefore I was to have gone back, unless she could find any of my relations that should not be willing to let me go back, but would take care of me themselves.

Well, at the time appointed, when the vessel was ready to go, we took ship. We came by water first to Amsterdam, and there stayed a little time. I suppose the wind did not set right for England: but at last we set forward, and the wind being troublesome, we were a pretty deal longer upon the water than we should have been. At the latter end of the voyage it was so tempestuous that we were much affrighted; but at last, through the mercy of Divine Providence, we all came safe to shore. I remember I was very sick upon the water. Having landed, we came to London in the hackney coach. When we came to London, the gentlewoman took up her lodging at a painter's house, where we continued some time. The pictures that I saw there were very delightful to me, insomuch that I had a great mind to have been a painter; I did begin to draw out many pictures with my pen. During our continuance here, we used to go to mass to a place about St. James's Park, where we had organs, singing men in their white surplices, burning of incense, and all things delightful to nature. Sometimes we went to other places; having then free

liberty in our way of worship, we went without fear. I sometimes served mass while I was at London. I remember one time a gentleman, whom I met in London some little time after, who had been at our worship when I served mass, spoke very kindly to me, calling me good boy, and gave me sixpence ; this pleased me wonderfully.

But to be as brief as possible. It was not long before the gentlewoman that took care of me heard of and found out some of my relations living in London, who, I suppose, were glad to see me, not knowing whether I was dead or alive, or what had become of me and my mother, she, as I said before, having gone into Holland privately. The relations which this gentlewoman found out were two women, whom I called aunts, their father and my grandmother, my mother's mother, being own brother and sister, all strong Roman Catholics. Well, these took me into their care, provided for me, and put me out to school to learn English, for I could speak nothing but Dutch ; they clothed me from top to toe very genteelly, and seemed to have a very great love and respect for me ; they made me believe that they would put me out to a painter, because I took so much delight in pictures.

Soon after this, the gentlewoman that was as a mother to me returned into Holland, I never having seen or heard of her since. Being thus left with my aunts, as I called them, they put me out to board, for they, being single, lived a retired life, having an estate left them by their father to live upon. Here I continued some time, as I said before, going to school. While here, I committed some fault, as without doubt I had committed many ; but this was something for which I was complained against by the woman I boarded with, and for which I was forced to go to a priest and make confession of my sins. This I remember very well.

Some time after this, I understood that my grandfather and grandmother, and my eldest sister, were living in Derbyshire, at a place called West Hallen. They wanted to see me. My aunts having agreed to send me to my grandfather, there was an end put to my being a painter. When the time appointed came, I was sent into Derbyshire, where I continued some time with my grandfather and grandmother. They were very glad to see me. My sister had a great love for me, and so had I for her ; I thought I loved her as my own soul. My grandfather was very weak, and was forced to keep his bed some years before he died. My grandmother was pretty hearty. She was very religious in her way, and I believe spent the greatest part of her latter time in reading and prayer ; I can remember her going by herself to pray several times a day. My sister would not go out of doors until she had sprinkled her face with holy water. They were strict in their devotions, and, indeed, so was I, according to the blind zeal which I had in my young years ; so that it might be said of us, in some respects, as the apostle said concerning Israel, " We had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." While I continued here, I used to go to school. I went often to a great gentleman's house in the town, who was a Roman Catholic, and used to keep a priest in his house. This priest,

I remember, had a respect for me; and after I had been there some time, he was willing to prefer me to a gentleman's place, to wait upon one Sir Henry Robinson, at Cransley, in Northamptonshire; to which it was agreed that I should go. Thus Providence moved and removed me from place to place, until at last it brought me under the sound of the gospel. But more of that afterwards.

When I came to Cransley, which I suppose might be the eleventh year of my age, Sir Henry put me into a blue livery. I used to go with him when he went abroad, to wait upon him. Sir Henry was a strong Roman Catholic, but his lady was a Church of England woman. We had a priest sometimes in the house with us, yet we often went to Desborough, about a mile off Rothwell, to one Mr. Polton, a great Roman Catholic, who was made a justice of the peace in the time of King James II. Here we used to go to mass and confession of sin. Here a Jesuit used sometimes to preach. To this place Sir Henry R. and I went often, there being none in the family, nor, as I know of, in the town, that professed to be Roman Catholics but ourselves, only sometimes we had a priest with us; but at Desborough Mr. Polton's whole family were Papists, with some others in the town, so that there several met together. Here I continued with Sir Henry R. until he fell distracted, which, I think, was about a quarter of a year before the Prince of Orange landed in England. After this, Lady R. broke up housekeeping, and most of her servants went away. I went to Mr. Polton's, of Desborough, where I continued some time, until I could get a place.

At last I had a mind to go to some trade, and having made inquiry, one George Clarke, living at Cransley, proposed to take me apprentice if I was willing. After some consideration, it was agreed that I should go to him. I had some money to put me out. When I was about being bound, Mr. Polton, I remember, gave charge to my master not to let me work in Christmas holy-days, nor on some saints' days, but let me have my liberty. This pleased me well enough, and so I came again to live at Cransley. This was, I suppose, about the twelfth, or between the twelfth and thirteenth years of my age.

After I had lived here a little time with my master, I understood he was a Dissenter, and went to the meetings; yet sometimes he would go to the church, but chiefly the other way. By this time I had grown very loose and vain; the convictions which I had in my younger time about a future state and the salvation of my soul, I had lost. I was for taking my pleasure with my companions, and spending the Lord's Day wickedly. But my master, who had something of religion in him, not liking that I should spend my time so vainly upon the Lord's Day, would be solicitous for me to go along with him, and sometimes I did. The first place I went to was Kettering meeting, where one Mr. Meadwell preached, but he being old and very low in his voice, I could neither understand nor well hear what he said. But sometimes my master went to Rothwell, and would have me go along with him there, and accordingly I did. This was some little time before Mr. Davis came. I think the man I then heard, whom

I suppose they had upon trial, was one Mr. Harris. I thought the man preached well, and looked with a sober, solid countenance; but, alas! I do not remember that I understood anything any more than the ground I stood upon. Soon after this, Mr. Davis came. We went to hear him; he had a good voice, and a thundering way of preaching, which I was pleased with. I used to wonder at one thing, and that was their sitting with their hats on while they were hearing, which I thought was not right. Yet in the little time that I heard them, I thought, and was convinced so far as to believe, that they were good people. Yet all this while I was ignorant of Christ and of salvation by him; ignorant of myself and the plague of my own heart.

But at this time Lady Robinson coming to her house at Cransley, she heard that I went with my master to the meeting. She sent for me, and when I came, she blamed me very much, and told me what bad people they were, and what grievous errors they held, therefore she would have me go to the church, promising that she would be very kind to me if I would not go to the meetings. I verily believe she had rather I had been a Papist still than that I should go to the meetings. She gave me a prayer-book and a catechism-book; and told me to learn my prayers and my catechism by heart, and when I had learned them to come to her again, and she would give me something; and be sure I came to the church. So what with her threatenings on the one hand, and her promises on the other, I, having no principles to guide me, was beaten off from going to the meeting for some time; nor do I know that I should have gone any more, had not God had, I hope, a design of mercy towards me, who, by his gracious providence, brought me under the means again. My lady having prevailed with me, I went to the church, nor had I inclination then of going elsewhere; but our parson was a very indifferent living man, so that the very light of nature would convince me that he was not a good preacher. There appearing no good in him, no good was to be expected from him, which made me, with some others of our town, go to Thorpe, a mile off, where one Mr. Courtman preached. This man was reputed to be a good preacher and of a good conversation. Here I used to go sometimes because others went, not out of any love I had to the word of God, nor any concern I had about my soul; neither can I remember that I understood what the man preached. Now, as long as I went to the church, and not to the meeting, my lady was well enough satisfied; but, alas! a poor ignorant, carnal creature I was, that knew not the right hand from the left in salvation matters, neither had I any concern about these things.

I remember that I was dismally frightened on the day called "Running Thursday," when there was a rumour all over the nation that the French or Irish had landed in England, and that they killed, burnt up, and destroyed all the way that they went. This was in the beginning of King William's reign. About us where I then lived it was said to be on a Thursday, and therefore called "Running Thursday," though I have heard since that in some places it was not

till Friday. A very terrible time it was while the fright lasted. I expected to be killed; but, alas! I cannot but wonder since how stupid and senseless I was about my soul. I cannot remember that I had in all that terrible fright a thought either of salvation or damnation; I was only afraid of losing my life. Thus I went on, in a poor carnal way of life, being at ease, and satisfying myself all was well enough as long as I went sometimes to the church.

As for the religion I was born and bred up in, it was quite lost, and the conviction that I had in my younger time, when a strong Roman Catholic, was worn off; neither was I willing to be counted a Papist any longer, because that name was not much countenanced among us after the Prince of Orange was proclaimed King of England.

About this time, I remember, a fire broke out at Thorpe, where I used to go to hear; the fire was violent and did much damage. The neighbouring towns being alarmed, I went among the rest, and was frightened to see how terribly the fire burned. This a little stirred up conviction in me again. Well, thought I, I will endeavour to take Lady Robinson's counsel, and say my prayers and learn my catechism, and then I thought that God would be pleased with me. And then there was another thing which was taken notice of, and that was, that the fire missed the parson's house, although it was very near it; and I think I heard them say that the fire flew over his house, and set Mr. Mansfield's barn on fire, which had a great deal of grain in it, and was but a little way off the parson's. This begat in me a better thought of Mr. Courtman.

(To be continued.)

God's people are never more in a thriving state of soul than when they are carrying the cross; it is the delight of the Holy Spirit to pull down the pride of self, and to build up the glory of free grace. The lightest feather of affliction that can be laid upon the back of our patience will break us down if God's Spirit is not by to support us.

—*Romaine.*

O doleful, uncomfortable, helpless state! O wretch that I am, to have reduced myself to it! Poor, empty, miserable, abandoned creature! Where is my pride, and the haughtiness of my heart? Where are my idle deities, whom I have loved and served, after whom I have walked, and whom I have sought, (Jer. viii. 2,) whilst I have been multiplying my transgressions against the Majesty of heaven? Is there no heart to have compassion upon me? Is there no hand to save me? "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me," (Job xix. 21,) hath seized me! I feel it pressing me hard, and what shall I do? Perhaps they *have* pity upon me; but alas! how feeble a compassion! Only if there be anywhere in the whole compass of nature any help, tell me where it may be found! O point it out; direct me towards it; or rather, confounded and astonished as my mind is, take me by the hand and lead me to it!—*Doddridge.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. GADSBY.

Dear Friend,—I just drop this line to say, that through the kind providence of God I got safe home on Friday, the 20th, and I thought myself much better for my journey; but we have had some very trying weather here since I came home, and I am now much worse than I was when at Leicester. This morning it is very fine, and I have been out, but can scarcely walk for want of breath. O that my soul were blessed with a little more of the divine breathings of God the Holy Ghost, that my soul may be blessedly wafted to solemn intercourse with a Three-One God!

I have been looking over and thinking upon Hab. iii. 2, and really I feel a needs-be for the Lord to revive his own work in my poor soul. It is very blessed when a sweet reviving does take place; when prayer is really pleading with God, as a man pleads with his friend; when praise and adoration are spiritual, heavenly, and divine; and when faith enters into and derives life and virtue from the Lord Jesus Christ, and can take a spiritual view of and solemnly enter into a glorious measure of the electing love of God the Father, the redeeming love of God the Son, and the quickening, enlightening, believing, anointing, teaching, sealing love of God the Holy Ghost, and can, under the divine unction of the Spirit, feelingly trace a glorious measure of the person, relationship, offices, characters, names, fulness, and blessedness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the soul can really and spiritually feel its own interest in the whole. I say, when this is the case it is very blessed; and what a wonder of wonders it is that such dead lumps as we are in and of self, should ever be revived, and enter feelingly into such glory! We must say, "This is the Lord's doing," and I am sure it will be "marvellous in our eyes." But O my soul is now saying, "Dear Lord, let such refreshing seasons last longer or more frequently come!" There is nothing short of Christ and salvation that can truly meet our various cases; at least I find it so with me, and I believe my friend does also. May my soul live more feelingly at Jerusalem, and never stir towards Jericho! But alas, alas! how often I move that way. O Lord, pardon my vileness, and keep me at thy blessed feet, leaning upon thy bosom!

I hope the dear Lord is with you, and that he grants you much freedom of access unto him. Remember, my dear friend, no man can come unto the Father but by Christ. Bless his precious name, he is the only sure and safe Way; and by a living faith in him poor sinners can meet the Lord of glory, and the God of gods meets them, and under the life, light, and unction of God the Spirit, a Three-One God and a poor sinner can meet together and have solemn intercourse with each other. But very often this is manifestly brought about through some hot fire; as it is written, "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." Well, my friend, and what then? Will the Lord utterly destroy them? No, no; but "they shall call on my name, and I will hear them." Satan

and unbelief may say it is in vain to pray, for the Lord will not regard you; but the Lord says, "I will hear them." Yes, bless his name, and more than that: "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." (Zech. xiii. 9.) When the dear Lord is pleased thus to work, the offering of his people is pleasant unto him; (Mal. iii. 3, 4;) and I am sure his gracious communications are pleasant to them, and there really is a blessed oneness with the Lord felt and enjoyed. In short, there is a glorious springing well, and God the Spirit is graciously pleased to make it at times spring up in our souls; and then we know in some measure what it is to appear like the garden of the Lord.

That you may be blessed with soul-refreshing seasons, and be kept very near unto the Lord and feelingly dependent upon him, is the prayer of,
 Yours in the Lord,

Manchester, Oct. 31st, 1843.

W. GADSBY.

WOE IS ME, THAT I SOJOURN IN MESECH.

My dear S.,—I have waited some time, hoping to hear from —, but as he does not write, I will attempt to write to you, though I cannot hold my hand steady; but unsteady as it is, I feel my heart much worse, wandering after anything but the right one. I have seen more of the deceitfulness and backsliding of my heart the last few years than I ever saw before.

What a little time I can spare to seek after my best interest! This world occupies nearly the whole of it; and if it were not for the God of all grace reviving his own work in my soul, I am sure I should have no hope of eternal happiness. But notwithstanding all my wanderings, coldness, darkness, hardness, and idolatry, when the Lord is pleased to favour me with a few moments' intercourse with himself; when I can tell all my complaints to him and leave all my troubles in his hands, feeling at the time, as I often do, that he is managing all my affairs, both in this world and for the next, I think surely I shall never play the same part again. But, alas! the next moment shows very plainly that I am kept only as the Lord keeps me.

We live in a very barren part of the world; if possible, growing worse every day. I very seldom go to chapel, but often find great comfort in reading the "Standard," or sermons, and I do hope at times in reading the word of God. But, my dear S., I confess with sorrow I frequently take up some other book and let the Bible lie still; at other times, a passage of Scripture quoted in the book I have been reading will cause me to open it, and the dear Lord will lead me so sweetly into the contents and spirit of the word of God, and I feel such blessedness in perusing it, that I wonder I do not read it more frequently, instead of other books. Perhaps the next time I open it, it appears locked, and I can do little more than sigh, for I am truly wretched when I do not feel what I read.

You can have no idea what a privation it is to be debarred from

hearing the gospel preached. The Lord's Day is always a welcome day to me, but I may say it is often a day of sorrow and joy; sorrow, in not being able to meet with the people of God whom I dearly love; and joy, when I prove what a friend said at my dear father's dinner-table the Saturday before I left, namely, "There is the same God there as here." And so, my dear S., I have often proved it. But how full of unbelief I am! afraid to depend on him, trying hard to do without saying, "Give me this day my daily bread," wanting a stock beforehand. But he is determined he will be "inquired of for these things;" and though I try and try again, my plans are all upset. Well, be it so; the time must be short when I shall have done with this world, and then I hope I shall be for ever at rest.

I am very fond of reading experiences; but when I saw Mr. M'Kenzie's was a diary, I for some weeks took little notice of it; but when I did, I cannot express my feelings whilst reading it. It spoke so much of my own experience; and the passages he quoted were so suitable, that I shed tears for joy to find that I had not been alone, but that one of the Lord's dear servants had been harassed in the path I am still travelling. He is now beyond all sorrow and sin, whilst I am left to mourn my wretchedness. O that the dear Lord would keep my mind stayed upon him, and so manifest himself to my heart that Satan cannot cheat me out of it! I am so unbelieving at times, I doubt everything I have experienced.

What a mercy it is, that though we change, God changes not! Into his hands may we be enabled to commit ourselves, and leave our affairs with him who knows what is best for us.

October 25th, 1852.

Those who think lightly of sin, and account iniquity a trifling thing, evidently show that the god of this world has blinded their eyes to the infinite atonement of Jesus, and hardened their hearts through the deceitfulness of sin; therefore they are insensible of grief, and without feeling of godly sorrow for sin. When Jesus is known in the heart, sin is truly abhorred, forsaken, and overcome. But it is most distressing to the regenerate soul when the load of guilt and the burden of sin are suffered to lie, day after day, upon the conscience. O the insupportable agony of such a state, none know but those who have experienced it! One would ask, is not this contradictory to that comforting assertion, "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus?" inconsistent with that triumphant challenge, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" No; for though charge and condemnation may be brought by Satan, the accuser of the brethren, the law may condemn, and our own spirits must confess we are sinners; yet our covenant God has no condemnation against us. For he has laid all our iniquities upon Jesus; and this is the free and full charter of his covenant concerning his children: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."
— *W. Mason.*

THE FIERY TRIAL.

Dear Sister,—I received yours, and perceive you are not a stranger to furnace work. God's furnace is placed in Zion and his fire in Jerusalem; and it is not placed there for hypocrites, but for the real children of God, and that for a very valuable use, to burn up all their refuges of lies, and to purify them as silver is purified, and try them as gold is tried, that they may be found to the praise and glory of God at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

But you seem to think it strange concerning the fiery trial that has been trying you, as if some strange thing had happened unto you which is not common with the family of God. Not so, my friend, for, if needs be, they have their times of heaviness through manifold temptations; but, blessed be God, never but as needs be. O how sweet it has been at times to my poor soul, in the awful depths of temptation, when the good Lord has powerfully said, "If need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations!" what a sweet cordial and blessed refreshment it has been; for truly they are manifold indeed, awful, blasphemous darts, that make our souls tremble, our lips quiver, our knees totter, and "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man," and to be at our very wit's end.

My dear sister in the path of tribulation, I have been in such depths of awful blasphemies that I have verily believed God had given me up to a reprobate mind entirely, and that either he would strike me dead with some awful judgment, or I should die raving mad, blaspheming God and truth, and be an awful object of his vengeance for ever and ever. O my friend, here is the place to try our own strength, to prove our own wisdom, and see our own comeliness! And what is it all when we come here? Our strength, that we thought at one time was so firm that nothing could move us, proves to be perfect weakness; our wisdom, that we thought was wonderful, proves to be nothing but foolishness; our comeliness is turned into rottenness and corruption, is a stench in our nostrils, which makes us cry out, "My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness." I do verily believe, my friend, if some Arminian priest were to come into your house and preach to you in these places duty-faith, moral obligations, cultivations of grace, and such like trumpery, you would be ready to open the door and tell him that was the way into the street. Poor blind bats! they know nothing about what it is to be emptied, and cannot tell how it is to be filled; they have never been stripped, nor know what it is to be clothed; they have never been utterly lost, and know not what it is to be completely saved with a salvation all of grace. The natural man knows not the things of God, neither can he know them, for they are foolishness; but God teaches all his children that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

I am glad to find that you can feel your oppression, and know what it is to say, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;" for God hath said, "for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing

of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." I feel thankful to God that you are not destitute of a groaning heart, for the Lord will not despise the groanings of his prisoners. He heard the groanings of the children of Israel in Egypt, and remembered his covenant, and had respect unto them. Yes, my sister, and he will remember you; for I believe he has respect for you, or else he would not have shown you what he has. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." Fret not yourself that you are in the lowest room, for the Master will come by and by and say unto you, with a smile on his face, "Come up higher."

I am glad to find you are a poor stammerer, for the Lord has promised the heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly. What a mercy it is that you are poor and needy, for God says, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water; I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together; that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

You appear to be not a stranger to some of David's language: "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar! My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace; but when I speak, they are for war." Never mind all their rage; God has promised that "the wilderness and the cities thereof shall lift up their voice, and the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands. The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man, he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, roar; he shall prevail against his enemies. I have long time holden my peace; I have been still and refrained myself; now will I cry like a travailing woman; I will destroy and devour at once. I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." What! God forsake his people? Impossible. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" Yes, she may forget; "yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." O that the dear Comforter may lead you to the Rock that is higher than yourself! and though he may hide his blessed face for a time, yet he will appear, for darkness may endure

for a night, but joy shall come in the morning. O that God may keep you watching unto prayer, and waiting with patience at his footstool! "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but in the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come." The Lord help you to wait. I know waiting is God's gift as well as the blessing.

I had thought to have come to Eastbourne and Brighton, and have sent a letter to Mr. Grace, to have been there next Lord's Day week; but, since your letter came, I have sent a line to postpone it till after Christmas; and I think it will be better, as Mr. Gadsby has been so lately. We are going on at Trowbridge very well. I believe the Lord is with us, and is blessing his word abundantly. We are quite crowded with people, there being not much less than a thousand. But the empty professors in the town rage against me with madness and cruelty; this, you know, is nothing new.

And now, my dear friend, I conclude with my soul's request unto God that he will ever be with you and your husband, to guide, strengthen, support, and bless. Give my love to friend S. and his wife, friend M. and his wife, with all friends. I should be glad to have a line.

Yours in love,

Trowbridge, Nov. 5th, 1822.

J. W.

As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful full-blown flower crops it, and puts it into his bosom, so the Lord takes his walks in his gardens, the churches, and gathers his lilies, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to himself.—*Gill.*

We are in the Lord's school, the school of the cross; his daily providential dispensations are suited to wean our attachments from everything here, and to convince us that this cannot be our rest; it is polluted; our roses grow upon thorns, our honey wears a sting; frequently our sharpest trials spring from our choicest comforts; perhaps while we are admiring our gourd, a worm is secretly preying upon its root. As every bitter thing is sweetened to a believer, so there is some bitter thing mingled with the sweet. This is wisely and mercifully ordered; it is necessary; and if things were not so bad with us, as in the language of sense they sometimes are, they would probably be soon much worse. With such hearts as ours, and in such a world as we live in, much discipline is needful, to keep us from sleeping upon the enchanted ground; but the time is short: it will not be thus always. We hope soon to be out of the reach of sin and temptation. Happy hour, when sorrow and mourning, hitherto our inseparable companions, shall flee away to return no more; when joy and gladness shall come forth to meet us and conduct us home! then those who have loved each other in the Lord, on earth, shall rejoice together for him; shall drink of the rivers of pleasure that are at his right hand; and their happiness shall be unspeakable, uninterrupted, without abatement, and without end.—*Newton.*

HE DELIVERED MY SOUL FROM THE LOWEST HELL.

My dear Friend,—I have felt my heart and mind much with you this morning, and talked to you in spirit, as though I were present with you, telling to you my exercises, troubles, and sorrows, which I felt to be a great relief and ease to my troubled bosom. But since then the Lord, I trust, has drawn out and drawn forth my heart, soul, and affection to himself; under which my heart was enabled to hold communion with Jesus upon the mercy-seat, and made to draw near to him with a true heart, “in full assurance of faith,” having my heart “sprinkled from an evil conscience.” I was enabled to pour out my soul before him and show him my trouble. My soul has passed through many changes during this week, and at times has been pressed out of measure and above strength; but still the “new and living way” has been opened unto my soul, so that I have been brought feelingly to his dear feet. And you know, my dear friend, what a sweet spot that is to be brought to, and how humble, little, simple, and child-like the soul is when brought there feelingly; how precious the Lord Jesus is to the soul; how sweet the truth of the Lord is to the heart; what a knitting of heart there is to the Lord’s people; what forbearance, long-suffering, and compassion there is manifested and goes forth out of the heart towards one’s enemies; and what forgiveness there flows forth out of the soul towards those who have injured us, and who are trying to do so with all their might.

But this morning my heart was touched with the compassion of the Lord Jesus, and melted down at his dear feet, with a few sweet tears brought up out of my heart under a feeling love to Jesus, my best Friend; a Friend that loves at all times; one who sticks closer than a brother; one that smiles when others frown, and who picks me up when others knock me down; one who heals when my foes wound; one who makes me alive when others kill; one who justifies when my enemies condemn; one who saves me when others are trying to send me to hell; one who opens my mouth while others are looking to see it stopped; one who holds me up while others are prophesying my downfall, and are watching for my halting. The Lord Jesus is a Friend of publicans and sinners; he sticks close to a living conscience; his testimonies stick fast and firm to a regenerated heart; and his word sticks close to the mind, so that the soul can sometimes say, “Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors.” “I have stuck unto thy testimonies; O Lord, put me not to shame!” Truly the testimonies of the Lord are sure, “making wise the simple.”

My dear friend, this week has been a week of weeping in heart and eyes with my wife and me. And what should we have done if we had not had a Refuge and a Hiding-place in Jesus? Truly he is a “Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in times of trouble.” He truly is a “Shadow of a great Rock in a weary land;” for he has been “a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress,

a Refuge from the storm, a Shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Blessings on his name for ever, for looking down upon one so vile, so base, and black, and for ever lifting up the light of his dear countenance upon me; for putting away my sins, and for blotting out my transgressions; for keeping me under all my temptations; and for making a way for my escape, although only "with the skin of my teeth!" But how my soul has trembled under them; how my spirit has fainted; how my bowels have turned within me; how my knees have smote together; how my strength has failed me under them; and how the objects have enticed my sinful heart and eyes!

Yet here I am a monument of God's sparing mercy and keeping power. When the Lord led me into his secret chamber this morning, and gave me to feel a little of what it cost the Saviour to redeem my soul from all my sins and transgressions, and a little of what he suffered under the curse of God's righteous law, I was made to hate and loathe myself upon the ground of my sins, and to feel, for a few moments, sin exceedingly sinful. But I have not forgotten the bitterness of sin and transgression which I felt when under the curse of the law, and the weight of sin and guilt, when the burden of it seemed to sink me into the lowest hell; when my soul trembled day and night for about two months, near four years after the Lord quickened my dead soul into life; when all my sins and transgressions came in upon my conscience like a mighty flood; when hell and damnation was ringing within my soul from morning till night, and from night till morning; when I expected the just judgment of God to drop upon me, and feared the earth would open its mouth and swallow me up; when I have rolled upon the earth in such soul-agony, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and at times could not open my mouth for the weight of sin and guilt, fearing God would strike me dead upon the spot; when I have shaken and trembled on my bed and feared the devil would drag me away, body and soul, to hell; when that portion of God's word cut me through and through like any sharp two-edged sword, "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all," and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." O that "to do them" dashed me to pieces like a potter's vessel! But when the blessed morning came for my deliverance, when the morning stars sang together, and the poor prodigal was brought to the foot of the cross, and was favoured with the first spiritual view of him that hung there and was slaughtered there for my sins and transgressions, and a precious drop of his atoning blood was sprinkled upon my conscience, to purge and cleanse away my sin and guilt, and pardon and peace were sealed home with divine power upon my soul, then my mourning was turned into dancing, my sackcloth taken off, and my soul girt with gladness; the very moment I expected to sink into hell, heaven was revealed within my soul, and it is just as fresh now in my feelings as though it took place this morning. Truly it is "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by

the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is the renewing of the Holy Ghost that puts a new face upon his great work, under which the soul can discern the King's image; and when this is the case all is right within, and the soul can rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh.

The Lord bless your soul and mine with more of these feelings, and then our enemies may go on unto the end of their chain; but we will rejoice in the Lord.

Yours affectionately,

Woburn, July 6th, 1852.

T. G.

THE LAME TAKE THE PREY.

My dear Friend and Brother in the path of tribulation,—Grace be with you and mercy, with that "peace which passeth all understanding" keeping your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

My dear friend, the doctrine of the atonement is a very sweet and solemn doctrine, so solemn that we know that without it we are undone for ever; and when we feel a little of it in our poor souls, we feel it solemn indeed; for "without shedding of blood is no remission" of sins. Now what do we see in the atonement? Why, many things, as, First, We see God's hatred to sin; Secondly, His justice in punishing for it; Thirdly, God's love, for he so loved the world, yes, so much, as to give his dear Son to die for it; and, Fourthly, Christ's willingness to come and lay down his life to redeem it from death. Hear his own words: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction!" And then these memorable words, "Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

This suits me well; indeed, were it otherwise, I should be undone for ever; but as it is, I have a good hope that it will be well with me at last. I am a poor sinner, possessing nothing but vanity. Sin is daily felt, and groaned under, and mourned over, and I do not expect that sin and I will part till I am called to lay down my head on a dying pillow; and if we part then, O what a mercy it will be! We are not friends as we used to be, I know, but I love it more than I like. It is very strong indeed; too strong for me. Were it not for him that binds the floods from overflowing, I am sure they would break out and run over. O what an ungodly wretch I am! I need the Fountain, and no less, to wash away my sin and filth.

My dear friend, I am not talking lightly of my state as a sinner; it is painful work; it makes me say, "I hate vain thoughts;" and I have so many of them at times that there seems to be nothing else. "O wretched man that I am!" But I do not want to remain in this state always, but, like Paul, I find a cry in my heart, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" O my dear friend, I think well of the blood of the once-suffering Lamb of God; it has relieved me

many a time. O how solemn, to look on him whom we have pierced, and to feel that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin!" And my cry is, "'Deal not with me after my sins, nor reward me according to my iniquities;' for they are very many and great; therefore, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified.'" He sometimes gives me a token for good, enabling me to say, "By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me." He makes my heart soft with the droppings of his love and tender mercy, which makes me say, "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." His love is better than wine: there is nothing to be compared to it; for it makes all right. We then know that he is on our side, when this love is felt; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Why none, so as to prosper, neither the world, nor the devil, nor all our enemies combined, within or without; for greater is he that is with us than all those that are against us. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper. O Lord, great is thy mercy toward thy people, and long, too, even from everlasting to everlasting, to them that fear thee! And be it said to his honour and glory, that "he remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever."

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

Whatever fears they have, or however low they get, still he is the same in reality to them; weak they feel themselves to be; but

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

For "to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Yes, my dear friend, so it is, and shall be, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it; and to encourage his poor people, he says, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Many who are first, as they think, shall be last, and the last shall be first; and the lame shall take the prey. And good is the word of the Lord: O how firm! "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." Amen.

Kind love to you and your spouse; and that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon you, is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately,

Bury, July 23rd, 1852.

T. C.

A believer's affections are, too often, like a cascade, or waterfall, that flows downward; instead of being like a fountain, which rises and shoots upwards towards heaven.—*Toplady.*

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

(Continued from page 196.)

DEATH exercises a peculiar influence on our mind as regards the memory of the departed. If they have lived and died so as to afford no solid ground of hope, death seems to dissolve all the illusions which surrounded them to our view when clothed in warm, breathing life. Their health, their strength, their prosperity, their gaiety and liveliness, their worldly prospects, their success in business, the glitter and show which during life surrounded them as with a halo of delusive light, are all vanished, all suddenly quenched in darkness and death. The heir takes their property, the grave their body, and hell their soul. And if we strain our eyes across that dismal gulf which hides them from our view, we seem to see them immersed in eternal woe. We seem almost to hear their moans and their cries of despair, and to view them shut up in the blackness of darkness for ever,

“Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.”

But how differently do we feel towards those who have died in the Lord, especially when we have been united to them in the bonds of Christian friendship and affection! Death, instead of destroying, embalms their memory. Their failings and imperfections, their hasty tempers or awkward ways, which might have grieved us in life, are all interred in their grave, and covered from our view by the turf which is spread over their body. We only remember the image of Christ that we saw and loved in them; and knowing that sovereign, superabounding grace has for ever blotted out their sins and infirmities, we desire never more to remember them, and only to think with tender affection on their graces, their faith and love, their godly fear, and the sweet savour which rested on our intercourse with them. We follow their happy spirits up to the throne of bliss, and seem to see them basking in the sunshine of eternal joy. Thus their memory becomes embalmed to us, and viewing them safely landed on the shores of glory, the tears over their grave lose all their bitterness; and, however we may miss their company here below, we would not recall them to the sufferings and sorrows of this vale of sin and misery.

In resuming our Memoir of the late Mrs. T. Walsh, of Preston, Lancashire, we take up the thread with her going into the North of England, in the spring of 1847.

But as the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and His dealings in providence are only inferior to his dealings in grace, it is worth while to trace out the circumstances which led her feet thither. A sister of hers had married and was settled at A—, and

being on the eve of her first confinement, much wished Caroline to be with her during that period. She was at first unwilling to go, as knowing how much her brother-in-law was opposed to her religious views, and especially to dissent in every shape and form; but considering it was the path of duty to accede to the wishes of her sister, she at last consented to go and be with her on that trying occasion. When she parted with her Stamford friends, she and they little dreamed that she would no more walk in and out with them, and that, with the exception of a passing visit, they were to be severed till they were re-united in eternity.

The state of her mind at this time will best appear from the two following letters, addressed to a female friend and member of the same church :

“My dear Friend,—A month has just passed since I left Stamford. I think you must have expected to hear from me before this, but till within this last week I have not seemed at all right. I am sorry to say so, but I am sure it is true, that I felt my mind a good deal taken up with the world. I judge so, because I seemed to have no relish for spiritual things. My prayers, I felt, were words without the heart being engaged; therefore I felt condemned and miserable; yet I could not help myself or make myself feel different. How easy I find it, when left to myself, to get out of the way, but how very difficult to get back again!

“I know I was wrong in leaving the week I did, and not stopping till afterwards, but I made my arrangements in a hurry, and, after I had made them, I felt certain I was wrong, for it was throwing myself amongst worldly company uncalled for, because I need not have gone unless I chose. I was in such a state, that I dreaded my journey into Lancashire, and quite expected some thing would happen to me. You see I have given a very bad account of myself, which I feel really ashamed of; but as I could not honestly speak of the bright side without mentioning the dark spots, you shall have both. One thing I ought to say, which is, that I am not aware that the change in me was remarked by those around me, as I was much the same as usual outwardly. I mention this because, though secret things are between ourselves and God, yet I feel responsible for my outward conduct to the dear friends.

“But I will tell you how I get on here. For the first few days I remained in the same wretched frame; but one morning last week the barrier disappeared, and I was able, with some humility and contrition of soul, to confess my folly, unbosom my sorrows, and to beg for reviving grace. This was Tuesday in last week. I had obtained the permission of my brother-in-law to attend chapel the Lord's Day afternoon previous, and I liked what the minister said. When last Lord's Day came, I felt very desirous to go, so I went, as I thought, without being observed; but it was soon discovered, and Mr. — looked after me, but found I was too far off to be overtaken. I found it good to be there, and did not think about my troubles, I mean as to how I should be received, &c., till the service was over. Mr. — exceedingly dislikes my going, and I have promised not to go again if he will let me go to Preston to hear Mr. McKenzie. Mr. — preached here last evening. I did wish to go, and I long to have some conversation with the people here, but that I am not allowed. Many portions of God's word have been precious to me in reading, and it is delightful to feel again my heart and soul engaged in spiritual things. I reckon so of every opportunity of reading the precious Scriptures; and, stealing up stairs to my own room, I can and do thank the blessed Spirit for his reviving operations upon my soul. I am sure what I feel must be his work, from the sensations that attend it.

“I never felt more love for the dear friends. One by one, many times in a day, they come before me. Do give my love to them all. I have been spending a quiet evening; Mr. — and my sister are gone to dinner some miles from here. I have just been singing a beautiful hymn, (405.) which, if you, while reading, are blessed with feeling, will find a most soul-enrapturing subject.

"I hope to hear from you soon, if you are able. I trust you are getting strong again. Let me hear how you are going on.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"A—, May 4th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

"My dear Friend,—I am much obliged to you for your letter.

"I felt able to rejoice in the Lord the day of my departure, and I had a nice time in the coach, being quite by myself, though, as I acknowledged in my last, I had some surmises for the future, and I felt fearful it was not right to have given way to my natural feelings in going where my soul might become denuded.

"I have much trouble in getting to chapel here. My brother-in-law would not let me go the day before yesterday; and as I had been reckoning all the week upon the coming of the Lord's Day, it was a great disappointment, and I felt very uncomfortable. If actual chains and bolts had prevented me I should have been happier, but being merely under his command not to go, I did not know whether I ought not to have incurred his displeasure, and said, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men rather than unto God, judge ye;' but he promised I should go to Blackburn the next Lord's Day, if I liked. During the morning these words came with sweetness, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and cast out your name as evil for my sake. Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, for great is your reward in heaven.' I did rejoice in his dear name; and in the evening, about half-past six, I was much blessed at the throne of grace, and enjoyed sweet access unto and communion with the ever-merciful and covenant-keeping God. I know I found it true that, as outward and inward trials abound, so the consolations of the gospel abound also.

"I shall weary you with reading, therefore will conclude. I long for a sight of you all once more. My best love to the friends when you see them, particularly to those whom I mentioned by name in my last. I shall hope to hear from you when convenient.

"Believe me, dear friend, to remain, yours sincerely,

"A—, June 8th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

A few words may throw a little light on the first letter. She went home on her way to the North, which her friend considered an unadvisable step, as there was at that time much company expected. Caroline would not have gone, but a school-fellow, and formerly a most attached friend, had written to her in the most pressing terms to come and see her there, as she was about to go abroad, and they would probably never meet more. Overcome at the moment by her natural feelings, she wrote back immediately to say she would come, and, having made the engagement, felt she could not break it. But it is pleasing to see her tenderness of conscience, and how she felt grieved by any departure from the strait and narrow way.

Her situation at A— was peculiarly trying, her gentle, amiable feelings leaning to one side, and her conscience to the other. Persecution and opposition take many shapes, and come, if not in their severest, yet, perhaps, in their most trying form, from near relations. The spirit which would remain firm against the harsh threatenings of a magistrate, yields to the continued importunity of a relative, as a column, which stands unharmed by a sudden shock, gives way to a continued pressure. Our greatest snares usually lie concealed amidst our nearest ties, and it seems to need, if not double, at least continued grace to withstand the frowns of love or the blandishments of affection. But Caroline, with great

amiability, was, as has been before observed, possessed of great firmness of mind and tenderness of conscience, and these two combined seem to have upheld her steadfast in her trying position whilst at A—. Finding, however, that her brother-in-law was obstinately bent against her attending the little despised place there, she deemed it best to go farther afield for spiritual food, and therefore went to Manchester to hear the word at the chapel where the late Mr. Gadsby was pastor. The following letter gives some account of her going thither :

“My dear Friend,—I am sorry to say that I have not yet permission to go to the meeting here, but I went last Lord’s Day to Manchester, leaving here about eight, arriving at Manchester at twenty minutes past ten, and was in the chapel by half-past. The name of the minister I did not hear; he was an elderly man. I liked him much in prayer, and some suitable things dropped from his lips in preaching. I felt disappointed when he gave the text out, which was Rev. v. 6, but there was no cause. But I was surprised to find that there was no service in the afternoon. As I knew no one in Manchester, I took my dinner with me to have in the vestry, between the services. It was nearly one when the morning service ended. I went to the station, and found I could not leave Manchester till between five and six. I was desirous of attending some other chapel of truth, as I thought there must be another in that large place, but I could not get any information respecting one. I was therefore obliged to content myself by remaining at an inn, where I spent the rest of my time reading, for I had my Bible and hymn-book with me. I shall not go to Manchester again, for it is between twenty and thirty miles from here.

“I am reading now John’s Gospel. There is no scripture so deeply interesting, I really think, as the gospels. It melts the soul down to read of the wonderful compassion of Jesus to poor wretched sinners. I cannot read many verses at once. I was two or three days over the third chapter. My text this day has been, ‘At the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ How sweet is the contemplation of such blessed invitations! How I love to have my whole soul absorbed in meditation upon the dear Friend of sinners; and though my thoughts seem so poor and mean, and I cannot find any words to describe his worth, yet I am sure I am among the number of those ‘who thought upon his name,’ and he reckons such amongst his jewels. What a full, free, complete salvation is his, for he gives us first grace, and crowns his grace bestowed with glory.

“I have enjoyed unutterable peace this day; I trust of the right kind. No one knows what it is to feel it but those who have enjoyed it; truly it is what God alone can give. I must conclude, lest I weary you; for perhaps you will not read with the same feelings I have had in writing.

“Give my love to the dear friends; I trust they also remember me with kindness.

“A—, June 24th, 1847.”

“I remain, yours sincerely,

“CAROLINE.

On being permitted to go to Preston, it will be recollected, she relinquished attending the little chapel at A—. This permission she now availed herself of, and went to hear our dear and lamented friend, the late J. M’Kenzie. This was a remarkable circumstance in her life, for it eventually led to her marriage with a man who feared God, and to her settlement at Preston. Being most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. M’Kenzie,* and having found

* A rather amusing circumstance marked her first visit. She told the cabman to drive her to Mr. M’Kenzie’s, not knowing there was a gentleman of that name living in the same street of a somewhat higher walk in life.

profit under his ministry, she was induced to go again, and there meeting with Mr. T. Walsh, whose sister Mr. M'Kenzie had married, a mutual attachment sprang up, which eventually terminated in a marriage.

But the hopes of returning to Stamford were disappointed by the state of her grandmother's health, who had left with her, but was now unable to return. That this was a real disappointment to her is plain from the following letter to the same friend :

"My dear Friend,—I have quite expected a few lines from you, to ask the reason of my delaying so long to write. It is not, however, for want of inclination, but for want of time, for my sister does not like my leaving her for many minutes, although Mamma is now here.

"When I received your note, I envied you, for the sweet feelings I spoke of in my last had vanished, therefore I did not feel able then to rejoice with you; but a few days afterwards I did feel able, and could bless God for his special mercy manifested to both.

"You have probably heard that I have been to Preston, where I was received most kindly by Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie. I have been twice, and felt much refreshed in hearing. I cannot speak too highly of him as a minister. I should say, from what I heard from the pulpit, and from his conversation, that he is the greatest Christian I have met with; he seems such a humble man, though he is so highly favoured.

"But I must here tell you what has been a source of considerable trouble to me, that there is little or no probability of my returning to Stamford to remain there. I seem to be getting over the disappointment a little sometimes, though I am full of murmurings, and think it hard. The cause, I need hardly tell you is, that Grandmother is not able to get back. She has kept up stairs for full two months. Hitherto the Lord has helped me, and I trust he will remember me for good, though I am like a sparrow alone, away from you all.

"Excuse this hasty note; I hope you remember me. Give my love to the friends, and believe me to remain,

"A—, Aug. 10th, 1847."

"Yours very sincerely,

"CAROLINE.

(To be concluded in our next.)

O how sweet are sufferings for Christ! God forgive them that raise an ill report on the sweet cross of Christ; our weak and dim eyes look only to the black side of the cross, and this occasions our mistakes concerning it. They that can take it cheerfully on their backs shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship. Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust; in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot; in the sufferings of his saints, he intends his own glory, and their own good; this is the twofold mark he aims at; and he does not shoot at random, but always touches the point he purposes to hit.—*Rutherford.*

than the Baptist minister. She was shown into the drawing-room, and could not help remarking, in her own mind, the size of the room and the handsomeness of the furniture, and contrasting with them her standard of consistency in a minister of the gospel. Presently the door opened, and the master of the house advanced, when an explanation was made, and, with great kindness, a servant went to show her the humbler abode of the preacher she had come to hear.

R E V I E W.

The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon. London: Painter, Strand.

Life of Whitefield. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

The Experience of George Whitefield. Written by Himself. London: J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.*

(Continued from page 163.)

There can be little doubt that there was in Whitefield's day more life and power in the church of God than we now witness, or perhaps have any distinct idea of. Such coldness and deadness have fallen upon the churches, that it seems hard to realize the zeal, warmth, and earnestness which then prevailed. The simplest, perhaps, and easiest way to do this will be for each of our gracious readers to recall the days of his spiritual youth, "when the candle of the Lord shined upon his head, and by his light he walked through darkness; when the secret of God was upon his tabernacle; when he washed his steps with butter, and the rock poured him out rivers of oil." Let him recall his own earnestness in prayer at that memorable period, his tenderness of conscience, his zeal for the Lord, his deadness to the world, his love to God's people, his times of hearing when well nigh every sermon seemed blessed to his soul. The recollection of this never-to-be-forgotten season, the Spring of the soul, may serve to bring before his mind the days of Whitefield—that spring-tide of the church, when the flowers appeared on the earth, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; when the leaf of profession was green and the blossom of promise fragrant; before the fruit had become, as now, wizened from declining sap, and the foliage sear and yellow from the autumnal frosts. One remarkable instance of the power of God attending Whitefield's ministry is recorded in his life—that after preaching, on one occasion, in Moorfields, he received, according to his own testimony, "at a moderate computation, a thousand notes from persons under conviction." Making every deduction for natural excitement, giving the fullest allowance for temporary convictions, it affords an unparalleled example of power attending one sermon. Where, at least in our day, is the minister whose labours are accompanied with such striking effects? We may have men clearer in doctrine, but where can we find that life and power, that ardent zeal, that burning eloquence, that devotedness to the work, those astonishing labours, that self-denying life, that singleness of eye to the glory of God, that unwearied perseverance, or that flame of holy love which seemed to consume the very lamp in which it shone with such surpassing brightness? And for this life and power in the soul of a minister, what can be the

* We are sorry that this little work ("the Experience of George Whitefield,") did not fall into our hand till after we had penned the account given in the May Number of Whitefield's experience, as we might have much enriched it. In the work from which we took our narrative, many of the most interesting details are suppressed.

substitute? Shall it be *learning*? That, in comparison, is but a flickering flame, a mere phosphorus light composed out of dead men's brains, too faint to illuminate, too cold to kindle. Shall it be *sound views of doctrine*? Amidst the heaps of error which are spread on every side, and amidst hundreds of erroneous men who lie in wait to deceive, sound views of truth are most valuable, nay, indispensable. But there may be the soundest creed in the head with death in the heart and sin in the life. Sound views without divine life resemble a sound, well-tuned ring of bells, which charm the ear more than the jangling and the cracked, but are still mere tinkling metal. Shall it be *gifts*?—a flow of words as unceasing as a babbling brook, a voice as musical as the evening nightingale, action as elegant as ever graced the stage, pathos as touching as ever bedewed female cheeks with tears, animation as vehement as ever stirred the audiences of Peter the Hermit, and eloquence as ardent as ever led men on to mount the breach or charge a battalion? Alas! what are they all, destitute of life? United with life—a combination very rare, though perhaps to a great extent existing in Whitefield—they are indeed to the sword what the back is to the edge, giving it weight and strength; but without life they are a lump of iron, which never pierces to the “dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,” or is “a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

We take up our memoir of Whitefield with his departure for America a second time, on the 14th of August, 1739. He arrived at Philadelphia after a passage of nine weeks, and at once commenced those unwearied labours, the mere recital of which fills us with surprise and astonishment. In one week he preached sixteen times and rode one hundred and seventy miles. At Charleston he preached twice a day for a fortnight. His last sermon at Boston was preached to twenty thousand persons. And be it borne in mind, that *his* was preaching. It was no indolent lolling over the pulpit cushion, talking in a low voice to about fifty people in the cool of the evening, but animated bursts of eloquence to crowded congregations under the burning heat of an American summer—a period of the year when the thermometer is frequently above one hundred degrees, and persons drop down dead in the streets stricken by the beams of the sun:

“Sometimes he was almost ready to expire with heat and fatigue. Thrice a day he was lifted up upon his horse, unable to mount otherwise; then rode and preached, and came in and laid himself along upon two or three chairs. He did not doubt but such a course would soon take him to his desired rest. Yet he had many delightful hours with Messrs. Tennents, Blair, &c. ‘Night,’ says he, ‘was, as it were, turned into day, when we rode singing through the woods.’”

His stay in America lasted about fifteen months, during which space of time he several times traversed the length of the United States, from Charleston in the South to Boston in the North, a distance of above a thousand miles, and through a country at that

time thinly inhabited, through wild forests, wide and dismal swamps, and by roads impassable by wheel carriages.

The same power which accompanied his ministry in England followed him in America wheresoever he turned his steps. The slave states of the South and the free states of the North, the indolent planters of South Carolina and the sturdy, iron-sinewed Puritans of New England, alike hung upon the accents of his melodious voice, and alike confessed by their tears that it had power to move the hardest heart. But besides these usual effects of his surpassing eloquence, there is every reason to believe that the power of God accompanied the word effectually to the hearts of many, quickening them into spiritual life. The following testimonies from ministers and others who heard him preach abundantly confirm the belief that the Lord was with him, and that it was not alone his natural gifts which riveted to him so many ears and moved so many hearts:

"One minister writes, Oct. 1st, 1740: 'Your kind letter by Mr. Whitefield. and your other, are both now before me. You raised our expectations of him very much, as did his journals more, and Mr. P., of New York concurred with them; but we own, now that we have seen and heard him, that our expectations are all answered and exceeded, not only in his zealous and fervent abounding labours, but in his command of the hearts and affections of his hearers. He has been received here as an angel of God and servant of Jesus Christ. I hope this visit to us will be of very great use and benefit to ministers and people.'"

"Another, in a letter, Oct. 22nd, 1740, expresses himself thus: 'Though it is always a singular pleasure to me to hear from you, yet your two letters by Mr. Whitefield had a new circumstance of pleasure, from the dear hand that presented them. I perceive you were impatient to know what sort of entering in he had among us. We, ministers, rulers, and people, generally received him as an angel of God. We are abundantly convinced that you spoke the words of truth and soberness in your sermon relating to him. Such a power and presence of God with a preacher, and in religious assemblies, I never saw before; but I would not limit the Holy One of Israel. The prejudices of many are quite conquered, and the expectations of others vastly outdone, as they freely own. A considerable number are awakened, and many Christians seem to be greatly quickened.' The same gentleman writes, Dec. 2nd, 1740: 'The man greatly beloved, I suppose, may be with you before now. That his visit here will be esteemed a distinguishing mercy of heaven by many I am well satisfied. Every day gives me fresh proofs of Christ speaking in him. A small set of gentlemen amongst us, when we saw the affections of the people so moved under his preaching, would attribute it only to the force of sound and gestures; but the impressions on many are so lasting, and have been so transforming, as to carry plain signatures of a divine hand going along with him.'"

"Another observes: 'I coveted a great deal more private conversation with him than I had opportunity for, by reason of the throngs of people almost perpetually with him. But he appears to be full of the love of God, and fired with an extraordinary zeal for the cause of Christ, and applies himself with the most indefatigable diligence that ever was seen among us, in promoting the good of souls. His head, his heart, his hands seem to be full of his Master's business. His discourses, especially when he goes into the expository way, are very instructive; every eye is fixed upon him, and every ear chained to his lips; most are very much affected; many awakened and convinced; and a general seriousness excited. His address, more especially to the passions, is wonderful, and beyond what I have ever seen. I think I can truly say, that his preaching has quickened me, and I believe it has many others besides, as well as the people. Several of my flock, especially the younger sort, have been brought under convictions by his preaching; and

there is this remarkable amongst them, of the good effect of his preaching, that the word preached now by us seems more precious to them, and comes with more power upon them. My prayer for him is, that his precious life may be lengthened out, and that he may be an instrument of reviving dying religion in all places whithersoever he comes."

But all his success and all his popularity in America did not make him forget his own country. Tidings had probably reached his ears that his presence was needed in England, for a dark cloud had gathered over the fields in which he had sown the seed of life. On January 16th, 1741, he set his foot on the ship which was to bear him across the stormy Atlantic once more to his native shores, and on March 11th arrived at Falmouth. But in England a great disappointment awaited him, and the clouds wore a darker aspect than he had anticipated. Yet behind these clouds was the sun hidden, though it was needful for a storm to arise to purify the atmosphere, which had become loaded with the earthly vapours of free-will and human merit. He had perhaps been elated by his amazing popularity in America, and it was needful for him to be humbled. Wherever the Lord sows wheat, Satan sows tares, and this Whitefield found to his sorrow. But we shall leave him to tell his tale in his own words:

"In my zeal, during my journey through America, I had written two well-meant, though injudicious letters, against England's two great favourites, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and Archbishop Tillotson, who, I said, knew no more of religion than Mohammed. The Moravians had made inroads upon the societies. Mr. John Wesley, some way or other, had been prevailed upon to preach and print in favour of perfection, universal redemption, and very strongly against election; a doctrine which I thought, and do now believe, was taught me of God, therefore could not possibly recede from it. Thinking it my duty so to do, I had written an answer at the Orphan House, which, though revised and much approved of by some good and judicious divines, I think had some too strong expressions about absolute reprobation, which the apostle leaves rather to be inferred than expressed. The world was angry at me for the former, and numbers of my own spiritual children for the latter. One that got some hundreds of pounds by my sermons, being led away by the Moravians, refused to print for me any more; and others wrote to me that God would destroy me in a fortnight, and that my fall was as great as Peter's. Instead of having thousands to attend me, scarce one of my spiritual children came to see me from morning to night. Once, at Kennington Common, I had not above a hundred to hear me. At the same time I was much embarrassed in my outward circumstances. A thousand pounds I owed for the Orphan House; two hundred and fifty pounds bills, drawn upon Mr. Seward, now dead, were returned upon me. I was also threatened to be arrested for two hundred pounds more. My travelling expenses also to be defrayed. A family of a hundred to be daily maintained, four thousand miles off, in the dearest place of the king's dominions. Ten thousand times would I rather have died than part with my old friends. It would have melted any heart to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented."

"Never had I preached in Moorfields on a week day. But, in the strength of God, I began on Good Friday, and continued twice a day, walking backward and forward from Leadenhall, for some time, preaching under one of the trees, and had the mortification of seeing numbers of my spiritual children who, but a twelvemonth ago, could have plucked out their eyes for me, running by me whilst preaching, disdainful so much as to look at me, and some of them putting their fingers in their ears, that they might not hear one word I said."

The tie was now dissolved between Whitefield and Wesley. Nothing but his exceeding humility could have kept them together before; but he had such low thoughts of himself that Wesley's superior holiness, as he believed it to be, blinded his eyes to his errors. But they were now too flagrant to be covered up. When John Wesley began to call imputed righteousness "imputed nonsense," and to denounce election as a doctrine of devils, the soul of Whitefield burnt within him, and he could walk with the enemy of truth no more.

And such will ever be the case. The children of light for a time may walk with the children of darkness, as Hagar and Ishmael dwelt in the tent of Abraham; but sooner or later the execution of the sentence comes, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman."

To enumerate all the labours of this distinguished apostle would far exceed our pages; we must therefore content ourselves with a selection. One of the most striking passages, perhaps, of his life was his preaching down the booths in Moorfields, then a wide open place, with trees and grass, a London park in miniature. It was a remarkable instance of boldness and zeal; for to those who have seen a London mob, we need hardly say he carried, as it were, his life in his hand. This singular circumstance is thus recorded in the history of his life:

"It had been the custom, for many years past, in the holiday seasons, to erect booths in Moorfields, for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, &c., which were attended, from morning till night, by innumerable multitudes of the lower sort of people. He formed a resolution to preach the gospel among them, and executed it. On Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, he began. Thousands who were waiting there, gaping for their usual diversions, all flocked round him. His text was, John iii. 14. 'They gazed, they listened, they wept, and many seemed to be stung with deep conviction for their past sins.' All was hushed and solemn. 'Being thus encouraged, (says he,) I ventured out again at noon, when the fields were quite full; and could scarce help smiling, to see thousands, when a merry-Andrew was trumpeting to them, upon observing me mount a stand on the other side of the field, deserting him, till not so much as one was left behind, but all flocked to hear the gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken near twenty or thirty pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that when I came to preach a third time, in the evening, in the midst of the sermon a merry-Andrew got up upon a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long, heavy whip, several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drum, &c., to pass through the congregation. But I desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done. Finding these efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having a great pole for their standard, advanced, with sound of drum, in a very threatening manner, till they came near the skirts of the congregation. Uncommon courage was given both to preacher and hearers. I prayed for support and deliverance, and was heard; for, just as they approached us, with looks full of resentment. I know not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust, were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing, (for the noise was too great, at times, to preach,) about three hours. We then

retired to the Tabernacle, where thousands flocked; we were determined to pray down the booths; but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received, I believe, a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred were received into the society in one day. Some I married, that had lived together without marriage; one man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were, at that time, plucked as firebrands out of the burning.

"I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for Him, who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!"

Wherever he went he was the same man, having but one object in view, and wholly devoted to it. This singleness of eye, oneness of purpose, and devotedness of heart, won to him the admiration and esteem of many who gave little proof of a divine work in their souls. Before his third visit to America, as the captain of one ship refused to take him, lest he should "spoil the sailors," he had to go as far as Plymouth to procure a passage. There he had to wait five weeks for the convoy, it being war time, and this interval he employed, as usual, in preaching the word. It was probably at this time that Tanner was called under his preaching; and there was a remarkable effect of his ministry recorded by himself. There was at that time a ferry from the town of Dock, now Devonport, to Plymouth, the two places being separated by an arm of the sea; and the ferrymen were by this time so attached to him, that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear him preach, saying, "God forbid we should sell the word of God." What a power and influence must have accompanied his preaching and shone forth in his life to produce such effects on poor ignorant ferrymen! It is from such circumstances that a man's real character and estimation is to be gathered. What mere ranting preacher, or what mere eloquent orator, could have induced these poor ferrymen to sacrifice their pence and not make a harvest of the opportunity? But no. As the Galilean fishermen received the Master when the scribes and Pharisees rejected him, so the poor Plymouth ferrymen received the servant when the bishops and clergy railed at and ridiculed him.

But our limits warn us not to linger upon every striking circumstance of this great and good man's life. We must, however, find space for his end. He died, we may say, in harness:

"On Saturday, September 29th, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that, before he went out to preach that day, Mr. Clarkson, senior, observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, Sir;' but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up said: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.' His last sermon was

from 2 Cor. xiii. 5: 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?'

"After a little conversation, he went to rest, and slept till two in the morning, when he awoke me, and asked for a little cider; he drank about a wine-glass full. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He said to me, 'My asthma is coming on me again; I must have two or three days rest. Two or three days riding, without preaching, would set me up again.' Soon afterwards, he asked me to put the window up a little higher, (though it was half up all night,) 'for,' said he, 'I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better by-and-bye. A good pulpit sweat to-day may give me relief; I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, 'I wish you would not preach so often.' He replied, 'I had rather wear out than rust out.' I then told him. I was afraid he took cold in preaching yesterday. He said, he believed he had; and then sat up in bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ."

"In a little time he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm. I then began to have some small hopes. Mr. Parsons said, he thought Mr. Whitefield breathed more freely than he did, and would recover. I said, 'No, Sir, he is certainly dying.' I was continually employed in taking the phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, &c., to give him relief, if possible, but all in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came in, and saw him in the chair leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, 'He is a dead man.' Mr. Parsons said, 'I do not believe it; you must do something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his last breath.' And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock."

He thus died, Sept. 30th, 1770, without saying anything remarkable. But of this there was no need; a dying testimony in his case was not required. Yet we have a striking account of his last sermon, which was indeed his dying testimony, for the arrows of death were then in him:

"It was usual for Mr. Whitefield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when he was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma. At the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitefield seemed desirous of speaking, but, from the weak state in which he then was, it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes, unable to speak; he then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name.' He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future. A part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following: 'I go, I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, given light to many; it is now about to set for—no, it cannot be; 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven; many shall live when this body is no more, but then—O thought divine!—I shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! but I die to be with him. How brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me yet to be accomplished! but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you.' These and many other things he said, which, though

retired to the Tabernacle, where thousands flocked; we were determined to pray down the booths; but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received, I believe, a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred were received into the society in one day. Some I married, that had lived together without marriage; one man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were, at that time, plucked as firebrands out of the burning.

"I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for Him, who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!"

Wherever he went he was the same man, having but one object in view, and wholly devoted to it. This singleness of eye, oneness of purpose, and devotedness of heart, won to him the admiration and esteem of many who gave little proof of a divine work in their souls. Before his third visit to America, as the captain of one ship refused to take him, lest he should "spoil the sailors," he had to go as far as Plymouth to procure a passage. There he had to wait five weeks for the convoy, it being war time, and this interval he employed, as usual, in preaching the word. It was probably at this time that Tanner was called under his preaching; and there was a remarkable effect of his ministry recorded by himself. There was at that time a ferry from the town of Dock, now Devonport, to Plymouth, the two places being separated by an arm of the sea; and the ferrymen were by this time so attached to him, that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear him preach, saying, "God forbid we should sell the word of God." What a power and influence must have accompanied his preaching and shone forth in his life to produce such effects on poor ignorant ferrymen! It is from such circumstances that a man's real character and estimation is to be gathered. What mere ranting preacher, or what mere eloquent orator, could have induced these poor ferrymen to sacrifice their pence and not make a harvest of the opportunity? But no. As the Galilean fishermen received the Master when the scribes and Pharisees rejected him, so the poor Plymouth ferrymen received the servant when the bishops and clergy railed at and ridiculed him.

But our limits warn us not to linger upon every striking circumstance of this great and good man's life. We must, however, find space for his end. He died, we may say, in harness:

"On Saturday, September 29th, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that, before he went out to preach that day, Mr. Clarkson, senior, observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, Sir;' but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up said: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.' His last sermon was

from 2 Cor. xiii. 5: 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?'

"After a little conversation, he went to rest, and slept till two in the morning, when he awoke me, and asked for a little cider; he drank about a wine-glass full. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He said to me, 'My asthma is coming on me again; I must have two or three days rest. Two or three days riding, without preaching, would set me up again.' Soon afterwards, he asked me to put the window up a little higher, (though it was half up all night,) 'for,' said he, 'I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better by-and-bye. A good pulpit sweat to-day may give me relief; I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, 'I wish you would not preach so often.' He replied, 'I had rather wear out than rust out.' I then told him. I was afraid he took cold in preaching yesterday. He said, he believed he had; and then sat up in bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ."

"In a little time he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm. I then began to have some small hopes. Mr. Parsons said, he thought Mr. Whitefield breathed more freely than he did, and would recover. I said, 'No, Sir, he is certainly dying.' I was continually employed in taking the phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, &c., to give him relief, if possible, but all in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came in, and saw him in the chair leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, 'He is a dead man.' Mr. Parsons said, 'I do not believe it; you must do something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his last breath.' And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock."

He thus died, Sept. 30th, 1770, without saying anything remarkable. But of this there was no need; a dying testimony in his case was not required. Yet we have a striking account of his last sermon, which was indeed his dying testimony, for the arrows of death were then in him:

"It was usual for Mr. Whitefield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when he was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma. At the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitefield seemed desirous of speaking, but, from the weak state in which he then was, it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes, unable to speak; he then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name.' He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future. A part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following: 'I go, I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, given light to many; it is now about to set for—no, it cannot be; 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven; many shall live when this body is no more, but then—O thought divine!—I shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! but I die to be with him. How brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me yet to be accomplished! but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you.' These and many other things he said, which, though

simple, were rendered important by circumstances; for death had let fly his arrow, and the shaft was deep enfixed when utterance was given to them; his countenance, his tremulous voice, his debilitated frame, all gave convincing evidence that the eye which saw him should shortly see him no more for ever. One day and a half after this he was numbered amongst the dead."

Thus lived and thus died England's great apostle, leaving a name venerated by thousands, and still held in affectionate remembrance.

To say that he was on all points sound, that there was no dross with his gold, no water mingled with his wine, would be indeed untrue. His ardour and zeal led him frequently to stretch the line beyond even his own views of divine truth. Thus his great theme was the Lord Jesus; but he preached him more as the Saviour of sinners generally than as the Head of the church, the Saviour of elect sinners. The new birth was also with him a darling theme; but he urged it upon the consciences of dead sinners almost as if they could do something towards it. Thus he would invite, as it is called, sinners to Jesus, meaning by "sinners," not as Hart speaks,

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so,"

but sinners as such, whether sensible or insensible sinners, whether convinced of sin or still careless and carnal. There is a curious instance of this recorded in his address to a comic actor named Shuter, who at that time was playing the character of "Ramble" to crowded audiences. Poor Shuter sometimes went to hear him preach, and on one occasion, at Bath, when Whitefield was, as usual, inviting sinners to Christ, fixing his eyes upon Shuter, he thus addressed him, "And thou, poor Ramble, who hast so long rambled from Christ, when wilt thou finish thy ramblings, and ramble home to Jesus?"

In considering the general character of Whitefield's preaching, we must bear in mind that a ministry suitable for one period of the church may by no means be adapted for another. The work of Whitefield was that of an evangelist. He was no pastor of a church, and had no settled congregation, and scarcely a fixed residence; but, burning with an unquenchable zeal, travelled from place to place, addressing multitudes who were living without hope and without God in the world. To reach their consciences was his aim and object. To set before them their perishing state as sinners, to proclaim in their ears free grace through the blood and righteousness of Christ as revealed in the gospel, to insist upon the necessity and unfold the nature of the new birth, whereby they became partakers of this salvation—these were the leading features of his preaching; and as he himself had a deep and daily experience of sin and salvation, in urging these points he poured out his very soul, and with a power and eloquence almost without example. The best description that we know of the general drift of his preaching is the account which Tanner gives of the sermon that

he preached at Plymouth, and which God owned and blessed to the quickening of his soul. When he had described, in the most touching manner, the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, fixing his eyes suddenly on Tanner, he cried, "Sinner, thou art the man who crucified the Son of God!" With such power did these words come to his soul, and his sins were so set in array before him, that Tanner all but dropped down on the spot. This is but a specimen of his peculiar manner; but such preaching would not suit our day, as it did not suit the day which arose shortly after his death. Whitefield threshed the corn, but he left wheat and chaff on the barn floor, a mingled heap. He could wield the flail as few men ever handled it, but he could not, or did not, touch the sieve. To do this, God raised up Huntington, who by his preaching, and more by his writings, winnowed the corn which Whitefield had threshed. What Whitefield was to the flail, Huntington was to the sieve. Between them, therefore, there is no comparison to be instituted. The flail might say to the sieve, as it hangs on the nail, "What a poor thing art thou! There is a sheaf for thee; come, try and get the corn out of it." But by and by the flail is hung on the nail, and then the sieve might retort, "Mr. Flail, what a poor thing art thou! Thou canst not sift thine own corn. What good is all this heap here? I must come down to finish thy slovenly work." Well might the labourer say to both, "Come, let us have no quarrelling; you, Flail, can do your work, and no one better; and you, Sieve, can do your work, and no one better; but it is my hand which uses you both; and unless I take you down, you may hang on the nail till you, Flail, drop off by the dry rot, and you, Sieve, are eaten up by rust." What Whitefield was, he was by the grace of God; what Huntington was, he was by the grace of God. Whitefield had not the deep experience, clear doctrinal views, knowledge of and insight into Scripture, keen discernment, and able pen of Huntington; nor had Huntington the shining eloquence, burning zeal, and popular gifts of Whitefield; yet each were servants of God, and blessed in their day and generation. But they had their separate work. How different was Paul from Elijah! How unlike are the address of Stephen to the Jewish Council and the First Epistle of John! These differences spring, however, from the blessed Spirit, and are but diversities of his sovereign gifts: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." So with Whitefield and Huntington. Huntington could not have preached to the Bristol colliers, nor Whitefield to the congregations of Providence. We are not insensible to Whitefield's defects, even errors; but we view him as a man raised up to do a special work.

We could not consistently close our review of his life and ministry without adverting to his faults. But it is an invidious task to point out defects. There are spots in the sun, flaws in a diamond, and specks in a mirror; but the sun is still the glorious orb of day, the diamond is still the most brilliant of jewels, and the mirror of the

astronomer's telescope still penetrates the depths of ether and brings to light the wonders of the heavens. So is Whitefield still the prince of preachers, and his defects are lost in the brightness of his character as a Christian and as a minister.

POETRY.

AN ADMONITION RELATIVE TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY THOMAS HARDY, OF LEICESTER.

Jesus, the Lord of Grace and Power,
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore,
Thus moves united prayer:
Where'er the place, if two or three
To supplicate my name agree,
Behold, I'm present there."
Then say not sinner, "'tis but prayers"
When Jesus bids, and Jesus hears,
But prompt obedience vow;
Hast thou no wants, & none thy friends,
That tho' the Lord of Heaven attends,
Thy knees refuse to bow?
Nor stately walls, nor gazing throngs,
Nor pompous vests, nor learned tongues,
Does Jesu's worship ask;
Carnal inventions mock his rules,
His altar brooks not human tools,
Nor bears the formal task.
Presuming pride his soul abhors,
Nor poor disdains, nor prince prefers,
Before his mercy seat;
But where his Spirit may impart
A sigh in faith,—a contrite heart,
The worshippers complete.
Whate'er thy sins, O suppliant soul,
What seas of grief around thee roll,
Jesus has pledged his ear;
His hand can reach thy hardest case,
Then pour thy woes before his face,
And haste to pour them there.
But if conjoin'd in praise or prayer,
Thou'dst with assembled saints appear,
Observe these needful rules:
Forecast the time with fix'd intent,
Come humbly plain, nor dare present
"The sacrifice of fools"
God is the Object there adored!
Be every little art abhorr'd,
Vain glory to obtain,—
It cannot be, thy soul's abas'd
Before the Lord, while thou display'st
Thy vanity to men.
The stately entry, late and slow,
And pride's distinguished seats forego,
And all her hateful forms:
The high and lofty ONE is there,
Nor will his sacred glories share
With sinful mortal worms.
Thy absence at the appointed time,
From stern necessity's no crime,
Reason and pity plead;—
But sloth and pride, obtruding late,
Deserve reproof, reproach create.
As conscience must concede.

It would be well if the instruction contained in the above forcible lines were sealed on the mind and memory of many worshippers in the courts of the Lord. How many seem to make no conscience of disturbing the minister and the congregation by coming in late! How much better to take their seats early, and spend a little time in secret prayer, reading, or meditation, before service commences, than leave home in confusion, hurry along to the place of worship in confusion, and throw the congregation into confusion, just because they set out a quarter of an hour too late.—ED.]

God did not love you because Christ died for you; but Christ died for you because God loved you.—*W. T.*

Great grace and small gifts, are better than great gifts and no grace. It is not said, the Lord gives *gifts* and glory; but the Lord gives *grace* and glory. Blessed is such an one to whom the Lord gives grace, for that is a certain forerunner of glory.—*Bunyan.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 203.)

After I had gone on thus for about two years and a half, a man came to our house, named John Clarke, who lived at Ringstead, in the same county, about seven or eight miles from Cransley, and who, I think is still living there; my master was his uncle. This man, understanding that his uncle had no great matter of business, had a mind to have me go and live with him, he being of the same trade. After my master and he had discoursed on the point, it was agreed that I should go, if I were willing, for he wanted a man very much. When they put the matter to me, I was willing to go, for it mattered not much where I went, so that I had but things needful.

This business being concluded, in a little time I went to live at Ringstead, with John Clarke; and when I got there, I understood that my new master and mistress were both Dissenters, which I did not know before, for I did not ask the question, nor do I remember that I was at all thoughtful about it; neither did I much regard it when I knew it, for I was allowed to go where I pleased, that is, on a Sunday, as we call it. Soon becoming acquainted with other young men I was willing to take my pleasure with them on that day. Besides, my fellow-apprentice, who was there before me, was very wicked, which did me much hurt, so that I grew worse and worse; and those little convictions and checks that I had at times, (mentioned before,) not sticking fast nor abiding long, were easily got off, and I began more eagerly to drink down iniquity like water.

My master and mistress used to go, on a Lord's Day, sometimes to Kettering, (for my mistress was a member of that church in

Mr. Meadwell's time,) this was five miles; and sometimes to Thorpe Waterfield, where sometimes one preached and sometimes another; this was about four miles. Now when they were gone, and left us at full liberty at home, we were not wanting in making use of our time, in sinful vanity enough, the Lord knows!

But, O the infinite mercy and kindness of God to such a wicked, sinful creature as I was, that he did not suffer me to go on in that wicked course of life all my days, nor cut me off in my wickedness! My master and mistress desired that one of us should go along with them one day, and one another; but my companion was utterly averse to going to the meeting, and because he would not, I was also unwilling to go.

After we had gone on thus for a time, my mistress, who was a very good woman, understanding what wicked pranks we played on the Lord's Day, often talked to us, and laid the evil of our ways before us, to which we too often turned a deaf ear. But one time, something that she had been speaking of to me stuck upon my mind, and that was, that the way I was so much set against was the right way, and that way that I had so much inclination to go in I might be sure was wrong, because we were naturally prone and inclined to that which was evil, and naturally bent against and averse to everything that is good, or to that effect; which, when I had seriously considered, I thought was certainly true; for I had received so much light and conviction before, in the little time that I had sat under the gospel, that I was more easily convinced of the truth of what she said.

So after this I went to Kettering, where my master and mistress went, though they had a horse, but I walked on foot. This was still in Mr. Meadwell's time; and when I went there, Mr. Meadwell being aged, and, as I said before, very low in voice, I could hear but little, and understood less. Being very weary with walking five miles, the flesh was not willing to take such pains, and weary itself for nothing; so that I was unwilling to go any more, and did forbear some time, till at last they went to Thorpe Waterfield, and would have me go along with them there. I therefore went with them to Thorpe, where one Mr. Taylor preached, and sometimes Mr. Tabbot, of Rothwell, and sometimes Mr. Davis, and others, there being then no preacher settled there.

Here I went often, the way not being so long nor so tiresome, and I could hear better. But alas! I did not yet understand what I heard, only I had some renewals of my former conviction, that these were good people, and that this must be the right way; and I had more inclination to go to the meetings than I used to have; neither was I afraid of Lady Robinson, being removed some distance from her.

I remember I heard them say, that Mr. John Taylor and Mr. Robert Tabbott preached upon trial at Tharpe. I took such a liking to Mr. Taylor, that I greatly desired that he might be the man that should settle there. Once I heard Mr. Davis, of Rothwell, and when I heard him again, "Dear Lord," thought I, "what a man

is this!" I was ready to look upon him as if he had been an angel come from heaven. I thought the majesty of God shone in his countenance; his words seemed to stick like arrows in my soul. I felt such power and authority in his preaching the gospel, that it made me fall like a conquered captive at the sound of it. I saw now that I was a miserable sinner; and when he came to show how dreadful it would be with such as had not an interest in Christ, but lived and died in sin, I was afraid this would be my condition. Now my master and mistress had no need to persuade me to go to the meeting, for I was ready enough to go, and take all opportunities that possibly might be. But yet, notwithstanding the concern I was under, I continued ignorant of salvation purely and alone by Jesus Christ. I used to hear them speak of the grace of God, and that we must believe in Christ, and that without faith in him we could not be saved; but so foolish and ignorant was I, that I did not well understand what they meant by the word *grace*, nor by believing, or having faith in Christ. I did indeed understand this, that I was a sinner, and a wretched sinner too, and that we must be saved by Christ; but that we must be saved by Christ without doing anything, I did not yet understand. I thought surely we must do something that we might be saved, and something I was for doing. O to be saved purely by grace, and justified from law, condemnation, and the charge of offended justice, by the imputation of Christ's pure and spotless righteousness, which must be received by faith—of this I was as ignorant of as any poor creature could be.

There was another thing that I was very ignorant about, and that was election. The first time that I remember hearing anything about it, so as to take notice of it, was in conversation among Christian friends, as we were either going to or coming from the meeting; but it was very strange and amazing to me when I heard of it. "What," said I, "may not any person be saved if he will, if they are diligent in the use of the means, if they do what God has commanded them?" Surely, I thought, they might be saved. I did not yet know but that every man had power to do what God commanded him. This doctrine sounded very harsh in my ears, but yet I was not able to withstand the Scripture proofs and evidences that they brought out of God's word, so that I was forced to be silent; but it was very awful, and begat heart-searchings in me, and inquiries whether I might be one of them, with a thousand fears lest I should not.

Some little time after this, a stranger came to preach at Thorpe, one Mr. Ward; several of us went out of our town to hear him. What the man preached from I cannot now remember, but I liked him wonderfully well, and something of his preaching was of use to me then, and made great impression upon my soul, though I cannot now remember the particulars. But there was one line in the hymn which he sung that God blessed, by fastening it upon my heart, which I could not wear off, but it sounded in my mind for some time wherever I went; and that was this,

"If ye be wise, make Christ your prize."

This expression was made of such use to me, together with his preaching, that now I did not only see myself to be a sinner, but in a vile, sinful, wretched, undone condition, without an interest in Jesus Christ. I saw that all the wisdom in the world, what specious pretences soever it may go under among men, was but foolishness, if not founded upon Christ for salvation. I saw that true wisdom, wisdom from above, the only wisdom that men could make use of was to secure an interest in Christ. I had a clear sight, blessed be distinguishing grace for it, that whatever religion or profession I might be of, or denomination I might go under, without a saving knowledge of Christ, and an interest in his person and righteousness for salvation, I must eternally perish. The Lord had now fully convinced me that it could not be anything that I could do, nor by works of righteousness that I had done. I not only saw that I was a sinful creature, but that there was sin in everything I did. Now the cry, the panting, breathing, and desire of my soul, was for an interest in Jesus Christ. O none but Christ, none but Christ, could satisfy my soul!

But, alas! notwithstanding I had so clear a sight of these things, and was convinced that I must be saved purely and alone by Jesus Christ, and that I was a sinful, undone creature without him, and my soul drawn in earnest desires after an interest in him, yet I was filled with abundance of fears and doubts whether he would accept of and save me, or not. Neither could I get over that doctrine of election. If I was not elected, notwithstanding all that had been said or done, I must perish.

But as to this, Mr. Davis's preaching was made of great use to me. I remember when he used to speak to sinners, (for then I listened in particular,) he would exhort, with great earnestness, poor sinners to come to Christ, sinners as they were, and believe on him at the word of command: "This is the command of God, that ye believe on his Son," (1 John iii. 23,) and not stand to dispute whether thou art worthy or not worthy, elected or not elected. This being a secret, it was not for us to pry into, but as sinners we must come to Christ, believe on him, or be damned; from whence I saw that I might dispute and reason the case ever so long, yet I must put all to a venture, and at last go to Christ, sinner as I was; if I perished, I perished. I saw that there was no other way, but go I must or perish I must; and therefore I had a secret thought to put all to the venture, and throw myself at the foot of Christ for salvation. This afforded me a little ease, and gave me some encouragement, but did not remove the doubts and fears that I was almost always attended with.

Those words in 2 Kings vii. have been of great use to me, concerning the four lepers which lay at the gate of Samaria in the time of that sore famine. There was but one way that they could see of a possibility to live, and that was a desperate one too, by falling unto the host of the Syrians; committing themselves into the hands, or lying at the mercy of their enemies. Having reasoned the case thus, "If we sit still we must die; we cannot live by looking one upon another.

If we go into the city, the famine is in the city, we must die there. nothing but death presents itself on every side; therefore let us venture, as if they should say, into the hands of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live; if they kill us, we can but die." Now the use that the Lord made of these words for my encouragement in venturing my soul upon Christ, was this: I thought if I did not come and venture my soul upon Christ, I must die; if I went elsewhere, to the works of the law, to my own duties and performances, I saw the famine was there; I must die also. No possibility could I see of life but this one way, and that was in coming and venturing my soul upon Christ only, as a poor perishing sinner, for salvation. And therefore, from these considerations, the Lord helped me to come and throw myself in the arms of Christ; if I perished, I perished; if I did die, I was resolved to die waiting at the foot of Christ for mercy; if he saved me alive, I should live; if not, I could but die. "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate; and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." (2 Kings vii. 3, 4.)

The same encouragement I found from those words in Esther v., about the queen venturing into the presence of Ahasuerus, the king, without being called, which was death by the law, unless the king, out of favour, should hold out the golden sceptre. Now the occasion of this, we find, was from that hellish plot Haman had laid, to cut off and destroy all the Jews that were in the king's dominions, and so, consequently, the queen's life lay at stake as well as the rest; which, when Queen Esther had an understanding of, she appointed a fast for three days and three nights. "I also and my maidens," said she, "will fast likewise; and so I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." (Esther iv. 16.) Here was a necessity laid upon the queen; so I thought this was my very case. I saw myself in a perishing condition if I did not come, if I did not venture in; and I could but perish if I did. Therefore, sink or swim, live or die, I saw a necessity laid upon me to venture my soul upon Christ Jesus. But O the success which Queen Esther had by venturing, as it is recorded in chap. v., has been something to me! the king holding out the golden sceptre, whereby she had not only her life, but what she desired, to the half of the kingdom promised. So I thought the Lord Jesus Christ, holding forth the sceptre of his grace in the preaching of the gospel unto poor sinners to lay hold upon, gave me encouragement to venture. Yea, much more than Queen Esther had, for the golden sceptre was not held out until after she was come in; but the sceptre of mercy is held forth in the gospel to sinners before they come, with a proclamation that, "Whosoever will, may come, and take of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) And then I saw a greater necessity laid upon me to come than there could be in Queen Esther's

venturing, because hers was but for a temporal, but mine for an eternal life. Yea, I saw such a necessity of coming and venturing upon Christ, that I could not be satisfied, but, I must come; Christ I must have. Those words in Matt. xi. 12, were also of use to me on this account: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." However this text has been disputed, this I must needs say, that the words have been of great use to me. I was made to see such an absolute need and necessity of Christ, that I could not, would not be denied. That part of the word carried encouragement in it to me: "And the violent take it by force." But this force, or violent motion, which I found in my soul after Christ must be the work of his own Spirit.

(*To be continued.*)

The grace of God is called free, because it is free for God to give to whom he pleases. His grace is free, just as my alms are free; and grace is heavenly alms. Now, my alms are free, because they are bestowed freely, where I like. If any could demand them justly, they would cease to be an alms, or an act of grace, and prove a debt.—*Berridge.*

Thus of miserable sinners, God makes happy saints. Here is the work of each divine person in the ever-glorious Trinity. God the Father blots out sins in the court of heaven; God the Son by his atonement on the cross; and God the Spirit in the court of a sinner's conscience. Believe, and enjoy the comfort of this. Now may the God of hope fill us with all joy and peace in believing, and make us to abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. (Rom. xv. 13.) When the women came to the sepulchre, to see our Lord, they said, Who shall roll away the stone from the door? (Mark xvi. 3.) But behold, it was done. So a poor broken-hearted sinner says, "This thick, black, impenetrable cloud of my sins intercepts between my soul and the light of God's countenance; it prevents the comforting rays of the Sun of Righteousness from shining into my soul. O who can disperse it?" None but God. Behold, he *has* done it. Did you think a storm of divine wrath and terrible vengeance was gathering over your guilty head? Behold, love speaks, grace proclaims, mercy declares, "I have dispersed the cloud, I have blotted out thy sins." Grace superabounds over all the aboundings of sin. A deluge of pardoning love, mercy, and grace, washes away all thy transgressions. They are all dispersed, like a cloud driven away by the sun. What, all this rich love, mercy, and grace, to such a hell-deserving sinner as I am; and that too, without any terms and conditions, requisites and deserts of mine! Yes, all is of rich love, free grace, and sovereign mercy. But behold the end of this; it is to attach thy heart to a sin-pardoning Lord. For he says, "Return unto me." Nothing attracts the gracious heart from sin, the world, and vanity, to the Lord, like free and full declarations of gospel grace and pardoning love.—*W. Mason.*

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF THE WORD "WELL" IN SCRIPTURE.

IN A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. GOULDING TO A
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

My dear Friend,—As I am sure it is quite unnecessary to apologise for trespassing upon your time by offering you a few thoughts upon any parts of Scripture, I will endeavour, as well as I am able, to show what we are to understand by "*well*," in the word of God.

Sometimes it means a minister of Satan: "These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever." (2 Pet. ii. 17.) Now setting a minister of Christ against one of these, we see at once what this water which makes this difference is. These are declared to be "clouds full of rain," (Eccles. xi. 3,) which the Lord moves here and there at his pleasure, and by these there is a communication by God's giving testimony to the word of his grace. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; God's own husbandry is watered and refreshed; and the greatest judgment that ever can befall a country is when these clouds are taken away from it, as you see in the case of the Jews: "I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it" (Isa. v. 6.)

A gospel ministry, in opposition to the ministry of Satan, are wells with water in them and clouds full of rain. And so it is declared; for they are ministers of the Spirit, stewards of the manifold grace of God. The love of God is in them, which constrains them in their work. They are ambassadors of peace; they are ministers of righteousness; and in these things lies the water that makes them to differ from all false teachers; for "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain." (Prov. xxv. 14.)

Sometimes by *well* we are to understand God himself, who is the Fountain of all happiness and blessedness. And each person in the Trinity is also called a *well*: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." (Isa. xii. 2, 3.) Thus, you see, God is declared to be our salvation, is the Fountain of it—Father, Son, and Spirit, and from these blessed Wells it is to come to us: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Salvation is ascribed equally to each person in the Godhead. To the Father: "I will have mercy upon the house of Judah, and will save them by the Lord their God, and will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen." (Hos. i. 7.) To the Son: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else;" "A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me." (Isa. xlv. 22, 21.) To the Spirit: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit.

iii. 5.) And each person in the Trinity is declared to be a *fountain* or *well*. Speaking of the Father, we read, "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." (Jer. ii. 12, 13.) Of the Son: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" which drinking, and the blessed effects of it, are thus described: "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." (John vii. 37—39.) And as all our fruit is found in Christ, and we can only be made become fruitful branches by a union with him, the true Vine and good Olive Tree, from whom we receive the Spirit, eternal life, with every other grace, so all that are thus blessed and made fruitful are said to grow beside a well, which means Christ, the Well of salvation. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." (Gen. xlix. 22.) Of the Spirit it is said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John iv. 14.) And this living spring in the heart is the root, the life, and the source from whence all our fruitfulness to God comes. No light, life, or love, nor aboundings in hope; no exercises of living faith; no saving knowledge or understanding; no prevalency with God in prayer; no peace, joy, or thankfulness to God; no meekness of soul; no contrition of heart; no repentance unto life; no self-abasement; no humility; no self-loathing; no filial fear of God in the heart; no mysteries of the kingdom ever followed up; no heavenly-mindedness enjoyed; no promised blessings ever applied; no transforming views ever known, but what the blessed Spirit is the author of: "For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth." (Eph. v. 9.) "I will," says Christ, "give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." And as he plants every grace in our souls, so he is the life of them. There never is any activity or exercise in one but under his influence. The church in the Song well understood this; hence her prayer: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." (Song iv. 16.) But if this heavenly wind blow not upon us, we never can be a sweet savour to Christ, to any, nor speak comfortably of the glorious majesty of his kingdom that is set up in our hearts. We can never describe the power in which the kingdom stands, nor set off in their glory and preciousness either the righteousness, peace, or joy in which it consists. If ever a thought worthy of God possess the mind, if ever a word is spoken to God's honour or to the benefit of others, if ever a good work is performed, it is all owing to the in-

fluence and operation of the Spirit and grace of God ; for the Lord thus furnishes for every good thought, word, and work ; all our sufficiency for these things and for everything that is good is of God. "That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 31 ; Jer. ix. 23, 24.) But I proceed.

Sometimes by *well* in Scripture the heart is meant, as I will endeavour to prove. The wise man says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. iv. 2, 3.) Here the heart is described as a fountain, or well, from whence life issues ; and if so, there must be the Spirit of life, the word of life, and the grace of life in it. And as this living spring works and rises, it not only refreshes our souls, enlivens and animates them, but also at times, when they are anointed, others are benefited ; as we see in David, when he declared that his cup ran over ; so that others felt the life, the power, the unction, or savour as well as himself.

But again : "Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water ; but a man of understanding will draw it out." (Prov. xx. 5.) I do not understand by counsel here that natural wisdom, knowledge, or understanding that some wise and learned men possess, by which they are capable of counselling or giving advice to another ; but this counsel in the heart of man that is like deep water, includes, first, the Holy Spirit, and then his saving work performed in the heart ; when he quiets the soul, and gives life ; removes darkness from the understanding, and gives light ; confusion, and gives truth ; despair and despondency, and produces a lively hope ; infidelity, and works faith ; the burden and guilt of sin, and brings pardon and peace ; condemnation, and brings righteousness ; enmity, and sheds abroad God's love in the heart, hardness, and brings meekness, contrition, and repentance, which fill the heart with moisture, and make it good ground, where the word of God, that incorruptible seed, takes such root as to live in us, and shall abide with us for ever, and by which the elect of God are all made fruitful, though not all alike ; for some bring forth "thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred." "Receive with meekness the engrafted word," says James, "which is able to save your souls." Now, where the Spirit and this work is experienced in the heart, there is counsel, and there are the waters ; and where this experience is, such are made wise to salvation, do possess sound wisdom, and are capable of counselling others. And when this counsel is in the heart compared to deep waters, it is experience that the Spirit is the author of ; and hence he is declared to be upon Christ, the Head, of influence to the church, as, "The Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." (Isa. xi. 2.) As such he is upon Christ without measure, but upon us in measure. And when he takes possession of us, and saves us by the washing of regeneration, and by his renewing operations, as I have before described, of rebels he makes us friends and loyal subjects to Christ, the King of Zion, then the counsel in the heart of such a man is as deep waters ; and though none see it but the omniscient God, yet men of understanding, good men, men

that are taught by the Spirit of God, and experience the same, these can get at it, and draw it forth: "Men of understanding will draw it out." And it is astonishing to find this at times. Two men will meet together, perfect strangers to each other; conversation will take place; I shall be led to speak of what God has done for my soul, what I have received from Christ's fulness, and the treasure he has put in my heart; and if the same is in the other, while I am conversing and asking questions, the spring in the other will be touched, and this shall set him off to talk of his experience, and so I shall in this way draw out all that he has in his heart. And here we shall find a union so precious, so close, and firm, that we are directly in each other's hearts, in the love of the Spirit are knit together, though perfect strangers before. And this explains the meaning of the church being declared to be a spring shut up and a fountain sealed; she is to all but God and his children. False professors and carnal men can never touch this spring nor unseal this fountain.

Again: "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things." (Matt. xii. 35.) Here is the heart with a good treasure in it. "Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i. 21, 22.) A part of a man's life is his riches, and he dwells in the hearts of all believers. "It is a good thing that the heart is established with grace." (Heb. xiii. 9.) Grace is, then, a part of the treasure. Another part is the word of God, in the experience and power of it, so as to enjoy the blessings promised in it, and to have a knowledge of the truth of it, and to love it; and in the hearts of such it is declared to dwell richly, and the good man's heart is the well in which this good treasure, this living water is. And observe this passage: "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook." (Prov. xviii. 4.) Here we see, as the Spirit's influence and operation are felt in the heart, drawing forth his own implanted grace in lively act and exercise, that the same is a springing well, and from the abundance of this, through the mouth, the door of the heart, does this living water flow forth as a brook, and other poor sinners are benefited, and the bowels of the saints are refreshed; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and "The heart of the wise," thus furnished, thus influenced, "teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips." (Prov. xvi. 23.) And this is what David aimed at, that the experience of his heart and the words of his mouth might agree together: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." (Ps. xix. 14.) And thus it appears to me that the heart of man is very properly called a well that has living water in it, and an eternal spring.

But again. By *well* the mouth of man is meant: "The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life." (Prov. x. 11.) The meaning is, because life attends his words. Two texts will explain this: "Now

we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth;" (aye, these are the words spoken that makes the mouth of a righteous man a well of life;) "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." (1 Cor. ii. 12, 13.) And so we have this confirmed: "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" "When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." (1 Thess. i. 5; ii. 13.) When the apostles were all filled with the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, then they spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance; and it is this speaking, and only this, that makes the mouth of a righteous man a well of life. When the prophet preached to the dry bones, in Ezekiel's vision, the Spirit of God influenced him, and, as he spoke, life went with the words, so that there was a shaking among the bones. When Peter preached, and his audience were cut to the heart, his mouth was a well of life to them, because the Spirit of life went up with his words. And not only is the mouth of a righteous man a well of life when reproof and rebuke attend his words, but also as much when comfort and consolation, reviving and refreshing, take place; by them the mouth of a righteous man is a well of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Is there not at least a possibility of help from Christ? And is there a possibility of help any other way? Is any other name given under heaven, whereby we can be saved? I know there is none. (Acts iv. 12.) I must then say, like the lepers of Israel, (2 Kings vii. 4,) "If I sit here, I perish; and if I make my application in vain, I can but die. But peradventure, he may save my soul alive. I will therefore arise, and go unto him; or rather, believing him here, by his spiritual presence, sinful and miserable as I am, I will this moment fall down on my face before him, and pour out my soul unto him."—*Doddridge.*

Speaking of some persons who professed to have received great manifestations of the Deity, Luther says, "If you hear nothing from them but smooth, tranquil, and, forsooth, what they call devout religious contemplations, regard them not; for there is wanting the characteristic of the Son of Man, of the Man of Sorrows; there is wanting the *Cross*, the only touchstone of Christians, and the discoverer of spirits. Would you know the place, the time, the manner of divine conferences and communications? Hear the written word of God: 'As a lion, so will he break all my bones;' (Isa. xxxviii. 13;) and 'I am cast out of thy sight.' (Jonah ii. 4.) 'My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.' Do you, therefore, try them carefully, and listen not even to a glorified Jesus, unless you find he was first crucified."

A LETTER BY THE LATE E. PARSONS,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT CHICHESTER, TO AN
AFFLICTED FRIEND.

My dear Daughter in the Faith, and in the Kingdom and Patience of Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to support you in the path of tribulation, which you are called to walk in through your present loss.

I was glad to hear of your dear mother's happy end, and the final stroke to all her pains, troubles, sorrows, and death; that the glorious Lord is her everlasting Light, and her God her glory for ever, and that the days of her mourning are for ever at an end. This ought to be our consolation in spirit while we mourn in heart, and feel deep sorrow at parting with those who are near and dear to us.

I have had much to endure of this of late. My dear Ann* died about one year and seven months ago, and for her I travailed hard in soul night and day. When the Lord delayed his coming in the manifestation of love to her, and I saw death making rapid strides towards her, and she, poor dear, crying out that she should go to hell, that she should die in such a state, and crying out for mercy, such was the agony of my mind, that I told the Lord in prayer that if he did not appear for her he was not faithful to his promise. Soon after she rose up in the bed, with joy in heart and heaven in her countenance, and said, "He is come; he is come! Sing,

‘Heaven is that holy, happy place!’”

and so on. Then she said, "I see my glorious Christ, my sweet Lamb of God! I am now going to him."

What unbounded grace and amazing mercy! I thought I should have wept my heart out. She said, "Don't cry, father, sing, sing to my dear Christ and Saviour." I told her it was for joy. She called us all to her dying bed to bid us farewell, and blessed us in the name of the Lord, and admonished the young present. She then closed her eyes, as she thought, to open them no more in this world, but she opened them once more, and said, "I will look at you once more, my dear father." After this, she fixed them up heavenward. Never did I see such eyes before, for they did not appear to be human, but shone like sparkling diamonds. About four hours after the dear Lord had so powerfully broken into her soul, she fell asleep in her Jesus.

I then thought I was the happiest man living, though in the midst of trouble, and that I was well paid for all the care and expense I had had with this poor orphan and child of the living God. "Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

The next affliction and sorrow was, a poor wild brother, who was brought upon a death-bed, and under the wrath of an angry God and the pangs of a guilty conscience, with horrid terror and dreadful temptations. I besieged a throne of grace for him, and prayed by him, and did all I could to comfort him from the word of God; and,

* She was Mr. Parsons' adopted daughter.

blessed be the Lord, it was not in vain, for the Lord of life and death delivered him out of all, for his own eternal praise; so that his song was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and called upon us to join him in the blessed song.

The next painful trial I was called to pass through was, to part with my dear mother, who brought me forth into this world to see much sorrow and grief, and nursed me in infant days of helplessness.

But now comes the keenest stroke and deepest wound of all; for the next I was called to give up was the dearest partner of all my sorrows and joys. This stroke seemed too hard to bear, and the wound deeper than could be healed. Although I thank God I have not been left to rebel against him, yet I cannot overcome my strong sense of affection and sorrow of heart. How close the tie, and how powerful the union of love to each other is found when silent death dissolves all! But I have, under all the strong ties and feelings of nature, been enabled to rejoice in spirit for the Lord's superabounding grace to my beloved wife through all her sufferings, which were very great; but never did I hear one murmur come from her lips, through it all, against her dear Lord.

To relate to you all the Lord's kindness to her, and the conflicts she had with the powers of darkness, and the Lord's great mercy and power manifested to her in her affliction, would fill many sheets of paper; but a word upon it. She was all her life subject to bondage through the fear of death, and never could endure to hear any of the Lord's children speak of wishing to die; but when she knew that hers was a confirmed consumption, all fear of death was by her dear Lord taken away, by his assuring her, in the power of his blessed Spirit, that she, as one of the ransomed of the Lord, should come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. Often, after this, the singing of Mr. Hart's, Herbert's, and Kent's hymns were sweet to her, while she fed upon the precious word of God and the bread of heaven. And although the enemy was permitted at times to thrust sore at her, and to envelope her in darkness, so that her hope seemed lost, the dear Lord appeared again; so that, not long before she fell asleep, she sang these words,

"Then ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this;"

and,

"Heaven is that holy, happy place;"

and,

"Here shall the weary sinner rest
When worlds come tumbling down."

With her soul full of the love of her dear Jesus, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and, when she could speak no longer, she waved her half-dead, cold hand over her head in token of victory, and fell asleep in Jesus, the 3rd of October last.*

God bless you. Pray for me. Yours in the best bonds,

Tower Street, Chichester, Dec. 19th, 1845.

E. PARSONS.

* Mr. Parsons afterwards published the experience of his wife, a Review of which appeared in the "Standard" for August, 1852.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

For the first seventeen years of my life I resided under the roof of my parents ; and as they professed godliness, I was not only trained up strictly moral, but to be a constant attendant upon the means of grace. All through this period I do not recollect receiving any gracious impressions or convictions, further than that I used to be somewhat alarmed when hymns were sung on the last judgment, such as, "Day of judgment, day of wonders," and others of a similar character. But these impressions were not lasting, and they found no abiding-place in my heart. For the most part I was wrapped up in carnal security, and that based upon the fact that I had believing parents ; and upon this ground I ignorantly looked for acceptance with God, thinking their standing might somewhat avail me in the great day of account, like those Jews who said, "We have Abraham to our father," forgetting that the children of the kingdom are not born after the will of man, nor of flesh, nor of blood, but of God.

While under the restraint of my friends, I had at times a secret desire for the time to arrive when I should quit their habitation, in order, as I thought, to have an opportunity to have my fill of and be satiated with the sins and pleasures, so called, of this present evil world. But when I left my home to fill a situation, all inclination to those things after which I had lusted, subsided ; and though many opportunities were presented, I was proof against them. After this, I took a situation in a notoriously wicked town ; there were nine of us in the shop as assistants. I may say they were all ungodly young men, and that outwardly, except the foreman, and he, I fear, pertained to that "generation that is pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." Many were the temptations thrown in my way by these young men, besides their filthy conversation. They for a time were incessantly at work to proselyte me to the mammon they so diligently served, namely, "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life ;" but finding, at length, that they could not gain me over as a companion, they ceased from their persuasives. Still I was as a speckled bird among the birds of the wood, morally considered. But although I stood upright, in this respect at least, shall I say it was owing to something inherent that I possessed ? God forbid. My nature was upon an equality with theirs. But I owed it entirely to him who girded me with strength to resist, although at that time I knew him not. There was a secret something that held me back. Doubtless the Lord in some measure honoured the seed sown in my breast by my parents in early life as a preservative ; but primarily it was "the Lord's doing," and considering the temptation I was exposed to, it is marvellous in my eyes. Yet I would say, "O ye parents, who feel all the emotions of tenderest affection toward your offspring, and watch over them by night and by day, the Lord grant that you may have grace to bring them up in his fear: 'In the

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Had I been permitted to enter and to founder in the quagmire of dissipation, not one reflection could I have ever thrown upon my teachers; in this respect they would have been clear of my blood, and I should have justly perished for my own sin.

I had by this time formed an intimacy with a female who afterwards became my wife; and as she resided at a village some miles from where I held my situation, I used to embrace the opportunity, on a Lord's Day morning, of walking over to see her. My walk being lonely and very rural, I often read while on my way. On one bright summer's morn, quite early, I was pursuing my course, when I took Hart's Hymns out of my pocket, which my father had presented to me. I read his experience, and was quite overcome with the long-suffering goodness so conspicuously displayed by the Lord in his calling and restoring grace; and if ever I glorified God on the behalf of another man's salvation, it was then. Truly I could say, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?" But it was his marked deliverance, which he so vividly describes, that laid such a firm hold on me, that I could not refrain from weeping. Why it was I could not then tell; but I felt such a knitting of soul to the dear man, that from that time to this it has never left me. His hymns have many a time proved a cordial to me, and I am not without hope that I shall spend an eternity with him and all the election of grace, in making one song to be heard, "Redeeming grace and dying love."

As the object after whom I sought attended the means of grace, I of course accompanied her, and there I heard things described to which I was an utter stranger. There was such an originality about the minister; he used "great plainness of speech;" his arguments were forcible; and though I had heard the gospel proclaimed from my infancy, yet under this good man I seemed to have new ears. Never before nor since have I heard any who surpassed him in drawing the line between sinner and saint; "between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not." He was very discriminating, very pointed, and his appeals to the consciences of his hearers very powerful. He talked of and insisted upon a law-work on the soul; of manifested pardon and the application of the blood of Christ to the conscience; of peace as a consequence; of communion with the Trinity in unity; of fellowship with Jesus in his sufferings; and could boldly speak upon these particulars in an experimental manner. Under such a scribe I could not fail to detect my own blindness, my ignorance, and utter destitution. But as he brought the word of God and his own experience to bear upon the subjects he handled, I could not gainsay or resist his testimony, but used to ponder over these things during the week following each of the Lord's Days.

As I before observed, I had sat under the sound of the gospel for years, but things were handled in such a mild, gentle, and tame manner, that no effects were produced upon me. But now the word seemed to be attended with such irresistible power to my heart, that I began to feel disquieted about my state. What used to make such

an impression upon me more particularly was the fellowship this preacher appeared to have with Jesus in his sufferings, both in the garden and on the cross. I had, therefore, through his instrumentality, a theoretical knowledge that real religion was a personal matter between God and the soul, and that there must be union and communion felt and enjoyed before one could properly be called a sheep of Christ. Ever after this I never cared to hear any ministers but those who knew and insisted upon an experimental religion.

In the order of divine Providence I removed to London, where I had every opportunity of hearing all the most popular preachers of the gospel in their annual or periodical visits to the metropolis; and although I adhered constantly to men of truth, yet I may say I was not a whit before, and might have been justly styled a "formal professor." Dwelling now in the midst of modern Babylon, I partook of its spirit, and settled down pretty comfortably with a desire to dwell at ease. I could listen to the truth of God, could admire it, could hear for others, and come away satisfied, merely because I had heard the truth; so that in reality my religion was at that time not now and not nigh. (Numb. xxiv. 17.)

In this state I went on for some years, like a door upon its hinges, having but little concern about the eternal welfare of my immortal spirit; and it is all of grace that I was not permitted to be dashed upon the rocks of presumption. Surely this is as dangerous as the quicksands of self-righteousness, and doubtless has slain its thousands. Many therein will stumble and fall, but "he that is beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him;" and so I proved it, for in course of time "judgment was laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet;" yet it was in such a gradual way that I have never ventured to put a date to the time when I was first made earnest to obtain salvation, yet there was "precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little."

I have before observed that previous to coming to London I had become somewhat more thoughtful, but whether divine life was implanted then or not I cannot tell; but be that as it may, I sensibly became more careless after I reached town. Here I found, as it were, a whole world lying in wickedness; here were temptations of all kinds, suited in every way to the depraved state of man. Surely none but those who have the fear of the Lord can withstand altogether the baits held out here in such profusion; and although I was preserved from the snares of the fowler in some measure, yet I found the foolish maxims, the vain customs, and the spirit of the world generally, deaden me very much as to concern about divine realities. At this time it might have been said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols." But, blessed be God, he hath said, "From all your idols will I cleanse you." This he began to effect, first by a bereaving dispensation, in causing a sweet little girl to be cut off by the hand of death; "God speaketh once, yea, twice, but man perceiveth it not;" and upon the back of this, only a few days intervening, the son who had a large share of my affections, was cut off from the land of the

living in a very sudden manner. But at the first these bereavements were not sanctified; I was like a wild bull in a net. Scarcely anything now occupied my mind but rebellion against him who had permitted these things to come upon me; and then again I would attribute these strokes wholly to second causes, so that for a time I was constantly arraigning alternately the Creator and the creature at the bar of evil-eyed reason. It never occurred to me then that I should one day extract sweetness out of the carcase of this lion-like trouble. I was now brought into the meaning of those words:

“The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short comforts borrowed here,
To be repaid anon.”

When rebellion against the dispensations of God had in some measure subsided, I began to be much exercised respecting the eternal destiny of those who had been removed from this world at a tender age, when these words arrested my attention, “How stands the case, my soul, with thee?” I soon found that this was a solemn question, and one that I could not shake off. I now began to examine the ground I stood upon for eternity, but soon found that the “bed was shorter than a man could stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he could wrap himself in it.” All my former apparent comeliness was turned into corruption, and my moral beauty now faded away like a moth; my countenance now began to witness against me. “God setteth the solitary in families.”

I was now made to ponder the path of my feet from childhood to manhood, and many things which I once thought lightly of were now laid upon my conscience. Amongst the rest, one sin in particular was set in the light of God’s countenance, and I could not get away from it, which occurred when I was quite a youth. It consisted partly in mocking a good man, and partly in calling him an improper name. He was one of the deacons of a Baptist chapel; I had met him in a field; he was too aged to run swiftly, and thus I took an advantage of him. I remember he turned round after I had passed him, but whether he blessed me or cursed me I cannot tell. I have often thought since that it would have been my just desert could it have happened to me as recorded in 2 Kings ii. 23, 24. Surely it is no light matter to persecute the people of God, either in word or deed, for he hath said, “He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.”

Feeling a burden within, I was now very intent upon reading and hearing the word, “if so be there might be hope;” but in the general things appeared to make against me, so I concluded my spot was not the spot of God’s people. I was now led to see that I had the form of godliness but was destitute of the power. I could take no comfort in the fact that I had been trained up under the gospel, believing it would add to my condemnation; and I secretly wished I had been an open sinner, provided ignorance was stamped upon my brow. “But now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.” Another thing that exercised me was the sin of presumption. “The

soul that doeth aught presumptuously shall be cut off from amongst his people." Hence the cry of one, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; then shall I be innocent of the great transgression." I could not see any way by which mercy could flow to me, deeming myself to be no common-place sinner.

At the time I was being thus tempest-tossed, a person called in to say that a good man was going to preach at a short distance off; and as he frequently looked in on similar errands, I suspected that he looked upon me as a Christian, which gave me some uneasiness, especially as we had never been intimate, having known each other only by sight. I had never yet opened my mind to any one, but kept my trouble locked up within, and intended so to do. But being now made to detest a mere semblance of religion, and, I trust, somewhat honest in heart, I wrote him a letter, telling him to be cautious, as I was not the person he thought me to be, and also that my desire was that none should be deceived in me, and I took some pains to prove that the "root of the matter" was not in me; but strange to say, he took hold of these very things, and tried to prove they were signs of life, and he wrote me a letter in return full of encouragement; and many a time did he afterwards labour to persuade me that I should be yet brought forth to the light, and should one day praise the name of the Lord; but I could not then believe him, fearing he had missed his mark. I dare not say but I was "holpen with a little help," but in the main I put it from me. Nevertheless I hope the Lord will recompense him; for he has said that a "cup of cold water" given to one of the least "in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward."

I had read (I think in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress") that it was very rare that God called any after the age of twenty-five; and, as I had now reached considerably over that, I concluded that effectual calling would not reach me. I named this to the friend before alluded to. He referred me to the word of God, asking me at the same time to give him the ages of several Bible saints; but to do this I found was a task too hard for me to accomplish. Being now weak in body and sick in soul, and having an idea that I might probably root out the cause, whereby the effect would cease, I had recourse to powerful doses of medicine, such as I should now shudder at. But all in vain; I found it no antidote for the malady I was labouring under, but I rather grew worse.

(*To be continued.*)

A Christian may glory that in Christ he has all things; that all the righteousness and merits of Christ are his own, by virtue of his spiritual union with him; on the other hand, that all his sins are no longer his, but that Christ, through the same union, bears the burden of them. And this is the confidence of Christians; this is the refreshment of their consciences, that their sins cease to be theirs, judicially, because they are laid on him, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—*Luther.*

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. T. WALSH, LATE OF PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

(Concluded from page 218.)

Our limits admonish us not to prolong our memoir beyond what may be edifying and profitable to our readers, or may serve to give an adequate representation of our departed friend. But as her own letters afford the most trustworthy evidence of the state of her mind, and are, we think, peculiarly sweet and simple, we will insert one written to the same friend in the autumn of 1847, which, we believe, will commend itself to the conscience of all who have any knowledge of divine manifestations as a sweet account of the Lord's gracious visit to her soul:

"My dear Friend,—I feel sure that you will receive a few lines from me with pleasure, especially as I have good news to tell you of the lovingkindness and favour of the Lord to my soul. Though not permitted to join you, and deprived of the privilege of hearing the preached word, yet I trust I am of one heart with you, and what is better than anything, the Lord seems to remember me in mercy.

"For some time I had been a good deal tossed about in my mind, at times hoping that I had evidences of grace, at other times greatly fearing that the Lord had no regard for me; but the ever-blessed Lord did so graciously appear for me last Lord's Day week, that all my fears and troubles were certainly removed. It was after I was in bed; and it was with such sweetness and power that he made known his love to me, that I cannot find words to express what I felt. But he seemed quite to overwhelm my soul with promise after promise, so that I could say, 'My cup runneth over;' indeed, I felt as if my soul were full, and could hold no more, and I lay praising and blessing his name. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? for his mercy shown to me? My all is nothing worth having, but there must be something in me in which he delights, and which is his own putting, or he would not say, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' O what a blessed thing is felt union and communion with the Lord! There is nothing that can in any way be compared to it! What glory, beauty, mercy, grace, and compassion, did I see in the dear Redeemer, and what wonders in his finished salvation! I am sure none need despair who feel themselves sinners, and are enabled to cast themselves at his feet. A great deal of the savour of this sweet manifestation has left me; up to last Saturday it continued with me; but unbelief seems secretly at work again, notwithstanding all. Yet when I look back, a little of the feeling seems to return. Many of the psalms have been suitable to me, but no part of Scripture more so than the Song of Solomon; it is a mysterious book to all, except when the Spirit opens it up; then our hearts burn within us.

"Believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

"F—, Nov. 9th, 1847."

"CAROLINE.

On May 18th, 1848, she was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Walsh, deacon of the church over which the late J. M'Kenzie was pastor. In this change of situation she enjoyed as much temporal happiness as this world can afford, as they were much attached to one another, and she was particularly fitted for a quiet domestic life. She now, too, enjoyed the blessing of a Christian home and the society of spiritual friends, and for a time, what she highly prized, the ministry of the late J. M'Kenzie. But this last blessing she did not long enjoy, for he soon went to Liverpool, and on Aug. 12th, 1849, was removed from this vale of tears to the mansions of

eternal bliss. Mrs. Walsh, in common with all his friends, much felt his death. She thus speaks of him, in a letter to a friend:

"You, my dear friend, find that there is a blessed reality in religion, for it is a solemn thing to be brought near death's door; as dear Brother M'Kenzie said, 'It is here we want a God.' We have seen something of death in our dear brother's departure. Satan was not permitted to harass him in any way, but he stood firm, and having fought the good fight, through Jesus' blood and righteousness he is now enjoying unspeakable pleasures. I could tell you many things about him during his last days, but I forbear, as you will find an account in the October Number of the 'Standard.' I am sure it will be interesting to you. If ever a man preached and lived the gospel, he did, being blessed with a remarkably tender conscience.

"Preston, Sept. 7th, 1849."

But though happy in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, her heart was not permitted to wander from the Fountain of living waters to hew out to herself cisterns, broken cisterns, which hold no water. She was one who could not rest satisfied with past experience, nor settle down into a carnal, dead assurance. In her new scene there was much to take her thoughts off from the Lord, particularly when maternal cares and anxieties were added to her domestic duties. But she could not rest without fresh manifestations of the Lord's love to her soul. Nor was she neglectful of the means; for it was her custom, every morning after breakfast, to go up stairs to her bed-room, and there spend an hour or more in reading the Scriptures and secret prayer. If some of these seasons were barren, as doubtless they were, yet at other times she found the blessedness of thus waiting on the Lord.

The two following letters will show that her feet were still in the footsteps of the flock:

"My dear —,—We were very sorry to find that you again were laid upon a sick bed. When the Lord favours the soul with submission and patience, it is a profitable place; but when left to ourselves, it causes repining and murmuring. I trust the Lord favours you with his presence. Once, when ill, I felt those lines of Hart's very precious,

'Himself shall be thy helping Friend,
Thy good Physician; nay, thy Nurse;
To make thy bed shall condescend,
And from the affliction take the curse.'

"There is no curse to believers in Jesus, he having been made a curse for them; and where there is no sin imputed, there is no curse. Afflictions, though common to all men, to the Lord's people are meant for good, and will end in weaning them from the things of time and sense, and fixing the affections more firmly on Jesus. If we are but found in Jesus at last, these are but light afflictions. I have been sighing and groaning under the burden of sin this afternoon. I do so often fear that all is not right with me. I weigh up things (through mercy) in favour and things against myself. I feel that it is a mark of grace to hate sin, to long after Christ's righteousness, to love God and desire conformity to his image; and yet, feeling such a world of iniquity within, I cannot make myself out. I seem to have more by a great deal against than for me, and I come over and over again to the Lord just as I came at first, craving for mercy through Jesus, begging that he would wash me in that blessed fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and if I am not right, that he would make me so.

"I remain, dear —,—, your ever affectionate friend,

"Preston, Jan. 8th, 1850."

"CAROLINE WALSH.

"My dear Friend,—I was very glad of your last, and thankful to hear that you were so comfortable in your mind, as well as better in body. Health of soul is a great thing; all is well then, come life or death. I have been very happy of late in my mind. I had a blessed visit from the Lord last Lord's Day, when at the ordinance; the sweetness of it still rests a little with me, and I look back upon it with feeling. O the dear Lord deals wonderfully with such base wretches as we are! He is worth ten thousand worlds; nay, his worth cannot be told, to the poor sinner who feels his need. He is so suitable; his words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. We know there is a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus, because we feel it.

"My dear friend, take courage; he is faithful who has promised; he has gone before! O that we might follow on more closely to him, I mean to be more like him, more conformed to his image. There is so much unlike him in us. He was holy, harmless, undefiled; we feel painfully that sin dwells in us. I do long to find myself without this hideous monster, and I have a blessed hope of being more than conqueror, through the blood of the Lamb; for I have the earnest of it in my heart. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift, his dear Son.

"Preston, Oct. 19th, 1850."

"Yours very affectionately,

"CAROLINE WALSH.

But our limits admonish us to pass on to the closing scenes of her life. Her health, never very strong, became much broken through her family coming on fast, and the frequent illnesses of her children, two of whom she lost by death. What a mother feels under these bereavements, a mother only knows. That she deeply felt what some one has called "losing a piece of one's self," is shown by the following extract of a letter to her friend:

"My darling little one departed from this vale of tears early in the morning of the 1st of June. He suffered much from constant relax and vomiting, but a week previous to his death he seemed quite well, and nicely recovering. He was not more than twelve hours ill at the last. My tears flow so that I cannot stop them, though I feel that the Lord is 'too wise to err, too good to be unkind.' As one of the little stones, I believe he forms a part of the great building above, and I hope to go to him, knowing well that he never will return to me. It seems a long month since his death."

But her own days on earth were numbered. A premature confinement was the messenger sent to bear her from earth to heaven. But here we shall leave the narrative to her afflicted partner, who, soon after her decease, favoured us with the following account of her last days on earth:

"On the Monday previous to her death, she said she had hoped to have lived a little longer, to see the cause with which she was connected established, for it was the cause of Christ; and, raising her hand, she said, 'I believe it will prosper. I have one request to make, which is my only one, that £50 be given to that little cause; it may be something to remember me a little longer by. But what is that to what Christ has done for me? I would be a beggar; yea, I would be clothed in rags for Christ's sake. I have never done one good thing in my life. Tell the friends how I love them; but I am too weak to talk to them. Now, Elizabeth, (speaking to her sister-in-law,) as soon as I am dead, tell the friends my request; but if I recover, never tell it.' She requested her sister-in-law to read to her Hymn 378, which commences,

'A beggar poor, at mercy's door,
Lies such a wretch as I;'

and Hymn 393,

'A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave,
Unworthy to be fed.'

"A few days before she died, she had solemn impressions that she would not recover, and often said, 'The Lord is going to remove me; and if it is his

will, I should like him to visit my soul with as great a manifestation of his love as I have had in times past, for past enjoyment will not do for me now. O there is no religion without power! And now, dear friends, those of you who know and love the Lord, pray for me, and pray continually, if you can; for I have told you what my soul is longing for, and there is no time to lose. My hope is firm in what Jesus has done for my soul; but I want him to say again to me, "He died and gave himself for me."

"At another time she said, 'My time will not be long upon earth; and if it is the Lord's will, I desire to have a feeling enjoyment of those words, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto God for ever and ever." If the Lord should thus favour me, do not rest your faith on it; and if I should appear to die in the dark, let it not discourage you.'

"When Satan was permitted to try and perplex her, she cried, 'O friends, are you praying for me? for the enemy is trying to make me doubt my religion. O blessed Spirit, do bring some sweet promise to my mind! I have nothing to plead but what Jesus has done for his people; for I have never done one good thing in my life.' The Lord heard her prayer, for in a few minutes she said, 'Jesus is precious! If the friends wish to know the state of my mind, tell them I feel myself a poor vile sinner, saved by sovereign grace. Yes, it is of grace from first to last, not of works.' The day before she died she wished to see the children, to take leave of them. When she saw them she smiled, and said, 'Give Mamma a kiss.' The younger child said, 'Good bye, Mamma.' She answered, 'Yes, it is good bye, now. Well, I hope you will be good boys, and I trust the Lord will remember you in mercy. We may be too anxious about our children.' A few hours before she died, she evidently was enjoying the Lord's presence. A friend said, 'Do you feel Jesus precious?' She answered, 'Yes.' 'Have you very great enjoyment?' She replied, 'No.' 'But you feel Jesus precious?' 'Yes.' After that time she was unable to speak much. A short time before she died she said she thought the Lord would grant that she should not suffer much pain. When dying it was so, for she died without either groan or sigh."

A second communication contains a few more particulars:

"I feel inclined to give you more definite particulars about the last days of my dear departed wife.

"The morning of her premature confinement she had evident tokens that she was about to go through much affliction and temptation; and, calling her friends around her, said, 'I have had this so powerfully spoken to my heart, that strong trials and temptations await me; but something has told me to pray against it.' And O how she poured out her soul to the Lord, and desired all that feared and loved the Lord to pray for her. After her confinement, her mind was entirely engaged with the Lord, and her wrestlings and cries were great for a manifestation of the Lord's mercy to her soul. She called for Psalm xlii. to be read, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' &c., also Psalm li., and several others that described her soul feelings; and, calling me to her, she said, 'O how my soul wants another visit from my dear Jesus, precious Jesus! I do feel a little hope, but Satan is so tempting me, and wants to take it from me. O do pray for me!' At this time she was much afraid of any one coming near her that knew not the Lord. She said, 'I want no ungodly people about me; I only want those who can pray for themselves and for me. O I need all your prayers! But let me tell you what I want; I want to say, "Glory, honour, praise, and salvation unto the Lamb for ever!"' She then desired to see her mother-in-law, a gracious person, and she, having come into the room, she wished to be raised up in bed, when she began speaking thus: 'My dear friends, the Lord has blessed my soul many times with sweet tokens of his love, and several times with a blessed assurance of my interest in the dying love of a precious Jesus, enabling me to say, "He loved me and gave himself for me;" one time in particular, about two years ago, which I wrote down in pencil (telling me where I should find it.) Now (she exclaimed) if anything be said about me, let that which I wrote down be inserted for the honour of the dear Lord, and in love to my

soul; and O if I can be of use to any poor sinner, either living or dying, how happy I should feel! O I have a strong and firm hope in Jesus! but, understand me, not that great joy which I should wish to have. When I depart, I wish to say, "Glory, honour, praise, and salvation unto the Lamb for ever," with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

("On finding the paper she referred to, it read as follows:

"Feb., 1851.—The Lord blessed my soul with a most wonderful manifestation of himself. The blessed Spirit has broken down the strong barrier of unbelief, and I am again enabled to believe, *without a shadow of a doubt*, that Jesus died for me. I am sure that salvation is of *free grace*, and that *faith* is the gift of God; for, when I never expected it, and was bound up in unbelief, the Lord appeared and made it as impossible for me to disbelieve as before I felt it impossible to believe. I bless the Lord with all my heart and soul. Do keep me from sin, dear Lord, that horrible thing; do keep my conscience tender in thy fear; make thyself more known to me; and may I grow in grace, for thy blessed name's sake.

"I leave this testimony, just written down, that I may look at it if ever I should doubt again. Psalms ciii., cxliv., and cl., and Hymns 418, 416, 414, 408, 407, 208, &c., so express my feelings that I can hardly contain. "Through the Lord I have run through a troop; through my God I have leaped over a wall." It is no deception. All the glory, from first to last, belongs to God. I have had an evidence of his power *this day*. As long as God is God, I am safe; so it is for ever and ever.")

"The Lord then broke sweetly into her soul, and with a smile she said, 'O blessed be my dear Lord, my hope is come again! and again I feel Jesus very precious, but not so gloriously as I could wish. O now send for my friends. If the Lord should be pleased to make anything of use to their immortal souls or to any other poor sinner, that I may say, or anything they may hear on this bed, it will be a great mercy;' and, calling me to her, she said, 'You have been a kind husband to me, and I have loved you as much as it is possible in this time-state; but I must leave you.' I told her it was evident that the Lord had only lent her to me for a short time, and was about to take her; but though I felt it to rend my very heart asunder, yet I knew that she was going to a better home, a better Husband, and one that could love her a thousand times more, for it was the love of God as well as man. 'O yes,' she replied, 'but I know you will follow me. I only leave you for a short time.' But the enemy of souls, who appeared determined not to let her have any peace if he could hinder, began powerfully again to tempt her soul, and caused her to groan out, 'O if he takes away my hope and my Jesus, what shall I do?' and, desiring all out of the room but myself, told me how that Satan was again trying to sweep away the foundation of her hope. She then said, 'What shall I do? Shall I pray?' I answered, 'Yes; do pray.' She then clasped her hands, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and prayed, 'O dear Lord, do come, and deliver my soul from the power of Satan! Blessed Jesus, have mercy upon me! I am a vile, guilty sinner, and never did anything but sin against thee; but O thy grace is free; and I know thou art able to save to the uttermost! Do, Holy Spirit, let me feel the blood of the dear Lamb of God applied to my soul, and cleansing me from all sin! O merciful High Priest, thou wast tempted, and knowest how to succour the tempted; do succour me in this time of need, for thy precious name's sake! Amen.' She then desired others to come in the room, and begged of me to engage in prayer, as I knew what she wanted. I did so with a feelingly broken heart and humbled spirit, and the Lord blessed me with solemn access to his blessed throne of grace, and I felt my soul enlarged in pouring it out before Him. The dear Lord again appeared for her deliverance, and she again began to rejoice in a precious Christ, and the power of his salvation and ability to save from temptation as well as from hell.

"Just before her death, when she was so weak that her voice could not be heard, we could distinguish her whispering over and over again, 'Hephzibah!' 'Bethlah!' and thus gave evidence that where her treasure was, there her heart was also.

"T. W."

REVIEW.

How many Lies are there in the Church Catechism? By a Seceder.
London: J. Gadsby.

RELIGION, in some shape or other, is indispensable to the very existence of civilised society. Rude, wandering tribes, like the Australian negro or the North American Red Indian, may subsist without any public mode of worship or any outward acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, though even these poor outcasts have some dim notion of "The Great Spirit;" but man, in a state of society, can no more live without some recognised form of religion than he can exist without laws or government, property or marriage. Society has to be held together from within as well as from without. Law and government, the rights of property and the divine institution of marriage, as clamps and girders, bind together society from without; religion, as mortar, binds together society from within. When society is broken to pieces, it is either by atheism springing a mine from within, or by anarchy battering down the walls from without. The first French Revolution gave fearful proof of this. It commenced in atheism and ended in anarchy, till after rivers of blood had been shed tyranny stepped in to chain up the tigers and hyænas which were ravaging the land; and one of its first acts was to restore the worship of a Supreme Being. So Socialism, that Satanic plot against God and man, loudly proclaims its abhorrence of property, of marriage, and of religion—the three grand elements of civilised society, without which our fair country would be a wide scene of robbery, carnage, lust, and blasphemy.

But let us not be misunderstood. When we speak of religion in this wide, general sense, we mean by the term not that true religion which is the special fruit of the Spirit. There is a natural religion as well as a spiritual religion. Natural conscience is the seat of the former; a spiritual conscience the seat of the latter. One is of the flesh, the other of the Spirit; one for time, the other for eternity; one for the world, the other for the elect; one to animate and bind men together as component members of society, the other to animate and bind the children of God together as component members of the mystical body of Christ. *True* religion is what the world does not want, nor does true religion want the world. The two are as separate as Christ and Belial. But *some* religion the world must have; and as it will not have and cannot have the true, it will and must have the false. True religion is spiritual and experimental, heavenly and divine, the gift and work of God, the birthright and privilege of the election of grace, the peculiar possession of the heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. This the world has not, for it is God's enemy not his friend, walking in the broad way which leads to perdition, not in the narrow way which leads to eternal life.

But a religion without God is a nonentity; and since Christ has come into the world and Christianity, as it is termed, is generally established, a religion without Christ becomes a contradiction. As, too, the Scriptures have been translated into different languages and

are widely spread and much read, a national creed must to a certain extent embrace what is taught in the Scriptures, or men will instinctively see that the religion professed is not that which the word of God has revealed, and brought to light. But religion having thus become general cannot subsist without an order of men to teach it and practise its ceremonies. Hence come clergy, forming a recognised priestly caste; and as these must, to avoid confusion, be governed, all large corporate bodies requiring a controlling power, thence come bishops and archbishops, ecclesiastical courts, archdeacons, and the whole apparatus of clerical government. The ceremonies and ordinances cannot be carried on without buildings set apart for the purpose; thence churches and cathedrals. As prayer is a part of all religious worship, and carnal men cannot, for want of the Spirit, pray spiritually, they must have forms of devotion made ready to their hand; thence come prayer-books and liturgies. As there must be mutual points of agreement to hold men together, there must be written formulas of doctrine; thence come articles, creeds, and confessions of faith. And finally, not to prolong to weariness this part of our subject, as there are children to be instructed, and this cannot be safely left to oral teaching, for fear of ignorance in some and error in others, the very form of instruction must be drawn up in so many words; thence come catechisms. Persons are puzzled sometimes to know why there is this and that thing in an established religion—why we have churches and clergy, tithes and prayer-books, Universities and catechisms, and the whole apparatus of an Establishment, from the Queen the head, down to the sexton the tail. They do not see that all these things have sprung, as it were, out of a moral necessity, and are based upon the very constitution of man; that this great and wide-spread tree of a national religion has its deep roots in the natural conscience; and that all these branches necessarily and naturally grow out of the broad and lofty stem.

But admitting the necessity of some acknowledged form of Christianity, and allowing certain benefits to spring out of a National Establishment, the question arises, Whether we might not have the benefits without the evils, and whether the Church of England does not do us, as a nation, more harm than good. Religion, as a bond of society, would not perish were there no endowed Establishment to maintain it. Look, for instance, at the United States, where there is no established church. In no country is there more regard paid to the outward observances of religion; nay, so much so, that it is hard to tell which is more ardently worshipped—the dollar or the form of godliness.

Humanly speaking, one of the greatest barriers in this country to every improvement is the National Church. As regards, for instance, the great question of the present day—the education of the people, she thwarts in every possible manner a sound and general system of instruction, by seeking to thrust upon every school her obnoxious Catechism; by demanding that every schoolmaster should be a *bona fide* member of her pale; and by setting up a paramount

claim to educate every child in her system and creed. She thus thwarts and defeats every attempt towards a better and more general scheme of education, and would sooner, like a Chinese mother, that her children should not walk at all, or be cripples for life, than that their infant feet should not be squeezed into her narrow shoes. Where able, too, she carries on a vast amount of persecution and of unfair influence. The poor, especially in country places, she sometimes buys over by presents of money, coal, and clothing, and sometimes persecutes by excluding them from a share in those favours which should be given indiscriminately. "To keep their church" is, in her eyes, the greatest virtue of the poor, and to attend the meeting the greatest crime. Nor are her power and influence limited to the poor. Those who are by their position independent of her favours, she awes by her lordly frowns; so that there are scarce any to be found above those engaged in trade and manufactures who dare to be anything but Churchmen; on account of the "vulgarity" of dissent in her aristocratical eyes. All this, we know, in the wisdom of God, is for the good of the church of Christ, which is to be despised and persecuted, as was her divine Lord and Master; but this no more diminishes the sin and guilt of the proud aristocratical Establishment, than, because Christ was to be rejected of the Jews, they committed less sin in rejecting him.

Such as have never been within her pale, or have not been trained up at the great public schools and Universities of the Church of England, have little or no idea of the deep-rooted, we may say, fanatical attachment which burns in the breast of her children—a love as blind, but as deep and ardent, as fired the breast of Paul for the traditions of the Pharisees when he sat at the feet of Gamaliel or held the clothes of the witnesses who stoned to death the martyr Stephen. Those who have been cradled in dissent, their eyes not being blinded by this idolatrous enthusiasm, see, and see truly, her errors and corruptions, her worldly character and domineering spirit. Calmly and coolly comparing her with the scriptural marks of the church of God, they perceive in her scarce one feature of the bride of Christ; and instead of her being a chaste virgin espoused to the Lord the Lamb, they behold her gathering lovers to her embrace as shamelessly and as indiscriminately as Aholah and Aholibah.

Were we to judge merely from what floats on the surface, we might think the National Church was tottering to its fall. The very world is now crying out against the sordid avarice and shameless rapacity of her bishops, and against the miserable evasions and subterfuges which they employ in order to appropriate to themselves large sums beyond their assigned incomes. Puseyism, that twin-sister to abhorred Popery, on one side is eating as a gangrene into the very vitals of Church of Englandism; and Infidelity, on the other, is rapidly infecting the literature of the country and fearfully spreading amongst the masses. But underneath this apparent weakness she conceals an amazing vitality and strength. Like some aged asthmatics, who seem always dying, but gasp and cough

on till ninety, burying two or three crops of hale, hearty youths, the Church of England has been wheezing and panting and seemingly all but expiring again and again, and yet appears to be getting stronger and stronger every year. Churches are rising by hundreds in every district, and the Universities can hardly supply students fast enough to minister in them. Who can solve this enigma, that whilst, for many just reasons, the Church of England is daily falling into well-merited contempt, her power is increasing? Without using harsh, unbecoming expressions, we think that the streets of our great towns will afford a solution. There is a miserable class of females who are justly contemned by the virtuous of both sexes, but whose numbers show that their nets are not spread in vain for the vicious. The Scripture compares a false church to a harlot. It is the easy virtue of the National Church which makes her so generally acceptable. So indulgent a mistress suits well the racing lord and fox-hunting squire; and her benignant smiles, if they do sometimes cost the farmer five shillings an acre, or his opulent landlord £50 for a new organ, yet they cheer them with hope of heaven when they die, if they are but constant in their attentions to her as long as they live.

The attachment, then, of worldly people to a worldly religion is no great mystery; it is no riddle for a Samson to put forth, or requiring a Solomon to solve. There is a greater mystery, a harder enigma than this—how gracious men, servants of the living God, believers in and followers of the Lord Jesus, can remain contentedly in her embrace. Toplady, Romaine, Berridge, Hawker—what burning and shining lights were these! Yet were they members and ministers of the National Church, and never seem to have been troubled with doubts or scruples as to her scriptural character and position. They lived and died honoured of God, and their names are embalmed in the hearts of his children. But they are gone, and have left neither son nor heir; for where is there a minister now in the Church of England who is worthy, we will not say to stand in their pulpits, but even to open for them the pulpit door? There are a few who preach the same doctrines; but where is the savour, and power, and, above all, the blessing of God which clothed the ministry of those eminent servants of the Most High? Nor indeed is it to be expected. God has worked, and still, in a spiritual sense, does work miracles; but it is not his ordinary course of action. A man may be found alive under a snow-wreath, or in a tomb; but we do not expect to find many there, or that those thus found should be very warm or very lively. Surrounded with ice and the cold damps of the sepulchre, we need hardly wonder that there are so few living ministers in the Church of England, and that those few manifest so little vitality or strength. The system is so deadening that, were it possible to extinguish the life of God, there could be no living men in her. Some, once known to ourselves, did appear at one time to possess life, but the event, we fear, has proved that it was not the life of God. Sin, we know, dulls and deadens the conscience, and few sins do this more effectually than what

we may call religious sins. Many men, it is to be apprehended, have gone into the ministry of the Establishment with tender consciences, doubting and fearing whether they were acting right in the step they were taking. When the occasional services have come before them for performance, their lips, perhaps, have faltered as they thanked God for regenerating the sprinkled infant, or taking to himself some miserable drunkard. But by degrees their conscience becomes less sensitive; the words are pronounced more glibly and boldly; inward checks are less and less felt; and arguments arise, or are suggested by others, to keep quiet that intruding voice which speaks so very uncomfortably. The young curate is presented to a living; a wife is taken; and, in due time, olive branches of greater and less dimensions spread themselves round the vicarage table. Hedge after hedge, wall after wall are built round him as he advances onward into middle life. By degrees he drops his Calvinistic creed, and becomes a more acceptable preacher to the gentry and rich tradespeople. He imbibes a little Puseyism, and talks of "our venerable church" and its "admirable liturgy," is made a rural dean or an archdeacon, and settles down into a thoroughly worldly man, an enemy of God and godliness, a determined hater of all dissent, and, where he can, a persecutor of the saints.

But take another case. Let us reverse the process. In steel engraving, the iron plate is, at one stage of the process, hardened into steel, and at another the steel plate is softened into iron. We have seen how the iron is hardened into steel; let us now see how the steel is softened into iron. Take the case of a man who has entered the ministry of the Establishment, as most do, for a piece of bread, without any breath of divine life in his soul. Let the Lord, sooner or later, commence a work of grace in his heart, and lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in his conscience. Let him be brought, through convictions of sin and distress of mind, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a manifestation of God's mercy and love to his soul. Let him now worship God in spirit and in truth, and walk before him in godly fear, will not, must not, his eyes be in a measure opened to see and his heart be made to feel what he is surrounded by? Lazarus dead in the sepulchre, saw not its darkness, felt not its coldness, smelt not its odour; but Lazarus living, came forth out of them all. But Lazarus was bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin, till the liberating word came, "Loose him, and let him go." So we trust there are a few living men, whose hands and feet are bound round with the gown, and their faces swathed about with the surplice, but to whom, in the Lord's own time, the liberating word will come, "Loose him, and let him go."

A man in the Establishment with the grace and fear of God in his heart is in a very trying position. He may not have strength to come out, and yet has a burdened conscience while continuing in. We would desire to sympathise with such; and our desire is, that they would seek counsel of the Lord, and neither on the one hand harden their consciences by doing them continual violence, nor on

the other take any step without beforehand well counting the cost. To give them right counsel is most difficult, and well-nigh impracticable. Suppose, for instance, we say, "Stay in," we should seem to counsel them to continue in wrong doing; and suppose we say, "Come out," unless we can give them grace and faith we might lead them to take a step in the flesh. The Lord alone, the wonderful Counsellor, can either show them how to act or enable them to do what his gracious Spirit prompts. Unless rightly brought out, they will have little comfort themselves, and be of little benefit to the church of God.

Among the many objectionable things in the Prayer Book, there are few, if any, worse than what is called the Catechism. As a compilation of Christian doctrine, it is one of the poorest, most meagre skeletons that could well be put together, and, compared with the Articles, Burial Service, and some of the Collects, a disgrace to the Prayer Book. The author of "The Christian Year," speaks of the "soothing influence" of the Prayer Book. Most soothing indeed it is, and it has soothed tens of thousands into the sleep of death. The laudanum of the Catechism is dosed out drop by drop in every parish school; and most soothing it would be to the poor little things who are compelled to take it, were they able to swallow it; but its greatest advantage is, that they cannot understand it. It is with them a mere exercise of verbal memory, and they gabble over their abracadabra as school boys repeat by rote their Latin grammar, or the little cathedral choristers chant the Nicene Creed.

The author of the work before us has drawn his sword very valiantly against this misshapen idol; for, like most heathen idols, which seem worshipped with fervour proportionate to their ugliness, the Catechism is the great idol of the patron and patronesses of parish schools. His language is perhaps a little too strong in places, but he no doubt felt that to root up and hack to pieces such an idol required some vigorous and repeated blows.

The following extracts will give some idea of the work:

"Q.—I ask, then, what is the seventeenth lie?"

"A.—They 'promise and vow that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith.'

"A.—Faith is the gift of God, Scripture abundantly and everywhere EXPRESSLY says. (Eph. ii. 8; Pet. i. 1; Rom. xii. 3; &c. &c. &c.)

"A.—Yes, and it had need be too; for faith saves: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Works cannot, in whole nor in part, save. The giving of faith, therefore, is the brightest diadem in Christ's kingly crown, as regards the salvation of any of the children of men. For these ignorant godfathers and godmothers, with a blind priest to huddle and muffle up thus so important, so very important a doctrine and feature of Christianity, I should wish to be put for a thousand lies. Truly 'the blind do lead the blind, and they both fall into the ditch.' To muffle, to put blinders on, to huddle up, and confusedly to muzzle and becloud faith which saves, is thus worse than a thousand lies. It trifles with, it sells for lies; it beclouds the souls of men as to what faith is, where it comes from; who is the giver. It puts men and children into a fog and mist of error, and endeavours thus secretly to confirm them in it, as to what faith is. And, instead of pointing

out faith as the Kingly Gift of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, it puts it thus on a parcel of ignorant pope-made godmothers and godfathers, ('woe worth them!') with a blind priest to teach them this erroneous Church Catechism; and then for a dead political parliamentary prelate, 'dead in sins,' to confirm the people in such awful lies!

"I cannot but be warm on this point, for when I was enabled to see the grand error of the Church of England in this its Catechism and elsewhere, muffling, putting blinders on, and muzzling this capital doctrine of the Bible; had I ten thousand tongues, I would have cried out against the Church of England thus, elsewhere and in this wretched Catechism, committing thus the crime of high treason against God as regards faith."

Q.—Which is the twenty-ninth lie?

A.—'And I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

Q.—There are eight or nine lies in that sentence, I think I can clearly see.

A.—You must go through them.

Q.—1. Thanking God for lies is one. 2. Palming the lies on God the Father is the second. 3. Heartily thanking is the third; for there is no heart in it; it is all a whim of the Pope. 4. Saying 'our' heavenly Father is the fourth; for if 'our' refers to any one rightly, it refers to Satan, the father of such lies and liars. 5. Saying 'he' (God) had called to this sad state is the fifth lie. 6. Calling it 'this state of salvation' is the sixth lie. 7. And saying it was 'through Jesus Christ' is the seventh lie. And 8. 'Our Saviour,' alluding to such rebels, thus neck-deep in lies, is the eighth lie. That makes thirty-six lies.

A.—Yes, thirty-six lies.

Q.—Which is the thirty-seventh lie?

A.—'And I pray unto God to give me his grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.'

Q.—I think there are six or seven lies again.

1. To pray unto God amid such froth, lies, and stuff is an abomination, or lie. 2. To ask God to give his grace as a seal to such abominations is horrible, or a lie. 3. For the child to continue in the lies is a lie. 4. To ask God to cause the child to continue in the *identical*, or 'same' lies, is a fourth abomination, or lie; for glaring lies need repentance, not stubbornness in them. 5. And 'to my life's end' is awful; for, if this is the case, the child must be in hell, as far as I can see."

Q.—Which is the forty-second lie?

A.—'Reharse the articles of thy belief.' (Here the mis-named Apostle's Creed is repeated.) 'What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?'

Q.—Now comes again the grand error.

A.—'First, I learn to believe.'

Q.—Stop.

A.—Well, this is clear enough.

Q.—It is all of a piece.

A.—Well, instead of saying that faith is a divine 'Gift,' wrought by the exceeding greatness of divine power; as the Scriptures everywhere set faith forth, as being that which sensibly, through God's enabling, 'gives the soul access into grace,' wherein the redeemed and saved stand 'feelingly before God,' and thus 'rejoice in hope,' vitally, 'of the glory of God.' The apostles thus properly prayed to the right quarter: 'Lord, increase our faith.' And in the Acts of the Apostles, setting forth thus faith as God's special gift, and as triumphantly saving: 'As many as were ordained to eternal life believed.'

It will be seen from the above extracts that the writer has used great plainness of speech; and that, if not set off with much adornment of style or language, it has the advantage of being fully intelligible by the poor, to whom it is chiefly addressed.

POETRY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WEAK AND A STRONG CHRISTIAN.

- S.* Poor doubting soul, what is the matter?
Where are you seeking to be better?
Come, wounded soul, the Lord can heal;
Tell me my friend, how do you feel?
- W.* I feel sin's rankling plague within,
And feel no sense of pardoned sin;
My sin is more than I can tell.
O what can I expect but hell?
- S.* Poor doubting soul, read Peter's story,
You'll see how sinners get to glory.
'Tis not by works which they can do;
No, 'tis a Saviour they must view.
- W.* But I'm blind, and past all feeling.
Ah, whither can I go for healing?
And I'm so dead, and naked too.
Ah! where can such a sinner go?
- S.* If thou art blind, and dead, and naked,
This does not prove that thou art hated.
No, no, my friend; it proves to me
That God designs to set you free.
For all are blind, but all don't know it;
For all are dead, but all won't own it;
And if it is made known to you,
That is a mercy known by few.
Then don't despair, be not mistaken;
You cannot, will not, be forsaken;
For tho' you grieve to feel so dead,
There's life for you in Christ, your Head.
- W.* Ah! could you know what makes me groan,
I think you'd sing another tone.
I'm worse by far than you conceive,
My heart's so hard I can't believe.
- S.* But what's too hard for you and I,
Is not for God, you can't deny;
The blind shall see, the lame shall walk,
The dead shall live, the dumb shall talk.
This will Almighty Jesus do
For wretched sinners; why not you?
Feed not those doubts, suspend thy grief,
Christ saved once a dying thief.
- W.* O would the Lord but look on me
And lead my soul to Calvary!
Salvation there was freely given;
This was the poor thief's way to heaven.
- S.* Ah! the Lord withholdeth his grace;
He will not let me see His face,
His promise seems of no effect,
Surely I can't be God's elect.
- S.* Ah! when the sun forgets to rise,
And saved souls forget to prize
Redeeming grace and dying love,
And lay aside their harps above,
Then may Emanuel deny
The groaning, sighing sinner's cry.
But O! my friend, this comfort take,
Jehovah saves for Jesus' sake!
- W.* O would the Lord but once reveal
His hidden love, and make me feel,
And let these broken bones rejoice!
Lord, let me know I am thy choice!
- S.* Christ sees thy ways, and Christ will heal,
He'll make thy soul the cure to feel;
And then you'll see all things done well,
Approve the way Christ saves from hell.
No creature righteousness will do;
Christ will be all in all to you.
Christ lived, Christ died, Christ rose again;
This is the poor lost sinner's claim.
- W.* If all is true that you advance
It makes my very soul to dance.
I'll venture on him. Who can tell
But Christ may save my soul from hell?
- S.* Ah! venture there; thou canst not fail;
The blood of Christ, it must prevail!
Thou canst not perish at his feet;
In Jesus Christ thy soul's complete.
- W.* How know you that, my Christian friend?
How know you what will be my end?
What, are there none who fall from grace
And die in darkness and disgrace?
- S.* Ah! fall you may, ten times a day,
But O such falls will make you pray!
But fall to hell, it cannot be;
Christ died to set the prisoner free.
- W.* But I am still in prison bound,
Can I amongst the elect be found?
O would the Lord but set me free,
And tell me, he has chosen me!
- S.* O let not Satan thus beguile;
Altho' the Lord don't seem to smile,

- He's made you feel the plague with-
in;
He died to pay your debt of sin.
Christ shed his blood, Christ did
atone;
Christ is the Way, and Christ alone.
I think this truth you can't reject;
It never was by God's elect.
- W.* But who can fathom God's decrees,
God takes and leaves just whom he
please?
I'll wait in hope, and who can tell,
But Christ has saved my soul from
hell?
- S.* Wait where you are, and I'll engage
Your pardon's clear in every page.
Read but your Bible, there you'll see
Salvation is entirely free.
- The lost, the helpless, and undone,
'Tis such were saved ere time begun.
In time God makes this blessing
known;
You soon shall call the Lord your
own;
And while we're stationed here be-
low,
May Christ be all we strive to know.
Let's praise him for his mercies past;
We surely shall be saved at last.
- W.* I thank the Lord I met with you,
For what you say I know is true.
I then was blind, but now I see
That grace is full and grace is free.
'Tis free for you, 'tis free for me,
'Twas settled in eternity.
Then we must stand, we shall not fall,
Since Jesus is our All in All.

All ordinances, providences, temptations, afflictions, and whatever can be named; life, death, things present, and things to come; all are made subservient to the decree of God, and all work together to bring about his most glorious design. If the course and conduct of common providences were delineated, they would yield an illustrious prospect; how much more the conduct, order, and end of those special providences which are proper to and conversant about election. When all the pieces thereof shall be brought together, and set in order, how beautiful it will be! Angels and men shall shout for the glory of it. Then it will be evident God has done nothing in vain, or impertinent* to your blessedness; that, whatever has befallen you here, (however contrary to your present sense and opinion of it,) was dispensed in very faithfulness to you; that if any of those manifold and cross occurrences you have been exercised with, had been omitted, it would have been a blank in your story, a blot in your escutcheon of honour. When you shall see what contrivances have been against you, what art, subtilty, malice, and power, they were agitated with; how unable you were of yourselves to foresee, prevent, or repel them; and how all the attributes of God and his providences, each one in its time and place, which was always most reasonable, came into your rescue, retorting on your adversaries, and rescuing you; how that which was death in itself was made to work life in you; how amiable and admirable will the story of it be! that when your faith was weak, the Lord did not withdraw from you; that when it was at its height and strength, he then did for you above all you could believe or think; and through an unspeakable press of difficulties and contradictions, he carried on his work in you; ever bearing you on eagles' wings, till he had brought you to himself; how will you magnify his work, and admire it then!

—Coles.

* That is, "not belonging to," the proper meaning of the word.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 234.)

But to return. After I had heard Mr. Ward at Thorpe, the friends at Ringstead, as well as myself, being much taken with his preaching, invited him to preach at Ringstead, and in a little time he came. He preached there several times after; and the Lord so blessed his ministry in the conversion of many souls, that he came to live there, and a stated meeting was fixed, which is continued to this day, and now a church of Christ is planted there. But the first time he preached at Ringstead, (I think it was the first time,) after I had heard him at Thorpe, he preached from 1 Tim. i. 15, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.” I did not know that he knew anything of me then, nor do I think he did; but if he had, he could not have made choice of a more suitable text of Scripture than this was to my condition. I heard with all the diligence that I possibly could, and God was pleased to bless that opportunity indeed to my soul—a time which I shall never forget, I hope, as long as I live in this world.

As Mr. Ward was opening the words, and showing that the great end of Christ's coming into the world was to save sinners, and not only to save sinners, but the chief of sinners, which he proved from many other texts of Scripture, O what a word was this to me! I saw indeed myself to be one of the chief of sinners, though I was at this time but young, I suppose about fifteen years old, or at most between fifteen and sixteen. Although I was conscious to myself that I had not been guilty of those great sins or gross immoralities which some had, yet I saw so much sin in my corrupt

fallen nature as to convince me that I was not only a great sinner, but one of the chief of sinners.

Well, as he went on with the text, and spake very much for the encouragement of sinners, great sinners, yea, the chief of sinners, that the Lord Jesus Christ was not only able but willing to save poor sinners that come to him, and that for this end he came into the world, and withal answering some objections that the soul would be ready to make against itself, the Lord, I hope, in infinite mercy, was pleased to set this word with such power upon my soul, as that I believed at that time that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save *me*. O, thought I, if Christ came to save the chief of sinners, why then not me? Surely I was helped, then in particular, to lay hold on Jesus Christ for myself, as the chief of sinners. But O the joy that my soul was at that time filled with, I cannot express! The hopes and satisfaction that my soul had an interest in this glorious Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, filled my soul with joy and peace in believing.

But, alas! this transport of joy did not last long; but I was soon as bad as ever, and began to call all into question, and was afraid that what I had felt was but fancy or delusion; for I found so much sin, corruption, and darkness in my soul, that I thought if the work of God had been right, it would not have been thus with me. Surely, I thought, I should not have found sin, lust, and corruption so strong as I found they were in me. I was so foolish as to think that sin would have been subdued, and corruption kept under; but because I found them more strong than ever, I was ready to look upon myself still as a miserable creature. I looked upon others to be in a happier condition than I; yea, I thought that none were so bad as I was; for I found and dimly felt such lust and corruption boiling and bubbling up in my nature which I never felt before, or if I did, was not so sensible of it. O the cries, tears, and struggles that I have had in my soul about these things, but could in no wise be delivered from them! Those words of David have been something to me, where he says, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul," fearing that this would be my condition. But when I found what had been the experience of so great a man of God as David was, it gave me a little relief; and those words of Paul, where he cries out about "a thorn in the flesh," the "messenger of Satan to buffet him;" and how he prayed and sought the Lord thrice that it might be removed. But, alas! I sought the Lord a hundred and a hundred times over again, I am sure, and yet it was not removed. But there was something to be picked out of these words, and that was, that though Paul prayed so earnestly for the removal of it, he had no other answer than this, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So I thought, if God's grace was but sufficient for me, that was enough.

But Rom. vii. has been a wonderful chapter indeed to me; for here I could read something of my own experience in the experience of the apostle. What he complained of, I cried out under. If a man so wonderfully endued with the Spirit of God as the

apostle was, if he, I thought, cried out, "O wretched man that I am!" well might I cry out so too. But I should be too tedious were I to give a particular account of what I have since seen and experienced from that chapter. It has been of such use to me many and many a time, that I thought I could not have done without this Rom. vii. I could not have borne up my head, if the Lord had not given me some comfort and support from this chapter; but yet I was not free from my fears and doubts, no not for some years. Sometimes I was a little up, and presently down again; sometimes a little comforted, and immediately disconsolate; sometimes hopes, and sometimes none, or very little, appeared.

Thus unevenly I walked for a long time; and in this perplexed condition my fears were much increased by a dream which I had one night. I dreamed that the day of judgment was past, and that all things were settled in an unchangeable state of eternity; and methought I was not in heaven, but excluded from the glorious presence of God and the comfortable communion of the saints. I thought I lay as if I were upon a bed; I do not remember that I felt any pain but what I felt in my mind, and that was terrible enough. I do not remember that I had any company with me, but I lay as if I were alone. Now that which was my greatest torment and was so dismal to my mind, was the exclusion of the glorious presence of God and the comfortable communion of the saints, whose company I so much loved and delighted to be with while in the world, that now I must be excluded from them, and that for ever. O that was a killing word, "for ever!" The thoughts that everything was now settled in an eternal, unchangeable state, and that I was to lie in the state I was then in, separated from God, from Christ, and the saints for ever and ever, were very dismal, dreadful, and terrible to me; so that it soon awoke me, and glad I was that it was but a dream.

But when I came to consider it seriously, it filled me with dreadful fears, lest this should be my condition at last. O Lord, thought I, what shall I do? Is there no hope or possibility for such a poor creature as I am to be saved? This was the cry of my soul, "Dear Lord, I would not be excluded from thy presence for ten thousand worlds." O, I thought, if there were any possible means to be made use of, I would endeavour to be found in them! And though the dream was indeed very dismal to me, yet it had the effect of stirring me up to double diligence, to be found in the use of all possible means; for it made a deep impression upon my mind for some time, and indeed I have often thought of it since; but I hope the Lord has done my soul good by it.

Some time after this, I dreamed again; indeed, I dream often, but I do not give much regard to them, unless they are remarkable, and more than ordinarily impress my mind. But the thing that was most remarkable in this dream was this: I thought I as perfectly heard a voice as ever I did when awake, repeat twice, "Read the ninth chapter of Proverbs; read the ninth chapter of Proverbs." Indeed I was asleep; it was in my dream; nor do I remember that

I saw any personal shape; but I never heard anything plainer in my life than I heard this. Upon this I awoke, with the sound of it in my ears.

What this ninth chapter of Proverbs was I could not tell; but because I was told to read it in such an unusual way, I wanted very much to know what was in it, and had much difficulty in waiting until it was light. But as soon as it was morning, I got up, took my Bible, and when I began to read, my soul was melted. Surely, I thought, this must be from the Lord; it was the Lord that bade me read, and was pleased to speak to me in my sleep, that I might take the more notice of it when awake. For I seldom had any scriptures come to me as I used to hear others had; or if any scripture came, if it did not come in a more than ordinary way, I could not take it as coming from the Lord. I used to think it came from myself, or from my own thinking on such words; but this was some concern to me, that I so seldom had any word, when I heard that others had so many.

But O when I came to read this chapter! "Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars; she hath killed her beasts! she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table. She hath sent forth her maidens; she crieth upon the highest places of the city, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." How all the former part of it suited my condition! I could not but look upon it as a gracious invitation from the Lord to me; for I was not only directed to the chapter, but had those first verses opened to me in some measure. I was made to see that by "Wisdom" was meant the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the "house" which he builded was meant the church of God; by the "beasts" that were killed, the death and sacrifice of Christ were shadowed out; the "table" furnished must be the rich provision of gospel grace; the "maidens," the ministers of Christ; and the "simple ones," poor sinners such as I was; the "mingled wine," the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit flowing through the blood and satisfaction of Jesus Christ, or the harmonious agreement that there was in the Trinity of persons. Concerning the salvation of poor lost sinners, these words were of wonderful encouragement to me. I saw abundance of grace and mercy held forth in these invitations to sinners, and to me in particular. This chapter I had cause to bless the Lord for, and especially its coming in such a way and manner. This afforded some relief and comfort to me for a time.

But, alas! with shame I have cause to speak it; notwithstanding what I have seen, felt, and experienced of the work of God upon my soul, and the signal appearances of the Lord towards me, yet it was not long ere I began to be as bad as ever, fearing that it was not right; because I could not be free from these strugglings and prevailings of sin, lust, and corruption, which I was continually perplexed with, to the wounding of my spirit and the bowing down of my soul.

But the Lord, who is infinite in mercy, did not leave me altogether comfortless in this condition ; for I remember, upon a certain time, Mr. Ward was speaking from those words in 1 Pet. ii. 7, " And to you that believe he is precious," when he was showing how precious Christ was to a believer, and that he was precious to none but them, the Lord was pleased to bless this word with some comfort and establishment to my soul. I thought I had as clear a sight of my having believed in Christ as ever I had since God had begun to work upon me. For here lay a great part of my distress, whether I had savingly believed in Christ or no. I looked upon faith and believing in Christ to be such a great and extraordinary thing, that it filled me with fears, because I could not find those wonderful fruits and effects which I thought it should have in the subduing and keeping under of sin. But these words were made of great use to me, as I said before, for I could experience this, that Christ was precious, lovely, and desirable to my soul. I could, in some measure, say with the spouse, that Christ was the chiefest of ten thousand, and that he was altogether lovely to me, as it is in Song v. 10, 16. I could say with the Psalmist, " Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." O there was none in earth nor heaven so precious to me nor that my soul desired more than Jesus Christ. Therefore from hence I inferred, that if Jesus Christ was precious to them, and none but them that believe, and I could experience that Christ was precious to me, why then I hoped that I had savingly believed on Jesus Christ. These words were not only of use to me then, but have been, I hope, of use to me often since. The encouragement that I found in them wonderfully bore up my soul under these sinking despondencies.

One would have thought that, after so many seals and testimonies of the lovingkindness of God to my soul, there should have been no room for doubts and fears ; but, alas! I was not yet free from them. I found, by woeful experience, that when the sunshine of God's countenance was a little gone off, doubts and fears would as naturally arise in my soul as it is for the ensuing night to follow the preceding day. I saw that when I believed and had some good hopes through grace, I could no more keep up the faith of an interest in Christ without the divine power, than I could at the first believe without divine help.

Under all the doubts and fears that my soul was so much distressed with, whether the work of God upon me was a right work or no, those words in Judges xiii. 23 have afforded me some relief. Manoah thought that they must surely die because they had seen God : " But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these." So I thought, if God had designed to have destroyed me, he would not have told me such things as he has, nor have showed me such things as he has showed me. If the Lord had been minded to have destroyed me, he would not have showed me what a lost and mise-

rable condition I was in by nature ; he would not have showed me the beauty, glory, excellency, and suitableness that is in Christ ; he would not have drawn out my soul in such earnest desires that I could not be satisfied without him ; he would never have begotten such hungerings, thirstings, pantings, and breathings in my soul after himself. The consideration of these things gave me some hope that the Lord had begun a good work upon me ; and if I could but be once assured of this, that God had indeed begun a special work of grace in my soul, then I should have no reason to fear nor question but that this work should be maintained and carried on unto the day of Christ, according to the words of the apostle in Phil. i. 6. But these fears, I found, would frequently arise in me, whether it were rightly begun or no ; yet I can say, in some measure, that from the first time I believed, or had hopes of an interest in Christ, I have had a secret trusting, resting, and relying upon the Lord Jesus in the lowest condition ; in the midst of all my doubts and fears there was something of a secret trusting and relying upon Christ. Those words in Job xiii. 15 have been of use to me often : "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Here I desired to lie, trust, and depend, whatever dark, cloudy, and slaying dispensations I might be brought under. This has afforded me some support under dark and trying providences. The consideration of that word has been somewhat affecting to me : "Whoever trusted in the Lord and were confounded or ashamed ?" Surely, I thought, the Lord would not suffer me to be ashamed of my hope, though sometimes it was so weak that I could hardly discern it.

I remember at one time I had such a thought, nay, and expressed my desire to the Lord in this manner : "O Lord," said I, "if thou wouldest but once give me the faith of assurance, then I should never doubt more." I had heard others speak of the faith of assurance, that they did not doubt nor question their interest in Christ, nor salvation by him. O, thought I, if the Lord would but once give me this faith, how comfortable might I live ! I thought that if I could be but once assured, I should doubt no more. What faith I had had before, as I thought, when I hoped I believed, had some mixture of fears in it ; but O that I were once assured, and could believe without any mixture of fears, then I should never question again. Well, the Lord was pleased, in some little time after, to grant my desires, and it was under Mr. Davis's preaching at Thorpe Waterfield. The particulars I have now forgotten, but this I remember, it was such a sealing time of the love of God in Christ Jesus, that I am not able by words to express it. O the ravishing transports of joy that my soul had with God, in his love to me through Jesus Christ, is inexpressible ! I then believed my interest in Christ and his salvation, I think I may say, without any mixture of doubts or fears. Such times my soul has experienced in the ordinances of Christ more than once or twice, blessed for ever be his glorious name. But, alas ! I do not know that it lasted many minutes, though something of the savour abided upon my soul after I had had such an opportunity.

(To be continued.)

THE CARNAL MIND.

The carnal mind is not only an enemy, for so possibly some reconciliation of it unto God might be made, but it is *enmity* itself, and not capable of accepting any terms of peace. Enemies may be reconciled, but enmity cannot. Yes, the only way to reconcile enemies is to destroy the enmity. So the apostle, in another case, tells us, we who were enemies, are reconciled unto God; (Rom. v. 10;) that is a work compassed and brought about by the blood of Christ; the reconciling of the greatest enemies. But when he comes to speak of enmity, there is no way for it, but it must be abolished and destroyed, "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity," (Eph. ii. 15.) there is no way to deal with any enmity whatever, but by its abolition or destruction.

And this also lies in it, as it is enmity, that every part and parcel of it, if we may so speak, the least degree of it that can possibly remain in any one, whilst, and where there is anything of its nature, is enmity still. It may not be so effectual and powerful in operation, as where it has more life and vigour, but it is enmity still. As every drop of poison is poison, and will infect, and every spark of fire is fire, and will burn; so is everything of the law of sin, the last, the least of it; it is enmity, it will poison, it will burn. That which is anything in the abstract is still so whilst it hath any being at all. Our apostle, who may well be supposed to have made as great a progress in the subduing of it as any one on the earth, yet after all cries out for deliverance, as from an irreconcilable enemy. (Rom. vii. 24.) The meanest acting, the meanest and most imperceptible working of it, is the acting and working of enmity. Mortification abates its force, but does not change its nature. Grace changes the nature of man, but nothing can change the nature of sin. Whatever effect be wrought upon it, there is no effect wrought in it, but that is enmity still, sin still. Thus, then, by it is our state and condition. "God is love." (1 John iv. 8.) He is so in himself, eternally excellent and desirable above all. He is so to us, he is so in the blood of his Son, and in all the inexpressible fruits of it, by which we are what we are, and wherein all our future hopes and expectations are wrapped up. Against this God we carry about us an enmity, all our days; an enmity that has this, from its nature, that it is incapable of cure or reconciliation. Destroyed it may be, it shall be, but cured it cannot be. If a man have an enemy to deal with that is too mighty for him, as David had with Saul, he may take the course that he did, consider what it is that provoked his enemy against him, and so address himself to remove the cause, and make up his peace, "If the Lord have stirred thee up against me, let him accept an offering; but if they be the children of men, cursed be they before the Lord." (1 Sam. xxvi. 19.) Come it from God or man, there is yet hope of peace. But when a man has enmity itself to deal withal, nothing is to be expected but continual fighting to the destruction of the one party. If it be not overcome and destroyed, it will overcome and destroy the soul.

And here lies no small part of its power which we are inquiring after; it can admit of no terms of peace, of no composition. There may be a composition where there is no reconciliation. There may be a truce where there is no peace. But with this enemy we can obtain neither the one nor the other. It is never quiet, conquering nor conquered, which was the only kind of enemy of whom the famous warrior complained, of old. It is in vain for a man to have any expectation of rest from his lust, but by its death; of absolute freedom, but by his own. Some in the tumultuating of their corruptions, seek for quietness by labouring to satisfy them, "making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof?" as the apostle speaks. (Rom. xiii. 14.) This is to slake fire by wood and oil. As all the fuel in the world, all the fabric of the creation that is combustible, being cast into the fire, will not at all satisfy it, but increase it; so is it with satisfaction given to sin by sinning, it does but inflame and increase. If a man will part with some of his goods unto an enemy, it may satisfy him; but enmity will have all, and is not one whit more satisfied than if he had received nothing at all; like the lean cattle that were never the less hungry, for having devoured the fat. You cannot bargain with the fire to take but so much of your houses; you have no way but to quench it. It is in this case as it is in the contest between a wise man and a fool, "whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest." (Prov. xxix. 9.) Whatever frame or temper he be in, his importunate folly makes him troublesome. It is so with this indwelling sin, whether it rage or laugh, whether it violently tumultuate, as it will do on provocations and temptations, it will be outrageous in the soul, or whether it seem to be pleased and contented to be satisfied, all is one, there is no peace, no rest to be had with it, or by it. Had it then been of any other nature, some other way might have been fixed on, but being it consists in enmity, all the relief the soul has must lie in its ruin.

—*Owen.*

Every man who seeks to justify himself by works, will loathe the doctrine heartily, and load it with most reproachful names. Yet men reject the doctrine, not for want of scriptural evidence, but for want of humbled hearts. We are not willing to be saved by an election of grace, till we know ourselves, and find our just desert. A furnace is the proper school to learn this doctrine in, and there I learned it. Neither men nor books could teach it me; for I would neither hear nor read about it. A long and rancorous war I waged with it; and, when my sword was broken, and both my arms were maimed, I yet maintained a sturdy fight, and was determined I would never yield; but a furnace quelled me. Severe afflictions, greatly needed, gave me such experience of my evil heart, that I could peep upon electing grace without abhorrence; and as I learned to loathe myself, I learned to prize this grace. It seems clear, if God had mercy for me, it only could be for this gracious reason, because he would have mercy; (Rom. ix. 18;) for every day and every hour my desert was death.

—*Berridge.*

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF THE WORD "WELL" IN SCRIPTURE.

IN A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. GOULDING TO A
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

(Concluded from page 239.)

Furthermore. "Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it." (Prov. xvi. 22.) The Lord Jesus Christ himself is called understanding: "I am understanding." (Prov. viii. 14.) And as he is the true God, so he is the Fountain of life; and, as Man-Mediator, he has life given him for all his sheep. God the Father gave us life in him before the foundation of the world, and this grace of life, as well as the Spirit of life that produces it in us, comes from the Saviour's fulness; so he is truly God, and properly the Wellspring of life to all his family. But this sense is not the meaning, I think, so much as that faculty of our soul called the understanding, and the understanding here spoken of is peculiar to the elect of God, and none else.

The understanding of all carnal men is in darkness; such are ignorant of God and of all divine and spiritual things. It is described by Paul thus: "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." (Eph. iv. 18.) And it is further confirmed by him, the truth of which we know by our own experience, in these words: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) Then, as no natural man has an understanding in the things of God, so none of them have the understanding called the wellspring of life; which leads me now to take notice that,

It is the gift of God wherever it is, and a fruit of the Holy Ghost; only observe: "I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job xxxii. 7, 8.) This understanding that the Holy Spirit inspires into man, or adorns him with, is the understanding that is the wellspring of life, and this understanding is secured in Christ to all his seed; and hence, as the Spirit of understanding is upon Christ, (Isa. xi. 2,) so he is so upon him that we may enjoy that understanding that has life, and eternal salvation annexed to it. As our understanding by nature is in darkness, so it is beautifully revealed they are enlightened. Paul prayed to God that the Ephesians might enjoy it: "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." (Eph. i. 17, 18.) When the eyes of our understanding are thus enlightened, we then begin to see. We see ourselves lost, hell-deserving sinners, in all the filth of both actual and original transgression: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly." (Prov.

xx. 27.) We begin to see the Scriptures : "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." (Luke xxiv. 45.) We see Christ with the eyes of our understanding when they are opened. Before these the blessed Spirit presents him, testifies of him as revealed in the word, takes of the things that are his and shows them unto us, and lets us know all the things that are truly given us of God. He so discovers to us the glory of his person, (being God as well as Man,) so explains to us the everlasting undertaking, the fulness, freeness of his finished salvation for the worst of sinners, that there is everlasting love, undeserved saving grace in God to sinners, which this Christ, the Mediator, can be extended consistent with every attribute and perfection of his nature ; so makes it manifest how God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly, that every thought in the matter of salvation is at last brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. In him all our hopes, confidence, and affections centre and fix ; and here, by thus looking, we get salvation, and are brought into the experience of the image of Christ upon our souls. When the heart shall turn to the Lord, "the vail shall be taken away. Now the Lord is that Spirit ; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 16—18.) There looking, thus seeing Christ with the eyes of our understanding, as also by the eye of faith, we are saved, find guilt, fear, and torment, the curse of the law, the wrath of God, death and condemnation, are removed, and pardon, peace, righteousness, life, and love come. This way Christ takes possession of our heart, and we are besort a meekness for heaven ; and the understanding that the Spirit gives understands this ; it embraces and includes a knowledge of Christ, of our interest in him, and union with him. Only well weigh this passage : "And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness" (or in the hands of the wicked one). "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John v. 19, 20.) And this revelation of Christ Paul speaks of to the Galatians, so far as it respects him as the only Saviour : "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you ?" (Gal. iii. 1.) As the Galatians were heathens and Gentiles, they never saw Christ in the flesh ; therefore when it is said, "Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you," it means before the eyes of their understanding. This understanding that is a wellspring of life to him that hath it, includes such an experience as for us in it to know and understand what God hath done for us, to be able to make it out, confirm and establish it by Scripture, to compare what God has promised in his word to do in his elect with what he has wrought by his Spirit in our own heart ; and

the understanding that is a wellspring of life makes this clearly out to tally and agree, and then we can set to our seal that God is true, upon comparing spiritual things with spiritual; and this is called the full assurance of understanding, and it is spiritual. (Col. ii. 2, and i. 9.) It is also that understanding that is spoken of in the Proverbs: "Get wisdom, get understanding;" "Wisdom is the principal thing;" (Christ, the wisdom of God, formed in the heart the hope of glory;) "therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding." To be able to make it clearly out, to our own comfort and satisfaction, that we have an interest in all his saving benefits, "wisdom is the principal thing; and with all thy getting get understanding." And if we are but diligent in prayer, and watchful thereto, we have the promise of this: "Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." (Prov. ii. 3—5.)

And this is the understanding that has so generally come to the saints by the minister of the Spirit that Christ makes, that Christ gives, that Christ sends, in whom Christ dwells, and by whom Christ speaks, as this passage shows: "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you; and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion; and I will give you pastors according to mine heart," (not heaps to please itching ears,) "which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." (Jer. iii. 14, 15.) And in this saving knowledge, in a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, and an experience of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and understanding, all the Lord's family have the promise of being established: "The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on high; he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness. And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation; the fear of the Lord is his treasure." (Isa. xxxiii. 5, 6.)

This understanding, then, is a wellspring of life, because God the Holy Ghost is the Author of it, the root of it, the fountain of it, the maintainer of it; he feeds it; he is the living Spring that supplies it with all its conception, fervour, energy, or power. And it may be called a wellspring of life, because all that have it are for ever set out of the reach of eternal death. They are alive, and shall live for evermore; while all such as have it not are the subjects of eternal death and distraction. Note the words well: "It is a people of no understanding; therefore he that made them will not have mercy on them, and he that formed them will show them no favour." (Isa. xxvii. 11.) "Understanding is a wellspring of life to him that hath it;" and as this understanding is founded or stands upon the power of God known and felt in the heart, so in this understanding alone can we truly know or understand the Scriptures. They cannot be truly known where the power of God has never been felt in the heart. They may be known by some in speculative knowledge and theory, but not otherwise, as we see in what Christ says, "Ye do

err. not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." For the want of the experience of the latter they know nothing of the former.

But lastly, by *well* is sometimes meant the church of God: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." (Song iv. 12, 15.) This garden is the only fruitful spot in all the world, and every tree and plant in it is of the Lord's own planting: "They shall be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." And says Christ, "Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." What encloses this garden and separates or distinguishes it from the world is God himself: "I will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her." His love or favour: "With favour wilt thou compass him" (the righteous) "as with a shield." God's blessing is a hedge for the protection of his church, this garden: "Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands." And the church may be called a spring, a fountain, a well, because God, Father, Son, and Spirit, dwell in her. Hence the Father is called a Fountain of living waters; Christ the Well of salvation, by which Joseph was such a fruitful bough that his branches ran over the wall; and the Holy Ghost is a Spring of living water, that springs up in her unto eternal life. Where the glorious Lord is a place of broad rivers and streams, his everlasting love in Christ is called the river of his pleasure; but the streams thereof flow to the saints, and make glad the city of God, Mount Zion, or this garden. And whatever love there is to God; whatever peace; whatever righteousness; whatever there is enjoyed of the favour of God; whatever measure of the Spirit; whatever of the presence of the Father is experienced; whatever communion and fellowship with Christ crucified, which is compared to dew and to showers of rain; whatever filial fear, faith, hope, or meekness; whatever life or love, may be found in any in this world, all are absolutely confined to this garden enclosed. And that the church is a fountain, a well, and a spring, the Lord tells us plainly in this passage: "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there; all my springs are in thee." (Ps. lxxxvii. 7.) *All my springs*; then there are none anywhere else.

Thus I have endeavoured to set before you what I understand by *well* in Scripture; and if one word is attended with a refreshing, enlarging, comforting, establishing power; bless God for it, for the excellency of this power, wherever it comes, is of God and not of man.

"We are a garden-walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

"Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

“Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

“Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour, God ;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.”

The blessed Spirit, the springing Well in the heart, is the Author of all our fruitfulness. Our profession must be a dry, barren thing if he does not influence us ; but when he springs, then we are fat and flourishing. Doubts and fears, hardness of heart, unbelief, bondage, darkness, sin, and Satan, fly before this living spring, and up comes faith, hope, love, light, life, joy, peace, heavenly-mindedness, sensible communion and fellowship with both Father, Son, and Spirit ; and here we are at home while these things are enjoyed. This is the day of prosperity, in which we are joyful ; but when left to the temptations of Satan and the working of corruption, then this is the day of adversity, in which we are to consider every grace as a corruption to oppose it. The Shulamite is a company of armies. “That which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and that which is born of the flesh is flesh.” Grace and corruption walk in all the saints, but God has given us a most precious promise : “Sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace ;” and grace shall “reign through righteousness unto eternal life,” in all believers—hope shall reign over despondency, faith over unbelief, life over death, love over enmity, joy and peace over bondage, distress, and misery. God’s power displayed in the heart shall reign over the power of Satan ; meekness shall reign over hardness, humility over pride ; truth shall reign over error ; and light shall reign over darkness. Thus grace shall “reign through righteousness unto eternal life” in heaven. When here, only the earnest of every grace is enjoyed ; there, will be filled and perfected in us. So is Christ’s promise : “I will fill their treasures.” Here they are not full, but there they shall be eternally complete ; and to think of everlasting love, everlasting joy, everlasting peace, everlasting consolation, everlasting righteousness, of an eternal weight of glory, which includes an everlasting fulness of satisfaction—I say the thought of this is precious, but then how much more the enjoyment ? This is a river to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over. As in God’s presence is fulness of joy, so at his right hand are pleasures for evermore ; and therefore as this is a felicity, a river of pleasure without either bottom, brim, or shore, how can it ever be passed over ? No, God will dwell in us and we in God, and that for evermore. Wherefore comfort your heart with these things ; and that we may be kept abounding in hope, and in the confident expectation of his glory that is to be revealed in us in the last times is the least desired by, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in the Lord of all perfectness,

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

H A P P I N E S S.

I have wondered what that good is which God has appointed for the sons of men, what lasting and solid profit a man has of all which he takes under the sun. A Christian, one of the manifested elect, has to turn his back on the world and the flesh; and, if these are crucified, what is there left? I answer, the springs of God are left. On the ruins of terrestrial or earthly pleasures arise celestial or heavenly pleasures.

I have narrowly observed this point, through grace. The general opinion of men is that religion is something melancholy, sour, and severe; and this opinion I used, like other men, to agree in; and it was not till electing grace, on God's part, first broke up this ice and thawed it, that my ignorance gave way, and I was brought to taste of those rivers of pleasure which are at God's right hand, in Christ, for evermore. Rivers of pleasure, say you? Why I heard of a man the other day, ninety-one years old, and he said that his days had been vanity and vexation; and you will find most people acknowledge, when the glare and heat of passion are gone, that they scarcely ever had a cup of unmixed happiness. Where, say they, therefore, are those rivers of pleasure?

It is true there are indeed rivers of pleasure, if the Bible be true?

I have asked the blessed God at several times, in the greatness of my sincerity, to afflict me more, in order to dig, with the spade of sorrow, after those hidden springs. But the answer was, "No, you are afflicted enough; love will do it." In addition to affliction, I have found also, through the Spirit's influences, these five or six things to help me to find out and continue to possess these springs, part of these rivers of pleasure: 1. Bewaring of backsliding in heart, and begging for swift and daily repentance, lest I should be filled with my own ways. 2. Not to regard iniquity in my heart, lest my daily prayers should not be heard. This, through the grace and spirit of Christ, ties me up to perpetual watchfulness. 3. Not to be lukewarm, lest I should be spewed out of God's mouth; lest I should be like a cake baked on one side, that cannot be eaten; on one side doughy; an image of a religion neither fit for God or man; too good for man and not good enough for God; salt that has lost its savour a good deal, fit much for nought but the dunghill. 4. Exercising myself, through grace, to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men, as well as to depend on a free-grace salvation. 5. Through grace, to avoid carnality, which, as a canker, eats into spirituality and produces deathliness. 6. Avoiding worldliness and worldly conformity, which is another canker, eating out the virtue and marrow of felt Christianity in the soul.

Whatever men may say, the above are some of the greater or lesser foxes which eat off the bark and destroy much of the beauty of Christ's spiritual vine-branches.

I know it is called legality, insisting on these things, and that your iniquities have witholden good things from you; but I think, with reverence be it spoken, if these things are not to be spoken of

as fruits of faith or as things that accompany salvation, the blessed Holy Ghost has made a mistake in the penning of the sacred Scriptures.

I find there is nothing staggers my faith so badly as sin. And if any one says he has so strong a faith that sin does not damp it, then let him keep it ; that is, I do not want it.

Look at the godly Mr. Tanner, of Exeter, who says that for forty years he had not a feeling doubt of his interest in Christ. How was he enabled of God to keep his hope so clear? See his journal. Daily repentance, swift repentance, he was enabled earnestly to covet, or else he would have fallen into midnight bondage, more or less, in allowed backsliding in heart ; regarding iniquity in his heart, lukewarmness, carnality, and worldliness. Look at Bunyan. He was so enabled to keep his heart with all diligence, (which our refined Antinomians now-a-days laugh at,) that for one sinful *thought*, "let Christ go if he will," he was shut up in gloomy iron bondage for two or three years.* There never was a day like ours, when there was so much high assurance and such low practice.

Those rivers of happiness and pleasure are not to be got except in the same degree as we are enabled to strive lawfully, to be sound in doctrinal, experimental, and practical godliness ; or, in other words, to have a religion, experienced and felt, as is set forth outwardly in the sacred Scriptures.

If these things are legal, then, as a wise and godly friend of mine, lately dead and now in glory, said last year on his knees in chapel, "then let me be more legal, Lord."

O happiness, thou lovely name, where art thou to be found? Art thou to be found in notion, letter-knowledge, or fancied faith? He that only hath immortality can solidly satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

Happiness must be got in communion with God. Thence, as from that Immortal Spring, must distil down the drops of that precious commodity called happiness : "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." O sacred streams, open to and received by the mouth of heaven-begotten, heaven-indited prayer! Steadfastness, immoveableness, always abounding in the work of the Lord, through the ever-moving principle of a healthy work of grace in the heart, shall not lose its reward in the Lord ; while, "through idleness of the hands, the house droppeth through." Legality or not legality, let me strive, through grace, to walk in all the gospel statutes and ordinances of the Lord gospelly blameless.

* It should be borne in mind that this was a temptation from Satan, and, by the permission of God, was by his infernal malice represented to Bunyan as a deliberate selling of or parting with Christ. It was not a mere passing thought, for doubtless many worse thoughts passed through Bunyan's mind, but it was the power and force of a peculiar temptation. These two things widely differ and should be carefully distinguished. Bunyan himself saw afterwards that it was a temptation, and chiefly from reading Luther on the Galatians.

To put on the Lord Jesus Christ in a free-grace salvation, without my works, and most narrowly to observe the operations of his Spirit in me day by day—be this, through enabling grace, my religion, my happiness, and my glory. Nay, it is so; and day by day I am more or less feelingly soothed, solaced, and overjoyed by it. This is happiness; and I am possessed of it. A great fight of afflictions has ever accompanied it in me, and does now. And, indeed, precious bitter herbs and vinegar I esteem afflictions to be. Were it not for them, through grace, I should be oftener thrown down than I am inwardly, (and, I often fear and dread it much, even outwardly,) through the deceitfulness of sin. God has been gracious to me in providence; and if it were not for the sour and bitter of afflictions, the honey of temporal sweets would cloy and destroy me. O sacred springs and rivers of pleasure, constituting happiness! Is it not a miserable world to me without divine influences? Is not my soul as restless without supernatural incomings from God as the barren land is without rain?

Happiness! say you, do not you ever feel anything else? Yes, I feel so weighed down with a sense of the emptiness of earthly things, and with such storms of lusts of other things, like the thorny-ground hearers, and with such rebellion and stubbornness more or less, to make a heaven here below more or less out of earthly things, that my life is a burden to myself, I am so earthly-minded, which is why I bless God I am afflicted. O were it not for afflictions, I do not know what I should do! I should go giggling, and gadding, and laughing about. "Let thy judgments help me." Indwelling sin makes me wretched. A bleeding, suffering, butchered, unjustly-slaughtered Saviour makes sin bitter to me. I am as weak as water and as treacherous as Satan. And yet the softly-fastening anchorage of hope, softly fastening in God, through the rent flesh of Christ, tenderly jointing there in the everlasting love of God; this, notwithstanding the raving waves of trouble, gives me such a settled calm, that I must needs say, God has done it; and, like Samson's riddle, gives me happiness out of the jaws of destruction.

So that, with a daily cross, much tribulation, and the body being dead because of sin on one hand, and the inshinings of divine love on the other, in this mysterious chequered work, (hid from the eyes of all living but the manifested elect,) this, this alone contains happiness in the seeds and buds. A person possessed of these invaluable, inestimable buds in this life, dying daily to the body and to the world, will have his spirit so made life because of righteousness in Christ, that he will be a wonder to himself. Dull mortality left behind, and sitting with God in heavenly places feelingly in Christ Jesus, the whole glories of God outwardly revealed in the Scriptures, and inwardly thus revealed in his soul, he can with the most divine benevolence shake his hand at all fiends and wicked mortals, and say, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

But let me again, as the fruits of my own experience, say that no one can stand on this ground, except in the same degree as he is crucified to the world and the flesh. Let not any one *otherwise* play

on the hole of the asp and dare Satan to do his worst. O it is a hair's-breadth path! Fresh-contracted guilt makes me as timid as a hare and as shy as a rabbit, instead of being enabled to face it out against Satan and all his roaring and infernal companions. Thus happiness rises, not in a notional Christ, but in One that crucifies the world and the flesh. Thus happiness rises, to the real elect, on the ruins of all worldly and fleshly satisfactions. No one can serve two masters :

“ To follow Christ is to believe ;
Dead faith is but to think.”

“ I have taken some pains to let people know, before I die, that I am possessed of this happiness. And I solemnly declare, in the face of indwelling sin, my bitterest and worst enemy, that in Christ I am often much as happy as if in heaven. This happiness consists only as a manifested elect soul enabled to put on Christ by imputation, (without any of my works,) in a free-grace salvation perfect and complete, and, through love and gratitude, striving to keep gospelly all Christ's commandments. Here is happiness. I came nineteen years ago to Abingdon, and did not know one person in the place, and had only three sovereigns in my pocket ; and I vowed I never again would pollute my conscience by sprinkling another child, by which I forfeited my church clergymanship and worldly livelihood, through the precious fear of God, and went on for years and had not sixpence I could call my own ; and now, unsought by me, God has provided for me amply. With the dawns of heaven in my soul and the eternal weight of glory when dead, is not this happiness ? Yes. I solemnly declare all the worldly and fleshly satisfactions I ever experienced are eclipsed and swallowed up in the dawning lustre of Christ in my soul. I can recommend religion to any one, and set to my seal that God is true. And any one whom he has given an honest and good heart to in the new birth, he will swim, or rather overswim that soul, sooner or later, with celestial pleasures, and make him know what Cowper says,

“ One sight of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.”

This is happiness !

Abingdon.

I. K.

A knowledge or true understanding of indwelling sin, will lead to meekness, compassion, readiness to forgive and to pass by offences, “ Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.” The man who understands the evil of his own heart, how vile it is, is the only useful, fruitful, and solidly believing and obedient person. Let us then consider our hearts wisely, and then go and see if we can be proud of our gifts, our graces, our valuation, and esteem among our professors. Let us then go and judge, condemn, reproach others that have been tempted, and we shall find a great inconsistency in these things.—*Owen.*

WATCH UNTO PRAYER.

Dear Thomas,—Although I never saw you, and it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to put it out of your power ever to see me, yet, what is infinitely more precious, he has opened the eyes of your understanding to discern the unspeakable riches of his grace.

There are but few of us who do not know that it is by “terrible things in righteousness” the Lord answers us ; and though the Lord may not have dealt with us exactly as he has dealt with you, yet I am persuaded he never makes any mistakes, nor ever misses his mark when he sends an arrow of conviction into our hearts. Wherever this is effectual it will pull to pieces and utterly demolish all our vain hopes, and not leave a shred to take one drop of the water of life. It must be a new vessel to contain this living water, a vessel which alone our heavenly Potter can form, and it is called a vessel of mercy made meet for himself, or, in his own language, it is said, “This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise.” Is it not a wonder of wonders that the Lord should pick out you and me out of so many thousands to form us ?

I sometimes find it hard to believe, and yet am at other times more than sure. This is a sweet word, “Who by him believe.” This is the faith which God gives and works in us, and therefore will abide. “It is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom ;” then where is the power that can hinder ? Only let us carefully watch the coming and going of the Lord, and whenever a cloud gathers, do not let us use the language of some who live a lifeless profession, but let us carefully inquire into the cause of every cloud as it passes, and see that the cause is brought to the Fountain open, and we do what was once said to a poor helpless sinner, “Go, wash and be clean.”

There is a spiritual mystery in all our movements when enlightened by the Spirit of God ; his teaching is always to know the rights of things, and to have our evidences clear ; the contrary is a sad sign of a fruitless profession, which always brings sad work for a dying bed.

May the Lord comfort your heart and keep your soul alive ; and do not forget this promise of God, “I will leave in thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.” This name is “Merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.”

From your sincere friend in the Lord,

Sutton Coldfield, Sept. 15, 1852.

J. B.

Christ’s children must not always expect to lean upon his bosom. He sometimes sets them down on the cold, frosty side of the hill, and makes them walk, barefooted, upon thorns. Yet does he keep his eye of love upon them all the while. Our pride must have winter-weather, to rot it.—*Rutherford.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

(Continued from page 246.)

About this time, it pleased the Lord to effect a great temporal deliverance on behalf of my wife, and I felt at the time some little gratitude arise in my breast towards the Author and Giver of all our mercies. At night, after business hours were over, I took down the Bible and opened upon Ps. ciii., and as it began with blessing and praising the Lord, I thought it very suitable for me to read after what had occurred. I had no sooner commenced the 3rd verse, than I was melted down, as it were in a moment, into contrition, and I felt wonderful softness of heart as I read on. But when I alighted on the 9th verse, I was quite overcome. The words, "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever," seemed so big, so full, and so weighty, even to the 17th verse; they seemed all for me. I retired to rest with a breast full of consolation, weeping because my sorrow was turned into joy. I wanted no sleep; my eyes seemed to be, as it were, a fountain of tears; for the precious words of that psalm kept rolling into my mind with such power, especially that verse, "He will not always chide," and the 10th, 11th, and 17th verses. I felt greatly relieved for a day or two; compared with my previous bondage, it was indeed a sip by the way, and I then hoped it was but the beginning of brighter days. As I had sucked so much sweetness out of that psalm, I would be perusing it over and over again, but to no purpose; for the life of me I could not gain those happy feelings which I before realised; and something seemed to say, "You sit in the same posture, the words are the same as you read before, God is the same, and his truth the same, and yet you cannot obtain the blessedness you before enjoyed; sure enough it is all a delusion." With this I readily fell in, fearing it might be sparks of mine own kindling; but I would fain believe now that it was the motions of the Spirit of God operating in my heart, begetting me to a hope in the mercy of the Lord. However, I resisted and set it at nought; the consequence was, I very soon returned to my own sad place, and in my feelings sank lower than ever. The whole "head was sick and the whole heart faint," and in my feelings I was indeed "nought but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores," and there was no soundness in me, being now led to see that "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." I resolved that there should be no more additions to the old catalogue that the law of God had against me. To attain this end I vowed many resolutions, such as checking sinful thoughts, being more circumspect in actions, and keeping up more of an even temper. But I do not remember keeping to one of my vows or resolutions; they proved to be nothing but "wood, hay, and stubble," "when the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall." So that I found,

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

Upon this I was much dejected and cast down, and could see no way whereby I could ameliorate my sad condition. Sullen and gloomy, I was a prisoner in Doubting Castle.

“To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers.”

Everything I now read or heard appeared to make head against me, and under nearly every sermon I was condemned in one way or other. One Lord's Day I heard a young minister deliver a discourse, which was founded upon the prayer of Jabez. I felt it to be truth that he uttered, and in accordance with the word of God, as regarded Bible saints being a praying people; but it cut me up root and branch, for at this time I could not bow the knee in prayer to the Almighty. Viewing him as an angry Judge, it was suggested to me that if I made the attempt I should be struck dead on the spot, for presuming upon that mercy which was only imparted to the “election of grace:” “Reprobate silver shall men call you, because the Lord hath forsaken you.” Viewing myself now as one of those against whom “the Lord hath indignation for ever,” I coveted the worldling's portion, that if I was to be eternally lost, I might have some little respite, at least in this world, to swallow down my spittle. Still having a thought that the root of the malady lay in a diseased body and in low fits of nervous debility, to gain the point just mentioned I said, “I will spend a guinea for once, and try what a physician can do for me in restoring to me my wonted health and vigour.” I accordingly went to an eminent man for his advice; he asked me many questions; among others, he said, “Do you go to church or chapel?” I replied, “To chapel.” He then wished to know how often? I told him twice on the Lord's Day. He said, “Let me advise you to go but once, and during the remainder have an excursion on the water down to Richmond or Gravesend, and get all the fresh air and scenery you can, remembering you have a duty to perform to your body as well as to your soul, and God does not require you to neglect one at the expense of the other.” I, in my turn, also asked him questions, and I elicited from him that I had no bodily disease, but my sufferings arose in a great measure from nervous excitement, produced by gloomy forebodings and wrong apprehensions. So that the design I had contemplated when I consulted him, of making my nest comfortable as regarded this time-state, was entirely frustrated, and I despaired of success from that quarter. However, he wrote me a prescription; and just as I was about entering a medical hall to get it prepared, these words darted into my mind, “Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?” I groaned out to myself, “Ah! Lord, there is, and that is just what I need; the balmy blood of Jesus would heal all my diseases; could I but touch the hem of his garment by faith, I should be whole.”

I have never lost the impression these words made upon my mind; from that time Jesus was set forth the only Way to the Father. I had known this before in my judgment; now it was a

fact revealed to my conscience. While the young men were preparing the medicine, I could discover from their words and actions, that it was something to create animal spirits. When they committed it into my hands, they begged of me to keep up my spirits, and to take a glass of sherry and water every day after dinner as a stimulant, to attain this end. But having no relish for wine nor yet for Sunday excursions, I never put this advice into practice. The bondage wherein I was made to serve was now happily drawing to a close. Many wearisome nights were appointed me, having but little rest ; I was weary in the day time, and when night came, sleep seemed to make itself wings, and I could not grasp it ; so that my bosom companion remarked, that let her wake up at whatever hour she might, she seldom or ever found me asleep. I oftentimes feared to close my eyes, and when I did, I had strange visions upon my bed ; among others, I dreamed that I was sinking into the bottomless pit, and sensibly felt myself sinking lower and lower. And O how glad I was to find it was but a dream ! Gratitude teemed forth from heart and lip to a long-suffering God, who still upheld me in being. This occurred early on a Lord's Day morning. When I got to the place where I attended, the clerk gave out Hymn 527 of Gadsby's Selection. I was standing up at the time, but when he gave utterance to these words,

"The vilest sinner out of hell,
 Who lives to feel his need,
 Is welcome to a Throne of Grace,
 The Saviour's blood to plead,"

I dropped upon my seat with wonder that my case was so aptly described ; and how it encouraged me to hope against hope ! The black cloud that had so long hovered over me seemed to be ready to disperse, and expectation was called forth. I could see now that the invitations of the gospel were addressed to certain characters, and could but believe they were addressed to such as I. "The expectation of the poor shall not perish," was a good word to me ; "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price," was a good word ; and again, "If any say I have sinned and perverted that which was right and it profited me not, he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." I was led to see that God was no respecter of persons : "The Spirit and the Bride say come ; let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

For a long time I waited to be somewhat better, that I might attract the notice of Immanuel. I felt ashamed to come with all my pollution and guilt ; and one of the hardest things I ever met with, was to venture upon the great Physician with the plague of leprosy upon me. But he has said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;" and I now felt some little glimmerings of hope that he would condescend to come where I was, even as

“he must needs go through Samaria” to pick up one of his own jewels. At this juncture of my experience I wrote to my father for the first time, and related to him my longing desires, &c. He wrote me back the following, without any comment whatever: “Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.” Receiving now and then little helps and supports by the way, my desire was to be saved in the Lord’s own appointed way, leaving the time, the manner, and the means entirely to him. I saw that the law was holy, just, and good; that “God made man upright, but he had sought out many inventions;” that though man had changed, God had not; hence the justice of God in executing vengeance on the ungodly. The attributes of Jehovah seemed to shine forth now in all their lustre; and for myself I could feelingly exclaim,

“That should he send my soul to hell,
His righteous law approves it well.”

The absurd doctrine of “claim” was no refuge for me; it would have grieved me to see even one of the attributes of God tarnished or sullied in my salvation.

A little before this I was much tried respecting the confession of sins. Although none could bring a charge against me of an outward character, yet there were sins that weighed heavily upon my conscience which were unknown to any, and such texts as these very much exercised my mind: “Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall have mercy;” and, “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Now I felt that I could as soon die as confess to man some things which had proceeded from my heart against a holy God; and truly, under the consciousness of it, I blushed before the Majesty of heaven. Falling into the company of a good man, who had been in the way for many years, I asked him what he thought of the matter. He said, “If you have sinned or wronged any man, confess your folly unto him, as it is written, ‘Confess your faults one to another,’ as it was with Zaccheus, ‘If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold;’ but if your sins lie solely between your own soul and God, confess them to God alone, begging mercy for Christ’s sake.” As he gave me a “thus saith the Lord,” I felt relieved, and could approach the mercy-seat with a “Behold, I am vile,” with my “mouth in the dust, if so be there might be hope.” Although Satan and unbelief gained an advantage over me for a time in keeping me from where mercy alone could flow, yet I learned one truth, that the devil was a liar, for he did, as it were, place insurmountable obstacles in the way, and seemed to stand by to resist any effort on my part; yet when pressing necessity forced me to secret prayer, he skulked off, making good these words,

“For Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

My proud heart being now somewhat humbled “under the mighty hand of God,” it remained for me to be “exalted in due time,” as

might please his sovereign pleasure; and these words were descriptive of the position I was brought into, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Although I waited a considerable time, the blessing was worth the waiting for, and was highly prized when it came. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; it will surely come, it will not tarry." Blessed be God, the set time was at hand, when he would powerfully

"Say to that ugly gaoler, sin,
Loose him and let him go."

Some thought I should have no deliverance until my mortal career was nearly run out; but God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts. Indeed I had said many times, that not all the good men in the world combined would be able to make me believe that my unworthy name was "written in the Lamb's book of life." Nothing short of the sealing power of the blessed Spirit, brought home with power and demonstration to my heart, would suffice:

"Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That he has chosen me."

I wanted such a proof as poor unbelieving Thomas had; nothing less than beholding Jesus by precious faith as *my* Redeemer would do; and O how graciously did he favour me in this particular!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FRAGMENT BY RUSK.

The occasion of my writing the undermentioned things is as follows: I was told that Mr. Horne, minister, of Grub Street Chapel, told a Mr. Palmer that he believed the children of God never did backslide; and, as far as I can understand, it is brought in this way, that the new nature cannot backslide, and the old nature cannot foreslide; all which appears very plausible, but I must never bring in one scripture to explain away another. If I deny backsliding, it is plain I am wise above what is written, and, as such, stumble at the plain word of God, which stands point blank against me, as for instance, "My people are bent to backsliding;" and "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you;" "I will heal your backsliding," &c.; "Thou hast left thy first love;" "They have forsaken me, the Fountain of living waters," &c.; and indeed I might go on, for the Scripture is full of it. I cannot say but it has exercised me much; for in the first place, thinks I, there certainly is but one affection or heart in man, and going after different objects is backsliding. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart;" "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth;" "I will circumcise their heart to love me," &c.; and "I will bind up the broken heart," &c.; I thought it was the same heart, but bent to

depart or go after idols. Now backsliding may be brought in this way, but it runs foul of many other scriptures; for instance, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Again, How can it be the same heart or affections, to love both God and sin? I never can suppose that vile affections, or inordinate affections, or corrupt, or natural affections, can ever love God; neither can I suppose that those affections that are set on the things of God can ever go after sin; so that I was wrong in saying a Christian had but one affection or heart, and went after different objects, as well as the other, of there being no backsliding. This led me simply to God; and I told him he knew it was not in "him that walketh to direct his steps," and, said I, "Thou hast bid us not lean to our own understanding; and if we lack wisdom, to ask thee." And at last it was impressed on my mind while at work, thus: What does a child of God take his name from? Answer. From the new nature; as a "believer," a "Christian," a "saint," a "friend," "beloved," a "holy people," "sons of God," &c. If a "believer," I must have faith; if a "Christian," I must be anointed; if a "saint," I must be sanctified; if a "friend," I must be reconciled; if "beloved," it is God, "yea, I have loved thee in my heart;" if a "holy person," I must have his Spirit; and if a "son," then I am adopted. All these names spring from the new nature. And what constitutes the most moral man's name destitute of these things? I answer, the old nature; and therefore, says Solomon, "I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy," &c.; from all which I gather, that backsliding is entailed on the person; as for instance, that person who has two natures is bent to backslide. You go to a child of God and say, Can your new nature backslide? Answer. No.—Can your old nature foreslide? No.—But cannot you, a person with two natures, backslide? Yes; to my sorrow.

June 13th, 1806.

If many professors were asked for a reason of their hope, they would be obliged to bring forward what they are doing for God, because they know nothing that God has done for them.—*W. T.*

What reason have you to suggest that your case is singular, when so many have told you they have felt the same? What reason have you to conclude so hardly against yourself, when the gospel speaks in such favourable terms? Or what reason to imagine that the gracious things it says are not intended for you? You know indeed more of the corruptions of your own heart than you know of the hearts of others; and you make a thousand charitable excuses for their visible failings and infirmities which you make not for your own. And it may be some of those whom you admire as eminent saints, when compared with you, are on their part humbling themselves in the dust, as unworthy to be numbered among the least of God's people, and wishing themselves like you, in whom they think they see much more good, and much less of evil, than in themselves.—*Doddridge.*

R E V I E W.

Epistles of Faith. By the late W. Huntington.

It was the firm belief of Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington that Popery would once more lift up its head and become the dominant religion in this country. Both of them were, we know, men of great mental capacity, deep insight into the Scriptures, of which they were most diligent and unwearied students, and endowed, Mr. Huntington in an extraordinary degree, with the gifts and graces of the Spirit of God.

But though they both decidedly maintained that Popery would prevail, yet they as firmly believed its reign would be short. Considering that the witnesses (Rev. xi. 7) would be slain at that period, and taking the "three days and a half" to signify, in prophetic language, so many years, they limited the dominion of Popery in this country to the space of three years and a half.

The concurrence of two such eminent servants of God on these points is the more remarkable when we take into consideration that in their day Popery was at the lowest ebb. In the time of Dr. Gill, Romanism seemed to be almost a breathless corpse; and Mr. Huntington lived in the days of the first French Revolution, when the Roman Catholic worship was proscribed in France, and afterwards when Rome was formally annexed to the French Empire and the Pope was a prisoner in the hands of Bonaparte. To judge according to appearances, there seemed at that time no prospect of Popery reviving from its prostrate, humiliated condition. The cloud which we have seen to gather was then but as a man's hand in the far horizon. Nor was the channel then apparent through which Popery was to enter. External violence, such as a French invasion, was expected to be the means of its conquest rather than internal treachery. But we have lived to see, what might after all have been justly anticipated, that the citadel which could not be taken by storm might be captured by treason. On one point we have long differed from Mr. Huntington. He viewed the Church of England as the great outward bulwark against Popery. We believe just the contrary—that it is its main fortress. John Knox, speaking of the old monasteries and cathedrals in Scotland, used to say, "Cut down the trees, and the rooks will fly away." In England the trees were left standing, or at least only a few outer branches were cut away; and what is the consequence? That the nests are all ready for the Popish rooks when they have driven out the Puseyistic jackdaws. What more can they want? There are the churches and cathedrals all ready for the mass when they have been duly sprinkled with holy water; there are the palaces ready for the bishops and the parsonages for the priests, requiring no alteration beyond pulling down the nursery; there are the tithes to support them, the titles to honour them, the organs and choristers to chant to them, and the bells to ring to them. In fact, they will only come back to their own, for all these were their inventions.

There is such a just and deep-seated antipathy to Popery in this

country, it is so opposed to all those principles of civil and religious liberty which beat in every truly English heart, that it was well nigh impossible for it to come in in its real shape. Popery, as it appears in really Popish lands, such as Spain, Portugal, or Italy, would not be tolerated in Protestant England, at least would not have been some years back. It could, therefore, only come in under a disguise. It could not enter through the front gate, therefore slipped in through the back one; crept down the area steps of the Church of England, and sneaked in through the kitchen door of Puseyism. This plan was tried two hundred years ago. King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud held what is now called Puseyism, and laboured hard to force it on the nation. But the stout hearts and stout hands of our Puritan ancestors, by the favour of God, overthrew their designs, and cut the sinews both of tyranny and Popery in the most decisive and effectual manner.

One remarkable characteristic, however, of Popery is its undying energy and tenacity of purpose. Penetrated to the very core with corruption both in doctrine and practice, it yet does not die of mortal disease. So far from being weakened by age, it gets stronger as it grows older, and is pushing its conquests in all directions. Sixty years ago, it was death throughout France to be a Roman Catholic priest. "Priests to the lamp-post"* was the cry of the mob in Paris and all the great towns. The priests now throughout that large empire control, if they do not constitute, the governing power. In the beginning of the present century Popery was scarcely heard of in England. There were a few old Roman Catholic families in whose private chapels mass was administered chiefly by priests educated abroad; and there were a few scores of French refugee priests who had fled to our hospitable shores from proscription and death. But this mere passive Popery, like a sleeping body, neither stirred nor spoke. It was as torpid as a snake in its hole, or a toad in a cucumber frame during the month of December.

But what a change have we lived to see! The snake has crawled out and is laying its eggs in every corner. Popery has come forth disguised as Puseyism; and there are hundreds of parishes where the doctrine inculcated from the pulpits by young, active, energetic ministers is essentially and radically Popish. Mr. Huntington's view that the Church of England was the outer court which pro-

* At that period there were, properly speaking, no lamp-posts in Paris, but the streets were lighted by a large lamp, or lantern, suspended across the centre of the street from a rope. The sanguinary mob of Paris soon found out that this mode of suspension formed a ready means of hanging on the spot, without judge or jury, a priest or an "aristocrat," or any one to whom the said sovereign mob had conceived a dislike. At the cry "Prêtres à la lanterne," ("priests to the lamp,") the wretched man was seized, the lamp lowered from one side of the street, a noose fastened round his neck, and the lamp drawn up again, by the side of which dangled, in dying agonies, the victim of mob law. On one occasion, as some priests were conveyed to prison in a coach, a man mounted on the steps with a knife in his hand, and stabbed every one either to the heart or wherever he could best reach, so that the blood flowed through the carriage into the street.

tected the inner was justified by the circumstances of his time. Fifty years ago the Church of England was mainly divided into two sections, one the old High Church "Orthodox" party, as they called themselves; the other, the Low Church or "Evangelical" party. These were quite opposed in doctrine, but were on one point fully agreed—opposition to Popery, though on different grounds, the Orthodox chiefly for political reasons, the Evangelical for religious. As types of the two parties we might take Lord Eldon and Mr. Wilberforce, the former the grand supporter of the Orthodox, the latter of the Evangelical party, and each their leader and mouthpiece. But both these parties are well nigh extinct. A new body has sprung up, said to number of positive adherents four thousand clergy, and probably including, besides the main army, an almost equal number of allies, who, though they may hover, as if undecided, on the outskirts of the camp, are really with them in heart.

People wonder sometimes at the progress of Puseyism. But when we look at it a little more closely, there is nothing extraordinary in its growth and progress, at least among the clergy. It is worth observation that it is chiefly the young clergy who are most deeply tainted with its principles, and that this circumstance is the main cause of its extension. There is thus a gradual introduction of it through the length and breadth of the land. The process is very gradual, and scarcely observable, but not less real. Here is a quiet country village, where the old rector dies—a harmless man, whom religion never troubled, and who never troubled himself about religion; or a new church is built in a populous district. Soon a young man makes his appearance with a frock coat down to his heels and a waistcoat buttoned up to the chin, over which peeps a white stock. Who is this? The new rector or the young curate who is come to take possession of the church, and become the pastor of the parish flock. But why notice his dress? What is there in a man's clothes? A good deal, or we should not allude to it. This is the Puseyistic livery, an imitation of the dress of the Popish priest, accustoming the eye and gradually paving the way for the full-blown Popish canonicals. There is no noise nor commotion in the parish beyond a little staring at the new minister. Few care to inquire what doctrine he will preach. Now, if there were a Catholic chapel built and a regular priest sent from Stoneyhurst, the Protestant feeling would be roused, the whole parish thrown into alarm and up in arms; but the new rector comes in without any suspicion being created, and yet is at heart a rank Romanist. He has the ears of the whole place, and without suspicion can advance one Romish doctrine after another till he gradually leavens the parish. And even if the people begin to perceive what is going on, they have no remedy. Of what use is it to appeal to the bishop or the patron, who are both probably Puseyites too? There is indeed one remedy—to leave; but the author of the mischief is still there, who, fortified by the bishop's favour and the laws of the land, can almost preach what he pleases and do as he pleases. Were he a Calvinist, the bishop would try to turn him

out; but he may go to the very verge of Romanism, and stand high in his diocesan's favour. Could Rome devise anything better than this to promote her ends? It is doing for her what she could not do herself; and, if Satan and the Pope could lay their heads together, each of them would say that this was the very best thing that could be done for their mutual interest.

But why should this youth be a Puseyite? A great deal, of course, is due to the example and influence of others, especially the air that he has been breathing lately at the University, which is as much loaded with Puseyism as Manchester is with smoke, or the Scotch mountains with mist. But this would not be of much avail were not the whole bent of the system to exalt the priest. *That* is the grand secret of its success among the young clergy. All men love power and influence. It feeds their pride and ambition. Now every Romish doctrine gives power to the priest. That he is the mediator between the sinful laity and God, is the spirit of all their doctrines. To whom must sin be confessed? To the priest. Who gives absolution? The priest. Who offers sacrifice for the living and the dead? The priest. Who administers every ordinance? The priest. He has the keys of hell and death, unlocks purgatory, and opens paradise. The Lord Jesus is virtually dethroned, and the priest put into his place. Now this is genuine Popery. How can we wonder, then, that a number of youths, as ignorant of vital godliness and spiritual religion as the wild Arab, should embrace a system which, with a magical touch of the bishop's hand, transforms nobodies into somebodies; which takes a raw lad, who in the army would be but a marching ensign, or in the law a briefless barrister, and transplants him into a parish as a privileged dispenser of the favours of heaven? The very man who a few months back hacked and hammered through a University examination, pale as a sheet and dripping to his very fingers' ends, now mounts the pulpit as the only teacher of religion to the people, the only channel of grace, to turn away from whom is to despise God, and in whose assembly not to worship is to commit the deadly sin of schism. Looking at the darkness of the mind of man, and at the bewitching influence of Satan, the great juggler, who does not see that a system which puts a man from the bottom to the top of the tree at one step must be acceptable to the natural heart? A man's good sense may revolt against such absurd intolerance; but every real Churchman is a Puseyite in heart.

Now this is the door through which Popery will come in, if it should ever prevail in this country. In fact, it is in already as much as a thief is in the house whose finger is lifting up the kitchen window. The first step is to preach under a disguise Popish doctrines, and then, when these are generally received, to introduce Popish practices.

The Romish system is a complete chain, the links of which are so connected that the introduction of the first necessitates the drawing on of the second. This is true as regards both her doctrines and her practices; and this makes us view with suspicion the least approximation to one or the other.

One of the worst, if not the worst of Popish practices is, that of **CONFESSION**. This is indeed one of the depths of Satan. "Confess your faults one to another," says James. What faults? Why, where brethren have wronged or misunderstood each other, let them mutually acknowledge their error. On this text has Satan built up the doctrine and practice of confession to a priest of every sin that the penitent can remember. To assist his memory and drag sin to light, the priest is instructed to ask questions of the most searching, and in many cases of the most revolting nature. In Popish countries it is the greatest crime, in some instances punishable with death, to take the sacrament without going first to confession and obtaining absolution from the priest. All young persons must "make," as the term is, "their first communion" when they are about fifteen or sixteen. The questions which the priests are not only authorised but directed to put to young females, are so revolting, we may say hideous, that we dare not allude to them. Now think of our daughters, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, kneeling before a lecherous priest questioning them on topics which their mothers dare not hint at. Shall Protestant England ever submit to see her modest daughters thus profaned under the mockery of religion? But what if the penitent be ignorant of the priest's meaning? Why, he must make her understand him by using plainer language. Or what if, from modesty, she remain silent? She must answer every question under penalty of mortal sin and being denied absolution and the Lord's supper—a prey to a guilty conscience and a disgrace to her friends. The confessional is Rome's chief instrument of power. Here family secrets are wormed out; here every circumstance is traced out which can affect the church. It is Rome's secret police, giving her access to every hearth, and, like a spider, weaving a web round every home. To turn and twist a text of Scripture like that of James into this mighty engine, to seek to destroy female modesty by confession of sin, and to hold in the hands of Rome the domestic secrets of every family, is double-distilled devilism. Now, there are hundreds of Puseyistic clergy in this country who, with the least encouragement from the public, would set up the confessional in their churches. With the setting up of the confessional would come all the intolerable evils which we have alluded to, for there can be no half confession of sin before a man authorised to search your conscience; and then where is domestic confidence or female purity, when English wives are questioned about their husbands' affairs, and English daughters on subjects fit only for a brothel?

Mr. Huntington, in the work before us, has unmasked Popery with a masterly hand. We hope, in a following Number, to furnish a fuller account of the work before us, which is a cheap republication of his correspondence with Miss Morton, a Roman Catholic lady who was chiefly by his instrumentality converted from the errors of Popery; but the following extract will, to those who never read his admirable letters, give a good idea of his cogent and scriptural style:

"The religion of Jesus Christ consists in being a partaker of that faith, which is of the operation of the Spirit of God, of evangelical repentance towards God, and of being born of God; this makes us new creatures in Christ. In Christ Jesus 'circumcision and uncircumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature; and faith which worketh by love.' (Gal. vi. 15, and v. 6.)

"This religion is of Christ, and Christ is the substance of this religion; it came from Christ, and will lead to, and end in Christ; he will own it, and honour it, when all others will appear like 'a garment that is moth-eaten.' A religion of human contrivance is all outside; it stands in 'bodily exercise, which profiteth little;' (1 Tim. iv. 8;) in 'will worship;' (Col. ii. 23;) in 'voluntary humility;' (Col. ii. 18;) in 'divers washings, (Heb. ix. 10;) in 'abstaining from meats;' (1 Tim. iv. 3;) in 'sham fasts;' (Isa. lviii. 5;) in 'making a fair show in the flesh;' (Gal. vi. 12;) in bowing to idols, wafers, and relics, in 'worshipping angels;' (Col. ii. 18;) satins and sinners. Their confidence stands in 'lying wonders;' (2 Thess. ii. 9;) in 'devils' miracles;' (Rev. xvi. 14;) in 'dead men's bones;' (Matt. xxiii. 27;) in 'old wives' fables;' (1 Tim. iv. 7;) in 'observance of days;' (Gal. iv. 10;) in 'priestcraft;' (Eph. iv. 14;) and 'fleshly wisdom.' (2 Cor. i. 12.) And all this by 'philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' (Col. ii. 8.)

"Such devotees perform their devotions as punishments for their sins, which makes it eye-service, performed in the shackles of a slave, in servile fear, after the doctrines and commandments of men. Such devotion is perfect bondage; there can be no joy nor happiness till it be over, and the poor slave slips his feet out of the stocks. Groping in the tombs, bowing to skeletons, and cringing to bones, make professors look more like moles and bats than the 'wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with gold.' (Ps. lxxviii. 13.)"

Our next extract is from a letter of Miss Morton to Mr. Huntington, in answer to some of his inquiries concerning confession and other Roman Catholic practices:

"My soul abhors the remembrance of 'auricular confession.' I am a living witness of this abomination. David 'confessed his transgressions to the Lord, and he forgave him the iniquity of his sin.' I really never felt, when a Catholic, any satisfaction in confessing my sins to the priest, but I have found it in pouring out my broken petitions before God by myself in private. Surely this is a most vile and sinful practice.

"I shall open to you the whole mystery without reserve, as you have questioned me so close on the subject. 'Reward her,' says God, 'even as she rewarded you; and double unto her double according to her works.' (Rev. xviii. 6.) It is a shame for a woman to approach these confessionals; if they were never wise in the scenes of iniquity before, the priest will be sure to instruct them, by asking such filthy and indecent questions that a modest woman would blush to think of. I declare to you that I was confined three days to my bed from my first confession; and thought then I never could have gone to confession a second time, being so abashed and confounded by the abominations that he had put in my head. I was truly terrified at a sinful thought, more from the idea of telling it to the priest than a fear of offending the Almighty God. O what a penance was this! At the same time, when it was over, my cursed pride was nursed, and I was congratulated as being an angel, without a sin on my conscience.

* * * * *

"But if it is mental purity you mean, judge ye of their minds, who, contrary to all the laws of God, of modesty, and decency, are constantly exposed to the filthy and lewd interrogations of such carnal priests; notwithstanding God has fixed a bar of modesty on every female mind, this is perpetually broken through, by putting questions to them on such subjects as the Scriptures declare ought not so much as 'to be named amongst the Gentiles.' (1 Cor. v. 1.)"

POETRY.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN DELINEATED.

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

A Christian (Friend) is one of Adam's race
 Depraved by nature, but renewed by grace;
 No inward principle of good possessing,
 Till favoured with the great imparted blessing;
 Caught at the tempter's will in every snare,
 And born a child of wrath, as others are;
 A willing slave of that Satanic power
 Which smiles with base intentions to devour.
 Yet, heedless soul, he loved his bondage well;
 Secure and thoughtless, on the brink of hell,
 Embraced his chains, obeyed the tyrant's laws,
 A zealous servant in the devil's cause,
 Till once, without design, he chanced to stray,
 (The God of grace and mercy led the way,)
 Beneath an awful hill, where fire and smoke,
 In dreadful torrents, from the summit broke.
 Etna, in all its horrors, can't compare,
 Nor dread Vesuvius equal what was there;
 For Sinai's mount the trembling sinner saw,
 And heard the dreadful thunders of the law:
 "Go, wicked rebel, hence, and die accurst,
 The law condemns thee, and the law is just."
 The Spirit opened to the awakened soul
 The solemn import of the sacred roll,
 And conscience, starting from her heedless stand,
 Appears a faithful witness near at hand.
 Old sins, forgotten long, were now in view,
 Of scarlet dye and deepest crimson hue.
 O'erwhelming scene! where can the sinner fly,
 Unfit to live, yet more unfit to die?
 But die he must; yet Gilead's balm is found,
 And Gilead's good Physician heals the wound.
 Convinced of sin, the soul is led to view
 The matchless wonders pard'ning grace can do.
 "Peace, troubled soul!" the sacred Spirit cries,
 And from the heavenly mansion downward flies,
 Takes his abode where Satan reigned before,
 And, entered once, will never leave it more.
 True faith embraces, though with trembling arms,
 The dear Immanuel, with his heavenly charms.
 The new-born soul with sacred rapture cried,
 "Father, thy law is just, but Jesus died;
 My comfort, my rejoicings all shall be,
 Christ died and rose; he died and rose for me.
 He lives for me; for me he pleads above;
 I'm lost in wonder at Immanuel's love!
 My scarlet sins are washed in precious blood;
 My soul is cleansed in that atoning flood.
 Amazing thought, that God should groan, should bleed!
 Yet none but God could answer sinners' need;
 No other sacrifice could sin atone;
 Dear Lord, 'twas thine, indeed 'twas thine alone."
 Is this the man we saw secure at ease?
 It is; he once was blind, but now he sees.
 Is this the man we saw in Sinai's smoke?
 'Tis he; yet Moses smiled when Jesus spoke.

Is this the wretch that dragged the devil's chain,
 Which galled his legs, yet never felt the pain?
 Thrice happy soul, it is, it is the same,
 He's changed his master now, and changed his name.
 Jesus he loves; he walks in wisdom's ways,
 Learns his commands, and, as he learns, obeys,
 Owns his corruptions strong, his graces few,
 Seeks pard'ning mercy, grace to help anew,
 Goes out of self, his humble soul takes wing
 To Jesus Christ, his Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Armed with his Saviour's strength, against his foes
 Into the field the faithful champion goes.
 The world and Satan join, and find within
 A pow'rful helpmate, strong iudwelling sin.
 But if the Christian's Captain heads the fight,
 His foes retire and take a hearty flight.
 If he alone attempts the dang'rous fray,
 He's overcome, and Satan gets the day.
 Yet if he falls, he also shall arise
 Secure and safe beneath his Father's eyes.
 Thus through the wilderness he bends his way,
 Both in the stormy and the pleasant day;
 Flies to his heavenly Friend in every woe;
 His Friend supports him as he passes through.
 Jordan appears; why should the Christian shrink?
 A heavenly convoy waits him on the brink.
 His Saviour passed the rapid stream before,
 And death's attendant sting is now no more.
 All good is his; the gloomy tyrant, Death,
 Smiles in his face, and asks the parting breath;
 His soul ascends, and finds a blissful place
 In heavenly mansions, thither brought by grace.

David would not have been so often on his knees in prayer, if affliction had not weighed him down. There are, I believe, more prayers in the writings of David and Jeremiah than in any other portion of Scripture.—*Toplady*.

If thy soul yet feareth the difficulty of its own particular case, in respect of the greatness of its sins, and the circumstances thereof, or any consideration whatsoever which to thy view doth make thy salvation a hard suit to obtain, the Apostle saith, "He is able to save to the uttermost," whatever thy case be, and this through his intercession. That same word, "To the uttermost," is a good word, and well put in for our comfort; consider it therefore, for it is a reaching word, and extends itself so far that thou canst not look beyond it. Let thy soul be set upon the highest mount that ever any creature was yet set on, and that is enlarged to take in, and view, the most spacious prospect of sin and misery and difficulties in being saved that ever yet any poor humbled soul didst cast within itself; yea, join to these, all the objections and hindrances of thy salvation that the heart of man can suppose or invent against itself; lift up thine eyes, and look to the utmost thou canst see; and Christ, by his intercession, is able to save thee beyond the horizon and furthest compass of thy thoughts, even to the utmost and worst case the heart of man can conceive.—*Goodwin*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Continued from page 266.)

But as to this faith of assurance, when I had it, as I dare not doubt that I have had it many and many a time, blessed be the Lord, I saw that I could not hold it long, but doubts and fears would presently arise again. Neither am I free from them to this day, though, through the blessing of God, not such distressing fears as I had then.

I shall endeavor to give a few reasons, according to the apprehensions I have, why it should be that I was thus exercised with doubts and fears:

The first reason, I humbly conceive, lies in the sovereignty* of God, who dispenses his grace how, which way, and in what measure he pleases. To some he gives strong faith, to some weaker, as he sees fit.

Secondly. That those who are strong might help those who are weak, that so the whole mystical body of Christ might be useful to the strengthening of each other; wherein the wisdom of God and his goodness wonderfully appear.

Thirdly. That hereby we might be kept humble. It may be he sees something in us that we do not see in ourselves, which is prone to be lifted up; therefore he is pleased to lead many of his dear children on in a secret way of believing, resting, and trusting, that their continual dependence might be upon him.

Fourthly. That we might be the more diligent in making “our calling and election sure,” as we are exhorted. The Lord loves to see his children diligent; therefore, it may be that he is pleased to exercise us, that we may be more diligent in hearing, praying, read-

ing, and searching the word of God; that we might be more diligent in waiting upon the Lord and being found in all the ordinances of Christ.

Fifthly. That we might be brought the oftener to the throne of grace, and be the more earnest with God in prayer. It may be the Lord would not hear of us so often, nor find us so frequent at his foot, if those enemies, corruptions and temptations, and the fears that we find in us, did not engage us to go to him.

Sixthly. More particularly in reference to myself. Why I was thus distressed with doubts and fears is, as I conceive, from the work being carried on in such a gradual way upon my soul. I have heard of some with whom this work of God has been quick and sudden; they have come under the sound of the gospel with wickedness in their hearts, (it may be to make sport, or to hear what "the babbler" will say,) and God has been pleased in mercy to touch their hearts, and they have become new men before they have gone thence. Now the work of God has been so wonderful and evident upon them, that I thought it appeared a work of God indeed. This has made me sometimes desire that the work would begin again, and that it might be quick and sudden; then I used to think that I could better believe that it was a work of God. Thus I would fain have chalked the Lord out a way, but he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;" and it is well for us that he does so, though we cannot always see it.

I remember Mr. Davis's preaching was made of great use upon this account. He would sometimes use this objection, which the soul is so ready to make against itself, "It may be you are afraid that the work of God is not right upon your soul;" (O this used to be my objection often!) "well, what then? Soul, tell Satan, for it is his business to make you question if the work be not right. If you have not yet believed on Christ, if you have not come to him and ventured your soul upon the Lord Jesus for salvation, it is time now to come, it is time now to believe, it is time now to venture upon Christ. Therefore come now, come now as a poor sinner, and throw yourself now in the arms of his mercy for salvation." While Mr. Davis was speaking thus, by way of encouragement to poor doubting souls, I was made to see that coming, believing, and venturing upon the Lord Jesus Christ as a perishing sinner for salvation was a continual work all the days of my life. I have heard of an expression that one Mr. Browning, a great man of God, who was Mr. Davis's predecessor, made use of; and that is, "If ever I have been converted once, I have been converted a hundred and a hundred times." This, through infinite grace, I have experienced something of, that conversion, believing, and coming to Christ, is not only needful once, but as long as we live. But,

Seventhly. Another reason why I was so much perplexed with doubts and fears, I found to be from that sin, lust, and corruption which was so strong and powerful in me, and used to bring a cloud of guilt and darkness upon my soul, so that sometimes I could not see that I had the least light of interest in Christ. Those lusts,

corruptions, and temptations so boiled and bubbled up in my nature, as I said before, that I was carried away captive in my desires, though, blessed be God, I have been kept from the acts. But alas! when I came to see into the spirituality of the law, I saw by the law I was guilty. I used sometimes to think of those words, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

O no one knows what struggles and conflicts I have had about these things but God and myself! Though I cried and prayed to God in secret, yea, and shed a fountain of tears, God is my witness that I could in no wise be rid of them. I have often thought of those words of Christ, where he says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." I thought I could willingly have my right hand cut off, so that I might be free from these temptations. I did not see that it must be cut off by faith, prayer, repentance, and mortification of sin, so clearly then as the Lord has helped me to see since.

Well, what to do I could not tell. It is true the Lord was pleased to give me comfort sometimes, which did a little bear me up and carry me on; but these temptations would soon embitter them, and make me grow disconsolate again, many a day. But at last I came to a conclusion what to do. Well; thought I, I will fast and pray; I will keep certain days in fasting and prayer. I used to think on these words, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." So I used to keep some days in this manner; for this was when I was upon my own hands, and lived by myself, as I did some time.

Thus I went on, until I was resolved to pinch and afflict the body, by not letting it have what was needful. I purposed and concluded in my mind to eat nothing but bread and to drink nothing but water; by this means, so foolish was I, I thought I should keep my corruptions and temptations under. I used to think of John the Baptist, who lived in the wilderness upon locusts and wild honey; I thought that was not much better than my bread and water. Well, I began thus to live, and I thought if I could but get master of myself, and be satisfied to live this sort of life, I should not only keep the flesh, sin, and corruptions under, but I should have a great deal of time to devote myself wholly to the work and service of God, excepting now and then to do something for a little bread; water I could have for nothing.

O what a paradise did I make in my own fancy, and how pleased was I with it! Now I thought I should give up myself to hearing, reading, praying, and meditation; now I thought I should be nothing but spiritual, and my mind wholly taken up with spiritual things. This was not only a desire to live so, but I really designed to do so: yea, and made a beginning, and went on thus for a little time. I remember one day I went to the baker's for some bread, and the baker had just drawn a pot of apples; and being asked if I would

eat some, I durst not; I was afraid to eat a baked apple, because I had purposed to eat and drink nothing but bread and water. But these things I kept to myself; I was not willing that any person should know them.

Well, thus I went on for a little time; indeed I could not go on thus long, though I attempted it more than once or twice. But alas! I could not bear this hard and austere life; it was as great an affliction to me as the Egyptian taskmasters were to the Israelites. Neither could I find that sin and corruption were at all subdued, but were as strong as before. This brings to my mind what I have read of one of the old fathers,* who would devote himself wholly to God, and therefore had a place made for him in a wood, and had food brought him privately, that he might not see anybody, nor hear the noise, nor see the temptations that were in the world, but that his mind might be wholly taken up in reading, prayer, and meditation. But alas! it was not a wood, a cave, nor the most retired place in the world that could subdue sin and keep under those corruptions and enemies that were within; for when he would have his mind taken up with the things of God, he thought he saw a company of beautiful ladies dancing before him; that is, in his mind he apprehended such ensnaring objects present.

But I met with a disappointment. My covenant was soon broken; my purposes came to nothing; and now I could not tell what to do. I saw plainly enough that I could not subdue my own corruptions by any means that I could use. Well, I thought, if I must perish, I must perish; for I saw I could do nothing. Nor could I find any relief in this condition, until I was helped to commit and cast myself wholly upon the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, as a poor sinner, for peace, pardon, redemption, and salvation; and in the Lord's time he was pleased to deliver me from these temptations in a great measure. The Lord helped me to see which way sin must be subdued as well as pardoned, and that is by faith in the blood and satisfaction that Christ gave in his death. I saw, through infinite grace, that there was no way for the mortifying of sin and corruption, but the exercise of faith in Christ crucified for sin, aye, and for my sins. The more I was helped to see this, the more bitter and odious sin appeared to me.

I remember one time when I was at Rothwell, and Mr. Davis was administering the ordinance of the Lord's supper, I had such a sight by faith of the death, blood, righteousness, and satisfaction which the Lord Jesus Christ gave as a sacrifice for my sins, as afforded much comfort to my soul. I saw that it was my sins that plucked off the hair, when he gave his back to the smiters; it was my sins that crowned his head with thorns; I saw it was my sins that pierced his side and made him sweat great drops of blood. O the sight that my soul had of the love, grace, mercy, and kindness of God, flowing through the blood of Jesus Christ, I am not able to declare! I have had many comfortable refreshments in that or-

* Jerome.

dinance, blessed be the Lord, but this was a particular time. O the meltings of my soul! I could not lift up my head during the ordinance; then I could tell what it was to have tears of joy. O how sweet was the love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul at that time, and how bitter was sin made to me! I found it was that which my soul abhorred, and would fain, if possible, have lived without. My soul was made to see from hence that it was nothing but the infinite, pure, free, unmerited grace, love, mercy, and favor of God through Christ, that I must depend upon for salvation and consolation. I thought I could have trampled on that rotten notion of free will. I had tried to do what I could for the subduing of sin and the keeping of my heart above; but alas! I found by experience that I could do nothing, but must be beholden to the free grace of God for all, and therefore will set the crown upon the head of free grace, and cry out, "Grace, grace, from the foundation to the top stone." Well may it be said, "By grace are ye saved." (Eph. ii. 8.)

But,

Eighthly. I may briefly give another reason why I was so much distressed with doubts and fears, and that was, I would fain have proved the truth of my salvation by the measure of my sanctification, which I found to be a very uncertain way. For what sanctification can there be in the soul without faith in Christ, for justification? If the spring of faith in justification be low, I am sure the stream of sanctification must be low also. And therefore to seek in ourselves for sanctification as the evidence of our interest in Christ for justification, is like looking for fruit upon a vine in the midst of winter, or like seeking the living among the dead.

It is true, where there is an imputation of Christ's righteousness for justification, there is an implantation of righteousness for sanctification. These two graces are to be distinguished, but not confounded together, nor yet separated; for where there is an imputation of the one by faith, there is certainly an implantation of the other by the Spirit; and these can no more be separated than we can separate heat from the fire or light from the sun. Whatever sanctification any person may pretend to, if not flowing from faith in Jesus Christ, I am sure it is but dead and legal. Now, for me to look for the truth and reality of my interest in Christ, when my faith is low and my soul at a loss about it; then, I say, for me to look in myself for what sanctification I have to evidence my interest, is but to puzzle, perplex, and drive me out of all hopes.

But the Lord has since helped me to see that the only way for satisfaction of my interest in Jesus Christ is to believe on the word of grace, or promise of salvation, held forth in the gospel to sinners, and then, by looking into myself, to see what fruits and effects this faith has upon my soul in the producing of sanctification; this being the only rule God has given us in his word to prove our interest by, according to those words in James, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." "Show me thy faith without thy works, if thou canst;" as if the apostle should say, "thy faith, whatever faith thou mayest pretend

to, is worth nothing if it have not works, good works flowing from it; but 'I will show thee my faith by my works,' that is, I will show thee the truth and reality of my faith by the inseparable fruit, good works;" or, "Those works, whatever works we may pretend to, if not flowing from faith in Christ, are worth nothing either." So that we see we are to prove the truth of our faith by the good works it produces, and the truth of our good works by the faith which they flow from. O I see what a proneness there is still to be looking into myself for something, whereas it is my mercy to be going out of myself as a naked, empty creature, unto Christ Jesus, held forth in the gospel in all his fulness, as a free and suitable Object to fix and centre my soul continually upon both for salvation, comfort, and consolation!

The next thing I shall give a few hints upon is the great doctrine of election, which I was so much puzzled and distressed about at first. When the Lord was pleased to give me some hope through grace, O how sweet was this doctrine to my soul! My soul could not but stand and wonder, to consider that God should have such a poor unworthy creature as I was upon his heart; that I should have a room and place in God's vast thoughts from everlasting; that he should make choice of me in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, when thousands and thousands are passed by! O that Christ should be set up as my Mediator and Head of the eternal covenant, into whose hand an infinite fulness of unchangeable grace was put by the Father, to be secured and in time communicated to me! This is wonderful, amazing, and inexpressible grace. The consideration of distinguishing love has made me often cry out with Judas, not Iscariot, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" How my soul loved and delighted to hear and read this sweet and soul-ravishing doctrine, and that when I had but some secret hopes of an interest in it! I found that if I could live more in the exercise of faith upon this doctrine of electing love, there was nothing which would so sweetly draw and engage my soul in gospel evangelical obedience as this would. This is that amongst the great train of salvation blessings which will fill the hearts of the saints with admiration and adoration for ever. If electing love, distinguishing grace, and redeeming mercy be so sweet to faith now, when we have but now and then a short glimpse of it, how ravishing, sweet, and inexpressibly glorious must this be to an eternal, uninterrupted vision!

But to draw these remarks to a close, though I might make further enlargements; for what I have here set down are but a few brief hints of what I have seen, felt, and experienced of the work and dealings of God upon my soul. Some things have slipped my thoughts in so long a time, but many of them are still fresh upon my mind; neither had I so clear and distinct an apprehension of these things then as the Lord has given me since; nor have I set down everything in such precise order as I might have done if I had written my experience sooner. But what I have set down of the dealings and dispensations of God towards me, is as near as I can

remember and collect things together. I shall give a few further hints of those points of doctrine that were most affecting and wonderful to my soul, since the Lord has been pleased to reveal himself to me, and they are,

1. The doctrine of *the holy Trinity*. O how wonderful has the consideration of this been, that there should be a Trinity of Persons in the unity of essence, or one God; that three should be one, and one should be three. This was a mystery I found too deep for me to fathom, but I saw it was my mercy to believe it, because it is so full and plain in the holy Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament. (Deut. vi. 4; Jer. x. 10; 1 John v. 7.)

2. The doctrine of *God's decrees*. That God should from all eternity decree in himself whatsoever should come to pass, in his infinite, wise, holy, and unchangeable counsels, which reach from the greatest to the least thing that ever was, is, or ever shall be in time or eternity, yet so ordering them as that he himself is not the author of sin, because his decree offers no violence to the will of the creature. But that which God designed in his holy and wise decree was the magnifying of all his glorious attributes in the creation both of angels and men, the attributes of his love, mercy, power, wisdom, faithfulness, and goodness, in the salvation of elect men and angels; and the attributes of his justice, holiness, and purity, in the deserved punishment of all who perish. O the depth both of the wisdom and counsels of God! how unchangeable are his judgments! and his ways are past finding out. (Isa. xlvi. 10; Eph. i. 11; Acts xv. 18; Rom. ix. 11, 22.)

[We need scarcely add a word to these simple, clear, scriptural, and truly experimental statements; but we wish to commend to the particular attention of our spiritual readers that portion which commences at "Seventhly" down to "Eighthly." The writer has so clearly traced out from his own experience the struggles of the soul under and against sin, the weakness of the flesh, the inefficacy of all creature means to subdue inward corruption, and the true, the only source of gospel holiness, and has at the same time so simply, and yet so clearly, laid out the whole subject, that we think it singularly edifying and instructive.—Ed.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

Many profess to be disciples of Jesus in the name; but what profit is this? If souls have not been sick of sin, alas! Jesus will be a Physician of no value to them. If souls have not seen themselves lost, their state accursed, and their case hopeless and desperate, so that none but Jesus can restore and save them, they will but lightly esteem our Saviour. However precious Jesus is to others, he will be but little regarded by them. They may profess his word, but not being his disciples indeed, they will not continue long; they will only follow him for a season. Ah, poor souls, how soon are they offended! Little things put them to a stand; trifles turn them back. Temptations and trials prove what they are. Other objects engage their affections, and they presently fall quite away, and follow the Lamb no more.—*W. Mason.*

CONSOLATION IN AFFLICTION.

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT, MINISTER
OF THE GOSPEL.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and by the contents I perceive you have not heard of the calamity that has befallen me since I was with you.

The last day of the month of last March two years, I walked to Frant as well as I had been for many years past; I preached there in the evening. Just as I had concluded the service, I felt a numbness attack my toes. I rather wondered what was the cause, but I went down the pulpit stairs, which I could very well do by taking hold of the rail by my right hand. I then sat down on a form below, and felt in an instant the stroke that began at my toes go up the whole of my left side to the crown of my head. A medical person being sent for, I told him it appeared to me to be paralysis; he said he thought so too, and so it has proved. I was taken to a friend's house, where I continued three weeks, for the most part in great bodily pain, but the Lord graciously answering my prayers in bringing his work to light and shining sweetly on my soul, I had a heaven below. It appeared as if I were at the gates of paradise, and for some time expected the angels to be despatched on their message to fetch me. I had experienced many divine manifestations of the love of God in the course of my pilgrimage, but this was greatest, and lasted longer than any before.

It was about three months before I went into my pulpit, into which I can go out of my bed-room without going down stairs. After preaching a few Sundays at home, the friends sent a conveyance and fetched me to Five Ash Down, nine miles from home. I remain lame with my left side, and hobble on at the most a quarter of a mile at a time, and my left hand is useless. I have been enabled to preach for the most part in a regular manner ever since June or July two years; one Sunday at home, and the other at Five Ash Down. The friends have sent and fetched me twice to Sevenoaks, and a place wide off, where I spoke among my old Otford friends. I have been fetched to Frant several times, and hope to attend regularly once a month at Waldron, on the week evening. I have been very weak in my speech most of the summer, but I am now rather better. The stroke of paralysis I had was a heavy one and has left a pressure on my head. I find it needful to be cupped every five or six weeks; my memory is hurt, yet I consider it a mercy I am as well as I am, and am able to preach so regularly and often as I do. Mr. C., of Wadhurst, seven miles from Mayfield, comes to Deptford Chapel. I inquired of him about you; he preached several times for me when I was at the worst. He told me he understood you had been ill. I begged of him to inquire after Mr. and Mrs. B., of Broadway, Deptford; I wish to hear from her more of her soul's welfare.

From the account you have sent, I understand that some of your friends are going to America, some to Mr. C.'s, and some are no

more. Those who are gone to the Lord I am anxious to follow; for I am looking for that blessed hope and longing for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, to be a peculiar people to himself, zealous of good works. Mr. R., who preached at your place, has sunk into a sad state of despondency; I have been over one Sunday, and spoke for him; he is a little better. Mr. V. has sunk very low, and has had a fit, which took away the use of his left side and arm like mine; he now preaches again, but like me is obliged to sit down in the pulpit. I went to Lewes to see him.

Give my love to the friends. It is not likely I shall visit you again. I have a desire "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Thanks be unto God for a good hope. This last visit has been a sealing time, and has made me long to go home to that city whose builder and maker is God. The Lord bless you all. Amen.

Yours affectionately,

Mayfield, Oct., 1832.

WILLIAM ABBOTT.

N.B.—Your correspondent being in possession of a note by Mr. Fowler, who republished the experience of our much-esteemed friend, he extracts a few lines from the same, as it may be acceptable to some who knew him:

"For many years Mr. Abbott preached the gospel at Mayfield, and Five Ash Down, Sussex, and the Lord blessed the word to many sinners, as many still living can testify. By a series of paralytic attacks, Mr. A. was laid aside from preaching for several years before his decease. During his last attack he was much favored with joy and peace in believing, and his speech, which he had long been deprived of, was sufficiently restored to enable him to drop many precious things; among which were the following: 'I know Christ!' 'I know the love of Christ!' and he burst into tears of joy. On being asked if Christ was precious to him, he said, 'Precious! precious! precious!' He left this vale of tears January 25th, 1838."

W. B.

What can be more feeble than the ivy, the jessamine, or the vine; yet these, by the assistance of their tendrils, rise, and are supported, until they sometimes mount as high as the tree or wall that sustains them; so the weak believer, laying hold on Jesus by the tendril of faith, rises into the fulness of God, defies the invading storm, and becomes as a fruitful vine upon the wall of a house.—*Toplady*.

Some of you may ask, "What good is there to be got by going to a place of worship? Might we not as well stay at home and read?" Preaching is an ordinance of God, and "faith cometh by hearing;" and if you get no good by coming, I am sure you will get none by staying away. When people begin to neglect attending the chapel, they will very soon neglect reading the Bible and secret prayer. One will soon follow the other.—*W. T.*

THERE IS NO FEAR IN LOVE.

My very dear Friend,—It pleased God, when I was taking my breakfast in bed on Lord's Day morning, about eight o'clock, to come down upon my soul in showers of blessings. The dew of heaven and the showers of grace came abundantly upon me, producing a frame attended with meekness, peace, love, comfort, unction, rest, and joy indeed. It was nothing less than the crown of the anointing oil, for I felt full with the blessing of the Lord, crowned with lovingkindness and tender mercy. The Holy Spirit in his influence came down upon me as a Remembrancer, leading my mind back to many waymarks and high heaps which I had set up in past days, and led my heart towards the Highway, Christ Jesus, and filled my heart with love to him, while I enjoyed the blessings and benefits of his death and resurrection to a considerable degree. He led me back to the place where he came down upon me as an enlightener and quickener of my soul, when in a moment he convinced me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, showing me my lost, miserable state by nature, which was followed by a cry for mercy. He came upon me in his influence and operation as my witness, as the Spirit of adoption, as the sealer of me up to the day of redemption, and sweetly operated upon my soul as a confirmer of what he had wrought in me for fifty years past; at the same time leading me to look forward to there being fulness of joy in his presence and at his right hand "pleasures for evermore." And, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places," brought to my recollection the field which I entered into when I was a little more than twenty-one years of age, when I sat down upon a bank, and while there a most heavenly influence came upon me, and a sweet persuasion that the Lord was as surely there as he was with Jacob when he took a stone for his pillow, and appeared to him. Many times and places were full in my view where I enjoyed communion with God and foretastes of everlasting rest; many blessings and promises which had been applied to me many years ago were on my thoughts, with a delightful persuasion of not one promise failing. While I looked forward with unspeakable pleasure to the full accomplishment of them, promise upon promise occurred to my recollection, such as, "I will bless thee;" "Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store; blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out;" promises relating to temporal, spiritual, and eternal things; promises that he will perfect that which concerneth me, because his mercy endures for ever, attended with an assurance that there will be a performance of all the things that have been told me by the Lord. I had a sweet view of every chastening being blessed, of every rebuke being in love, of all his judgments being right, and every affliction being sent in faithfulness. Many past trials were brought to mind, and how the Lord had helped me and delivered me; he had done all things well, and all things had worked together for my good. So filled was I with gratitude and thankfulness to God, that his glory seemed to cover the heavens, and the earth was

filled with his praise. His presence so filled my soul, that peace seemed to sit upon everything; and it appeared to me as if God so surrounded us and consecrated and hallowed the earth with his presence, that all around was covered with his blessing. I thought how blessed are all to whom it is given to receive Christ and his gospel; then the curse is removed, Christ, who is full of blessings, is theirs, and "he blesseth the habitation of the just." I seemed to have a summary view of all the way in which I had been led; in the eyes of my mind I had a view of my own chapel, and all the chapels and consecrated places in which I had preached, and the congregations as they appeared when we worshipped; and this thought was in my mind, "O that I could be placed in the midst of them all, declare the things God has done for me, tell them of the peace I enjoyed, wish them the same blessedness, say good-bye, and die!"

All these things I mentioned to that part of my family who were with me and about me. And this is not all; for I felt an increase of love to him that begets and to them that are begotten of him, which is an evidence of having "passed from death unto life." To love another as a child of God, a member of Christ, and as having his image on him, is not of nature, but of grace. I felt the truth of what John says, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."

The message of God to us is, that we love one another. I believe I may safely say I felt and enjoyed the perfection of love, and entered into what John further writes, "There is no fear in love." This is the true spiritual circumcision. "I will," says the Lord, "circumcise thine heart to love the Lord thy God, that thou mayest live." This is the unction from the Holy One which teacheth all things, and the anointing which leads into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and into the secrets of the Lord, which are with the righteous, and into fellowship one with another. The name of Christ is "the Lord our righteousness;" and he is called Jesus, for he saves his people from their sins. This makes his name as an "ointment poured forth;" and because of the savor of his good ointments, we feel a love to him, which none but this altogether lovely One can communicate. I was dissolved with his goodness and melted in his love; I enjoyed a mixture of godly sorrow, true contrition, sweet peace; the oil of joy was upon me. This was a great token from the Lord for good, and something like the latter rain.

This mental vision abode with me about two hours, and then the glory of it began to decline. All came from the fulness of Christ; and the remembrance of it abides, though the first influence has subsided; still I look back upon it with pleasure and thankfulness to the Giver. This frame, I know, is no part of my salvation; that is in Christ; he is all our salvation. In him we are saved at the time. It led me to look back unto him, the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin, bore it in his own body on the tree, and, by his one offering, hath put away the transgressions of his people for ever. It led me to reach forth to the things which are before, eternal glory and

happiness, and to the fulness of the joy there will be in his presence, and pleasures for evermore. This new visitation confirmed in me that experience which works hope. I thought of these words, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" What shall I say more? "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

I have got to the end of my paper, and seem to myself to have said but little compared with the reality. I have not power to set it forth as I experienced it. I send it in love to yourself, Mrs. M., and your family, together with all the brethren. Greet them by name for me.

Leicester, April 26th, 1849.

J. C.

SCRIPTURAL EVIDENCES OF A WORK OF GRACE.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—May a rich supply of grace, mercy, and peace rest upon, dwell in, and remain with you and all that sincerely love our dear Lord Jesus, both theirs and ours, through the powerful operations and gracious influences of God the Holy Spirit, for his sake, and through the aboundings of the everlasting love of our triune Jehovah, who is God over all, blessed for evermore.

No doubt you will be anxiously expecting to hear from me. I therefore, if it were the Lord's will, would attempt to relieve that anxiety, by presenting you with the few following lines, which, though written in much weakness, contain, I trust, the language of my heart, and therefore humbly hope they may be blessed to your soul's edification, comfort, and consolation; if so, our God shall have all the praise and the glory. But before I proceed, suffer me to present you my unfeigned thanks for your very kind and affectionate letter, which I safely received, enclosed in your packet, last week. And above all, please to accept of my warmest gratitude for your very kind inquiries after both my and our dear friends' and brethren's spiritual interests; for indeed, my dear friend, this benighted and God-dishonoring generation makes the words of inspiration truly evident, and at once proves their veracity, where it says, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." But blessed be God, this "all" does not include every one upon the earth; for there is yet a handful of corn on the top of the mountain, whose fruit shakes like Lebanon. God has still his witnesses, and ever will have till the end of time; and where they are found, they ought to be highly prized for their Master's sake. And you, my dear brother, rejoice in the Lord, because he has so highly distinguished you, by placing you among these happy, thrice-happy characters. (See Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.) Their evidences of this their blessed estate are, that they savor much of the things of Jesus, from an experimental knowledge and a feeling acquaintance they have of them; they love a God in Christ, though not as they could wish; for while they are tabernacling in a body of sin and death, sin mars all their enjoy-

ments; nevertheless they do love him, and desire to love him more; they love his dear people, his ordinances; they love to be much at a throne of grace; they hate sin in all its shapes and forms, and groan under its weight; they would live without sin, but find and feel by painful experience that they cannot, for under its extreme pressure they mourn, they groan, they sigh; they feel their own helplessness to extricate themselves; they are obliged, from feeling necessity, to take hold of Christ's strength, which they are sweetly enabled to do through the precious influences of the blessed Spirit of all grace, and the sweet drawings of the Father's love; they know what it is to enjoy pardon of sin, through the reconciling blood of the cross, in their own souls; at times they feel Christ precious, the "chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and with the poet can say,

"Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare;"

they feel that Christ's presence makes a heaven, and his absence a hell in their souls; they dread a treacherous calm more than being tossed upon the waves of sorrow; they fear being left to themselves, for if they are, they know they shall fall, and such is their weakness, that they tremble at the thought; they know wherein their great strength lies. Finally, when Christ is enjoyed in their souls, they then feel, sweetly feel, all their wants, however many, however large, well supplied; for in him they have all and abound; and, having a blessed hope that this precious Christ is formed in their hearts as the only hope of glory, may they not (yea, they do at times) rejoice and triumph in him as the God of their salvation, their strength, their refuge, their high tower, and their exceeding great reward?

Thus you see, my dear brother, I have named a few, out of many evidences, of a real disciple of Jesus, an Israelite indeed. "He is a Jew," says the voice of inspiration, "who is one inwardly," and the true circumcision is that of the heart. It is, my dear friend, a great, a blessed thing to be a true Christian, for then Christ is ours, life is ours, death is ours, all things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. O thou blessed of the Lord, here is a security: a rock within a rock! O then, "let the inhabitants of this rock sing." These are the true salt of the earth, the handful of corn on the top of the mountains; and, blessed be God, these are his living witnesses, who can and do witness to his faithfulness, his long forbearance, his goodness, his mercy, his truth, the unchangeableness of his will, his love and mercy, the blessed reality of religion known and felt in the soul, the happy effects it produces, and the glorious result: "Hence," says the beloved apostle, "there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all that love his appearing." Theu, O then, my dear brother, suffer me to join with you in praising and admiring the exceeding riches of sovereign and discriminating grace; for, I humbly trust, snatching us as brands from the everlasting burnings,

and giving us a place amongst these his despised children, better than that of sons and daughters.

Probably you may think me rather presuming with respect to myself; but it is to God that searcheth the heart that I can and do appeal to testify of the sincerity of my soul, for he it is, and he alone, who knows my soul's conflicts with sin, Satan, and the world; a three-fold enemy, which, aided by the vile corruptions and desperate workings of a wicked and deceitful heart, I have daily, yea, constantly to contend with; and it is only as I am enabled to keep close to a throne of grace, that I am able to stand. But, blessed be God, he has, according to his word, kindly upheld me till now, and I trust he will till my latest breath; for it is the desire of my soul to live and walk according to what the blessed gospel of Christ inculcates. It is thus the Lord keeps me dependent upon him for every mercy I enjoy; it is thus I have been taught to know, and trust I do know, the inestimable worth of prayer, and by waiting upon him, and by him leading me thus, he has renewed my strength from time to time; by which, together with the renewal of the blessed manifestations of his lovingkindness to my sin-burdened soul from time to time, he has so established me in his blessed truth, that, through grace, I trust I know whereof I affirm; and I can assure you I have learnt it by painful experience.

I write thus to you, my dear brother, because I know you are an old soldier in Christ's cause, and therefore require good strong wholesome meat to feed upon; for I know in laying down evidences of a real work of grace in the heart, in order that the dear weaklings of God's flock may not be wounded, but be strengthened, it is necessary to follow them down to the lowest traces; for I truly am a living witness, let who will discard the doctrine, that grace has very gentle and gradual beginnings sometimes; yea, the illuminating influences of divine grace, in some instances, are so imperceptible, and dawn upon the soul in such a manner, that no account can be given by the subject himself of the beginning, neither as to the time, place, when, nor how; and all the account such dear souls can give is in the language of the blind man of old, "whereas I was blind, now I see." This sight, communicated to the soul by the blessed Spirit himself, first exposes to their astonished view the evil nature of sin and the vileness of it, then the broken law of God, which it hears pronouncing its curses upon the breakers of it; till at length the same Spirit that at first showed them the evil of sin and its direful consequences, carries on the work, and leads it to Christ for peace and pardon; a sense of which, in its measure at first, is in general according to the height of distress a law-work has had upon the mind of such. But then this work is still carried on till the soul grows into the knowledge and stature of a man in Christ. These dear souls require to be dealt gently with.

But I find time forbids me to proceed. I do not name this for any other motive than to show you the way the Lord has led me, which I trust has been a right way, and to evince my love to all God's dear flock, the weak as well as the strong. May the Lord

carry on his blessed work in our souls, and perfect it in realms of immortal felicity, for his precious name and mercy's sake! May he bless your labors still more and more, to the furtherance of this work in the souls of his dear people, and to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom! Blessed is your employ; therefore go on, my dear brother, and may the Lord the Spirit clothe the word with power! Thus may the dear people of God and yourself rejoice together, and his name in all things be glorified.

I trust the Lord is with us at our little Zion; we go on very peaceably and comfortably. Our friend and brother still preaches to us the good old truths, so much despised in this dark day. O my dear brother, pray for him, pray for us, pray for me! and O may the Lord grant us answers to our prayers, and bless us all with the overflowings of his grace, that we may live in his fear, die rejoicing in his love, and reign with him above for ever!

I remain, yours affectionately in gospel bonds,

Bedworth, July 21st, 1823.

G. T. C.

Your trials are always of the wrong kind. "O," you say, "if they had been any others, we think we could have borne them." But if you had the choice of your own crosses, they would do you no good. You would not grow under them. As God has to make them work for your good, so he must choose them.—*W. T.*

Spurn me not away, O Lord, from thy presence, nor be offended when I presume to lay hold on thy royal robe, and say that I cannot and will not let thee go, till my suit is granted! (Gen. xxxii. 26.) O remember that all my hopes of obtaining eternal happiness, and avoiding everlasting, helpless, hopeless destruction, are anchored upon thee; they hang upon thy smiles, or drop at thy frown! O have mercy upon me, for the sake of this immortal soul of mine! Or if not for the sake of mine alone, for the sake of many others, who may on the one hand be encouraged by thy mercy to me, or on the other, may be greatly wounded and discouraged by my helpless despair! I beseech thee, O Lord, for thine own sake, and for the display of thy Father's rich and sovereign grace! I beseech thee by the blood thou didst shed on the cross! I beseech thee by the covenant of grace and peace into which the Father entered with thee for the salvation of believing and repenting sinners, save me! save me, O Lord, who earnestly desire to repent and believe! I am indeed a sinner, in whose final and everlasting destruction thy justice might be greatly glorified. But O if thou *will* pardon me, it will be a monument raised to the honor of thy grace, and the efficacy of thy blood, in proportion to the degree in which the wretch to whom thy mercy is extended was mean and miserable without it! Speak, Lord, by thy blessed Spirit, and banish my fears! Look unto me with love and grace in thy countenance, and say to me, as in the days of thy flesh thou didst to many a humble supplicant, "thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace."—*Doddridge.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH MY SOUL.

(Concluded from page 283.)

After my captivity was turned, a young minister whom I used to hear preach told me that he frequently besought the Lord that he would cause him to be instrumental in bringing me into "the glorious liberty of the gospel;" but in this he was disappointed, for God appeared to me quite apart from the ministry or the outward means of grace. "His own arm brought salvation."

It came to pass one night as follows: I had been informed, a few hours previously, that certain individuals had gone to testify before the people what God had done for their souls. I felt a spirit of jealousy come over me. I had seen many much younger in years than myself brought to a knowledge of the truth, while I had waited a long time for the "troubling of the waters;" and though I felt at times as if my turn was come, yet another and another "stepped in before me." This much dejected me, and I said to myself, "Surely it will never be my happy lot to say, 'Come hither, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'" After business hours were over, I retired in secret, as my custom was, to peruse the word of God. I had been somewhat profited and edified by perusing the lives and experiences of the patriarchs. It fell to my lot that night to be reading Judah's supplication to Joseph on the behalf of Benjamin. Upon this my understanding was very much illuminated; it appeared as though scales fell from my eyes, and I could discern a wonderful depth of spiritual matter in Judah's powerful plea, "If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever." But when I came to the next chapter, where it is said that "Joseph could not refrain," but "wept aloud," I was overcome with a look from him of whom Joseph was a type:

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

As soon as I had recovered from the effect which was produced by that one beam which emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, I read on to these words, (and that was all I could read for that night,) "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life." While memory lasts I shall never forget the light, the glory, and the power which accompanied those words, "I am Joseph your brother." It was the personal application, "*your brother*," that suited me so well; nothing less than that would do. With these words peace flowed into my soul like a river; my heart melted like wax, and wondered to feel its own hardness depart. None were permitted to stand with me while he made himself known unto me as my salvation.

"Envy, and lust, and pride depart,
And all his works I praise."

How my heart glowed within me while he opened unto me the Scriptures: "I am Joseph your brother." What a volume was here opened up to my astonished view! Here I beheld the "Brother born for adversity," even Jesus, who appeared before me with love beaming in his eyes and pardon in his hands. Faith was now imparted, whereby I could behold him as my God, my Friend, my Portion, and my All. O how his precious blood flowed into my conscience in copious streams of mercy and lovingkindness! Not only did the fountain bring pardon, peace, and reconciliation, but it bore away into the land of forgetfulness everything that had pressed down my spirit, such as the wrath of God revealed against unrighteousness, the requirements of the law, the accusations of conscience, the insinuations of the adversary, the terrors of a God out of Christ, and the enmity of the heart. All these things fled before the Redeemer; when I looked for my accusers they had taken their flight at the sight of Jesus of Nazareth, and I found myself freed from all their power while I held communion with the Friend of sinners, of whom I was indeed the very chief. He gave me to see that by my sins I had sold him into Egypt; that I was made upright in Adam, but through pride had fallen from my native innocence into ruin and degradation; but as he had become my Surety, had espoused my cause, and was related to me by indissoluble bonds, he must needs lay aside his bright robes and be born into the Egypt of this world; ("out of Egypt have I called my Son;") that as I had broken the holy law of God in thought, word, and deed, he came to restore that which he took not away; ("he magnified the law and made it honorable;") that as I was all unrighteousness, he had worked out a garment that would cover all my defects from view, and that by virtue of his active obedience being now imputed to me, he could present me without spot or wrinkle before the Father in love, and (how astonishing, yet true!) that the law was none the worse for my disobedience, through his all-prevailing merits; ("this is his name whereby he shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness;") that as I had actually sinned both in body and soul, that same body and soul must suffer for sin; ("forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same;") that as my sins were against an infinitely holy Being, nothing short of infinite perfection could satisfy the insulted majesty of heaven, and for this cause he must needs take human nature into union with his divine, very God and very Man; ("for such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;") that as, through the fall, I had become perfect weakness, and had opened my heart freely to the assaults of Satan, and he had usurped all authority to himself, and not only tempted, but carried me hither and thither as permission was granted him, so must Christ be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and be "tempted in all points like unto his brethren, yet without sin," that he might be able to succour those who are tempted, destroying the works of the devil, condemning sin in the flesh; that he must suffer hunger, thirst, and persecution, and have not where to lay his head, in order that there should be no

spot to which his brethren might be brought but what he had been in before them, that he might be a merciful High Priest : " In all their afflictions he was afflicted : "

" Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 " He knows their feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same. "

" He learned obedience by the things which he suffered. "

He then led my wondering eyes to Gethsemane. My sins had merited eternal wrath, but he having become my Surety, my heavy debt was placed to his account ; and never before did I see and feel sin to be so exceeding sinful as at that time, when he began to be sore amazed at the tremendous storm of wrath due to his people, but which was poured out upon his righteous soul without measure, when he endured all the hells which the election of grace must have suffered had he not stood in the breach : " Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him ; he hath put him to grief ; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin. " Who can tell a thousandth part of the sufferings of the Lamb of God when he was pressed to the earth under the vindictive wrath of God against sin, when " he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, " when horror took hold of him ?

" Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay. "

" Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. " O Christian,

" If sin affects thee not with woe,
 The Spirit of Christ thou dost not know. "

The cup that Jesus drank up was bitter indeed. Now to the cross, by faith, I sped my way, and beheld him hanging on the accursed tree ; and how I wept to think that it was my sins that nailed him there ! There justice drew its flaming sword, and pierced his sacred side, and rent his heart with anguish : " Awake, O sword, against thy shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow. " Here he hung a spectacle to angels, men, and devils ; justice demanded payment in full, life for life. Here he fought with the powers of darkness single and alone. Here he experienced the hidings of his Father's face : " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " But what invaluable blood flowed in his divine atonement ! how it suited my guilty conscience ! how it made all things within calm, and, blotting out the hand-writing that was against me, brought with it full pardon, peace, and joy in believing.

" O thou bleeding love divine,
 What are other loves to thine ?
 Theirs a drop, and thine a sea,
 Ever full, and ever free ! "

Now I knew what it was to joy in the God of my salvation, yet grieve for grieving him. He did not chide me, but said, " Be not

grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life."

"The Father sent the Son to die ;
The willing Son obeyed."

Here I saw the three-fold cord which cannot be broken, the Father's love in choosing many sons and daughters to inherit eternal glory ; the Son's love in marrying his Hephzibah to himself, undertaking to bring her out of all her pollution, sin, and shame, clothing her in raiment clean and white, that she might be a vessel of honor fit for the Master's use ; the blessed Spirit's love in his quickening the heirs of glory, in his leadings, and at last guiding them to their haven and their home, there to exult and praise a Triune God. When the Spirit came he led me into all truth, sweetly testified and took of the things of Jesus, and revealed them unto me. The incarnation, the life, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Son, were revealed with invincible power to my heart ; and what made it so glorious and grand, it was all for me.

"And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Now could I enter fully into the words of dear Hart :

"Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

"Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
And worship love divine ;
Thus may I always be devout ;
Be this religion mine."

Truly I lay prostrate on the ground, bowed my head, and worshipped a Three-one God for the wonderful love, mercy, and grace so richly displayed towards a guilty rebel. How long I continued in that position I cannot say ; but it was long enough to have my leprous soul washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and for life and immortality to be brought to light in my heart ; it was long enough to be taught those things which I have been enabled to pen, and to be rooted and grounded experimentally in all saving doctrines of the gospel and in the Trinity, and to believe that to save our souls the three Persons in it were all concerned ; it was long enough for me to have a faith's view of Christ Jesus the Lord, and to be firmly persuaded of his Divinity :

"That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers."

He told me there was a needs-be for him to speak roughly to me by his law, by rebukes, and by chastisements, in order that I might

highly appreciate his lovingkindness and tender mercy; that he had led me to see and feel the malady and enormity of sin, in order that I might glory in him as the great Physician, ("The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;") that it was by virtue of union with him that vanity and vexation of spirit were stamped upon all things which I should have gone in quest of; that he hedged up my way, in order that I might seek for true pleasure in time to come; ("In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore;") that it was he who brought me off from self-righteousness, and taught me that, were it possible for me to begin to live in conformity to the holy law, yet there was original sin committed when I fell in Adam, my federal head and representative; that boasting must be excluded; ("It is not by works of righteousness which we have done;") "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.") He told me that all I had passed through was by divine appointment; that he had led me about and instructed me out of his law, that I might, when his purpose was brought about, "rest from the days of adversity;" that it was he who had made me to acquiesce in my eternal condemnation, and brought me to feel guilty before God, and to be so tender towards his honor as to feel an unwillingness to be saved at the expense of justice or to the sully of any of the attributes of Jehovah, but that, by virtue of his obedience and death, he could be both a just God and a Saviour; and that he had made an end of sin and brought in an everlasting righteousness.

When I arose and stood upon my feet, I sensibly felt the absence of my former burden; conscience ceased to condemn, it having been purged with precious blood. I looked round for my enemies; some were drowned in the fountain, but not all, for I have found since that some fled to their strongholds and to the mountains. All within was hushed into a calm; the smiles of a reconciled God gladdened my heart. I lifted up my eyes on high, but perceived no black clouds; the heavens were clear and serene; the stars shone resplendently upon me. I looked upon the earth; all things seemed to set forth the handiwork of God in creation; everything appeared beautiful in its season; all family connections were endeared to my affections; father, mother, wife, children, and friends were viewed as gifts from the Father of lights: "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." When the day dawned, I could see God in everything; I even admired the grain of some boards which lay before me; the variety, the simplicity, the greatness, and the grandeur of the works of the Lord were then surveyed by me with delight: "Old things passed away, and all things became new."

I was absorbed in contemplating the change that had come over me, when the time came that I must attend to business affairs. My thoughts were miles away from secular matters. It sometimes occurred that if an individual asked for a certain article, I gave him a different one; if they asked a question, I answered with something quite foreign to the point. I thought of keeping all that had hap-

pened to myself, and saying nothing about it ; but as I was walking with a friend one Lord's Day morning, I asked him if it were possible that God could reveal himself to a soul apart from the means of grace, so as to bring pardon and peace into the conscience. He answered in the affirmative, and said he had known several instances of it. Then being pretty full, I opened my heart to him, and I think it made him very glad, for he was telling first one and then another, until it was pretty well known that such a one was brought into the liberty of the gospel. Then nothing would do but I must be proposed for membership, and by the help of God I was in some humble measure enabled to "give a reason of the hope that is in me" with meekness and fear, and to pass through the despised ordinance of baptism.

The Bible now appeared a new book. Oftentimes previously it was a terror ; now it was full of consolation, and all manner of ripe clusters appeared to my view : "Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." I sought for my sins, but could not find them ; in my apprehension they were drowned in the depths of the sea of God's everlasting love. I now well understood the sweet singer of Israel, where he calls upon inanimate things to praise and bless the name of the Lord, though before, to reason, it seemed absurd. These things to the natural man are foolishness, but very plain to all who are brought into the way of understanding.

I was now by my friends likened to the young man who was newly married, who was not to go out to war for a whole year, but to abide at home, to live in joy, peace, and felicity. Some said they hoped I should continue thus for a year ; others doubted it ; and so it proved ; for I gradually felt the withdrawals of the sensible presence of God. O with what tardy steps did I leave the mount of communion to grovel in the dark ; it was as though a prince should leave his throne and sweep a crossing ; as though a queen should lay by her robes and act in a menial capacity. Yet I was obliged to submit : "There is none that hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit ;" and "none can keep alive his own soul," "Not by might, nor by power ; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I was not taught this on the hills of Delight, but in the valley of Humiliation. Now that the rays of the Sun of Righteousness were eclipsed in my soul, I had enough to do to make out my signs. What with indwelling sin, cursed unbelief, and the power of the enemy, I had much ado to keep Christ in view, who was now "formed in my heart the hope of glory." Yet I found there was a needs-be for the change ; faith must be tried, hope must cast anchor, and every grace of the Spirit must be called forth. The warfare had now commenced against "spiritual wickednesses in high places ;" the whole armor of God must be put on, not for a vain show, but for use, against external, internal, and infernal foes. Although the fact of my deliverance was disputed, and that often, yet the impression could not be effaced ; it came with such divine sealing that no trial or temptation has been able entirely to erase the earnest of the inheritance from my mind.

“ How high a privilege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiven ;
 To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heaven !

“ To look on this when sunk in fears,
 While each repeated sight,
 Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
 And makes temptations light !”

And now that it may please the Lord, by his almighty power, to make manifest more of his jewels, who are now lying in the ruins of the fall, and to translate them out of the kingdom of Satan “ into the kingdom of God’s dear Son,” that many more sons and daughters may rise up to call him blessed, is the desire and prayer of,

NATHANIEL.

When traitors are condemned to die, it often happens that the king will spare some one at least, and hang the rest. And this act of grace may be shown to one or more, without a charge of injustice to those that are hanged. One has cause to bless his prince, while the others have no reason to complain. And shall not the sovereign Lord of all, be allowed to act in the same manner towards his rebellious subjects? Must his hands be tied up, that he cannot do what an earthly prince may justly do, show mercy to some offenders, without injuring the rest? This is hard indeed! But God will not be fettered by the cobweb cords which human pride has weaved for him. He will have grace to give, and justice to inflict, and will be glorified in both.—*Berridge*.

Did the patriarch Abraham enter at once into the hearty enjoyment of spiritual things, and discover his full and complete salvation in Christ? Ah, no! The Lord led him by the right way to the city of habitation; but the Lord did by him, as the Lord does now by Abraham’s seed; carry them about, and exercise them by various exercises. The Lord had said to him: “Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.” But in the same chapter we read, that at the going down of the sun, Abram fell under a deep sleep; and lo, a horror of great darkness! (Gen. xv. 12.) Yes! Though there was no Mount Sinai of terrors from the broken law of God opened and proclaimed in Abram’s day; yet there was in his soul, and in the soul of every one convinced of sin, what was tantamount to it; even “blackness, and darkness, and tempest.” For when God the Holy Ghost carries conviction to the heart, the regenerated child of God stands in himself condemned and guilty before God; and until Christ is revealed in all the glories of his person, and the infinite fulness and suitability of his almighty deliverance of his people from sin, and all its tremendous consequences; the patriarch Abram, no more than the writer of these lines, or any other of the children of promise, can enter into the divine freedom of the gospel.—*Hawker*.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE J. KEYT.

My very dear Friend,—Your kind, instructive, and savory epistle of the 28th of last month came safe to hand, and its contents proved to be more precious than rubies in more respects than one. It found me in a drooping and disconsolate state of mind, being much cast down and tried, both within and without; as Mr. Hart describes,

“Weak of body, sick in soul,
Depressed at heart, and faint with fears;”

having been sorely tried by temptation, by inbred corruption, and by much darkness of soul.

Thus I had for some days been tossed with a tempest “and not comforted,” inwardly mourning and ready to conclude, with Judah’s afflicted king, that I should see the Lord no more in the land of the living, but go on at this sad rate all my days, in the bitterness of my soul. Just at that juncture I heard a very encouraging and experimental sermon from these words, “The righteous shall never be removed;” the preacher was a country minister, of the name of Warburton. The next morning your affectionate letter came to hand, and was like the dove that came to Noah with an olive leaf in her mouth; yea, more, for the anointing unction came with it, producing sweet peace and refreshing to my troubled mind. This gracious favor I knew came from the ever-blessed Comforter, by its effects, for every reviving mercy comes from God alone and invariably leads to him again; and thus it was with me, for I am now somewhat like the poor Gadarene, sitting at the Lord’s feet, clothed with humility and with peace, the work and effect of righteousness imputed and imparted, and in my right mind. I have, my dear friend, through the tender mercy and favor of the Most High, found the source of true happiness, or rather it has found me, and have drunk of its refreshing streams times without number, and can say from the heart,

“Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?”

But O this wandering heart! how apt to slide back, and to be unmindful of this life-giving Fountain, from whence all true happiness flows! I have frequent cause to sigh, “My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!” Yet notwithstanding all these wanderings and “many defilements,” as you observe, “this work cannot be blotted out;” for I find in my soul, in the saddest hours, a continual longing and panting for the living fountains and the river of divine pleasure, which draws my heart out in earnest breathings after fresh manifestations of the love of God; so that in these seasons of absence I cry with David, “Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee,” &c. But after all, I am at the best a very unskilful soldier, without either strength or courage, unless the banner of everlasting love is displayed, and the dear Spirit of God is pleased to shed this precious love abroad in my heart. Thus

I find it in every fresh engagement with the enemies of my soul; for I am as weak, as helpless, and as insufficient to stand in the conflict as ever, notwithstanding all the deliverances God has wrought for me; and daily feel the truth of the Lord's words, "Without me ye can do nothing;" but when he is pleased to put forth his strength in my weakness, I can withstand every foe.

I rejoice to find that your heart is inclined and moved to go hither and thither in search of the scattered sheep in this dreary wilderness, who are in general counted as the offscouring of all things, and are reckoned as the outcasts of Israel. These are sure to discover a real beauty in the feet of such as bring good tidings, and publish that peace which Christ has made by the blood of his cross. And may the Almighty bless and prosper you in this and in every other branch of your high vocation and calling, for of a truth such ambassadors of peace are now more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir!

I am much depressed in spirit respecting the probable loss of our house of prayer, and in pondering over the gloomy prospect that presents itself in reference to our once-favored hill of Zion, where the God of Israel has assuredly recorded his covenant name. But now, alas! it appears as if the glory of the Lord were going to depart from the threshold of the house, while the poor despised remnant that are left are, according to outward appearances, to be scattered like outcasts, whom no man cares for. The mourning prophet, in Lam. ii. 8—10, describes the sad portrait of the captivity of Zion in his day; and ours at Providence seems to be a parallel case in many respects; while the adversaries are rejoicing at our calamity, and scornfully reproach us, saying, in effect, "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" However, "They that hate Zion shall be desolate." Yet surely there must be some grievous backslidings that have procured all this forsaking, as well as in Jeremiah's days. But here I must lay my hand upon my mouth, feeling my own baseness, helplessness, unworthiness, coldness, and heart-wanderings; for these things and many others I loathe and abhor myself, and often wonder at the goodness, mercy, and long-suffering patience of the Almighty to me-ward. Yet have I frequently drawn an inexpressible sweetness from these words, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy!" and indeed, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not," especially towards such a worthless worm as myself. At the same time I see and feel a bright beam of this rich mercy shining in the passage you quote from, (Jer. ii. 2, 3), "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals," &c.; and it produces at times a strong consolation when the spirit of faith persuades the mind that he will never forget nor forsake his inheritance, that his love is everlasting, and that his truth and faithfulness endure unto all generations.

It is true that my privations are many to what they once were.

My temporal concerns are, at length, adjusted to the entire satisfaction of each creditor, though I was for conscience' sake to give up that which cost double the sum I owed; and thus I have been cast entirely upon the good providence of God for every supply. Although the "brook Chereth" seems to be drying up, still the Fountain continues to flow, and the "Lord Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and he will supply the necessities of his own people, both spiritual and temporal, for he is the Saviour of the body as well as the soul, and both share in the blessings of his goodness.

At the time your kind epistle came to hand I had been occupied in reading a pamphlet, just published by one T. L. S., which caused some perturbation in my mind. In this tract the author holds up the Providence-connexion to scorn and contempt, as the basest community of professors in the land, as being devoid of common honesty; a set of deceitful workers and base hypocrites. But it is evident to me that his aim is to erect a pedestal on which to display himself; and as he has now commenced as a preacher, his plan is to draw away disciples after him. Like Goliath, of Gath, he struts about in printers' armor, and challenges the whole or any individual to single combat; but as no one has entered the lists against him, he vaunts himself, though I have no doubt he is inwardly galled by their silence, for they hold their peace, and have not yet answered him a word. This attack is adding affliction to our bonds, and is helping forward the calamity; therefore we may well weep and hang our harps upon the willows. But yet we cannot forget Jerusalem, nor be, as you observe, "enamoured with every fresh 'lo, here!' and 'lo, there!'"

I anticipate the pleasure, if it please God, of hearing you at least once more in the old spot, though it is the gracious presence of the Most High, and that alone, which consecrates the place and makes it holy ground.

Please to remember me in Christian love to all friends, if I have any in Cranbrook besides yourself, for whether known or unknown, I am a companion of all them that fear God. I must request you to excuse my sending this poor scrap, but your kindness has constrained me to make my thankful acknowledgments. Besides, by this communication I feel my mind relieved of part of my burden, finding but very few in this sad day to whom I can without reserve disclose the various sensations of my heart.

I remain, my beloved friend, most affectionately yours,

London, June 6th, 1833.

J. KEYT.

[We always take a peculiar pleasure in inserting Keyt's letters. He was one of the choicest of Mr. Huntington's hearers spared to our day.—Ed.]

There are three kinds of straits in which Satan aims to entrap the true believer; nice questions, obscure scriptures, and dark providences.—*Gurnall*.

REVIEW.

Epistles of Faith, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Morton, a Rigid Papist.
 By William Huntington, S.S. London: T. Allman, 42, Holborn Hill. Price One Shilling.

(Concluded from page 290.)

POPERY may well be called "the masterpiece of Satan." Its singular adaptation to man's fallen nature, its flexibility, its deceptiveness, its subjecting to its dominion and casting into its peculiar mould every mind which submits to its influence, its pride, prejudice, and bigotry, its persecuting, demoniacal enmity against the saints of the Most High, its perversion of the word of God, its lying miracles, its gaudy pomp and show, its hardening, searing effect on men's consciences, the licence it gives to sin, and its undying hatred to the gospel—all these features stamp Popery as the masterpiece of that Enemy of God and man, who combines the subtlest intellect with the most infernal malice. . As a divine influence accompanies the gospel when it is made "the power of God unto salvation," so a Satanic influence accompanies the doctrines and practices of Popery. Of this we see daily instances in those who are justly called perverts. Men of the highest, acutest, and most logical intellect, believe the lying legends of Romish saints, invented in the dark ages, and put their pretended miracles on a par with those in the Scriptures.* Men, who previously shrank from the least approach to falsehood, no sooner embrace Romanism, than they outvie even Papists themselves in Jesuitical equivocations; and those who once stood forth free men, no sooner crouch at the feet of a priest than they sink into the most abject bondage, not daring to read, or inquire, or examine on which side truth or error lies. All these circumstances show that a peculiar influence accompanies Romanism, which will account both for its daily spread and amazing power.

All error, like common slander, is either based on truth, is mixed with truth, or passes current for truth. It would not otherwise get into circulation. Who would take base coin unless it resembled the true? The way to get a lie believed is to mix a dash of truth with it. A naked lie soon dies of cold and starvation; but a lie clothed with the garment of truth finds many a house to take it in, and almost becomes one of the family before it is exposed and turned out of doors. So with the doctrines and practices of Popery. They are so based on truth, mingled with truth, or dressed up in the garb of truth, that their deceptiveness does not at first sight appear.

* There is now a lying fable current in France, and accredited by the Pope, about the Virgin Mary appearing at Salette, near Grenoble, to two children, and giving them a certain message. The invention of this fable has been traced up to an innkeeper, who wanted to bring customers to his inn, and sell, as miraculous, bottles of water from the well near which the Virgin was said to appear. This lying tale has just been imported into this country, and indulgences have been issued by the Pope for the pardon of the sins of those who worship this divine "Virgin of Salette."

Take, for instance, the institution which is making great progress in this country—that of monasteries and convents. On what truth is this institution based? On separation from the world, its ensnaring pleasures and employments, and entire devotedness of body, soul, and spirit to God. What can seem better at the first glance? If the salvation of his soul is and ever must be to the awakened sinner the main concern of life; but if, from the weakness of the flesh, he is overcome by the temptations of the world; if prayer, meditation, searching the Scriptures, Christian conversation, nurture the life of God; if solitude, fasting, hard labor, seclusion, be means of subduing the rebellious lusts of the flesh—if these premises be true, who can well deny the conclusion, that a monastery is the very place where every grace and fruit of the Spirit may best flourish, and sin be most effectually repressed and subdued? It was on these principles, apparently so scriptural and true, yet really involving radical error, that monasteries and nunneries were founded. See how truth and error are mixed together in these principles. To be separate from the world is good; it is a divine precept and truly Christian practice. But to come out of the world in spirit and to come out of the world in person are two different things. The apostle has settled this point, 1 Cor. v. 10; “for then must ye needs go out of the world,” which a Christian is not called on to do, but to continue in it in person and calling, though in heart and spirit separate from it. God looks to the heart. One man may go out of the world into a monastery and have his heart full of it, as indeed it must be without the grace of God; another may continue in the world and yet by grace be utterly, in heart and spirit, separate from it. But these blind guides know no other way of coming out of the world than shutting a man up in a monastery, like a prisoner in a penitentiary, and no other way of crucifying the flesh than spare diet and a cat-o'-nine-tails.

It is foreign to our present purpose to trace out the rise and progress of monastic institutions. A few words, however, may not be amiss on this point.

It was some time in the middle of the third Century that, during the Decian persecution, (A. D. 252,) men called Hermits* arose in Egypt. These men, of whom one called Paul† was the most distinguished, fled from the persecution to the stony deserts of Upper Egypt, where they dwelt alone in caves, spending, or rather professing to spend, their time in prayer, meditation, maceration of the body, and what they called communion with God.

As error, superstition, and self-righteousness gradually increased,

* The word is properly “Eremites,” which means literally, “inhabitants of the desert.”

† Paul the Hermit, a very different character from his namesake, Paul the Apostle, lived in a lonely cave in Upper Egypt, more like a wild beast than a man, for about ninety years, where, according to the lying legends of the day, he wrought miracles, defeated Satan, subdued every sin, and rose to a sort of semi-angelic state—the *ne plus ultra* of Roman Catholic sanctity.

so did the number of these hermits, or anchorites,* as they were sometimes called, of both sexes, until a monk, named Antony, in the fourth Century persuaded some of them to form themselves into a community, and to live together under certain fixed rules. This was the origin of monasteries, which spread with amazing rapidity, first over the East by the disciples of Antony, into Italy by Athanasius, and into Gaul and the West of Europe by Martin, Bishop of Tours, towards the close of the fourth Century.

We should not waste words upon this subject were not England threatened with an inundation of monks and nuns,

“Eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.”

These lazy drones were well broomed out at the time of the Reformation, and their hives overthrown. Such an exposure was then made of their flagitious practices and crimes that they were driven away amidst the hisses of the nation. But of late years their number has fearfully increased, especially nunneries, and there is every symptom of their rapid and continual multiplication. Almost all our Catholic aristocracy educate their daughters at these nunneries, and a practice is prevailing of immuring the younger sisters whom it is inconvenient to portion in marriage, in these wretched institutions, where they, for the most part, drag out a miserable existence.

The monastic orders have always been the strongholds of Popery; and just now, when Rome is pushing her forces in all directions, she establishes, wherever she can, monasteries and convents, as so many advanced posts and fortresses in which to concentrate her strength. Humanly speaking, nothing can or will stop Rome in her projects to re-conquer these isles but the force of public opinion. Laws and enactments cannot do it, nor can Government or the Houses of Parliament. Rome can easily elude or baffle all their opposition. But enlightened public opinion, which now really governs this country, and, to a certain extent, influences the whole of the continent, Rome cannot withstand. This public opinion can, however, only be formed and extended by means of the press. Hence the value of all those publications which unmask and expose Popery. It was Luther's writings which, under the blessing of God, gave it such a deadly wound in Germany and brought on the Reformation. His powerful preaching was heard by comparatively few, but his pungent writings, full of the keenest wit and simple manly eloquence, penetrated the length and breadth of the land.

We want this bold, energetic, and enlightened spirit now. As a nation we seem half drugged from the wine cup of the Babylonish harlot. The most glaring instances of bigotry, tyranny, and superstition, which in any other sect would rouse the whole nation from one end of the land to the other, are passed by almost unregarded. Were any other denomination to inmure young women in convents,

* The word “anchorite,” or more properly “anchorete,” signifies one who withdraws himself, that is, into the desert, out of the world.

detain them there, willingly or unwillingly, prisoners for life, deny all access to them from relatives and friends, except in the presence of a spy of their own party, appropriate all their property, confine them in close dungeons if disobedient to certain arbitrary rules, and throw a veil of impenetrable darkness over all their proceedings,—were any other religious body to do all this, what an outcry would fill the length and breadth of the land. The police would break in the doors, the mob would be ready to tear down the walls, the magistrates would meet, the Houses of Parliament would interfere, and such a storm of public indignation would rise that all would be swept before it. But Rome, trusting to her ancient name, and relying on her thousands of zealous and steadfast adherents here and abroad, may dare anything and do anything,—insult the Queen, laugh at Parliament, entrap heiresses into convents,* besiege dying beds to sweep into her coffers the only support of the widow and fatherless, burn Bibles, and persecute, where she can, those who read them; and when she has done the most infernal deeds, neither repent nor confess them, but glory in them, as done for the honor and interest of the only true Catholic and Apostolic Church.

But look at the basis on which all monastic institutions rest. It is avowedly to devote body and soul to the service of God. But how can this be done without grace? What blindness and folly to think that going into a convent can win the favor of God, procure the pardon of sin, cast out Satan, overcome the world, or subdue the evils of the heart.† Let them fast, watch, mumble prayers, macerate their bodies, wear hair shirts, scourge their backs, keep their midnight vigils, their early matins, and their late vespers; let them wear their miserable apparel till filth and vermin rot it off their flesh; let them kneel and confess and receive absolution again and again; and let them wear out a miserable life in their gloomy cell,—will all this servile drudgery bring them to heaven? Can all these human contrivances mortify or subdue one sin? The rage and power of indwelling lust will break through all these self-devised inventions, as the foot of the traveller breaks through the gossamer threads of the autumn meadow. Where in all this wretched monkery is grace, the blood of the Lamb, faith, hope, or love, and the teachings of the Holy Ghost? If this be the way of getting to heaven, Christ has died in vain, and works of human merit are the ladder of salvation. The whole principle is wrong, root and branch, taken under its most favorable aspect, and assuming that in this country the convents are free from immorality. But knowing what human nature is, and what man can and will do when temptation and opportunity combine, and a shroud of darkness covers

* The Hon. Mrs. Petre has just sold property to the amount of £250,000. As she is a nun in an English nunnery, the whole of this immense sum falls to the convent. It is in this way that funds are obtained to spread Popery in this country.

† That part of the experience of Joseph Perry in our present Number, to which we have called our readers' attention, is very much to the point on this subject.

all deeds, we need not wonder that a convent now may become what they undoubtedly were at the time of the Reformation—little better than a brothel.

Public opinion should, therefore, be enlisted against the existence and increase of nunneries in this country; and this is the main reason why we have travelled out of our usual domain to dwell on the subject, and why we recommend the work at the head of the present article.

Miss Morton was a young woman whose father attended the ministry of Mr. Romaine, and she was therefore, of course, brought up a Protestant; but being a governess, and finding her deficiency in the French language, she went to Boulogne to attain it, and boarded there in a convent. It was there she was converted, or rather perverted to Popery; but returning to England, she was induced chiefly by curiosity to hear Mr. Huntington, whose ministry fell with great weight on her mind. She therefore wrote to him a long letter, which he answered in an epistle of equal or greater length. A further correspondence ensued, which was eventually published in the "Epistles of Faith." The edition which we have thought desirable to notice is a cheap reprint, and will amply repay reading. Mr. Huntington's letters are weighty and his arguments clear and powerful. He seems to have had a clear and remarkable insight into the nature and spirit of Popery, and has attacked it with scriptural weapons, mingling the whole with that peculiar vein of wit and humor which makes his writings so pungent and lively. The letters of Miss Morton are, of course, inferior to his; but there is in them a good deal of curious and authentic information about nunneries as they existed at that period, and they are probably little altered now. The following extract will give a good idea of Mr. Huntington's keen and powerful pen:

"As for the 'holy Catholic Church,' I read of no such church in the Bible, nor you neither; it is a name that the disciples of Christ have nothing to do with. The grace of faith, the word of faith, and Christ the object of faith, must all be in a man's heart, if ever he be saved. The word 'Catholic' is stuffed into the Common Prayer Book, but what have the saints of God to do with that?"

"God never tells me to approach him with any creeds, nor with any forms of prayer of human composition. A man must 'know his own sore, and his own grief,' (2 Chron. vi. 29,) and pray by the Spirit, if he prevails with God.' The holy Catholic Church that you contend for is national, which the church of God is not, nor ever was; for though Israel were all called God's people, yet the promises were applied to none but the remnant of his heritage. All the world, if they choose, may belong to your church. Christ's kingdom is not of this world; he takes them out of it, as he did the elect Jews, one of a city, and two of a tribe.

"The whole world is said to wonder after the beast, but 'not the elect of God, for they are not of it, but are chosen out of it; as it is written, 'My kingdom is not of this world; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me' out of it; but your Catholic Church consists of whole nations; thieves, robbers, murderers, persecutors, haters of God, whore-mongers, mockers of God, burners of the Bible, and makers of idols,—all are members of the Catholic Church. Pray what became of the church of God for 4,000 years before the dragon gave the Pope his 'power, and his seat, and great authority?' (Rev. xiii. 2.)

"Is charging the word of God with errors, a sign of a holy church, when Christ says his word 'is all right to him that understandeth, and shall never fail or pass away?' Is blotting out the second commandment and many other parts of the Scriptures, and introducing their own fables instead thereof, a sign of the true church, when God threatens that man with all the curses in his book that does it, and with no part in it that takes a word from it? (Rev. xxii. 18, 19; Deut. iv. 2; xii. 32.) If he be threatened that adds a word, or diminishes a word, what damnation shall they be thought worthy of that burn the whole? Were not the King of Judah, his servants, and all Israel sent into captivity for burning Jeremiah's roll? Are not these the men that 'take away the key of knowledge?' that enter not into heaven themselves, and hinder others? Is it not 'life eternal to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?' And can we know him without the Bible? Does not 'faith come by hearing, and hearing by the word of God?' Are burning the saints, hanging of them, drawing them to pieces with horses, devouring them with wild beasts, blowing them up with gunpowder, and cursing them with bell, book, and candle, any characteristics of the church of Christ? Are a bloody inquisition, racking upon the wheel, persecuting with fire and sword, extorting confessions that no understanding can comprehend, and which they themselves can never explain,—I say, are these the weapons that Christ furnished his disciples with, to convert souls to the faith of the gospel?"

"If the whole word of God declares that there is but one Mediator, one Advocate, one Intercessor, and that God sent Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, and all their company into the pit alive for wanting to multiply mediators, and rebukes Aaron, and smites Miriam with leprosy, for interfering with the one Mediator; what shall we say of them who have brought in saints of God's making, and saints of their own canonising, angels, men, and women, as intercessors, mediators, and advocates? God has set up his son Jesus Christ upon his holy hill of Zion; but who set up all these?"

"When Christ says, 'Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you,' (John vi. 53,) does it imply that the Son of God is to be turned into a wafer? And when Christ says, 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,' (John vi. 63,) does the Saviour mean that the mumbling over a few words by a blind priest, shall turn or transubstantiate a wafer into what Christ calls 'Spirit and life?' It is the Holy Ghost that quickeneth: 'The words that I speak, they are *spirit*, and they are *life*.' Shall a juggling priest turn a wafer into immortality and eternal life? If Christ's expressions of 'eating his flesh and drinking his blood' are spirit and life, does he mean that so gross a substance should be turned into divinity? If the Saviour's meat and drink be an entertainment for the bowels, instead of the mind and conscience, a body thus fed should never die. 'This is the bread that came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die.' (John vi. 50.) But by eating his flesh and drinking his blood, pardon, peace, and eternal life are meant, which are procured by his death, and conveyed to the soul by his Spirit; and that is the entertainment that you want at this time: and the soul that is thus blessed and fed shall never die the second death; nor shall a final separation ever take place between God and such a happy soul."

"Are such relics as the tail of an ass, the splinters of a cross, the milk of a woman, a bit of a stick at the bosom, the bones of dead saints, and the tricks of living ones,—I say, are these the ornaments of Christ's church? Does not God command us not to 'seek the living among the dead?' Did not our Saviour cast the legion of devils out of the crazy Gadarene, that he should grope among the tombs no more? and did he ever do it till the devil was in him? Did not the angels rebuke the pious women for peeping into the Saviour's tomb, telling them that he was risen, that they might be 'begotten again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead,' and not settle their hopes in a grave?"

The cold water of persecution is often thrown on the church's face, to fetch her to herself, when she is in a swoon.

POETRY.

"I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE."

I struggle on through mire and clay, A gloomy night, and long for day; Oft fearing too I've miss'd the way, And pant and sigh;	Gird up thy loins, be not afraid; Trust on the promis'd strength and aid; Help on a mighty Friend was laid For such an one.
With weary feet and burden'd heart, And sounds and sights which make me start.	The narrow way in hope pursue, The sure word -strive to keep in view;
And grieve, and cry, and mourn apart, No brother nigh.	Thou shalt behold, with rapture too, The glorious Sun.
But look, my soul! a cheering wind Dispels the cloud, and straight behind Its parting mists, so clear, so kind, The Day-star shines.	O yes! the sun at length will shine, Gladden thy heart with warmth divine, And prove his blessings all are thine, And well repay
It is the path! my soul, take heed, 'Tis tribulation, helpless need; 'Tis mire to hate, 'tis faith, not speed, Behold thy signs!	Thy pains and trials, pangs and griefs; Thy only hope be chief of chiefs; Thou'lt then recount his sweet reliefs Throughout the way.
Press forward still with fix'd intent; Though weak through pain, with trouble bent, 'The day's at hand, the night far spent. O blissful day!	E'en now, as back I turn my eyes Across the valley of my sighs, I faint discern the outline rise Of that bless'd hill,
The mark's in view; then courage take; The Day-spring from on high will break. Hold on, my soul, though faint and weak,	Where I sat down refresh'd from toil, And thank'd, and bless'd, and prais'd awhile, And could on former troubles smile; Soul, onward still.
And watch and pray.	D.

The abuse of doctrines is no argument to prove the doctrines themselves are hurtful. The blessings of Providence are quite as much abused as the doctrines of grace; yet none reject the providential blessings because of their abuse. If all my countrymen were drunkards and gluttons, this would be no argument for my rejecting food and liquor, but a good caution to use them temperately. And if those who profess the doctrines of grace should all agree to wear them as a cloak for wickedness, this would be no reason for my rejecting the doctrines, but a strong caution not to wear the cloak myself.—*Berridge*.

He is a skilful limner that draws to the life, though life itself can never be drawn. Some resemblance of life there may be, the cast and colour of a living face, but no breath; like painted fire, no heat; or the picture of a man running, without any motion; he is fixed in his first step; you will always find his feet where your pencil left him, standing in a running posture. Thus it is with many professors; they are as pictures hung upon a wall, dressed up in all the formalities of religion. You would take them to be real Christians; they have a name to live, but are indeed dead, without any living principle of grace to animate and quicken those forms, filling them up with true and real holiness.—*T. Cole*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“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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THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH PERRY, IN THE DEALINGS OF GOD IN A WAY OF MERCY TO A SINFUL CREATURE.

(Concluded from page 299.)

The grace of *redemption* has been wonderful and affecting; I mean the consideration of the way which God himself, in his infinite wisdom and grace, found out for the recovering of lost man from that fallen state which by sin he had plunged himself into; and that this must be by the Son of God coming out of his Father's bosom into this world, assuming our nature, taking upon him our sin, yea, and being made sin for us, bearing our curse, standing in our place, shedding his blood, pouring forth his soul unto death, as the great atoning Sacrifice for sin, that so he might redeem us from sin, the curse, hell, wrath, and eternal misery, by his fulfilling the law in his holy life, and satisfying offended justice by his meritorious death. (Eph. i. 7; John iii. 16.)

The grace of *justification*, when the Lord was pleased to lead me into it, and give me some comfortable hopes of interest, was very sweet and wonderful; for I believe God had really been at work upon my heart some time before I had a clear distinct apprehension of it. But when I came to see that the matter of my acceptance as righteous, in the sight of a holy and pure God, was alone by the pure and spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, which he wrought out in his own person as God-Man Mediator, in his active and passive obedience, actively fulfilling the law in his holy and sinless life, and passively suffering the penalty, the wrath of God, that was due to us for the breach of it; and so working out a complete, perfect, justifying righteousness, which when the Lord helped me to believe was, by a pure act of grace in the Father, imputed, made over, and accounted to me as my own, apprehended, received, and laid

hold upon by faith, as the only ground and foundation of my acceptance and justification, both of person and performance before God, it was great and unspeakably wonderful to my soul. (Rom. iii. 21, 22, 24.)

The grace of *sanctification* was a sweet grace too, though indeed I saw, and still see, so much weakness and imperfection of this grace in myself, as that I find continual cause with shame to lie in the dust of self-abhorrence. But when the Lord helped me to see that the Lord Jesus Christ is "of God made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," O then I saw that Christ was made not only righteousness for justification unto me, but he was made righteousness for sanctification also! I saw it was my privilege, in all my approaches or drawings near to God and enjoying communion with him, to have my eye fixed upon that holiness, purity, righteousness, and sanctification that is in Christ for me; and however weak and imperfect this is in myself, yet in Christ I see it is always full, perfect, and complete: "That no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." And sure I am, whatever others may pretend to, that the only way for the abounding of the fruits of sanctification in my soul is to fix the eye of faith upon Christ's righteousness, purity, holiness, and sanctification, as the fountain from whence it must spring to me. (Hos. xiv. 8.)

Again. The grace of *adoption* has often been, through infinite mercy, very sweet to my soul. The consideration that I, who was such a vile, sinful, polluted creature, should, by an act of pure grace, be made a son of God; that I, who was the child of wrath by nature, even as others, should be invested, installed into the privileges of a son; this I saw was grace indeed. Those words have been very sweet to me in 1 John iii. 1, 2, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." I saw that it was from pure love in the Father to me. I saw by this grace that I stood related to God as a child to a father, and therefore was invested with all the privileges of a child. Those words in Rom. viii. have been wonderful, "If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." I thought, what could I or any other creature desire more than to be an heir of God, an heir of all good, the fountain of all happiness, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, which he cannot inherit without us. O grace, grace indeed! "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." (1 John iii. 1; Eph. i. 5; Rom. viii. 17.)

The grace of *regeneration* was wonderful too; that the Lord should call me by the power of his grace, that he should open my eyes and let me see what a miserable, undone, perishing creature I was as I came into this world; and not only so, but should let me see what beauty, preciousness, and suitableness there was in Christ Jesus for

salvation. O that he should draw out my soul in such earnest desires after him that I could not be satisfied without him! O that he should bring me under the sound of the gospel, and not only so, but cause me to hear it, and not to hear it only, but to know the joyful sound of it. That he should pluck me as a firebrand out of the burning; that I should be "brought out of the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son;" that Christ Jesus, his person, glory, righteousness, and excellency, should be revealed to me for salvation; O the consideration of the distinguishing nature of it has been wonderful to me; that God should take me from all my relations, who were all involved in Popish darkness; that the Lord should bring me out, and reveal his Son in me; that he should break my "heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh, and put his Spirit within me, and write his law," the law of grace, the law of love, the law of faith and obedience, "in my inward parts;" and his fear, not a slavish, but a childlike, godly, filial fear, according to the promise of the new covenant! I thought indeed there was none that received Christ but who had cause eternally to admire the grace of God; but if any, I thought, had cause to admire it more than others, surely I had; and O that I could admire it more. (John iii. 3; Col. i. 12; Ezek. xi. 19.)

Again. The *final perseverance of the saints* has been and is very sweet; that the Lord should not only begin this good work, a work of grace upon my heart, but that he should stand engaged to carry it on, and to complete the work which he has begun, by his word, oath, covenant, and promise, unto the day of Christ; therefore it is said, "The righteous shall hold on his way;" and, "They that believe shall be saved; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand;" "All that thou hast given me," saith Christ, "have I kept, and lost none, but the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled;" "This is the will of him that hath sent me," that is, the will of his Father, "that of all those which thou hast given me I should lose nothing, but raise it up again at the last day." And many other passages show how impossible it is for any of those who were given to Christ, or have believed on him, to perish. O this has been comfortable indeed and sweet to me! (John vi. 39; Phil. i. 6.)

Neither can I easily pass by the consideration of that soul-ravishing doctrine of the *union of the two natures*, divine and human, in the blessed person of the Mediator, a favor not vouchsafed to the angels. He did not take upon him the nature of angels, but the nature of the seed of Abraham. And again, "the children being partakers of flesh and blood, he," that is, the Son of God, the Second Person in the Trinity, "himself took part of the same," and so became the great "Immanuel, God with us," or God in our nature; not by changing the divine nature into the human, nor by changing the human nature into the divine, nor by confounding these two natures together; but the divine nature, that is to say, the Second Person in God, did, in the fulness of time, really assume a human body and a reasonable soul in the sanctified womb of the Virgin

Mary, very flesh, blood, and bones, as we are, yet without sin; because his conception and birth were not after the ordinary generation of men, but by the miraculous power of the Holy Ghost; as it is in Heb. x. 5, "A body hast thou prepared (or fitted) me." By this union of the two distinct natures, divine and human, in one person, the person of the Mediator, are we brought as near unto God, and the enjoyment of him both by faith here, and vision hereafter, as possibly creatures can be to the enjoyment of the Creator. How the love, mercy, grace, and goodness of God appear, through the Lord Jesus Christ, unto us, in the union of these two natures, whereby we are brought so nigh to God! This was the way his infinite wisdom, grace, and mercy devised, that his banished might not be excluded from him. This is the marrow, spring, and fountain of all our comfort, consolation, and happiness, either in grace or glory. O how wonderful is the consideration of this union, whereby our nature is united to the Divine Being into a personal union of the Mediator for ever, whereby the saints will be capable of enjoying God, the Fountain of eternal happiness, in such a near relation, to eternal ages. Well might the apostle say, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16; Matt. i. 23; Heb. ii. 14.)

I might take notice of many other precious truths of the gospel, but I forbear, lest I should be too tedious; but these have been more than ordinarily sweet and comfortable to my soul. I shall mention but four or five more, the consideration of which have been wonderful to me:

First. *The immortality of the soul.* It has been very great and awful to me, that the soul is of an immortal nature, and has no dependence upon corporeal matter, that is, the body, but is capable of living out of as well as in the body, and so consequently capable of enjoying communion with God in a state of separation from the body. O how wonderful was and is the consideration of this, that the soul should be of such a spiritual nature that it can live, and sensibly feel happiness or misery, in a state of separation. The truth of this I saw very fully and plainly in God's word, both in the Old and New Testament; though I was indeed for reading all the books I could obtain which treated upon the subject, for I have been so afflicted with atheistical thoughts as I never used to be troubled with, so far as I can remember, in the days of my unregeneracy. This has stirred me up to a more diligent search of the Scriptures and good men's writings; and, blessed be the Lord, the more I have read and studied this point, the more satisfaction my soul has found in it. (Gen. ii. 7; Matt. x. 28; Luke xxiii. 43.)

Secondly. *The resurrection of the body.* The consideration of this has been both sweet and wonderful to me, that the body which for many ages has lain mouldering in the dust shall rise again the self-same body in the last day. The truth of this has appeared so undeniable to me in God's word, that I saw I might as well question the truth of the Bible as to question this. But O how sweet has the thought been to me, that the bodies of the saints shall rise

again, and that in the likeness of Christ's glorious body; and therefore it is said, "He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." The bodies of the saints that then shall be living shall be changed, and the bodies of the saints that are in the graves shall be raised into a state of incorruptibility and immortality, like the glorious body of Christ. As the body of Christ is fair, beautiful, and lovely, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is sinless and free from all imperfection, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is strong, swift, and full of agility, so shall the bodies of the saints be; as the body of Christ is incorruptible and immortal, so shall the bodies of the saints be in the resurrection. How glorious will the saints appear in that day, when soul and body, both glorious, shall be reunited and glorified together, and so fitted for an eternal communion with God for ever and ever! How sweet is the consideration of this to faith! But what will it be to sight, when they shall be like Christ, and see him as he is? The bodies of the wicked must also rise, but that will be a dismal and a dreadful resurrection to them. (John v. ; xxviii. 29; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52; Phil. iii. 21.)

Thirdly. *The second coming of Christ* in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. The consideration of this, that there will be such a time was very sweet to me, soon after the Lord had been at work upon my soul, or soon after I began to have some comfortable hopes through grace of an interest in Jesus Christ. As soon as I began to have any light or discerning in the word of God about these things, a serious thought of it was very affecting to my soul. O how I loved to hear any preach or discourse about Christ's personal coming and kingdom! No hungry man could have more desire for his food than my soul had to feed upon these things. But I used to wonder that the ministers of Christ preached so seldom about Christ's coming. Sure, I thought, if these things had been so warm and comfortable upon their spirits as they were upon mine, they could not forbear, but must oftener preach them up than they did.

Fourthly. That there will be a *general judgment* of all men that ever did, do, or ever shall live in the world. This I saw very plainly too; but the thought and consideration of it have been very great and awful to me many and many a time, that the dead, small and great, rich and poor, noble or ignoble, of whatever nation, kindred, tongue, or people they have been of, must all appear before the tribunal seat of Jesus Christ, to give an account of what they have done in the body, whether it be good or evil. But, as I humbly conceive, there will not only be a difference as to the manner of the resurrection of the saints and the wicked, but also a difference as to the time. So will there be a difference between the time of the judgment of the one and the judgment of the other; as the saints will rise first, so will their judgment be before the other begins. This is very full in God's word, that the saints

shall not stand at the bar with the wicked, but shall sit down with Christ upon thrones of judgment, to judge the world and fallen angels. For I apprehend that the personal reign and kingdom of Christ and the judgment of the saints will be contemporary; so that in this perfect-kingdom state it will be both a time of judging and a time of reigning among the saints.

That blessed Millennium, or one thousand years spoken of in Rev. xx., I conceive cannot be understood of any other time than when the Lord Jesus Christ will be personally present with the saints, and they personally present with Christ, in a perfect, incorruptible state of immortality; for Christ, I cannot believe, whatever have been or may be the thoughts of other good men on this point, will come down from the right hand of his Father, until his whole mystical body is completed, or the whole election brought home to Christ by converting grace. So that to me it appears evident that this thousand years' glory of Christ's personal kingdom, or the saints' reigning with Christ a thousand years, will be in the day of judgment among the saints a time of judging and a time of reigning.

How wonderful has the consideration of these things been to me! O that it might be the will of God, to fasten them with seriousness upon the heart of each particular soul, that they might not spend their precious time and opportunities about shadows, as all these things of the world are, which will stand their precious souls in no stead at that day! O that now poor souls might be in earnest about salvation matters, by laying hold, as poor, naked, empty, perishing sinners, upon Christ Jesus and his righteousness, by faith for salvation, and so securing an interest in these wonderful blessings and privileges of the sons of God, escape that dreadful state of punishment into which the wicked must be turned.

I may briefly add another thing, that my thoughts have been many a time lost in the consideration of, that it is an endless eternity. O eternity, eternity! How wonderful has the thought of thee been to me! Sometimes I used to let my thoughts go out in the multiplying of years; as thus: Suppose there should be as many thousands of years as there have been minutes of time passed from the beginning of the world to the end of it, how many thousands of years would that amount to? Again: Suppose there should be as many thousands of years as there are drops of water in the sea and all the rivers, or as many thousands of years as there are piles of grass growing upon the face of all the earth; as many thousands of years as there are stars in the firmament, grains of sand on the shore, or atoms flying in the immaterial space, with many other things endless to express; how innumerable do these thousands and millions of years appear, almost, one would think, to an eternity itself! But, alas! when we have gone this way by multiplying years as far as we can possibly go in our conceptions, we shall come and sit down infinitely short of eternity. Though my thoughts and conceptions have been lost in these considerations, yet this difference I could easily perceive, that when I had multiplied these

beforementioned years, yet every thousand years there would be a thousand the less. But this cannot be said of eternity. O how sweet is the consideration of it to the saints now, and how sweet will it be in heaven! But O how dreadful will it be to the wicked!

THE FUGITIVE NOT TO BE GIVEN UP.

“Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee.”—Deuteronomy xxiii. 15.

The servant who has escaped from his master is he who has escaped from the lusts of the flesh, the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil; he who has looked within his own heart and beheld some of the abominations there; I say some of the abominations, because “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?” and this causes David to pray to be cleansed from secret sin. The servant who has escaped from his master is he who has looked within his own heart and beheld the chamber of imagery, the idols set up there, the besetting sins that are earthly, sensual, and devilish. The Holy Spirit of God has shone within his soul, and he now sees and knows what he knew not before, that he has been led captive by the devil at his will. He knew not that the sinful habits of which he had been guilty, which were at first but as silken threads, have become as bands of iron for strength, which it is entirely out of his power to break or release himself from; and if some powerful hand does not unfetter him, he must remain bound to all eternity. This servant has tried and struggled to release himself from his bonds, till he has found that, like the fly in the spider’s web, the more he struggles the more he seems entangled, till he knows not what to do. He is like the cripple at the Pool at Siloam, not able to move his foot even for the restoration of his health. He finds there is no soundness in him. He is like the “woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years;” he can in no wise lift up himself; and unless the Redeemer of Israel heals him he never will have strength. He is like the Egyptian whom the servants of David found; (1 Sam. xxx. 11;) his master, the Amalekite, has left him behind because he was sick, sick of the world and its pleasures, sick of sin, sick of bondage, sick of his master, who has become a hard taskmaster. There seems hardly any life left in him; he seems ready to perish; “the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment.” But at last he receives a little nourishment; he revives; there is some hope; he says, “Let me not go back to my master again.”

He shall not go back to his master again. He has been drawn by the Father to the Son; and the great Fulfiller of the law, the Lord Jesus Christ, in obedience to the command of the Father, says, “Him

that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Here it appears is the direct answer to the command, "I will not deliver him again to his master." The disciples could not heal him. "Bring him unto me," says our Lord and Saviour; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Lord Jesus came to fulfil the law; this my text is part of it; it is the will of God; and he says, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God." The servant has escaped from Egyptian bondage; he is hearing the thunderings of Sinai, "He shall not return again into Egypt;" he is being led by a way which he knew not, a way of sorrow and trouble, of terrors by day and terrors by night, till he has a slight glimpse of the promised land. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Here is a grape from the promised land. He has escaped from his master; his joy knows no bounds. The Lord has broken his bonds: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in his eyes."

But fears and doubts beset him again; Satan buffets him; he fears he shall again become a slave; he beholds the vileness of his heart; he thinks perhaps all he has experienced is a delusion. Is it possible he can have been cleansed from his sins? He appears as wicked as ever; he thinks the Lord has given him over to a reprobate mind. It is not so; the Lord will not deliver him again to his master; his old master shall not have dominion over him. Satan desired to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat; but says the Lord Jesus, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Thou shalt not fall away entirely: "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." He is now a servant of the Lord; he loves his master. Of such it had been said, "Ye are not my people; but there shall they be called the children of the living God." He is a son, and "joint-heir with Christ;" he shall do no servile work; he shall remain in the house for ever. What! is it possible this poor sinner, who seemed a slave, is now a son, has received the spirit of adoption? Why should he not be? "Bring forth your strong reasons," saith the King of Jacob. Here are the evidences of his adoption, repentance, and humility; and before honor is humility. He has humbled himself before God, and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Here are evidences,—faith, hope, love to God, a desire for righteousness, mourning: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He is one of the poor and needy; poor in spirit; then his is the kingdom of heaven. The Lord has brought him low, the Lord has humbled him, and when God humbles any one he means to exalt him; if the Lord shows him his vileness, he means to have mercy on him; if the Lord has cast him down, he is sure to lift him up; if the Lord has wounded him, he will heal him; if the Lord throws down, he will also build up. Many may despise this servant, and some of them would deliver him again to his master; if they could, they would drive him back into the world; but, "Behold, ye despisers!"

(Acts xiii. 41.) The despisers, professors of the letter and not of the spirit, will not believe the work that is worked in him. But he is of the escaping of Israel, he is escaped out of the captivity. The prey is taken from the mighty; the Lord of Hosts will keep him as the apple of his eye. He is chosen. Men may despise him, but "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him whom man despiseth, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee; and I will preserve thee."

If we are for setting buttresses to the house that is built upon a rock, what is this but a disparagement to the foundation? If the foundation be already firm and good, why are you for endeavoring to strengthen it? So far as you set up any props unto Christ the foundation, who is to bear up all by himself, so far you disparage Christ, so far you bring him down, and give him not the pre-eminence.

—*Crisp.*

It is enough; aggravate my grief and my distress no more. The sentence you have been so awfully describing, as what shall be passed and executed on the impenitent and unbelieving, is my sentence, and the terrors of it are my terrors. My case is quite singular. Surely there never was so great a sinner as I. I have received so many mercies, have enjoyed so many advantages, I have heard so many invitations of gospel grace, and yet my heart has been so hard, and my nature is so exceeding sinful, and the number and aggravating circumstances of my provocations have been such, that I dare not hope. It is enough that God has supported me thus long; it is enough that after so many years of wickedness I am yet out of hell. Every day's reprieve is a mercy, at which I am astonished. I lie down, and wonder that death and damnation have not seized me in my walks the day past. I arise, and wonder that my bed has not been my grave; wonder that my soul is not separated from flesh, and surrounded with devils and damned spirits. I have indeed heard the message of salvation; but alas! it seems no message of salvation to me. There are happy souls that have hope; and their hope is indeed in Christ, and the grace of God manifested in him. But then they feel in their hearts an encouragement to apply to him, whereas I dare not do it. Christ and grace are things in which I fear I have no part, and must expect none. There are exceeding rich and precious promises in the word of God; but they are to me as a sealed book, and are hid from me as to any personal use. I know Christ is able to save; I know he is willing to save some. But that he should be willing to save me, such a polluted, such a provoking creature, as God knows, and as conscience knows, I have been, and to this day am; this I know not how to believe; and the utmost that I can do towards believing it, is to acknowledge that it is not absolutely impossible, and that I do not yet lie down in complete despair; though, alas! I seem upon the very borders of it; and expect every day and hour to fall into it.—*Doddridge.*

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SHORTER, AT BEXLEY, KENT, APRIL 29TH, 1852.

“Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.”—Psalm li. 12.

You are aware of the circumstances that gave rise to this prayer. David was under peculiar circumstances; he had been guilty of a most horrid crime, not only of adultery, but also of murder. When the prophet came to him and related to him the circumstance, he said, “The man that hath done this shall surely die;” not thinking that he was the character to whom the prophet referred. But when Nathan opened up and charged home sin upon his conscience, with “Thou art the man,” under the power of the Spirit he was brought to confession, “Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil,” &c.; and immediately upon this confession the prophet went on with his commission, “The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not surely die.” O what joy must have then been felt in his poor soul!

We have in these words four things: 1. *Salvation itself*; 2. *The joys of that salvation*; 3. *The loss of those joys, and the restoration thereof*; and 4. *The uphodings of the Spirit supplicated and longed for*: “Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.”

1. *Salvation itself*. And what is it? A salvation or deliverance of his church and people from wrath, from law, from sin, from death, from hell, aye, from Satan too. It is such a salvation as will meet all the needs, all the necessities, all the emergencies of all his church and people, from the beginning of time down to its final close, when it shall be declared, that “There shall be time no longer.” This salvation is so blessed, that there is not a circumstance, however painful; there is not a difficulty, however perplexing; there is not a trial, however keen, but that this salvation can reach; and not only so, but bring them out of their trial, difficulty, or distress. This salvation has brought me up out of the “horrible pit and miry clay,” and has given me a song to sing. But this salvation is great; aye, it is great, because it is the work of a great God, and it is for great sinners; and they who are the subjects thereof are brought to feel that it is a great salvation indeed, for had it not been a great salvation, it would never have reached them, no, nor you or me. It was this great salvation that made way into Paul’s heart. It brought Zaccheus out of the sycamore tree with a “This day is salvation come to thine house” Aye, friends, this is a salvation worth having, worth realising, worth possessing; because it will do for us in the day of trial and adversity as well as in the sunshine of prosperity.

2. But there are the *joys of this salvation*; and when realised they are blessed. How sweetly could David speak of this at times. Look at Ps. xxvii. 1: “The Lord is my light and my salvation.” And how sweetly did the prophet Isaiah speak of the same: “Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.” And cannot you and I speak similar language, when the realisation of these joys

has been blessed to our soul? Aye, friends, it is a great salvation, and the joys of it have been to me very great also; yea, more, they have been so great that when the Lord has been pleased to shine, nothing could give trouble. Aye, the devil and all his agents might have heaped trouble, and they have to no small degree, but the Lord's shining would remove it all, and it has done so. Look at it in the case of Job; here we have a striking instance of it. After all the trouble they had heaped upon him, (for the Lord gave Satan permission only, "Upon himself put not forth thine hand,") he was brought to this, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;" again, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Yea, friends, I have been so brought even to bless God for trouble, and would not have been without it, for the trouble the Lord hath blessed.

3. But on the other hand, there is *the loss of those joys*, though not of the salvation itself; and when the Lord shuts a man up in darkness, none can bring him to the light. It must be the same hand which shuts him up that must bring him to the light again; as David expresses it, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Job knew the loss of these joys, as you read in many chapters; and in one place he says to the Lord, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." And the Lord said there was a cause, only to bring him to one point: "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." Then the Lord turned the captivity of Job. And has not the Lord turned our captivity again and again? When in trouble we have called upon the Lord, and though he has not answered our prayer at the time, yet we have been "holpen with a little help," still to hold on, still to keep crying, till by and by the Lord has appeared, and we have realised again the joys of this salvation; and then O how sweet and precious it has been! Yea, it has been so precious, that we have longed to be gone where we could enjoy it in full fruition, where we could realise it without interruption, where the song continually is, "Salvation to God and the Lamb." Look again at Hezekiah, when he lost the joys of this salvation, and when Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came up against him with a great army. He was enabled to take the right course, and went and spread it before the Lord. Aye, friends, we never do so well as when we go and tell the Lord all about our troubles, though he well knows them. But mark what he says, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." Yes, we often feel that our prayers are like the chattering of a crane or a swallow, of little worth,—no life, no power, no feeling in them. But he says, "I did mourn as a dove." Then he was brought in a right position, for, my hearers, God's people are really mourners; they are brought to mourn over many things in secret that the worldly professor knows nothing about. Yes, it is a secret between God and their own souls. Although they may and do thus mourn, there is a blessing pronounced for such: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Hezekiah experienced the *restoration* of the joy of this salvation, for he

says, "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my Spirit." And I am sure, my hearers, we get much comfort in the furnace of affliction, and they are the sweetest blessings and of the most lasting good. But he goes on further. O Lord, he says, thou hast in love to my soul "cast all my sins behind thy back." And David could speak nearly the same language, the same in substance: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us;" "The Lord is my light and my salvation;" "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit."

Then, 4. We have *the upholdings of the Spirit supplicated*: "Uphold me." What should we do without this? What poor creatures we should be without upholding grace, upholding mercy, and upholding power. You need upholding as a father, you need upholding as a mother, as a husband, or as a wife. But still further, you need upholding in your profession of religion, that you may adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things; that you may show forth whose you are and whom you serve; and I am sure if you are made the happy recipient of divine grace, of vital truth, your prayer will continually be, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit." You will feel that you need this upholding every moment; and more, you will feel that without this you are not safe, not happy, not comfortable, and under these feelings you will of necessity cry out, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit."

May the Lord bless these broken remarks. Amen.

We cannot *fully* understand the sufferings of Christ. God only knows what is in the curse of the law. God alone knows what is the true and utmost desert of sin. How, then, do we know what Christ suffered, when the punishment due to our sin, when all our iniquities met upon him, and he had the curse of the law upon him? God only knows what there is in these things.—*Owen*.

It is impossible for any, who have not been spiritually quickened from above, to pant for God as a thirsty land; to grieve evangelically, from a heartfelt sense of sin; and to be pained after a godly sort. A good man of the last century somewhere observes, that "He who cries out, I am dead, proves himself, by that very cry, to be alive." Can a dead person feel? Can a dead man complain? A believer may lament his deadness, but he cannot lament his death, without his lips refuting themselves. There must be spiritual life, or there could be no spiritual sensibility, no spiritual motion, no spiritual breathings. If the Lord had not drawn you, you would not follow hard after him. Nor could you say, "The desire of my soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee," unless God's Spirit had awakened that desire in your heart. If you were not truly converted, you would not be so anxious about the truth of your conversion. It is not the untamed bird of prey that pours the plaintive strain; no; it is the dove that mourns; it is the nightingale that sings with her breast against a thorn.—*Toplady*.

LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Friend,—I hastily grasp the moment to acknowledge your letters of love. Answer them I cannot; I have not time or strength; but I am always glad to hear from you. Your debtor I am; and it appears to me I shall ever remain an insolvent. But O! when I think of Jesus Christ, my blessed Lord and Saviour, and the everlasting love of my covenant God and Father in him, and the love of God the Holy Ghost, my blessed Comforter, I sometimes melt into meekness and contrition of soul. I bow myself before Him under a humbling sense of my utter unworthiness of the least of all his tender mercies to such a desperate foe, a vile sinner, and base backslider. I sensibly feel and grieve on account of an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. But O the amazing love and condescension of the Lord the Spirit, in testifying of Jesus Christ, in taking of the things that are his and showing them to me! Under his holy anointing and blessed unction, I resign myself to my dear Lord. I would be for Him and not for another. I confess my sins, my infirmities and irregularities, and am sorry for grieving my holy and loving Comforter. I bow, I weep, I bless and praise him, and never more would I have a thought contrary to his holy will. And he, in mercy, instructs me by the Scriptures, as it is written, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" then kindly directs me to Jesus Christ as the Fountain open for sin and uncleanness. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and his righteousness covers all deformities; and the blessed effects are peace and quietness, gratitude, thankfulness, and praise. He can abundantly bless my dear friends, and secure the glory to himself; and we can join with Mr. Hart in singing to the Lord:

"As the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine."

Amen and Amen. Farewell.

Westminster, March 17th, 1830.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Let a man be tempted to commit various sins, such as telling lies in buying and selling, or in making a wrong return to the Income Tax, or in excessive eating or drinking, or in any other way; and let him be able to say his conscience is kept tolerably clear in this respect, then pride and self-conceit will spring up; but he will yet find that there is sin enough in his heart to send to hell all the people in the street in which he lives. "Why," say you, "are you preaching to a parcel of convicts, that you say such things?" No, a man need not be a convict to feel these things. And yet there is amidst it all some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel; something that makes the man hate himself with a perfect hatred; and he would not, if he could help it, do a thing that would not be for the glory and honor of God.—*W. T.*

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

BY JOHN RUSK.

The many blessings my soul has enjoyed since I have been in the path of tribulation, and the whole of it springing from one source, in which is all my delight, with a dependance on the Holy Spirit, I intend to write a little on the following subject. As for order or regularity, that I shall not stand for, but, as it is brought to my mind, so I shall write it down. The subject is, *the Presence of God*.

As it was in the creation of the world, so it is when God is pleased to shine into our hearts. As Paul says, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Again, "All things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light" which appears; for "whatsoever makes manifest is light." Now all this comes from the presence of God. You may see it in Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." And I prove it from the text in which David says, "Thou hast set our sins in order before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." Thus you see, his presence discovers our sins. You may see it also in Isa. vi. 1, 5: "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. Then said I, 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 mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." So again in Daniel, Abraham, and Job.

Secondly. It is his *presence* which raises us to hope; for when God has demolished our false hope, let it be what it will, whether a form of godliness, good resolutions, fasting, prayers, repentance, self-righteousness; whatever we have patched up, God's presence pulls it all down. As David says, "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth." But, how is it done? why, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of God bloweth upon it." You see, his presence withers the old crop, and gives us a hope of a better one. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, for the help of his countenance."

Thirdly. *Life*. Of all the blessings, this is the greatest. Many have had great knowledge, both natural and acquired; this is to fail; gifts likewise, working miracles, with every branch of external religion; but this never fails, and one great proof of it is, when nothing short of an experimental acquaintance with Christ Jesus will do; for he must be "formed in the heart the hope of glory;" and "he that hath the Son hath life." But this comes from the presence of God, for "in the light of the king's countenance is life, and his favor is as a cloud of the latter rain;" *i. e.*, his favor in our journey is like what we shall enjoy more fully before we close our eyes in death; as we did enjoy it in our first love.

Fourthly. *Peace*. This is what no hypocrite ever felt, though he may have tried to mimic it by healing the wound slightly. The world-

ling has his peace, because the strong man armed keeps possession of the palace. But after all, "destruction and misery are in all their ways, and the way of peace they never knew;" and to one that is racked with torment and bitterness, feeling the anger and wrath of God in a broken law, after laboring and working out all his strength, how sweet this branch of the kingdom is! But how does it come? Why, read Num. vi. 26: "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Fifthly. *Justification*, as you may see in Gen. vii. 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." And again in the case of the adulterous woman; when her accusers were all gone, Jesus lifted up himself and said, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." So true is it what Solomon says, "A king that sitteth on his throne scatters away all evil with his eyes."

Sixthly. *Repentance*. I mean that repentance which makes us hate ourselves and love Jesus Christ. When our aggravations are multiplied before our eyes; when worn out with legal striving, hardness of heart, hankering after sin in our mind, and, like tinder, we catch and rage and fly at a little, feeling the wrath and bondage of the law which stirs up sin to fight. As Milton says, it is but for him to appear pacified, and down we go. Astonished at his long suffering mercy, we melt; hate, nay, loathe ourselves; sink into nothing; and are filled with self-abhorence at our having muttered perverseness, &c. All this comes from his presence; as you read, "And the Lord looked on Peter, and Peter remembered the words that Jesus had said; and he went out, and wept bitterly."

Seventhly. *Love*; a great proof of which to us is, God's chastisements: "For as many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." "He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." It is done by crossing us in all our pursuits, till he breaks our hearts; after which his love is shed abroad in our broken hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost; we are enabled to believe it; every idol comes down; and he is "the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for all contention is for this end, that he may have our hearts; as Solomon says, "My son, give me thy heart;" but then, this love comes from his presence. "Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness; yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine." (Ezek. xvi. 8.) Yes, say you, this was God's love to us in looking on us; but will his presence make us feel that love? I answer, Yes; you have it in the account of the two disciples going to Emmaus, when they said, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked to us by the way?" (Luke xxiv. 32.) Mary, David, and John, yea, and Paul, knew this love.

Eighthly. *Salvation* attends his presence. You may ask, What are we saved from? I answer, 1. *The wrath of God*; as Paul says, "Saved

from wrath through him." 2. *Our sins*: "He shall save his people from their sins." But if I am saved from the wrath of God, what becomes of these texts, "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men;" and, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die?" I answer, Jesus stood in our law place; as it is written, "Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered;" and, "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Thus, his blood cleanseth from all sin, and, instead of wrath, there is everlasting love. Now this comes with his presence. "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved." (Ps. lxxx. 3.)

Ninthly. *Rest*; a thing which no wicked man ever had; for the wicked are like "the troubled sea, that cannot rest." Now, if you ask who wants rest, I answer, a person whose sins are charged home on his conscience, and who feels the weight of them. This was David's case, when he said, "My sins are gone over my head, a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear;" which makes him cry out, in another place, "There is no rest in my bones, because of my sin." But again, the hard bondage and wrath of God in a broken law, when made to feel it, makes me want rest. "And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve." (Isa. xiv. 3.) Now there is death in each of these: 1. *Sorrow*. "The sorrow of the world worketh death." 2. *Fear*. Christ came to deliver them "who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." 3. *Hard bondage*. The law is the ministration of death, and that genders to bondage; as Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It may be asked, where do we rest? I answer, where God does: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. iii. 17.) Now we get rest in Christ as I have just mentioned; but how do we get at him? Why, "With loving kindness," says the Father, "have I drawn thee." Then, says Christ, "No man can come, except the Father draw him." Now the presence of God brings this; as God said to Moses, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Tenthly. *Spiritual provision*; for when the soul is quickened, it must be fed as well as the body is literally; as Christ says, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." You cannot suppose he means literally; by no means; it is a mystical feeding. One that is filthy from head to foot, how precious is the blood of Christ to him. One that is condemned on all hands, how suitable an imputed righteousness is to him. One parched to death with a fiery law, how valuable is Jesus, the end of it, to him that believeth. Now, I know from experience that there is a mystical living on these things; and if you say you know nothing about it, I answer, you are dead in trespasses and sins. But this provision comes from the presence of God. Says the pharisee, "John's disciples fast, but thine eat and drink." Says Christ, "Can the children of the bride chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? But the time will come, when the bride-

groom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." Thus you see, his presence is a feast.

Eleventhly. *Joy*. This joy is distinguished from that of a way-side hearer by being called the "oil of joy," or "spirit of joy." You may say, How shall I know whether my joy is the oil of joy? You may know it by these six things, and the Spirit of God brings all the six. 1. *Justification*. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord," &c.; and we, says Paul, are "justified by the Spirit of our God." There's the oil of joy. 2. We *joy in God*, by whom we have now received the atonement; but then the "Spirit takes of the things of Jesus." 3. By your *faith*, for there is "joy and peace in believing;" but Paul says it is "the same Spirit of faith." 4. We rejoice in *hope of the glory of God*. Yes, says Peter, and it is the "Spirit of God and of glory that rests on you." 5. *Salvation*; as David says, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation." But Paul says, "We are saved by the renewing of the Holy Ghost." 6. *Having God for our portion*. "I will go to God, to God my exceeding joy." Now the Spirit is God, and his fruits are love, joy, peace, &c. But does this come from God's presence? I answer, yes, both here and to all eternity; here, his flesh shall be fresher than a child's, and he shall see his face with joy; to all eternity, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Twelfthly. *Strength*. This strength is always made perfect in our weakness, so that we must have all our human strength exhausted before we ever shall find God's strength; hence such texts, "Let the weak say, I am strong;" "To them that have no might he increaseth strength;" when your strength is all gone and there is none "shut up," &c. This is the last thing we give up; as one says, "Lord, we have no might;" then says God, "The battle is not yours, but mine." Now all contention, chastisement, rebuke, and reproof, is to exhaust our supposed strength; but it is his presence brings this; as God says when he looked, mark that, looked on Gideon, and said, "Go forth in this thy might, and thou shalt deliver Israel." What, with human power? No; twice he said the people were too many, till he brought them to three hundred men. Thus his strength was made perfect in the weakness of Gideon's army, or, as Paul says, "He strengthens us with his Spirit's might in the inner man."

Thirteenthly. *Pardon*. This, as well as all the rest, is a most valuable blessing. But it may be asked, How shall I know whether I am pardoned? I answer, these four things will always attend it wherever it comes: 1. *A cessation of arms*. "Since I spake against Ephraim, I do earnestly remember him still. I will surely have mercy upon him;" and he says "he will not contend for ever, nor be always wrath." No; no more of this when brought to accept the punishment of our iniquity. 2. *Peace* naturally follows: "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." 3. *A good conscience*. As Paul says, our hearts are "sprinkled from an evil conscience." 4. *The love of God*. I love the Lord, because he has forgiven the "iniquity of my sin." Now this comes from his presence; as it is written, "God be merciful to us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us." For what

end? "That thy way may be known on earth, and thy saving health among all nations." Say you, what is the cause of sickness? I answer, sin. "In that day, the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, for the people therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

Fourteenthly. *Our safety.* We have many enemies to cope with; we have devils, worldlings, hypocrites, and ourselves. All these we have to engage; and the worst is, we have a principle of corruption that takes part with our enemies. 1. We have a nature that is devilish. 2. A carnal mind that is enmity. 3. A deceitful heart. 4. Are lovers of ourselves. And we have no stock in hand, I mean of power. Now, how are we to overcome all these? Why, the way is shown in Ps. xxxi. 20: "Thou shalt hide them (that fear thee) in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

Fifteenthly. *A saving knowledge,* (2 Cor. iv. 6,) which you may take in a fourfold point of light: 1. a knowledge of the *moral law*; as Paul says, "For I speak to them that know the law." But, say you, is there any glory in the law? Yes. Paul says, the "ministration of condemnation was glorious." Well, apply it to Christ, and he is the end of it to all believers. 2. By the law is the knowledge of *sin*; and when we acknowledge that we are sinners, from a feeling sense, we give God the glory; as Joshua said to Achan, "Give glory to God, my son, and confess." Now, there is a glory in this, but where is this glory more fully seen? I answer, in our being pardoned; as he says, "And I will give them a heart to know me," (Jer. xxiv. 7,) by being merciful to their unrighteousnesses. But this pardon is in Christ; as the Father says, "My covenant name is in him." The law is *holy*; and what does David say? "Thou art glorious in holiness;" Isaiah knew this; as he says, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of Hosts;" and adds, "The whole earth is full of his glory." Now, apply this to Christ Jesus, and he is made to us sanctification. 4. To know him to be the *true God*, in contradistinction from all idols; as he says, "I will reprove thee, and set thy sins in order;" then he says, his "glory he will not give to another, nor his praise to graven images." Apply it to Christ. John says, he is the true God and eternal Life. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols;" for Christ is the express image of the Father, for he and the Father are one. Now his presence brings all this knowledge and glory: "For God who commanded the light to shine," &c., to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God; but where? why, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Sixteenthly. *Fresh revivals of the work.* Every time we get into the furnace of affliction, which is intended to discover the base metal, and our dross and tin; and every time we get worldly, careless, dead, insensible, or at ease in Zion, I am as sure as I am born, we should never rise more, if it were not for the work being revived again and again; as David says, "He is the lifter up of my head," &c. But how is this done? Why, the times of refreshing are to come from the presence of the Lord.

Seventeenthly. *Grace, in all its fulness, comes this way; for instance,*

quickenings grace, called the grace of life; pardoning grace, "I will receive them graciously," &c.; preserving grace, as it is said, "Preserved in Christ Jesus," wherein all fulness of grace is. But all this grace springs from this, having found grace in his sight, as Moses did.

Eighteenthly. *It removes slavish fear.* To an awakened sinner, there is always something of slavery in his fear; he generally has God before his eyes, as a sin-avenging God, or a consuming fire. This made Christ endeavor to familiarise the Father to his disciples, by saying, "It is your Father's good pleasure," &c. Again, "The Father himself loveth you," &c.; "It is not the will of your heavenly Father;" "Your Father knoweth you have need," &c. But when he would set it before them more effectually, it is done by his presence. "It is I, be not afraid."

Nineteenthly. *It is transforming.* I have often noticed in myself, that the brightest discoveries have begun with a very little; as for instance, I have been dead and lifeless, and had no taste or relish for spiritual things. I will not say no appetite, because nothing short of God's presence will do. Well, I have thought, I will turn to past experience, as David says, the hill Mizar, and compare it with my carnal or natural state. Well, here is room for praise; but is my heart in tune? No, but I will begin with the lip; well, I have begun similarly to this: I thank thee for bringing me out of the world. Well, I will go a step further, and for convincing me of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Well, another step, for searching my heart, and making me know my true state. Well, no further? Yes, demolishing my false hopes, and refuges of lies. Well, no further? Yes, raising me to hope. Now you will stop? No, enabling me to believe in thy dear Son. Is that all? No, justifying me in his blessed righteousness; circumcising my heart to love thee; and for choosing me in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, for not appointing me to wrath, but to obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory; for putting my worthless name in the Lamb's book of life; for passing by so many of the wise and prudent; and for making such a fool as I wise to salvation; such a filthy creature, so abominable and vile, and yet complete, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. "Why was I made to hear thy voice?" &c. But how is all this done? I answer, by his presence; for, "looking through a glass darkly, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of our God."

Twentiethly. *Liberty.* This is what no worldly man ever knew, nor any hypocrite, however accomplished. If you ask what it stands in, I answer, 1. *Freedom from insensibility*, or carnal security, when you find a resurrection amongst your sins. 2. In a *discharge* or deliverance from the *burden*, which is the sting of death: "O death, where is thy sting?" 3. A *deliverance* from the reigning *power of sin*: "Sin shall not have dominion over us." 4. From the *devil*: "I will give you power to tread on serpents." 5. From the *curse of a broken law*: "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the broken law." 6. From the *fear of death*. Now it may be asked, if I get rid of this wretched crop, what do I enjoy in this liberty, or freedom? I answer,

the enjoyment will be but transient, till you get the last thing I shall mention. But now for the first, which is, love to the brethren, at least as far as we know they are brethren, though at that time we were very dark. By this, says John, we know, (he does not say *you* know,) that we have passed from an insensible carnal secure "death unto life," to feel our sins, "because we love the brethren." 2. The blood of Christ delivers me from the sting of death, which is sin. 3. The kingdom of Christ set up delivers me from the reigning power of sin. 4. "Christ formed in the heart," delivers. 5. The happy enjoyment of life delivers me from the curse, (for upon mount Zion, God commanded the blessing.) 6. The love of God; for though you may at first have love to the brethren, which delivers you from death; yet perfect love delivers you from the *fear* of death; for perfect love casteth out all slavish fear and torment. Take particular notice of the first and last of these particulars; and till you get here, you will not be able to say experimentally that "his service, is perfect freedom." Well, his presence brings this, this year of release, this Jubilee. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." (Ps. lxxxix. 15.)

Faith is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store. A heart well nurtured in this precious grace finds the gospel rest. In time of danger, sickness, or temptation, it flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, but stands still, and sees the salvation of God. (Exod. xiv. 13.) The eye is singly fixed on Jesus; the heart is calmly waiting for him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls, and Jesus answers, "Here I am to save thee!"—*Berridge*.

In the penalty inflicted on Christ for sin, the justice of God is most gloriously manifested. To see, indeed, a world made good and beautiful, wrapt up in wrath and curses, clothed with thorns and briars, to see the whole beautiful creation made subject to vanity, given up to the bondage of corruption, to hear it groan in pain under the burden; to consider legions of angels, most glorious and immortal creatures, cast down into hell, bound in chains of darkness, and reserved for a more fearful judgment, for one sin; to see the oceans of blood of souls spilt to eternity on this account, will give some insight into this thing! But what is all this to that view of it which may be had by a spiritual eye in the Lord Christ? All these things are worms, and of no value in comparison of him. To see him, who is the wisdom of God, and the power of God, always beloved by the Father; to see him, I say, fear and tremble, and sweat, and pray, and die; to see him lifted up upon the cross, the earth trembling under him, as if unable to bear his weight, and the heavens darkened over him, as if shut against his cry, and himself hanging between both, as if refused by both, and all because our sins did meet upon him; this of all things does most abundantly manifest the severity of God's vindictive justice.—*Owen*.

LET US RUN WITH PATIENCE THE RACE THAT
IS SET BEFORE US.

Dear Friend,—“ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning ;” and although the night may be long, the clouds dark, the stars dim, the moon out of sight, the sun eclipsed, all things very gloomy, the soul shut up, the presence of the Lord concealed, grace sunk out of sight and feeling, sin bubbling and boiling up like a pot within, with gloomy forebodings, and all things seeming to go against you, remember, my friend, though things look as they do, the Friend of sinners is still alive, and waits to be gracious.

I was truly glad to receive a letter from you, but sorry to read the contents of it, as I see that yourself and a few others are quite disappointed. Well, there seem to be but few among the churches at the present day who are longing, seeking, panting, and thirsting after life and power in the ministry, but are well satisfied with a dead form, an empty sound, a smooth tale, a beautiful sermon, as it is called. But poor tried, tempted, cast-down, sin-oppressed souls, want the true Bread, a living Saviour, an Almighty King, set up in the heart and conscience ; they want his atoning blood to wash away their filth and guilt, his grace to subdue their indwelling sin, his righteousness to cover their nakedness, his salvation to set their souls on high, and his love to enlarge the heart.

What a mercy, my friend, it is to know anything about life and power, and to be craving after more of it, and to cry out,

“ Dry doctrines can do me no good
While floating in the brain.”

— is a barren soil ; it is like ploughing upon a rock, and not many crying out, “ Give us this day our daily bread.” But yet I believe there are a few of the poor and needy. At — Chapel I had a blessed time the last Lord’s Day, and more so in the evening, or else I should have left — with a sorrowful heart. The work of the ministry is a trying work, and more so when the Lord hides his face, and shuts up the soul, and all things look gloomy and sad.

But, my dear friend, we live in a trying day. Some professors tell us we live in a gospel day. But we live to prove, by daily experience, that there is but little gospel sought after, and but few people feel their need of it in the spirit and power of it. What a mercy it is to know anything of the life, virtue, power, grace, mercy, sweetness, and savor of the everlasting gospel of the blessed God ! It is all the comfort I have in this world, and all the hope of eternal happiness in the world to come ; for my soul is more or less every day looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who has loved me, and given me an everlasting consolation and a good hope through grace. And why is it a good hope ? Because it is a gospel hope ; for the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did ; by the which we draw nigh unto God. And again it is a tried hope ; it is tried under darkness, death, and bondage, and also under doubts and fears, sins and tempt-

ations, frowns of friends and persecutions of enemies ; and when the soul is shut up in such dark prison-houses, sunk into deep dungeons, and left without life or feelings of a godly nature, then it fears that there is not one grain of true hope left in the heart. But still it is hope against hope, and he cannot give up his hold, because it is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which "entereth within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for ever entered, even Jesus."

I hope the Lord may bless your soul, encourage your heart, keep up your fainting spirit, help you to stand fast in the truth of Jesus, "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life," and not suffer you to turn to the right hand nor to the left, but enable you to walk on in the King's highway, striving for the "faith once delivered to the saints," running "the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

I feel for yourself and few friends. The Lord pour the Spirit of grace and supplication upon you, and draw forth your hearts and affections unto himself ; and that Christ may be precious to your souls, is the desire of your unworthy friend. My love to the outcasts.

Yours in the truth,

Woburn, Beds, May 1st, 1851.

T. G.

There is as much difference between the sufferings of the saints and those of the ungodly as there is between the cords with which an executioner pinions a condemned malefactor and the bandages wherewith a tender surgeon binds his patient. The design of the one is to kill ; of the other to cure. Believers undergo many crosses, but no curses.—*Arrowsmith.*

Glory to the high and holy name of Jesus ; not one ounce, not one grain weight more is laid on me, than he has enabled me to bear ; and I am not so much wearied to suffer as Zion's haters are to persecute. O if I could find a way in any measure to strive to be even with Christ's love ! but that I must give over. I see if Christ but ride upon a worm, or a feather, his horse will neither stumble nor fall ; the worm Jacob is made by him, "A new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth to thresh the mountains, and beat them small ; and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them so as the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind scatter them." Christ's enemies are but breaking their own heads in pieces upon the rock laid in Zion, and the stone is not removed out of its place ; faith has cause to take courage, from our very afflictions ; the devil is but a whetstone, to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints. I know he but hews and polishes stones, all this time, for the New Jerusalem.—*Rutherford.*

R E V I E W.

Spiritual Pride; its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits. By President Edwards. Abridged. First printed in 1742. Price 6d. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

PERSECUTION has, in all ages, been a fruitful instrument in promoting the spread of the gospel. The forcible and often-quoted expression of Tertullian, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," has been verified again and again, from the times of Nero, when Christians, wrapped up in pitched garments, were burnt alive to illuminate the Emperor's gardens at Rome, to the bonfires of Smithfield, kindled by bloody Mary. Never was Satan more thoroughly outshot by his own bow than when he egged on his children to drown the church in her own blood; for the very means adopted, at his instigation, by ungodly kings and rulers to crush the kingdom of God have ever contributed most powerfully to its extension. It was so in the days of the apostles: "And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." (Acts viii. 1, 4.) The blind Pharisees thought if they could extinguish the church at Jerusalem, they would effectually nip in the bud this new-fangled doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth. But they acted like a man trying to beat down with his stick a ripe thistle; their blows at the stem dispersed the seed all over the fields. From the ashes of Stephen there sprang a Paul. The kings of the earth might set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. But he that sitteth in the heavens laughed; the Lord had them in derision; for he had fixed, and would declare the Lord decree, I have set my King, King Jesus, upon his holy hill of Zion.

What laid the foundation of that mighty Republic whose territory now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and whose flag waves in every sea of both hemispheres? *Persecution*; and shame be it for us to confess, English persecution; nay, what is worse, Protestant persecution. It was the cruel, unintermitting, and ungodly persecutions of the Puritans by the rulers of the Church of England, spread over wellnigh a century of priestly dominion, which drove to the wild shores of the Western Continent the "Pilgrim Fathers," whose memory will remain embosomed in the hearts of our American brethren whilst the earth endures.

As it was from these self-exiled Puritans that Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated author of the work before us, derived his birth, and as it is a portion of modern history probably little known to our readers, it may not be wholly out of place, by way of introduction to the treatise at the head of this article, to give a faint sketch of the

rise of that colony which, under the name of New England, has become so widely and justly celebrated.

We have already hinted that it was persecution which peopled the North American wilds; and we have now to add, that it was the prison and the halter in the hands of English bishops and archbishops which drove out of England those true-hearted believers who preferred to worship God in Spirit and in truth in the gloomy forests of New England, rather than belie their consciences in their native homes. Of these ruthless episcopal persecutors, the foremost in virulence, was Archbishop Whitgift, who was raised to the see of Canterbury by Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1583, for the express purpose of crushing what her imperious Majesty abhorred more than Popery itself—Nonconformity in all points to the Church of England. Obedient to the commands of his Royal mistress, who, though she was wont to call him "her little black husband," was so far from being an obedient wife that she declared she could make or mar, frock or unfrock* him and his brother prelates at her pleasure, the Calvinistic archbishop, with the same pen which had drawn up the famous Lambeth definitions of election and reprobation † published three new articles, which all the clergy were called upon to subscribe. Our space will only permit us to give part of the second, which was the one mainly objected to by the Puritan clergy: "II. That the Book of Common Prayer and of Ordering Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth nothing contrary to the word of God." More than 200 of the clergy refused to subscribe to this article, in consequence of which they were summarily deprived of their livings. Burghley, the Queen's Prime Minister, though on political grounds hostile enough to the Puritans, the Lords of the Privy Council, (somewhat similar in position to the modern Cabinet Ministers,) and the House of Commons, were all against the arbi-

* Her well-known letter to the Bishop of Ely, shows how this imperious dame, true daughter of Henry VIII., could write as Head of the Church to her servile bishops:

"Proud Prelate,—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagements I will unfrock you.

"Yours as you demean yourself,

"ELIZABETH."

+ The celebrated Lambeth articles are nine in number. The following are among them:

1. "God hath, from eternity, predestinated certain persons to life; and hath reprobated certain persons unto death."

2. "The moving, or efficient cause of predestination unto life, is not the foresight of faith or of perseverance, or of good works, or of anything that is in the persons predestinated; but the alone will of God's good pleasure."

5. "The true lively and justifying faith, and the Spirit of God justifying, is not extinguished, doth not utterly fail, doth not vanish away, in the elect either finally or totally."

8. "No man is able to come to Christ unless it be given him, and unless the Father draw him; and all men are not drawn by the Father, that they may come to his love."

9. "It is not in the will or power of every man to be saved."

trary measures of the archbishop; but, undeterred by their opposition, and well knowing the despotic character of the Queen, he fell on his knees before her, begging her "to support the sinking church." Fired at the attempt to encroach, as she considered, on her prerogative as the Head of the Church, the Queen reprimanded the House of Commons for their audacity, and bade them "meddle no further in these matters." The House of Commons, timid in those days as a flock of sheep, crouched at the feet of their Royal mistress, and abandoned the Puritans to their persecutors. Then commenced that long series of suspensions, deprivations, banishments, imprisonments, and judicial murders, whereby our Puritan forefathers were persecuted and harassed for wellnigh a hundred years.

But the chief weight of the storm fell on that section of the Puritans who, from their first founder, were called *Brownists*. A few words will explain why the main fury of the tempest fell on them. Robert Brown was a Church of England clergyman, who, separating from the Establishment, first preached the doctrine of the independence of gospel churches, meaning by that tenet that every church, based upon gospel principles, was in its constitution, government, pastor, deacons, and ordinances, wholly independent of all other churches. He therefore denied that the Church of England was a true church, and would not allow that her ministers were regularly ordained. Her discipline he viewed as Popish and anti-christian, and her sacraments and ordinances null and invalid. Nor would he allow his people to join with her in prayer, hearing, or any part of public worship.

He thus, both in principle and practice, struck at the root of all existing churches at home and abroad, and as much condemned the Lutheran Church in Germany, the Reformed in Switzerland, and the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, as the National Establishment of England. But as these views were more particularly levelled at the Church of England, they drew forth the peculiar and unbounded wrath of its heads. Brown himself, though nearly related to Lord Treasurer Burghley, was so persecuted that he was at different times shut up in 32 prisons, in some of which, according to his own statement, he could not see his hand at noonday.* But the iron mace of persecution fell heavily also on the heads of his followers. In the year 1592, 56 of the Brownists were seized on a Lord's Day in London at their place of worship, and cast two by

* Archbishop Whitgift and Robert Brown, persecutor and persecuted, are alike melancholy instances of the utter worthlessness of knowledge without grace. The author of the Lambeth articles was a persecutor of the saints; and Brown, who had suffered so much for his principles, at last recanted them all. He deserted his congregation which he had formed at Middleburg, in Holland, returned to England, was reconciled to the Establishment, was preferred to a living in Northamptonshire, which he held for 40 years, hardly ever preaching all the while, though living on the tithes which he had so strongly condemned, and at last died in his 81st year in Northampton jail, whither he had been committed by a magistrate for striking a constable with whom he had quarrelled about the payment of a rate.

two into the several City prisons.* Of these, some died of sickness, the prisons in those days being horrid dens of filth and disease, others were banished, and three or four hanged.† Two men were hanged at Bury St. Edmund's, June, 1583, for dispersing Brownist publications. In 1593, Mr. John Penry, a minister, was hanged for a so-called seditious paper, found in his closet in an unfinished state; and in the same year Henry Barrow, and John Greenwood, a minister, were hanged at Tyburn, and William Dennis at Thetford, Norfolk, for the crime of being Brownists.

Worn out by these cruel and unceasing persecutions, many of the Brownists determined to quit their native land, and retire to some foreign shore, where they might worship God in peace and quietness according to their own views of divine truth and the dictates of their own conscience, without being thrust into noisome dungeons or dying as malefactors on the gallows at the nod of an archbishop. Holland was at that time the only country in Europe where toleration was established by the laws of the land. Thither, therefore, a company, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Smith, some time in the year 1603, fled across the sea, and settled at Amsterdam. In the spring of 1608, a second congregation went over to Holland, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Robinson, of whose church Mr. Brewster was the elder. This little body eventually settled at Leyden; but after the lapse of about 12 years, they began to be

* The following petition, drawn up by one of these sufferers, gives a touching as well as striking account of the cruelties practised upon them:

"These bloody men will allow us neither meat, drink, fire, nor lodging, nor suffer any whose hearts the Lord would stir up for our relief, to have any access to them, purposing belike to imprison them to death, as they have done 17 or 18 others in the same noisome jails, within these six years. Some of this company had not one penny about them when they were sent into close prison, nor anything, being abroad, (which is the case of most of them, if not of all,) to procure themselves and their poor families any maintenance, save only by their handy labors and trades. Whereby it is come to pass, that these enemies of God do not only starve and undo a number of men in the prisons but even a lamentable company of poor orphans and servants abroad. Their unbridled slanders, their lawless privy searches, their violent breaking open and rifling our houses, their lamentable and barbarous usage of women and young children in these hostile assaults, their uncontrolled thievery, robbing, and taking away whatsoever they think meet from us in this case, their unappeased and merciless pursuit of us from our houses, trades, wives, children, especially from the holy society of the saints, and the church of God, we are enforced to omit, lest we should be overtedious. We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly, or to live openly in the land of our nativity. If we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, (viz.) that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers."

+ We cry out, and that justly, against the imprisonment by the Grand Duke of Tuscany of the Madiai, for reading the Scriptures, and more recently of Miss Cunninghame for giving a Bible and a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," to an Italian peasant; but is he worse than the Calvinistic bishops and archbishops of the Protestant Church of England, from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to the Revolution of 1688?

weariness of living in a foreign land, where they must gradually lose their English character, and be absorbed into the Dutch people. This made them cast their eyes across the Atlantic Ocean, that they might have a home for themselves in those new settlements which were gradually springing up in North America. A portion of that northern continent had been previously separated from Virginia under the name of New England, and to that the Brownists in Leyden turned their eyes, that they might build themselves there a lodge in the wilderness. After considerable difficulty and opposition from the bigoted James I., they succeeded in obtaining a patent for the foundation of a new colony. Two ships were hired, the "Speedwell" and the ever-memorable "Mayflower," to take the pilgrim band across the Atlantic waves. A solemn day of fasting and prayer was kept at Leyden; and thence they all went to Delft, where the little band was to embark. Mr. Robinson, their pastor, was to join them subsequently with the bulk of the congregation; and having continued together with them all night, and kneeling down on the sands, he committed them, in fervent prayer, to the blessing of God. Mr. Brewster, their elder, was now their spiritual head; and embarking with them on board the "Speedwell," the Pilgrim Fathers were borne across the Channel to Southampton, whence on the 5th of August, A.D. 1620, the two ships sailed. The master of the "Speedwell," through treachery or cowardice, before they reached the Land's End twice put back, and the "Mayflower" was compelled to do the same; the issue being that the "Speedwell" was entirely laid aside, and the little band of 101 pilgrims sailed out of Plymouth Sound in the solitary "Mayflower,"* Sept. 6, at the very worst time of the year, when they would on their voyage meet all the fury of the equinoctial gales, and encounter at their landing all the rigors of an American winter. Two months were they on their perilous voyage, and on Nov. 9 sighted land at Cape Cod, a considerable distance† to the north of their intended settlement. But even here the providence of God watched over them, for had they landed lower down, they would probably have been cut off by the wild Indians, who were very numerous further south, but a plague had recently swept them almost wholly away from the locality where they first pitched their tents. Upon their sufferings and hardships from the rigor of the winter and want of houses and necessaries, which, engendering disease, cut off half their number in four or five months, we shall not dwell. Suffice it to say, they maintained their ground, and were in due time joined by band after band of brothers in persecution, whom the rigorous measures of Archbishop Laud and the High Commission Court drove out of England. But

* The "Mayflower" was a ship of about 180 tons, not much larger than one of the collier brigs which bring coals from Newcastle to London.

† Their patent allowed them to settle between the 40th and 48th degrees of latitude; but Cape Cod is in latitude 42, and therefore two degrees, or about 140 miles north of their highest northern limit. This was owing to the treachery of their pilot, bribed by the Dutch, who had an eye to the southern coast, and had just founded a settlement on the spot subsequently called New York.

this proud prelate was as uneasy at their flight as at their stay; and therefore, when eight ships in the Thames were about to sail for New England, an Order in Council was obtained to prohibit their departure. And who were on board these vessels? Unhappily for the archbishop's own head and his Royal master's, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell. During the Commonwealth there were few accessions to their numbers; but with the return of Charles II. and the infamous Bartholomew Act, whereby 2,000 clergy were compelled for conscience' sake to leave the Establishment in one day, the tide of emigration again swelled and bore on its bosom to the American shore many hundreds, and indeed thousands of persecuted Puritans, who ventured every hardship to be allowed the privilege of worshipping God in peace and quietness.

Thus were the broad foundations of New England laid, not by the scum of society, by felons and convicts, nor by greedy gold-seekers, but by godly men and women, deeply imbued with those principles of civil and religious liberty which have made New England the very backbone of American freedom, and influenced her laws and institutions to their inmost depth. Everything that is truly valuable in that great republic she owes to New England. Sadly indeed have the northern states degenerated from those times when the strictest, most rigid morality, the complete, almost judaical, sanctification of the Lord's Day,* the universal attendance on public worship, the bringing up of children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the thorough cutting of all worldly pleasures and amusements, the unintermitting supervision of the young, and the strictest control over everything vicious and ungodly, was the universal practice and glory of New England. But the principles of civil and religious liberty, first carried across the Atlantic Ocean by the Puritan refugees from English persecution, have so deeply leavened the American mind and institutions that she owes to them wellnigh all she possesses worthy of admiration.

At Windsor, in the present state of Vermont, in the year 1703, and surrounded by the immediate descendants of the first colonists, was that great and good man, Jonathan Edwards, born. His parents were godly persons, his father being a minister and a man of considerable learning and education. He seems to have been called while young in life, and, perhaps in part for that reason, his conversion was not so striking and clear as is often the case where spiritual religion has not been inculcated from childhood as the one thing needful, and where all immorality has not been restrained. But we believe no person, of any spiritual judgment, can read the following extract of his experience without believing and acknowledging the grace of God in him:

* In New England all work was suspended on Saturday evening at sunset. Every knife and shoe was cleaned, and every coat brushed, and all the children called in from their play before the sun went down. At sunset the next evening their Sabbath similarly terminated.

"I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour, whereby he has appeared to me far above all, the chief of ten thousands. His blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which was always accompanied with ardency of spirit, and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

"Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, which kept me, the greater part of the time, in a flood of tears and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.

"I have, many times, had a sense of the glory of the Third Person in the Trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite Fountain of divine glory and sweetness, being full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul, pouring forth itself in sweet communications, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. And I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word, accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.

"Often since I lived in this town I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my heart, than ever I had before my conversion. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind, of all that have been, since the beginning of the world to this time, and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others that have come to talk with me about their soul-concerns, have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying that it seemed to them that they were as bad as the devil himself, I thought their expressions seemed exceeding faint and feeble, to represent my wickedness.

"My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often, for these many years, these expressions are in my mind and in my mouth, 'Infinite upon infinite—infinite upon infinite!' When I look into my heart and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss, infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me that, were it not for free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fulness and glory of the great Jehovah, and the arm of his power, and grace stretched forth in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty, I should appear sunk down in my sins below hell itself; far beyond the sight of everything but the eye of sovereign grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth. And yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small and faint; it is enough to amaze me that I have no more sense of my sin. I know, certainly, that I have very little sense of my sin-

fulness. When I have had turns of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew at the time that my repentance was nothing to my sin."

It was a practice in the church over which Jonathan Edwards was pastor, to admit unregenerate persons, with certain limitations, to the Lord's Supper. This practice he resisted as unscriptural, which gave such offence to the congregation that, in the issue, he was not only compelled to resign his pastoral charge, but to leave the town, Northampton, where he had many years lived.

The little work at the head of this article, on "Spiritual Pride," he was well adapted to write. Profession being almost universal in New England, he was, as it were, in the very hotbed of spiritual pride; and, possessing a deep knowledge of his own heart, a mind of singular logical acuteness and depth, and a clear, expressive style, he was enabled, not only to dissect to the very heart's core this deep-seated malady of the professing church, but also to lay it bare to the observation of others.

We shall attempt, if the Lord will, in our next number, to enter on this subject, and to lay before our readers some specimens of his masterly dissection of that prevailing sin, which has fixed its seat in many a bosom that is little conscious of harboring a foe so hateful to God, so destructive to the peace of the church, and so impoverishing to the soul.

Some talk of the mercy of God, without scriptural views of his love. Hence they make mercy to endure but for a few days or years to poor sinners, then it comes to an end, and the once objects of mercy become the subjects of God's curse and damnation. So they give the lie to the Spirit of truth. But his mercy endures for ever, because the love of Father, Son, and Spirit, changes not.—*W. Mason.*

Would this law of sin have contented itself to have subdued any one faculty of the soul, would it have left any one at liberty, any one affection free from its yoke and bondage, it might possibly have been with more ease opposed, or subdued. But when Christ comes with his spiritual power upon the soul to conquer it to himself, he has no quiet landing place. He can set foot on no ground but what he must fight for and conquer. Not the mind, nor an affection, not the will only, but *all* is secured against him. And even when grace has made its entrance, yet sin will dwell in all its coasts.—*Owen.*

The profession of Jesus is easy to nature. There is nothing irksome to the flesh in being called a Christian. But to know Jesus in heart, to confess him with the tongue, and to follow him in our life, will ever expose us to reproach and contempt. But if, with Philip, we have really found that blessed Person of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, we must, we shall speak of him to others. We shall esteem Jesus our Beloved as our richest treasure. Our hearts and affections will be going out after him. Moses' choice will be ours; we shall esteem the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.—*W. Mason.*

O B I T U A R Y.

SUKEY HARLEY.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the experience of Sukey Harley, copious extracts from which we gave in our magazine for 1849, page 171, &c.

We have now to mention that it has pleased the Lord to take her to himself. We have been favored with the sight of a letter, giving some account of her death, which we feel a solemn pleasure in inserting, though, from the nature of her disease, there was nothing remarkable on her deathbed. Good old John Newton used to say, "Don't tell me how the man died; tell me how he lived." This was, perhaps, going too far, as a deathbed, gilded with the rays of opening glory and immortality, sets a blessed confirming seal on the life; but his meaning, though strongly expressed, probably was one in which we fully coincide, that too much stress is sometimes laid on a dying experience, and that where there are indubitable proofs of the soul having been blessed in days gone by, there is no necessity, though sweet where given, of further evidence.

"My dear Friend,—I do not know whether any friend has acquainted you with what has passed before us since this day last week, even the closing scene of our dear Sukey's days in this world. Last Tuesday, very early in the morning, she was seized with a stroke of paralysis. After the first seizure, she just had power given her to get out of bed; and coming down stairs she fell. The sound awoke her daughter in the next house, and she instantly got up and came to her mother's door, saying, 'Mother, what's the matter; can't you open the door to me?' Dear Sukey opened the door, saying, 'I am very bad, Mary; come up stairs with me, and wait with me awhile.' She walked up stairs with difficulty and got to bed, but said her head and stomach were distressingly bad. Her daughter sat down by her side. She began to wander a little in her mind, and Mary felt alarmed and went for help; but very shortly after she sunk on the bed in a sort of insensible doze, and then found she had quite lost the use of her right side. She continued in this apparently unconscious state from 3 o'clock on the Tuesday morning till half-past 4 on Sunday morning last, August 21st, when she breathed her last, called by her own Redeemer to enter upon a Sabbath of rest and joy with him in glory, which will never end.

"To the outward view of sense this may appear to have come with unexampled suddenness, and in a manner very contrary to the anticipated hopes of some. But, indeed, my dear friend, we can say with assuredness that it came neither suddenly upon her nor contrary to the way she had often had intimations of. Repeatedly have we heard her speak language like this of her death: 'Ah, many will come round me when I am dying, and think to hear what old Suke Harley has got to say on her deathbed; but they will hear nothing. No; I shau'na have a word to say when I am dying. They can see my lump of flesh, but that's all; they canna see my life, that's up in heaven, hid with Christ in God. My filthy-rag righteousness, do they want to see that? I hate, I abhor, I detest myself! My righteousness is up in heaven; it is my blessed Saviour. He is all to me.' This is the way again and again she would speak of her death; also thus: 'My dear children in the Lord need not be surprised nor alarmed if my death should come suddenly. It won't be sudden to me, come when it will or how it will.' After

hearing such expressions as these, and after so bright and clear a testimony as was given in the days of her flesh, what can we want beside? A few more uttered words on her deathbed could not add to what we had already witnessed in her life on earth.

“It would indeed have been most blessed to have heard her speak at that solemn time of those unseen realities she had often had a foretaste of, and often had spoken of with joyful anticipation, and was now about to enter into the full enjoyment of. But so was not the will of the Lord; and we feel more than satisfied about it, because we feel in this thing, as we believe, he was pleased to answer the desire he put into her heart. It was also a desire she sometimes expressed that she might leave the world on a Sabbath day to enjoy a heavenly and eternal one; and this was granted her, as the sun just began to dawn on the last Lord’s Day.

“Thus, my dear friend, I have given you a full account of the event that has just taken place amongst us. Thirty-seven years has she gone in and out amongst us in this place, and our hearts have been knit together. Nor is that bond broken by death, (if I may dare, though with fear and trembling, express such a hope.) J. and I watched over her dying bed, and sat beside her for some hours, day by day, from the Tuesday till the Saturday evening, when we took our farewell view of her in this world. And though there was neither voice nor language in all these days, and her eyes were closed, yet we felt as if surely the Lord was in that place and that it was holy ground.

“The funeral is to take place on Thursday, about 12 o’clock.

“With love to yourself, &c.,

“Yours very affectionately,

“M. G.”

Sanctified afflictions are a thousand times rather to be chosen than unsanctified prosperity. They may consist with, yea, are often the effects of, God’s special love; he sees we want them, and he knows that they will work for our good. Do then, O God, what thou pleasest with me, so I may but die to this world, overcome my corruptions, live more upon Christ, bring more glory to his name, and have more comfortable tastes and pledges of his love, and be often saying, “The will of the Lord be done.”—*Berridge*.

The sweetest seasons on this side heaven are, when the soul sinks, as into nothing, before the face of God, and is absorbed in the sight of Christ and the love of the Spirit; when we feel the presence of Deity, and silently wait on Him, at the foot of the cross, with weeping eyes, melting affections, and bleeding hearts. When Christ entered into Jerusalem, the people spread their garments in the way. When he enters into our hearts, we pull off our own righteousness, and not only lay it under Christ’s feet, but even trample on it ourselves.—*Toplady*.

Christian grief is not forbidden. Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her; Joseph made a mourning for his father seven days. The children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab, thirty days. David lamented the deaths of Saul, Jonathan, and Abner. Christ wept over the grave of Lazarus; devout men, who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him; and the Apostle Paul signifies concerning his friend Epaphroditus, who had been sick and nigh unto death, that if the Lord had not mercy on him he should have sorrow upon sorrow.—*Gill*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"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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A WONDERFUL MYSTERY.

"I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—John xiv. 20.

My soul, contemplate this astonishing mystery with the deepest humility and with holy adoration! Christ, thy Kinsman, Redeemer, thy Righteous Head, is in the Father, is one with him, is the Father's co-equal and co-eternal Son. My soul, these are not the mere opinions of men; but the testimony of Christ himself. "*I am in my Father.*" Here my faith is fixed. From this glorious union between Christ and the Father, which I discover by faith, my richest consolations arise. God is the portion of mine inheritance; he fills my cup at times brim-full of love. I want no other Christ but he that is in the Father. He shows me who the Father is, and makes me to know what he is. "God is love." Away, vain speculations; begone, blind reason; faith is my sure guide into this sanctum sanctorum, this holy of holies, this blessed paradise of spiritual delights. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." Compared with this, how poor, how empty, are all religious duties, however right and proper they are in themselves, and to be observed by men. He who is so favored as to enter into fellowship with God is spoiled for this world; and fleshly professors of religion and their conversation are alike disgusting to him. Alas! how few are thus favored in this cloudy day!

This union between the Father and the Son is the foundation of the saints' happiness, both here and hereafter. Is Christ in the Father, and does he rejoice over his people to do them good? Then, to complete their happiness, that their joy may be full, he will lead them into the blessed knowledge of the Father's love and of their interest therein. Christ discovers the Father's heart to his children, until, enamored with his love, they cry out, "Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God."

"And ye in me." This is another part of the great mystery. The saints are as truly in the Son as the Son is in the Father, and can no more be separated from Jesus Christ than Christ can from the Father. This is a sweet consolation to my soul, amidst all the miseries and sin that I am the subject of; for I know that I sinned in Adam, and I know that I am a sinner before God every day, and that I sin much in my very best doings. But my standing is in Christ, my place of security from wrath, death, and hell, is Christ. That which grieves me most is my sin, but that which pleases me most is, that not one sin that grieves me shall appear against me in the day of judgment to condemn me. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." O the blessedness of knowing that I am in Christ!

"And I in you." This is another branch of the same great mystery. Christ is in the saints, the hope of glory. Hence their hope cannot perish; it is full of immortality. The believer has no life without Christ that can scarcely be called by the name of life; for so Paul means: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." O blessed life this! All my springs of action flow from Christ, my Head; and as Christ is full of grace and truth and I am one with him, I must conclude, I will conclude, that all will be well with me in life, in death, and to all eternity.

London, July 1st, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

A PRECIOUS JESUS IN TIME OF NEED.

My dear A.,—It having been settled for me to speak on Tuesday evening, I shall not see you before Wednesday, at which time, by the blessing of God, I hope to do so. Mrs. L. is in a very low state in her body, but very happy in her soul. I hope you are doing well, and enabled to look unto the dear Lord for his helping hand toward you. No hand but his can afford such helpless creatures real benefit or support. To find our precious Jesus bowing himself down to our necessities and granting us almighty aid, is beyond, yea, far beyond what such polluted sinners deserve. In our dreary walks he sometimes cheers us with his animating voice; sometimes how soft and yet how powerful does he speak unto the heart! It is suitable to our present wants. How I long to hear it now, being just bending my course toward M—, there to stand up in his great name. We now stand in as much need of it as when we were sinking under the law, with the weight of guilt, &c. Such as are strangers to these things may speak against them, which is an evident proof they are standing in a state of presumption. The Great High Priest of our profession will, to those for whom he offered himself up, manifest his almighty power to them when brought to feel how low by sin they are sunk. Into the heavens he is passed, through his own blood, and by which only shall we follow.

That the good Lord may bless you, is the prayer of

Thine in the bonds of everlasting love,

Brighton.

W. S.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES ABBOTT.

If the Lord says, "Open wide thy mouth and I will fill it," "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness," "I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," we should not be afraid to ask, or think it is humility to refrain. I believe a soul is never so truly humble in the sight of God as when he is pleased to reveal this pardoning love; and such a one by faith views Christ crucified. A sense of his dying love will melt the hardest heart, and produce that repentance which needeth not to be repented of, but is indeed unto salvation. The apostle, in his Epistle to the Romans, says, "The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Now if we get this, we have all that can be enjoyed in this world; and it is a sweet earnest of the kingdom of glory in the world to come. This also is promised, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Now, all in whom the Lord is pleased to put his fear are entitled to all these blessings; having divine life in their souls, there will be a hunger and thirst after the enjoyment of them; and in the Lord's own appointed time they will be communicated according to the portion allotted for each. Some of God's people, I believe, enjoy a greater degree of love, peace, and joy than others; and while the manifestations of these precious blessings last, whether more or less, they are satisfied. But we must not expect to enjoy them uninterruptedly while in this world, because all have a body of sin within them, by which Satan works. On this body of sin he can fasten his temptation; but the closer we are enabled to cleave to Christ, the more shall we enjoy of His love and of the love of the Father, and also of the consolations of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. B— was led, last Wednesday, to say to his people that they should not rest satisfied with now and then getting a little comfort in either hearing or reading the word; but that they should earnestly seek to get such a sense of the love of God as to be fully satisfied, as he himself had that day been led, being very poorly, and not knowing whether his illness might be a prelude to his approaching end. But he earnestly addressed in prayer the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and obtained an overwhelming enjoyment of love beyond what he could possibly describe. This is what I intend by what I have now written, that you may set your heart upon and obtain; then your mouth will be filled with his praise and his honor. I cannot be satisfied myself without this. I am often exceedingly cast down, because of my sins and the oppression of the enemy; nor can I be happy until I obtain a fresh and powerful revival of these things. For though we may have experienced a thousand such revivals in the course of many years' experience, yet by reason of a body of sin, and the fierce temptations of Satan, we are often brought into great perplexity and trouble; many sinking fears and despairing thoughts will invade the soul. So, at least, I

often find it ; and nothing will remove these sad feelings, and set matters right again, but a powerful sense and enjoyment of our interest in Christ, by the love of God the Father being shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghost, and feeling his powerful witness that we are indeed the children of God. Seeing these things are promised, may you be enabled to follow hard after them ; and may the Lord, of his infinite mercy, grant you an abundant enjoyment of them.

So prays your affectionate Friend,

JAMES ABBOTT.

RUTHERFORD'S CHRISTIAN DIRECTORY.

Grace, worthy and dearly Beloved in the Lord ; grace, mercy, and peace be unto you.—I received your letter ; I wish I could satisfy your desires in drawing up and framing for you a Christian Directory. But the learned have done it before me, more judiciously than I can ; especially Messrs. Rodgers, Greenham, and Perkins. Notwithstanding, I shall endeavor to show you what I would have been at myself (howbeit, I always came short of my purpose). First. That certain hours of the day, less or more time, for the word and prayer, I said, be given to God, not sparing the twelfth hour or mid-day, howbeit it should then be the shorter time. Second. In the midst of worldly employments there would be some thoughts of sin, judgment, death, and eternity, with a word or two of ejaculatory prayer (at least) to God. Third. To beware of wandering of heart in private prayers. Fourth. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from prayer without sense of joy ; downcasting, sense of guiltiness, and hunger are often best for us. Fifth. That the Lord's Day, from morning to night, be spent always either in private or public worship. Sixth. That words be observed, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, sudden anger and desire of revenge, even of such as persecute the truth, be guarded against ; for we often mix our zeal with our own wildfire. Seventh. That known, discovered, and revealed sins that are against the conscience, be eschewed, as most dangerous preparatives to hardness of heart. Eighth. That in dealing with men, faith and truth in covenants and trafficking be regarded ; that we deal with all men in sincerity ; that conscience be made of idle and lying words ; and that our carriage be such as that they who see it may speak honorably of our sweet Master and our profession. Ninth. I have been much challenged, first, for not referring all to God as the last end ; that I do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak, and think for God ; second, that I have not benefited by good company ; and that I left not some word of conviction, even upon natural and wicked men, as by reproving swearing in them, or because of being a silent witness to their loose carriage, and because I intended not in all companies to do good ; third, that the woes and calamities of the kirk, and particular professors, have not moved me ; fourth, that at the reading of the life of David, Paul, and the like, when it humbled me, (I coming so far short of their

holiness,) I labored not to imitate them, afar off at least, according to the measure of God's grace ; fifth, that unrepented sins of youth were not looked to nor repented for ; sixth, that sudden stirrings of pride, lust, revenge, love of honors, were not resisted and mourned for ; seventh, that my charity was cold ; eighth, that the experience I had of God's hearing me in this and the other particular, being gathered, yet in a new trouble I had always, as it were, my faith to seek, as if I were to begin A, B, C, again ; ninth, that I have not more boldly contradicted the enemies speaking against the truth, either at public church meetings, or at tables, or ordinary conference ; tenth, that in great troubles I have received false reports of Christ's love, and misbelieved him in his chastening, whereas the event hath said, All was in mercy ; eleventh, nothing more moveth me, and weighteth my soul, than that I could never for my heart, in my prosperity, so wrestle in prayer with God, nor be so dead to the world, so hungry and sick of love for Christ, so heavenly minded, as when ten stone weight of the cross, a heavy cross, was upon me ; twelfth, that the cross extorted vows of new obedience which ease has blown away, as chaff before the wind ; thirteenth, that practice was so short and narrow, and light so long and broad ; fourteenth, that death has not been often meditated upon ; fifteenth, that I have not been careful of gaining others to Christ ; sixteenth, that my grace and gifts bring forth little or no thankfulness. There are some things also, whereby I have been helped ; as, first, I have benefited by riding alone a long journey, being engaged in prayer ; second, by retirement, and giving days to God ; third, by praying for others : for, by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for myself ; fourth, I have been really confirmed, in many particulars, that God heareth prayers, and therefore I used to pray for anything, of how little importance soever ; fifth, he enabled me to make no question that Christ's mocked way, which is so nicknamed, is the only way to heaven.

Sir, these and many more occurrences in my life would be looked unto ; and, first, thoughts of Atheism would be watched over, as if there be a God in heaven, which will trouble and assault the best at times ; second, growth in grace would be cared for above all things, and falling from our first love mourned for ; third, conscience made of praying for the enemies who are blinded.

Sir, I thank you most kindly for your care of my brother, and me also ; I hope it is laid up for you, and remembered in heaven. I am still ashamed with Christ's kindness to such a sinner as I am ; He hath left a fire in my heart that hell cannot cast water on to quench or extinguish it. Help me to praise, and pray for me ; for ye have a prisoner's blessing and prayers. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you. Yours, in Christ Jesus,

Aberdeen, March 15th, 1637.

S. RUTHERFORD.

If you know what it is to be spiritually-minded, you also know what it is to be carnally-minded. Many people have religion enough to prate about, but not enough to stop their mouths.—*W. T.*

THE HEART OF MAN.

“Who can know the heart? I the Lord search it.” The heart of man is pervious to God only; hence he takes the honor of searching the heart to be as peculiar to himself and as fully declaring him to be God as any other glorious attribute of his nature. We know not the hearts of one another; we know not our own hearts as we ought. Many there are that know not their hearts as to their general bent and disposition, whether it be good or bad, sincere and sound or corrupt and naught; but no one knows all the secret intrigues, the windings and turnings, the actings and aversations of his own heart. Has any one the perfect measure of his own light and darkness? Can any one know what actings of choosing or aversation his will bring forth upon the proposal of that endless variety of objects that it is to be exercised with? Can any one traverse the various mutability of his affections? Do the secret springs of acting and refusing in the soul lie before the eyes of any man? Does any one know what will be the motions of the mind or will, in such and such conjunction of things? Such a suiting of objects, such a pretension of reasonings, such an appearance of things desirable? All in heaven and earth, but the infinite all-seeing God, are utterly ignorant of these things. In this unsearchable heart dwells the law of sin; and much of its security, and consequently of its strength, lies in this, that it is past our finding out. We fight with an enemy whose secret strength we cannot discover, whom we cannot follow into his retirements. Hence oftentimes, when we are ready to think sin quite ruined, after a while we find it was but out of sight. It has coverts and retreats in an unsearchable heart, whither we cannot pursue it. The soul may persuade itself all is well, when sin may be safe in the hidden darkness of the mind, which it is impossible that he should look into; for whatever makes manifest is light. It may suppose the will of sinning is utterly taken away, when yet there is an unsearchable reserve for a more suitable object, a more vigorous temptation than at present it is tried withal. Has a man had a contest with any lust, and a blessed victory over it by the Holy Ghost, as to that present trial? When he thinks it is utterly expelled he ere long finds that it was but retired out of sight. It can lie so close in the mind’s darkness, in the will’s indisposition, in the disorder and carnality of the affections, that no eye can discover it. The best of our wisdom is but to watch its first appearances, to catch its first under-earth heavings and workings, and to set ourselves in opposition to them; for to follow it into the secret corners of the heart, that we cannot do. It is true, there is yet a relief in this case, namely, that he to whom the work of destroying the law of sin and body of death in us is principally committed, namely, the Holy Ghost, comes with his axe to the very root, neither is there anything in an unsearchable heart that is not open and naked unto him. (Heb. iv. 12.) But we may hence see what an enemy we have to deal withal.—*Owen.*

A VIEW OF JESUS.

“And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.”

I have long wanted to write to you, but I really have not been able, for I find and feel that I can do nothing as I would. What a mercy it is that the source of my comfort in nowise depends on my ability to pray, speak, or write, but alone in the free favor and mercy of my God! This I seem always to know in my judgment, but seldom in my feelings; for it is as natural to me as my breathing, to be looking for something in myself wherefrom I may get comfort; but it has hitherto failed with me, and I have been brought into the feeling of those words of Hart,

“Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe.”

So it generally has with me; but, bless his dear name, he brings his people by a right way, and so he has brought me, and to acknowledge, and more than once to feel, that I would not have it in any way altered; but this I cannot now enter into. When I last visited you, I quite thought I should have told you how the dear Lord had visited my poor soul not long before that time, but the enemy was permitted to throw my mind into such confusion, that I could not feelingly enter into anything, though I was very happy when I left home. But the dear Lord has appeared again and again unto me, as my all in all. I believe I told you of my going to Lewes, near Brighton, a place I believe I shall never forget as long as I live in this world. I must now tell you I left my home for that place as wretched and miserable as I ever felt, and continued to get worse and worse up to the time I am now alluding to, when the dear Lord revealed himself to me in such an amazing manner as my poor tongue can never be able to tell, while walking up a hill, near that place, with a load of sin and guilt upon my shoulders, which must have sunk me into despair, had not the Lord appeared and taken it all away, never more to be found.

I was reading dear Hart's hymns, when I came on the one upon the Brasen Serpent, which I read through; and when I came to the words, “Dying sinner, look and live,” I was cast upon Jesus, rejoiced in him, and wept over him as my suffering Saviour, bleeding, dying the accursed death on Calvary's Cross, in the room and stead of sinful me. When, after a moment, I came a little to myself, I looked to see my sins and misery, but they could not be found. Then came these words,

“Long time I after idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd man.”

O how my poor soul did weep for joy. I walked about until I scarce knew where I was, till I became exhausted, when I sat down with such peace and comfort as I never had before, and with such a view of the life, death, and sufferings of Jesus, that I wished ever to live to his honor and to his praise. How to make the most of this I never shall be able; but this I know, none can know him but

by the Holy Ghost. O my dear brother, what a mercy to be brought to feel that in and through the death of his dear Son, we are reconciled unto God who had a just right to cut us off in our sins. Since then I have had many dark days, but the Lord has delivered, and I trust he will yet deliver me. Since I saw you, I have lost another dear child, two years old, which makes threc taken away, and three living. But the Lord has done all things well, which has been my comfort in this trouble ; and he is one near at hand and not afar off.

I sincerely hope this will find you and your dear partner and children in good health, as it leaves mine ; but I am poorly with many infirmities. Please to remember me to the brethren at O—, whom I saw at A— after I left you, but had no time to speak much to them. I suppose you are still in the same spot. May the Lord enable you to wait till the cloud moves, and then you to follow. I hope the Lord will put it into your heart to write to me, for I long to hear from you. The Lord bless you. Amen.

Yours, in the best of bonds,

London, February 26th, 1844.

T. B.

A WORD OF COUNSEL.

My dear Friends,—It is a commendable thing of you to try to establish a cause of truth for the glory of God and the good of immortal souls in Coventry; and if the dear Lord has put the thought into your hearts, and maintains the desire therein to honor his holy name in the salvation and comfort of his dear people, and for your own benefit, and for the exalting of our lovely Jesus on high thereby, with united wrestling and unceasing prayer, you will succeed and prosper, will live to see the wonders he can do, and have blessed cause, with heart and soul and voice, to sing his worthy praise together.

Observe strict communion; be careful whom you receive; keep church order in love; cleave close to Jesus and to each other, in one spirit, by prayer and supplication. May you be lovers of truth, rich in experience, diligent in all means, jealous over your hearts and for his honor, striving together for the unity of saints and for intercourse with our best Beloved, and to prove yourselves monuments of grace. May you be the Lord's despised yet favored ones, enduring the cross with joy, with the Shepherd's mark visible, following his footsteps, chastened, comforted, and blessed heirs of the kingdom made manifest below; desiring to live and die in peace, beneath the droppings of love and blood at our dear Redeemer's sacred feet, and in the enjoyment of his lovely presence while here and for ever. And the God of love and peace shall be with you.

My motto hidden deep, and felt within my breast, is, with great desire, to know and do the will of God, and in all things to please him; my covenant God, Redeemer and Friend; that I may enjoy his lovely presence in sweet and solemn communion while here below, and live

and reign with him above for ever. The Lord is my help, my strength, my salvation, and my memorial. Praise him, O my soul.

My dear friends, may this be your motto also, engraved deep in your hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost. Yours in love,

Bedworth, Oct. 7th, 1853.

G. T. C.

A LETTER BY THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE

My dear Friend,—By your kind note yesterday, that Mr. — received, I found the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand once more on your frail body. O may it prove profitable to your never dying soul; for though afflictions are not pleasant at the time to our flesh, and when alone only cause rebellion and murmuring, still when we have a little hope spring up by faith in Him who suffered, bled, and died for such rebellious worms of the earth as we, then we can feel what Paul said, and know that it is truth, “No affliction is joyous but grievous; *nevertheless*, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” It is a blessing indeed to be brought to this spot, to be made submissive to his will; that word *nevertheless* has been many times blest to me, in reading it in the word of God. Sometimes we are enabled to rejoice in afflictions; and what a mercy it is that Isaiah, by the blessed Spirit, was enabled to pen that sweet chapter, the 63rd, for our comfort and encouragement, when he said, in the 8th and 9th verses especially, “Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.” These are sweet-portions indeed, and comforting, when at such times, brought home with power by the Holy Spirit to our hearts; then can we sing with dear Hart:

“How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,
Nor leave us till we say,
'Father, thy will be done.'

At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.

“Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine!

*Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.”*

Yes, my friend, these words I believe I shall never quite forget, for they were brought to me in a real time of need, and were a comfort to my poor burdened, cast down soul; and I could say then, from my heart, “that it was good for me that I had been afflicted.” Yes, my friend, you have known something of this, I believe, for you have been a subject of sore affliction in your short life, both in body and mind; and yet, at times, when faith is in exercise, you know that it has all worked together for your good, and to the profit

of your soul. This is a great mercy indeed, and may he ever give you to see it so at all times, in whatsoever he may see fit to call you and yours to pass through, in this pathway of tribulation, to that heavenly place of rest that is laid up for them that fear Him, and love Him in truth. There will be no more changes and troubles then, for we shall there be out of the reach of the darts of the wicked one. I think you will say this is strong language for me; indeed it is; but really yesterday I had such a sweet season in reading the 3rd and 4th chapters of the Book of Proverbs, that I can speak and write as I feel from my heart, and the Saviour has not quite left me now. What a mercy it is to be favored at times with such sweet lifts by the way, though they are but short. Mr. — met with us last evening, and we had the Lord's presence with us. Your note was read to the few assembled there, and they felt a great sympathy for you in your affliction. We are going to dine with ——— to-day, and I really hope the conversation will be profitable to our souls; if not, I would rather stay away. May the Lord renew your strength, and enable you once more to come amongst us, to set forth and exalt a precious Christ, to abase the sinner, and lay him low in the dust of self-abasement, if it be his blessed will, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, for the carnal mind is at enmity with true religion. May He come with you and bless the word from your lips, for He has said that His word shall not return unto Him void; but it shall prosper where-to he pleases to send it. I did not expect to have scribbled on as I have done when I first began, only to send a few lines. I shall be glad to have a line or two from you when you are able. All the friends unite with me in love to you; and believe me to be,

Your ever well-wisher, and unworthy Friend in Truth,

Faversham, Nov. 28, 1845.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

Wretch that I am! What shall I do? or whither shall I flee? I am weighed in the balance, and am found wanting. (Dan. v. 27.) This is indeed my doom; the doom I am to expect from the mouth of Christ himself, from the mouth of him that died for the redemption and salvation of men. Dreadful sentence! and so much the more dreadful, when considered in that view! To what shall I look to save me from it? To whom shall I call? Shall I say to the rocks, "Fall upon me," and to the hills, "Cover me?" (Luke xxiii. 30.) What shall I gain by that? Were I indeed overwhelmed with rocks and mountains, they could not conceal me from the notice of his eye; and his hand could reach me with as much ease there as anywhere else. I do then, O blessed Lord, prostrate myself in the dust before thee. I own I am a condemned and miserable creature. But my language is that of the humble publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" (Luke xviii. 13.) Some general and confused apprehensions I have of a way by which I may possibly escape. O God, whatever that way is, show it me, I beseech thee! Point it out so plainly, that I may not be able to mistake it! And O reconcile my heart to it, be it ever so humbling, be it ever so painful!—*Doddridge.*

THE LORD HEARETH THE POOR AND DESPISETH
NOT HIS PRISONERS.

My dear Brother and Sister, in Him who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our own works, but according to his own purpose and grace.

To address you thus may appear to be strong meat, especially for my dear sister's weak stomach, who appears at times to be full of fears whether she ever yet came in at the gate of regeneration. We read of some who are "unskilful in the word of righteousness;" that is, they have no sensible might, power, or wisdom, to make use of the sword of the Spirit and shield of faith against the fiery darts of Satan, who oft comes in like a flood, and fills them with fears that they are out of the secret of true religion; that their convictions have never been deep enough; that they know nothing of the law in its killing power, because they never experienced it to the same degree as others, of whom they hear and read. These are the babes that have need of milk; and the dear Lord has provided for these poor little ones plenty of it in his word; for every new-born babe, like my dear sister, desires the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. For my own part, I am very fond of a little of this milk myself at times. Strong meat does not at all times suit me, when I feel faint and sickly from the wounds I receive from inbred sin and Satan. Such as Paul fed upon, "Christ loved me and gave himself for me;" or, as the church says, "My Beloved is mine and I am his," &c. ; this meat is too strong for me to feed upon at such times; but I am enabled, now and then, to suck a little milk from such portions of the precious word as this, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none," &c. ; "The needy shall not alway be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever;" "The Lord heareth the groaning of the prisoner, and despiseth not the prayer of the destitute." And although you, my dear sister, may, at times, fear that you are destitute of real religion, because you never experienced those depths of distress, nor those bright consolations as others you have heard or read of, yet this is a wrong criterion to judge by. In this I can feel a sympathy with you. I know well where you are, having been there before you. For years was I held in bondage in the same spot, trying to measure myself by the standard of others' experience, and standards set up in the pulpit by some men, until my mind became so much confused that I have been at my wits' end. O how have I sighed, and cried, and groaned, and begged of the Lord that he would decide the doubtful case; and in due time the Lord inclined his ear unto me, heard my cry, and led me to the standard of his own word, blessing these words to my soul's comfort: "He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God;" with other confirming testimonies. He heareth, and forgetteth not the cry of the humble, the sighing of the needy, and the groaning of the prisoner. He delivered Jeremiah out of the low dungeon; Jonah out of the belly of hell; Daniel from the lion's den; David from the mire and clay; and Zion out of captivity. And certain I am that he will deliver my dear sister.

in his own time, out of her present fears whether her religion is of the right kind. But, why speak so confidently? say you. Why, because I saw the mark and image of Jesus, felt a soul union to you in conversation, and am satisfied that, if you were not born of God, you never would have had that mark of uprightness of heart to so much dread deception as you do. If you had never experienced a law work, had never been killed and made alive, there would not have been that love to the brethren which you manifest. Love is of God; and he that loveth is born of God, is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation, (that is, finally,) for they often feel condemned in themselves; yet Jesus says, "Neither do I condemn thee." If your soul had never been made alive, you would have been destitute of those marks which you now have; there would have been no such hungering and thirsting after righteousness; no panting for the Lord as "the hart panteth after the water brooks;" no crying, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" no prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus;" no inquiring your way to Zion with your face thitherward: no felt sense of destitution, poverty, and need; no mourning your lonely state while you see others walk at large; no knowledge of your helplessness and ignorance, and the need of the Lord as your wisdom and strength; no being troubled about your being so shut up and not able to come forth, if you were not a prisoner of hope. These things prove you to be one of the broken in heart; and the sacrifice of the Lord is a broken and contrite heart, which he will not despise. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; and he will by and by bring your soul health and cure, for He is faithful that hath promised. He taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy; who have nothing else to hope in, but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Methinks I hear my sister say, "Well, I have nothing else to hope in but that." Well, then, "be of good courage, and the Lord shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

And now, my dear brother, a word or two to you. I do think with you, that it is right to set up standards, as far as the word of God justifies, but no farther; and that says, "I kill, and I make alive," &c. But then, as to the manner of death, that is quite another thing. God is a sovereign, and acts as he pleases. He cuts a Saul down at a stroke, and roots the jailor up as by an earthquake, while he opens a Lydia's heart in a milder form, and saves many a poor sinner in this manner. Bunyan describes poor Mercy, who was so fearful that she should not be admitted, because she had not such testimonies as Christiana. And this brings to my mind what our dear friend P— says in one of his sermons. He is there speaking of the way in which the sinner dies, comparing it with the Lord's work in killing the body. Some, he says, are cut down by a sudden stroke or raging fever; while others linger long in decline; yet both at length die. So it is spiritually, as was the case with Paul and Lydia. Therefore to set up standards according to others' experience is quite inconsistent, and calculated to make the hearts of the people sad, whom the Lord has not made sad.

Sutton Benger.

A SMOKING FLAX.

OBITUARY.

MARY PRATT CLAYDON.

Communicated by her Husband, through Mr. John Garritt, Baptist Minister
Stoke Newington.

Mary was the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Thompson, and was born Oct. 26th, 1824. She was of a lively and agreeable disposition naturally, had many pleasing manners, and was very attractive, which insured her the friendship and esteem of all that knew her.

In the latter part of 1840, when still in my wild career of sin and youthful madness, I became acquainted with her; it was at a dance. From this time a rapid increase of attachment and affection towards each other took place, and we married Nov. 6th, 1842.

God chastened us for the iniquity of our youth, by crossing our purposes and wishes in very many things, and weakened my tabernacle with affliction, so that we ate the bread of adversity during our short stay in the wilderness with each other.

From the first that my soul was led to God in prayer, she was earnestly petitioned for; but during the sickness which put an end to her life, I trust I may say, through grace, I travailed in birth for her till Christ was formed in her heart, the hope of glory; (Gal. iv. 19;) and then we realised the fruit and sweet effects together, as in some measure we "spoke of the glory of God's kingdom, and talked of his power." (Ps. cxlv. 11.)

From April 17th, 1846, the birth of our last child, she appeared very ailing; but nothing particular can I notice of a spiritual character till about the time she was attacked with her last illness, viz., consumption, Nov., 1846.

About this time, after reading the word of God and engaging in family prayer, we have sat for an hour or so talking upon spiritual and eternal matters. I frequently questioned her as to her own state, but she would always put from her any encouragement that she was spiritually concerned for her soul. She gradually became worse in body; and as I watched her minutely, I often perceived her in earnest and solemn thought; but if I asked her what engaged her mind so earnestly, she would give no answer concerning her soul's state. About the second week of January, 1847, one night after reading, &c., I particularly questioned her. She then told me that she had felt concerned about her soul for months, but added, "It is only natural feeling, from hearing of these things and my being ill." I said, "True, such is the case frequently; but the Lord is a God of means, and hearing his truth, and you being ill, may be the very means the Lord is about to make use of to manifest you to be his; but we 'must be born again.'" And I asked if that thought at all affected her, and she said, "No." However, feeling a desire not to encourage any false hopes, I said, "Then, Mary, according to the word of God, you are dead; and, living and dying dead in our trespasses and sins, we must be lost." From this time she became manifestly deeply concerned and exercised about her soul's state; and when talking together, she would say, "O to die without a hope, how distracting!"

On Feb. 18th, 1847, I had some considerable conversation with her, from which I felt a confirmed hope that she was truly and spiritually alive to her state as a sinner in the sight of God. We wept together. At this time her crying was, "I am lost, O I am lost, if I die as I am! I am lost, if I die in my sins, without a hope in Christ; I know I am lost!" and then she would weep sorely. She told me this night she had very long been exercised about her soul, but always felt afraid it was only natural feeling, so would not speak of it; "but," she added, "whether spiritual or natural, this I know, it is the constant subject of my thoughts and mind," often saying, "Without Christ I feel lost," &c. I tried to comfort her by offering all I could of the lowest Bible evidence of a God-fearing soul.

She gradually kept sinking. Her medical adviser ordered a change of air, as being beneficial to her health; and said, "If she is to get better, she must go into the country." She went to H—, having friends there; but returned much worse. The following is an extract from the first letter to me after she left:

"My dearest Husband,—I know how anxious you are to have a few lines from me, to know the state of my mind as well as my body. I feel almost afraid to say anything about it, lest it should be only natural feeling. If I have, or think I have any serious impressions, they do not appear lasting. I begin to think I shall be for ever lost, if Christ in mercy do not have compassion upon me. I thought I would try and read some of Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ,' which I did. I felt several times to be quite melted down, for I so feared I was not one of Christ's adopted that Bunyan speaks of. Still there remains a hope that Christ, in his tender mercy, would in his own time make it manifest, by speaking peace to my soul."

From this may be gathered evidence of a living sense of her lost estate, and a need of Christ as the only Saviour and salvation of a poor sinner. I wrote to her, as enabled, and on the following day her answer was as follows:

"My kind and faithful Partner,—How eagerly did I peruse your letter, which I read over and over again, and trust I found some comfort in reading it; but I feel sometimes so destitute of feeling, so prone to back-sliding, such a carelessness, that I begin to fear that the Lord should leave me to myself, that is, be as I used to be. O how I have wished I had never uttered a word to any one, but kept it to myself; and then if it was not the Lord's work, no one but my own conscience would have known it. Then, again, I think I am unbelieving; for yesterday afternoon I was very ill; as I sat in my chair resting my head on a pillow, my eyes being closed, I thought I would go to Christ, and I felt such a breathing of prayer to ask for the things I need, if this *is* going to him. I know no other way. O my ignorance! My dear husband, I think you will scarce know what to make of me; I feel so destitute of everything pertaining to Christ. Several times before I have tried to pray (if I dare call it praying) to God for peace and pardon through the blood of the Lamb, my mouth, as it were, has been shut that I could not utter a sentence. I read those passages of Scripture you directed me to, with several more besides, and I do enjoy the reading of those precious books. I feel a sweetness in their pages I used not to feel; but I want something applied with power to my soul before I can rest satisfied of my interest in Christ. But we must wait His divine will in all things.

You wished to know how my dear friend Jane's note affected me. I read it whilst getting my breakfast. I read it, and wept over it; there appeared something so kind and sympathising; and I said to myself, 'You do not know what I am; you are deceived in me;' and then I wept again. But I must return to answer your letter, hoping that the Lord will, in his own time, speak home with power to my soul that I am his, and his name shall have all the glory. Amen."

Previous to this letter, a female friend had written to her. The following was her answer :

"My very dear Friend,—I feel unworthy of the concern you have felt for me during my sickness. O how eagerly did I open your note to read the contents, which melted my heart within me. I wept and read, and wept again. I hope I have found some comfort from yours, and likewise from my dear husband's, more particularly his last, which I received this morning. I have not felt so despairing as I did a few days since. I read my Bible sometimes, and Hart's hymns. I find some of them very precious. The first part of the day I have not been able to read at all, but I think upon the whole I have been much better to-day. I hope my dear friend will not think I am at ease; far from it. I cannot rest short of Christ. I shall have quite a history to tell you, should the Lord in his tender mercy spare me once more to return home. To-day I have been quite annoyed by the Church parson; not Mr. R—, but his curate, Mr. W—. I have had several books broght me, but I do not read them. I know my own are truth, (the Bible, Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome to Jesus,' and Hart's Hymns,) and to them I keep, for fear I should get into error and lose what little I think I do know. But I do not think they will visit me much. Mr. R. said very little; but Mr. W. went on preaching with his eyes shut, until I was obliged to interrupt him. I said, 'It matters not what man can say unto me; I want something applied with power from Jesus Christ to my heart and conscience!' He did not like the saying, as he had it over more than once or twice. He came with no other intention but converting my soul, but God in mercy would not suffer me to be drawn into Satan's net. I hope it is not presumption in me to say, that the Lord was a shield to me. I hope, my dear friend, you will excuse my simplicity in answering your note, for I feel my ignorance so great as regards spiritual things; but you cannot expect much from one so young in the way.

"I remain, your sincere friend,

"H—, Monday evening, March 15th, 1847.

"MARY."

The following are a few words extracted from a note to me, enclosed in the above, in answer to mine of the 14th :

"I received your letter, which I eagerly opened. I could not at first read it, but after a while was enabled. I found the language it contained so sympathising that it melted me. Are those feelings natural or spiritual? I fear natural. But, my dear husband, I hope to see you in a day or two, and then we can have some talk! O how I should like to hear dear Mr. Creasey next Lord's Day. But farewell until we meet.

"H—, March 16th, 1847.

"MARY."

Accordingly I went on Wednesday, the 17th, and returned on the 20th. During my visit with her, I was rejoiced at the manifest work of God's saving grace in her poor soul. We had much spiritual conversation with each other, more than I can here notice, and the Lord blessed us with his presence in reading his word and in prayer. She was evidently thirsting after Christ, under a deep sense

of her lost estate. She told me how annoyed she had been by the village curate, and said, "Though I feel in so low a state, yet I would not change places with him for worlds." I very often found her breathing her soul out in prayer. She also expressed her desire for the Lord's house of worship, and her love to his saints; also her indignation against the canting and empty profession around her.

Friday morning, March 19th, upon entering her bedroom after breakfast, I found her in tears. We wept together. Upon asking her what was the cause, I had the joy to know it was a sweet melting of soul from these words, flowing in and through her soul with power in prayer, "Lord Jesus, quickly come," not to depart, but in a manifestive way and manner to her soul. O how humble she appeared, low and abased before God, in her soul! We enjoyed a sweet season with each other, and I trust the Lord granted her a sweet spiritual feeling of this, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." She complained much of spiritual destitution, as she was blessed with a deep sense of the same in herself. Her cry was constantly, "Without Christ revealed, I must perish. I have no other hope; but, O I scarcely can hope! yet in his mercy I do hope." I left her in much sorrow, feeling no real hope of her being better bodily. She promised to write to me by the Thursday following, if she were able, which she did, and it was the last letter she ever wrote :

"My faithful and attentive Partner,—I write, although I feel unable, fearing lest you should think me worse. On Monday you heard of the state of my body. On Tuesday I was extremely ill; such a faintness, similar to Sunday. I was obliged to lie down in the afternoon, which I found I must not do if I could possibly keep up, for when I do sleep my sweats are tremendous. On Wednesday I felt a little better in the morning, but at night I again felt uncommonly ill. I have such queer feelings in my head. I am so afraid I shall lose my senses; but whatever the Lord is pleased to afflict me with, I hope he will in mercy spare me them. I know not what to say as regards coming home, I am so incapable of waiting even upon myself. I shall be so glad, in a spiritual sense, when I am home; I am so beset with false professors; two women this last week, one a Ranter, the other a Wesleyan Methodist; She wrote down on a piece of paper Rom. v. and viii. and John xiv., which she sent by my cousin Betsy, and said she would either call and see me, or I was to go to her. I thought if I wrote her a few lines that would settle it; but no, she came to inform me the way to get to heaven. I said very little, and she found I did not receive what she said; but she expressed a wish to see me again, although I have no desire to see her, for hers is poor comfort to a wounded soul. On Monday evening I hope I may say I found some comfort from the 91st hymn of Hart's,

"Christ is the friend of sinners,' &c.

If I have ever felt anything precious, I did this hymn. I read it again and again, and of several more I have felt the sweetness likewise. The Scriptures, I feel them blessed truths; I only regret my neglect of reading them. So you see, my dear, although I am not, as the people would have me, in a full assurance of faith, (as they term it,) I have a good hope through grace. Neither, my love, am I in despair, as I felt a day or so; but read Rom. viii. 25, and five or six following verses. I am willing to wait the Lord's time; that is the present state of my mind as

regards spiritual matters. Lastly, my beloved husband, do not fret on my account; the Lord will be better to us than all our fears. I must conclude with my best love to you, hoping you and the dear children are quite well.

“Remaining your sincere partner,
M. C.”

“H—, Thursday, March 25th, 1847.

In the foregoing letters of hers, during her visit at Heacham, surely a growth in grace is very evident, and that, too, under a sinking state bodily; for which cause she fainted not, as it is written, “Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.” (2 Cor. iv. 16.) “Bless the Lord, all ye his saints; bless the Lord, O my soul.”

After she had returned home, I found in her desk a copy of the few words she sent the Wesleyan Methodist woman at H—. I here copy them:

“Dear Friend,—I found the reading of Rom. viii. very comforting to me, more so from the 25th verse, and five or six following verses, which I wish you to read. Begin at the 25th verse; there you will see the exact state of my mind. The Lord says in his word, there ‘is a set time to favor Zion.’ I cannot refer to the passage, but I know it is Scripture; and I hope in that set time he will in mercy favor my poor soul with his pardoning love, and shine in me, that I may ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

“‘Though God’s election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God’s own mouth
That he has chosen me.’

“Farewell,

“Tuesday, March 23rd, 1847.” MARY CLAYDON.”

The first Lord’s Day after her return home, which was April 4th, was a blessed day, and that with us both.

Early in the morning, before it was light, she asked me if I were awake. I was. She then told me she had just awoke in a very blessed and happy state, with a sweet promise to her, and which she felt was for her. It was, thy “bread shall be given; waters shall be sure.” (Isa. xxxiii. 16.) We had some sweet conversation upon it, feeling Christ to be the “bread of heaven,” (John vi. 48,) which poor sinners, by faith, feed upon; (John vi. 51;) and Christ, the water of life, (John iv. 14,) as a well of water in us, “springing up unto everlasting life.” Thus we understood the promise, and thus she fed upon it. From this time her soul appeared much stayed and in peace to what it had ever been; and often did she speak of this promise, always saying, “I felt it to me; O it was given to me!”

Monday week following this, the 12th, she, however, sank again. I had some conversation with her on the state she was in. I found her very distressed; indeed, more so than I ever did. We wept together. She said, “O Robert, to be without a hope in Christ! O how distracting!” I said, “Thousands are without that blessed treasure, and know no distress on account of it.” She said, “O I am lost; all my feelings are natural; O how destitute I am!” and looking at me, in much distress of soul, she said, “O to die without Christ!”

and then, biting her lips, she said, "Is not that distracting?" I said it was unutterably so, but such a feeling sense of it was felt only to a living soul. She said, "I want Christ." I said, "That want or desire will surely be granted," and spoke to her, although stammeringly, of the precious promises of a faithful covenant-keeping God, from Isa. xli., trying to show her the suitability of the promises to the characters therein described, and I trust at last drew out her hope, closing my poor remarks by referring to Rom. viii. 25, the first portion her soul felt comfort and support in; which is, "For if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." After this she became comforted and lifted up by, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." Every day something was to be seen, as a renewing of God's work in her soul, either of a distressing sense or otherwise, with fervent breathings of soul for the Lord to appear.

April 15th was the last day she was brought down stairs alive. All hope of her ever being better in this world was lost by me. This evening, as I was carrying her up stairs, she rested her poor head upon mine, and groaned out, "Lord Jesus, look upon me!" I said, after I got up stairs, "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine." (Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19.) She said, "The Lord bless you, my dear," but too much panted for breath to say more; and having such great difficulty in breathing, being so extremely faint and weak, requiring to be kept quiet and as still as possible, little could be said to her.

April 24th she was much worse, and thought she was dying; but the Lord, through the means of a draught, was pleased to revive her again. In the afternoon she spoke to her sister, as well as she was able, concerning her soul and spiritual realities. She told me, that while she was talking with her she felt her heart glow within, and a sweet liberty of soul and an enjoyment of an assurance of hope of eternal glory through the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he was hers and she his. In the evening she was got up to have her bed made, when she would sit a little time, and have me close to her, saying she wanted to talk with us; but, poor dear, she could scarcely be heard, except by me, as I was as near to her as she could get me. She spoke very firmly of her hope in Christ, but panted after further assurance. Looking at me in earnestness and energy of soul, with tears in her eyes, she said, "O to die without a hope, and be filled with wrath, how distracting!—eternal wrath! O distracting thought! But, O Robert, I have a better hope, a hope in Christ. O blessed hope! Lord, save me; have mercy upon me!"

April 25th, a day ever to be remembered by me so long as my senses remain unimpaired. According to her own request our dear boy was fetched home from S— for her to see him. Our friend came also, and her company my beloved Mary much enjoyed; and was, throughout the whole day, in a sweet enjoyment of a good hope through grace of eternal glory. This morning she would have me get my breakfast with her in bed. She gave commandment

concerning her funeral, and things connected with it, directing me how to proceed when she was gone. She also spoke of the many slights some of her family had shown me, and of the grief and vexation it had caused her, but said, "Never mind, I bless the Lord I ever knew you, and the providence of God that brought us together, for you have been the instrument of bringing me out of a reprobate family to the knowledge and light of the gospel. O Robert, my love for you is of a two-fold nature now." I spoke to her of the many strugglings of soul I had had in prayer to the God of Israel for her soul's salvation, and that I might be blessed with her, to speak to each other of "the glory of his kingdom," and talk of his power; and this morning it was realised. We wept and rejoiced together.

April 26th. In the morning her father came to see her. She told him she must leave him, spoke to him about me, and several things. He appeared affected, and promised her to behave well to me. After this, she spoke of those things no more to me. This evening, as she lay, I perceived her lips moving. I placed my head as near to her mouth as I could, and found she was in fervent prayer. I heard distinctly, "Jesus, take me to thy rest; I do not wish to be here. If it be thy blessed will, grant me a manifestation of my interest in the covenant ordered in all things, and sure." I did not speak to her, as she was inclined to sleep.

The next day, the 27th, I told her she reminded me of Hannah of old, who "spoke in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard." She said, "Yes." She was blessed, indeed, this day with a spirit of grace and supplication, and earnestly longed to be gone. This day our dear boy Robert went to S— again, leaving his dear, fond mother, to see her no more. She took the last farewell of her child with surprising fortitude and resignation, as she knew (having so dreamed) that she should see him no more, but, as she would often say, "was going to Christ, which is far better."

April 28th. She was violently attacked with panting for breath, was very restless, and overpowered for want of sleep, but could get none. We expected her to die every hour. Her sister, and our young women, were up all night with me. A restless night she had, indeed, bodily, and suffered much. During this night, at different times, she expressed her assurance of sleeping in Jesus, and was at times in ecstasy of joy, triumphing over death, hell, and the grave, through Christ, the Captain of her salvation. She extolled the mercy—the mercy of God towards her, speaking in language of deep self-abasement and godly sorrow; spoke of Christ as all in all and everything to her, a poor sinner; acknowledged the personal election of God, repeating this, "And I will take you one of a city, and two of a family," (Jer. iii. 14,) saying, "I did not seek the Lord; he sought me; and O the mercy that I, even I, out of a reprobate family should be brought to Christ! O is not that a mercy?" Claspings her hands and gazing upon me, she continued, from time to time during the night, praising and blessing the Lord, in such like expressions of thankfulness and praise, praying to depart and

"be with Christ, which is far better;" and then reproving herself for being, as she said, impatient, as she desired to wait the Lord's time, and to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." I said to her once, "O Mary, how blessed you are; you have got far above me." She answered and said, "*You are not dying, my dear; I am.*" And truly I can say that joy bounded in my soul, to hear her with her dying breath preach Christ and the faith she once cared not for. She said to her sister, taking her by the hand, "May the Lord bless your soul. O do you not see now that there is something in religion? Are you not convinced?" And then, turning to me, she said to her, "Do not despise my husband; and behave well to my children." From this blessed sealing time of the Spirit, she earnestly longed to be gone; and, at different times, when her death had been expected and she survived, she would express her disappointment that she did not die.

The next day was a suffering one with her, and a weeping one with me. After she sat up once, I said to her, "Try and lie down, and get to sleep." She answered and said, "I want to sleep in Jesus." This morning, I think it was, when we lifted her up to try and eat a little for breakfast, she said, with a sweet smile, "My Jesus has done all things well." I was with her all this day, according to her own request.

May 1st. She expressed a restlessness of desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," wishing every day to be her last, and hourly inquiring about the time. She told me her sufferings were great. Yet she would say, "God is long-suffering; he is a forbearing God." Her bodily state was such as to render it useless to read or say anything to her on spiritual things, only as she was moved to speak and required an answer, for she was by this time very deaf. After we had settled for the night, and she had said something to me about —— (who sat up with us in turn this night), she reproved herself, and said to me, with an earnest and expressive look, "I want to go to my Christ—my Refuge, my Rock, my Hiding-place." I said, "Then he is *all* to you, is he?" She replied, with a look I shall never forget, piercing and full of expression, "I hope so!" She then lay down, and would have me do the same by her side, which I did; and being worn out with fatigue, I fell asleep, which was the last sleep I got by her side in bed.

May 2nd. About 4 o'clock, A.M., another change was evident, as from this time she slept soundly down to breakfast time, the perspirations in her sleep being heavy, standing upon, and rolling off her face in drops like peas. About half-past 10 o'clock she aroused herself again. I commenced talking with, her by repeating Hart's hymn, Gadsby's Selection, 251st :

"When Jesus, with his mighty love."

She firmly responded to it, and I asked her if that was her feeling. She said, "Yes." Previous to this she had asked me if I thought her safe in Christ (meaning, did I think she was his?) I said, "I hope so, but such a desire I cannot satisfy; nor can you be satisfied by my telling you so." She said, "No, no."

She spoke about dying with great composure, desiring it greatly, and apparently pleased to think she was in such circumstances. She wished to see the baby, and it was brought. She kissed it, and said, "May God bless its soul and bring it to its mother." I said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" and added, "This death-bed is to the glory of God. God is glorified in the death of his people, therefore their death is precious in his sight." She said, "O that he would take me!" I answered, "He is about doing so." She said, "*I am dying*;" I hope the Lord will grant me an easy death." I said, "Yes, perhaps in your sleep." She said, with a pleasant countenance to look upon, "I am going to Jesus; blessed hope;" and whispered something to herself in acclamations of praise. I repeated Jer. xiv. 8: "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble," and spoke of Christ being our hope, our peace, &c. She said, "This is the Lord's Day." I said, "Yes; and on the first day of the week, Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, and you want him to appear to you." She said, "Yes," and something more which I could not hear. I then said, "You appear greatly composed, and can smile at death." She blessed the Lord, and continued uttering something too low for me to hear. I left off talking to her. She was again aroused about 3 o'clock, when I fed her. Just after this, her doctor came. He found her breathing better than he had for the last time or two, and was much surprised to find her continue as she did, and she was as much disappointed. She smiled to hear the poor doctor, who thought a parson must needs come to her. This evening another change took place in her, from which time to her last she continued in a very precarious state, and required night and day to be attended to by females, so that I had but short interviews with her, which were during my meals, &c.; also her sufferings became so great that spiritual conversation was much interrupted; yet, blessed be the Lord, we had at different times a few sweet words together, though she was very deaf, and could scarcely speak to be heard for difficulty of breathing.

May 4th, I think it was, she had been telling me how she suffered, &c., and then she poured out her soul to God to depart. After sitting a little time, I said, "How fervently you desire to die and go to heaven. Now is that merely to escape your present sufferings, or for the sake of Christ and being with him?" This was a close question, and I trembled as I asked her. She turned her eyes upon me, and gave a look that told me the whole powers of her soul were aroused, and said, "What do you say?" I told her again, and explained what I meant. She then, with a peaceful smile, said in energy of soul, "Robert, my dear, I have a better hope, though I do also wish my sufferings were at an end." We blessed the Lord together. Precious union and praise.

May 5th she suffered much. In the afternoon the Lord was pleased to grant her a sweet and soul-scaling visit, which I should have much liked to witness, and which caused her to rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ with "joy unspeakable and full of glory,"

being led by the Holy Ghost (in some measure) into fellowship with the Lamb slain, in his agonies and sufferings, during which time she felt hers light—yea, for a time, gone. When I returned home from work, she told me, as well as her poor panting breath would allow her, what a precious season she had experienced, and wished I had been present. She said, “I felt no pain of the chest then—no sore hip and ear; then all was gone.” I gathered enough to ascertain the blessed nature of the season, and the sweet effects of the same on her soul, which was as I have just hinted at.

May 7th, her last entire day in this wilderness, she remained in much the same bodily state as the day or two before, until the forenoon, when a change was evident. I was sent for about 12 o'clock. When I got home, I found her, as I then thought, in the article of dying. Describe my feelings I cannot. O the throbs of anxiety and grief, and the glowings of joy together! the former to see her in agony and the sense of being bereaved of her; the latter in being assured that soon her “mortal would put on immortality,” when the saying that is written would be fulfilled in her, “Death is swallowed up in victory.” (1 Cor. xv. 54.) However, she suffered much, and continued the day through, though sinking fast under her sufferings.

At noon-time she expressed great disappointment that she did not die. In the afternoon, upon hearing the clock strike, she asked what it struck. Being told four, she said, “Then I wish it was ten.”

May the 8th came, and she entered upon it dying. In her last few hours she suffered very much. O the efforts nature made for the breath of life! About a quarter before 4 o'clock, A.M., her last struggles were evident; but,

“Now all her foes were quelled, and every danger past;
Though death remain'd, he but remain'd to be subdued at last.”

She kept talking up to the last seven or eight minutes, as well as she was enabled, and much of her poor, panting, dying breath was spent in fervent prayer to the Lord to depart. Some things I could distinctly hear at times. I heard her say, “O Lord, take me now away; if it be thy blessed will, take me now.” Another time I heard her say, “I shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” Whether it was, “I shall,” or “I do rejoice,” &c., I am not wholly certain. Again I heard, “Where shall be no more sin, no more pain, no more sickness, and sorrow shall be for ever done away.” And again and again I could distinctly understand her to be in familiar converse with Jesus, from expressions like the following: “Christ Jesus, take me!” “O Lord Jesus, quickly come!” “O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! if it be thy blessed will, let it be now.” Thus were her last breathings spent incessantly. She had appeared to be so earnest to depart as to feel impatient, but perfect resignation to the will of God she vitally enjoyed. Her last words I heard a few minutes before she died; they were, “Must wait thy will.” Placing her hand in mine, she opened her eyes, looked upon me with satisfaction, and then closed them to open them no more.

Lynn.

ROBERT CLAYDON, JUN.

R E V I E W.

Spiritual Pride; its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits. By President Edwards. Abridged. First printed in 1742. Price 6d. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

(Concluded from Page 354.)

OF all sins *pride* seems most deeply imbedded in the very heart of man. Unbelief, sensuality, covetousness, rebellion, presumption, contempt of God's holy will and word, hatred and enmity against the saints of the Most High, deceit and falsehood, cruelty and wrath, violence and murder, these, and a forest of other sins, have, indeed, struck deep roots into the black and rank soil of our fallen nature; and, interlacing their lofty stems and gigantic arms, have wholly shut out the light of heaven from man's benighted soul; but these and their associate evils do not seem so thoroughly interwoven into the very constitution of the human heart, nor so to be its very life blood as pride. The lust of the flesh is strong, but there are respites from its workings; unbelief is powerful, but there are times when it seems to lie dormant; covetousness is ensnaring, but there is not always a bargain to be made, or an advantage to be clutched. These sins differ also in strength in different individuals. Some seem not much tempted with the grosser passions of our fallen nature; others are naturally liberal and benevolent, and whatever other idol they may serve, they bend not their knee to the golden calf. Strong natural conscientiousness preserves many from those debasing sins which draw down general reprehension; and a quiet, gentle, peaceable disposition renders others strangers not only to the violent outbreaks, but even to the inward gusts of temper and anger. But where lust may have no power, covetousness no dominion, and anger no sway, there down, down in the inmost depths, heaving and boiling like the lava in the crater of a volcano, works that master sin, that sin of sins—pride. As Rome calls herself the Mother and Mistress of all the churches, so is Pride the Mother and Mistress of all the sins; for where she does not conceive them in her ever-teeming womb, she instigates their movements, and compels them to pay tribute to her glory.

The origin of evil is hidden from our eyes. Whence it sprang, and why God suffered it to arise in his fair creation, are mysteries which we cannot fathom; but thus much is revealed, that of this mighty fire which has filled hell with sulphurous flame, and will one day involve earth and its inhabitants in the general conflagration, the first spark was pride.

It is therefore emphatically the devil's own sin; we will not say his darling sin, for it is his torment, the serpent which is always biting, the fire which is ever consuming him; but it is the sin which hurled him from heaven and transformed him from a bright and holy seraph into a foul and hideous demon. How subtle, then, and potent must that poison be, which could in a moment change an angel into a devil! How black in nature, how concentrated in viru-

lence that venom, one drop of which could utterly deface the image of God in myriads of bright spirits before the throne, and degrade them into monsters of uncleanness and malignity!

Be it, then, borne in mind that the same identical sin which wrought such fearful effects in the courts of heaven was introduced by the Tempter into Paradise. "Ye shall be as gods," was the lying declaration of the father of lies. When that declaration was believed, and an entrance thus made into Eve's heart, through that gap rushed in pride, lust, and ambition. The fruit of the forbidden tree was "pleasant to the eyes;" there was food for lust. It was a tree "to be desired to make them wise;" there was a bait for pride. "They would be as gods;" there was a temptation to ambition. The woman tempted the man, as the serpent had tempted the woman; and thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.)

There are sins which men commit that devils cannot. Unbelief, infidelity, and atheism, are not sins of devils; for they believe and tremble, and feel too much of the wrath of God to doubt his threatenings or deny his existence. The love of money is a sin from which they are exempt, for gold and silver are confined to earth, and the men who live on it. The lusts of the flesh in all their bearings, whether gluttony, drunkenness, or sensuality, belong only to those who inhabit tabernacles of clay. But pride, malignity, falsehood, enmity, murder, deceitfulness, and all those sins of which spirits are capable, in these crimes, devils as much exceed men as an angelic nature exceeds in depth, power, and capacity a human one. The eye of man sees, for the most part, only the grosser offences against morality; it takes little or no cognisance of internal sins. Thus a man may be admired as a pattern of consistency, because free from the outbreaks of fleshly and mere human sins, whilst his heart, as open to God's heart-searching eye, may be full of pride, malignity, enmity, and murder, the sins of devils. Such were the scribes and pharisees of old; models of correctness outwardly, but fiends of malice inwardly. So fearful were these holy beings of outward defilement, that they would not enter into Pilate's judgment-hall, when at the same moment their hearts were plotting the greatest crime that earth ever witnessed—the crucifixion of the Son of God.

All sin must, from its very nature, be unspeakably hateful to the Holy One of Israel. It not only affronts his divine Majesty and is high treason against His authority and glory, but it is abhorrent to His intrinsic purity and holiness. It is, indeed, most difficult for us to gain a spiritual conception of the foul nature of sin as viewed by a Holy Jehovah; but there are, perhaps, times and seasons when, to a certain extent, we may realise a faint idea of it. It is when we are favored with the presence of God, see light in his light, and have the mind of Christ. *Then* how do we feel towards our base backslidings and filthy lusts? With what eyes does the new man of grace then view his sinful yoke-fellow, that base old man, that body of sin and death, that carnal mind in which dwelleth no good

thing, that heaving reeking mass of all pollution and abomination, which he is compelled to carry about with him whilst life lasts? He views it, how can he but view it except, with loathing and abhorrence. But what is this, for the most part, short and transient, and, in its very nature, weak abhorrence of evil, compared with the enduring and infinite hatred of God against sin, though it may aid us in obtaining a dim and faint conception of it?

But amongst all the evils which lie naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, pride seems especially to incur His holy abhorrence; and the outward manifestations of it have perhaps drawn down as much as, or more than, any other sin his marked thunderbolts. His unalterable determination against it, and his fixed resolve to bring down to the dust every manifestation of it, is no where so pointedly or so fully declared as in that striking portion of Holy Writ which forms the second chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah. And this is the burden of the whole, "And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." (Isaiah ii. 17.) But, besides these general declarations, the sacred record teems with individual instances of God's anger against this prevailing sin. Pride cost Sennacherib his army and Herod his life; pride opened the earth to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and hung up Absalom in the boughs of an oak; pride filled the breast of Saul with murderous hatred against David, and tore ten tribes at one stroke from the hand of Rehoboam. Pride drove Nebuchadnezzar from the society of his fellow-men, and made him eat grass as oxen, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown as eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. And as it has cut off the wicked from the earth, and left them neither son nor nephew, root nor branch, so it has made sad havoc even among the family of God. Pride shut Aaron out of the promised land, and made Miriam a leper white as snow; pride, working in the heart of David, brought a pestilence which cut off seventy thousand men; pride carried captive to Babylon Hezekiah's treasure and descendants, and cast Jonah into the whale's belly, and, in his feelings, into the very belly of hell. It is the only source of contention; (Prov. xiii. 10;) the certain forerunner of a fall; (Prov. xvi. 18;) the instigator of persecution; (Psalm x. 2;) a gin for the feet; (Psalm lix. 12;) a chain to compass the whole body; (Psalm lxxiii. 6;) the main element of deceitfulness; (Jer. xlix. 16;) and the grave of all uprightness. (Hab. ii. 4.) It is a sin which God especially abhors, (Prov. viii. 13, xvi. 5,) and one of the seven things which he abominates; (Prov. vi. 17;) a sin against which he has pronounced a special woe, (Isaiah xxviii. 1,) and has determined to stain it, (Isaiah xxiii. 9,) to abase it, (Dan. iv. 37,) to mar it, (Jer. xiii. 9,) to cut it off, (Zech. ix. 6,) to bring it down, (Isaiah xxv. 11,) and lay it low. (Prov. xxix. 23.) It was one of the crying sins of Sodom, (Ezek. xvi. 49,) desolated Moab, (Isaiah xvi. 6, 14,) and turned Edom, with Petra its metropolis, into a land where no man should dwell, and which no man should pass through. (Obadiah 3, 4, 9, 10; Jerem. xlix. 16—18.)

But pride is not content with her dominion over the children of this world, (Job xli. 34,) her native born subjects and willing slaves, among whom she rules with lordly sway, at once their tormenting mistress and adored sovereign. Not only does she set up her worship in every family of the land, and reigns and rules as much among the low as the high, swelling the bosom of the blind beggar who holds his hat for a halfpenny as much as of that high-born dame who, riding by in her carriage, will not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness. Not only does she subject to her universal influence the world of which Satan is god and prince, but she must needs intrude herself into the Church of Christ, and exalt her throne among the stars of God. She comes indeed here in borrowed garb, has put off her glittering ornaments and brave attire, in which she swells and ruffles amongst the gay flutterers of rank and fashion; and with looks demure, and voice toned down to the right religious key, and a dialect modelled after the language of Canaan, takes her seat among the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, much as Satan stood up among the sons of God. (Job i. 6.) And as she has put off her apparel, so has she changed her title, assuming that which shall give her the readiest and most unquestioned passport. "Humility" is the name with which she has new christened herself; and, slipping into the camp by the most lowly portal, she moves onward, aiming at no lower seat than the throne, and no less weapon than the sceptre. Some, however, of Zion's watchmen, and no one more than the writer of the work before us, have lifted up her veil, found out her real character, and, having first branded her on the forehead, "Spiritual Pride," have labored hard, though hitherto ineffectually, to cast her out of the congregation of the saints. But as all their labors have hitherto been ineffectual, and she still dwells in our midst, it may be as well to put her once more into the "Hue and Cry," and describe some of her features, referring to the work before us for a fuller and clearer description of this dangerous intruder.

1. *Ignorance*, and that worst species of it—ignorance of one's own ignorance—is evidently a main feature in her face. In this point she wonderfully resembles that stolid brother of hers, who is so much in every company—worldly pride. We are all ignorant, sadly ignorant of everything that belongs to our peace; but the first step out of ignorance is to be conscious of it. No persons are so thoroughly impracticable, so headstrong, so awkward to deal with, so deaf to all reason, so bent on their own will and way, so self-conceited, and so hopelessly disagreeable, as those unhappy persons, whether in the world or in the church, who are ignorant of their own ignorance. Touchy, sensitive, quarrelsome, always grumbling and complaining, unable to lead and yet unwilling to follow, finding fault with everything and everybody, tyrannical where possessed of power, though abject enough where any advantage is to be gained, bungling everything they do and yet never learning to do any better, making up in a good opinion of themselves for the general ill opinion of them by others—such persons are the plague of fami-

lies, workshops, churches, and congregations. When persons of this stamp become, as it is called, religious, being all the time really destitute of grace, their pride runs in a new channel, and with a strength in proportion to the narrowness of the banks. In them we see the disease at its height; but there are many of the Lord's people who exhibit strong symptoms of the same complaint. Yet what can be more opposed to grace or to the spirit and example of Him who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart?" Where the true light shines into the soul there is a discovery of the greatness and majesty of God, of his holiness, purity, power, and glory; and with this there is a corresponding discovery of our own nothingness, insignificance, sinfulness, and utter worthlessness. This divine light being accompanied by spiritual life, there is raised up a tender conscience as well as an enlightened understanding. Thus is produced self-abasement, which every fresh discovery of the holiness of God and of our own vileness deepens and strengthens. This lays the foundation for true humility; and when God's mercy meets man's misery, and Christ is revealed to the soul, it cannot too much abase itself before his blessed Majesty, nor lie low enough in the dust of self-loathing and self-abhorrence. Humility is the daughter of grace, as pride is the child of ignorance.

2. Another marked feature in this impostress is, her *self-deceptiveness*. She may not succeed in deceiving others, but she rarely fails in deceiving herself. Thus she usually hides her real character most from those who are under her special influence. Patterns of humility externally to others, they are patterns internally of humility to themselves. Sweet is the incense which regales their nostrils from the admiration of others; but sweeter far is the odour of their own admiration of themselves. Other sins are not so self-deceptive, so self-blinding, so self-bewitching. Sensual thoughts, blasphemous or rebellious imaginations, anger, carnality, prayerlessness, deadness, coldness, unbelief—these and similar sins wound conscience, and are, therefore, at once detected as essentially evil. But the swellings of spiritual pride, though not hidden from a discerning eye and a tender conscience, are much concealed from those very religious people whose amazing humility and undeviating obedience are ever sending forth a sweet savor to delight their approving nostrils.

3. *The grossness and universality of her appetite* is a no less prominent feature. Other sins feed only on a limited and appropriate diet. Covetousness is confined to the love of money; sensuality, drunkenness, gluttony, to their peculiar gratifications. But pride is omnivorous. To her greedy maw no food comes amiss. Like the eagle, she can strike down a living prey; or, like the vulture, banquet on putrid carrion. Some are proud of their knowledge, others of their ignorance; some of their consistency, others of their freedom from all tight restraints; some of their gifts, others of their very graces; some of their ready speech, others of their prudent silence; some of their long profession, others of their deep experience; some of their Pharisaic righteousness, others of their Antinomian security. The minister is proud of his able sermons; the deacon of his wise

and prudent government ; the church member of his privileges above the rest of the congregation. Some are proud because they attend to the ordinances, others because they are not tied up in the yoke of church discipline ; some are proud of the world's contempt, and others of the world's approbation ; some are proud of their gentility, and others of their vulgarity ; some of their learning, and not a few of their want of it ; some of their boldness to reprove, and others of their readiness to forgive ; some of their amiability, and others of their austerity ; some because others think well of them, and others because nobody thinks well of them but themselves. Thus, as some weeds flourish in every soil, and some animals feed on every food, so does pride flourish in every heart, and pasture on every article of diet. When an apostle was caught up into the third heaven, pride assailed him as soon as he came back to earth, so that it was needful for a thorn to be given him to rankle in his flesh for the remainder of his life, in order to let out its venom. Pride would have been too much even for Paul's grace, but for this messenger of Satan daily to buffet him. Pride set the twelve disciples by the ears who should be the greatest ; and pride widened, if it did not originate, the breach between Paul and Barnabas. It was the pest of the primitive churches as well as of our own. The pride of gifts was the besetting sin of the Corinthian church ; the pride of legal observances the sin of the Galatian church, the pride of vain philosophy of the Colossian church. Timothy was not to allow novices to preach, for pride was their besetment ; and he is especially cautioned against those who will not consent to wholesome words as being "proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness." (1 Tim. vi. 4, 5.) None are exempt from her baneful influence. She works in the highest Calvinist as well as in the lowest Arminian ; swells the bosom of the poorest, most illiterate dissenting minister, as well as puffs up the lawn sleeves of the most lordly bishop. And, what is far worse, even in those who know, love, and preach the truth, spiritual pride often sets brother against brother, friend against friend, minister against minister. She is full of cruel jealousy and murderous envy, greedily listens to the slanderous tales of whisperers and backbiters, drinks down flattery with insatiable thirst, measures men's grace by the amount of their approbation, and would trample in the mire the most honored of God's servants, that by standing upon them she might raise herself a few inches higher. The very opposite to charity, she suffereth not long, and is never kind ; she envieth always, and ever vaunteth herself ; is continually puffed up, always becometh herself unseemly, ever seeketh her own, is easily provoked, perpetually thinketh evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth not in the truth ; beareth nothing, believeth nothing (good in a brother), hopeth nothing, endureth nothing. Ever restless and ever miserable, tormenting herself and tormenting others, the bane of churches, the fomentor of strife, and the extinguisher of love—may it be our

wisdom to see, our grace to abhor, and our victory to overcome her; and may the experience of that verse in Hart's hymn be ours:

"The garden is the place Where pride cannot intrude,
For should it dare to enter there, 'Twould soon be drown'd in blood."

Jonathan Edwards was singularly qualified to probe the depths of this peculiar disease. He enjoyed great natural gifts. Few men have ever possessed a mind of equal reasoning powers, and gifted with such a depth of penetration into the very heart of the most difficult and abstruse subjects. He was accustomed daily to search into and analyse his own mind to its inmost depths, and grace had taught him to bring to the test of God's word and to the light of his countenance, all the secret workings of his heart, whether natural or spiritual. He lived too, at a time, and in a country, such as we can form little idea of. Besides the general tone and spirit of religious feeling which pervaded the whole of New England, there had been a most remarkable revival in his own town and congregation. This circumstance is thus recorded in his life:

"The year 1735 opened on Northampton in a most auspicious manner. A deep and solemn interest in the great truths of religion had become universal in all parts of the town, and among all classes of people. This was the only subject of conversation in every company; and almost the only business of the people appeared to be to secure their salvation. So extensive was the influence of the Spirit of God, that there was scarcely an individual in the town, either old or young, who was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. This was true of the gayest, of the most licentious, and of the most hostile to religion. And in the midst of this universal attention, the work of conversion was carried on in the most astonishing manner. Every day witnessed its triumphs; and so great was the alteration in the appearance of the town, that, in the spring and summer following, it appeared to be full of the presence of God. There was scarcely a house which did not furnish the tokens of his presence, and scarcely a family which did not present the trophies of his grace. "The town," says Mr Edwards, "was never so full of love, nor so full of joy, nor yet so full of distress, as it was then." Whenever he met the people in the sanctuary, he not only saw the place crowded, but every hearer earnest to receive the truth of God, and often the whole assembly dissolved in tears; some weeping for sorrow, others for joy, and others from compassion. In the months of March and April, when the work of God was carried on with the greatest power, he supposes the number, apparently of genuine conversions, to have been at least four a day, or nearly thirty a week, take one week with another, for five or six weeks together.

"Upwards of fifty persons above forty years of age, and ten above ninety, nearly thirty between ten and fourteen, and one of four, became, in the view of Mr. Edwards, the subjects of the renewing grace of God. More than three hundred persons appeared to become Christians in half a year, about as many of them males as females. Previous to one sacrament, about one hundred were received to the communion, and nearly sixty previous to another; and the whole number of communicants, at one time, was about six hundred and twenty, including almost all the adult population of the town."

Now, assuming even that there was much natural excitement in all this, it only opened a wider field of discovery for his acute and penetrating eye. What a crop of spiritual pride must have sprung up on this fertile soil, and of the 620 communicants how many subjects for his close and acute analysis! But, besides this, as it was essentially a religious colony, all shades and grades of opinion were there prevalent. What was called by him "Antinomianism"

was very prevalent, and it is probable that in the ranks of those so denominated there were some really deserving the title. There was also a great deal of wild fanaticism, as is evident from many circumstances mentioned in his work on the "Religious Affections." This would be one extreme; and the rigid rules of Puritanism, we may be sure, would have a tendency to generate the other extreme—Pharisaic self-righteousness. Here then was an ample field of observation for one possessed of such acute mental powers as Jonathan Edwards, and gifted also as he was with peculiar grace to sit in judgment over his own motives and heart.

It is, then, a master-piece of spiritual analysis, laying bare the very heart's-core of spiritual pride. Drawing his materials, as he did, from living, walking men and women, it is a complete gallery of portraits, the likenesses of which may be found in Old England as well as in New England, and in 1853 as well as in 1753. It is, indeed, a mirror in which Spiritual Pride may be clearly seen through all her disguises; and if those most under its influence do not see their own features reflected in it, there is this advantage, that others can see it for them. By the aid of this little manual of detective police, many a person of great supposed religious attainments may be discovered to possess much less grace than he gives himself credit for. Weighed here in the balance of the sanctuary, much of his humility is found out to be pride, his faithfulness and boldness to be leavened with self-conceit, and his austerity and rigidity to flow more from self-righteousness than grace.

But our pen has already much outrun its usual limits, and we have left ourselves too little space for extracts. Take, however, as a specimen of the work, the following description of spiritual pride, as traced by this skilful hand :

"2. Spiritual pride is more hidden, and with much more difficulty discerned than any other corruption, for this reason—that it does very much consist in a person's having *too high a thought of himself*, and thinks he has just grounds for such an opinion; if not, he would cease to have it. This evil consists in a high conceit of those two things—viz., their *light* and their *humility*, both which are a strong prejudice against the discovery of their pride; for being proud of their light makes them not jealous of themselves; as he that thinks a clear light shines around him is not suspicious of an enemy lurking near him unseen; and their being proud of their humility, makes them, least of all, jealous of themselves in that particular, viz., as being under the prevalence of pride. 'Who can understand his error? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' (Ps. xix. 12.)

"3. In nothing in this world is the heart of man so deceitful and unsearchable as in this matter of spiritual pride, and not one of which they are so hardly convinced. The very nature of it is to work *self-confidence*, and drive away self-diffidence. It appears in many unsuspected shapes, even as an angel of light; it takes occasion to arise from everything; it perverts and abuses everything, and exerts itself even in the exercises of real grace and real humility. This sin has, as it were, many lives. If you think you kill it, it lives still; if you mortify and suppress it in one shape, it rises in another; there are so many kinds of it, and in different forms, one under the other, that they encompass the heart like the coats of an onion.

"4. Spiritual pride is, in its own nature, so secret, that it is not so well discerned by immediate intuition of the thing itself, as by the *effects and fruits of it*, some of which I would here mention, together with the contrary fruits of pure Christian humility. Spiritual pride is very apt to *suspect others*;

whereas, a humble saint is most jealous of himself, and is so suspicious of nothing in the world as he is of his own heart. The spiritually-proud person is apt to find fault with other saints, that they are low in grace; and to be much in observing how cold and dead they be, and crying out at them for it; and is quick in discerning and taking notice of their deficiencies: but the eminently humble Christian has so much to do at home, sees so much evil in his own heart, and is so concerned about it, that he is not apt to be busy with others' hearts; he complains most of himself, and cries out from a sense of *his own* coldness and lowness in grace; consequently he esteems others better than himself, and is ready to hope there is no one but has more love and thankfulness to God than he, and cannot bear to think that others should bring forth more fruit to God's honour than himself. Some that have spiritual pride mixed with high discoveries and joys, are prone to call on other Christians about them, and sharply reprove them for being so cold and lifeless; while others, very differently, in their raptures, are overwhelmed with a sense of their own vileness; and, when they have great discoveries of God's glory, are all taken up with their own sinfulness; and though they also may be disposed to speak much, yet it is in crying *out* of themselves, and exhorting their fellow-Christians, but this in a charitable and humble manner. Pure Christian humility disposes its possessor to take notice of everything that is in any respect good in others, to make the most of that, and strive to diminish their failings, but to have his eye chiefly on those things that are bad in himself, and to notice and guard against what aggravates them."

Now examine the following portrait, and see whether it is over-drawn. Scrutinise well its features. May be it represents thine own :

"5. The manner of some persons has been to speak of almost everything that they see amiss in others in the *most harsh, severe, and terrible language*—of their opinions, conduct, or advice—of their coldness, silence, caution, moderation, prudence, and many things that appear in them—that these are from the devil, or from hell—that such a thing is devilish or cursed, that such are serving the devil, or that they are soul-murderers, and the like. And such language they will commonly use, not only towards wicked men, but them also that *they themselves allow to be the true children of God*, and also towards *ministers of the gospel*, and others that are *very much their superiors*; and such behaviour they regard as a virtue and high attainment. 'Oh,' say they, '*we must be plain-hearted and bold for Christ—we must declare war against sin wherever we see it—we must not mince the matter in the cause of God, and when speaking for Christ.*' And to make any distinction in persons, or to speak the more tenderly because the wrong is seen in a superior, they consider very mean for a follower of Christ when speaking in his Master's cause. Oh! what a strange device of Satan is this, to overthrow all Christian meekness and gentleness, to defile the mouths of the children of God, and to introduce the language of common sailors among them, under a cloak of high sanctity, and zeal, and boldness for Christ! It is a remarkable instance of the weakness of the human mind; and how much too cunning the devil is for us!

"6. The grand defence of this way of speaking is, that they *say no more than what is true*—that they only speak the truth, without mincing the matter—and that real Christians that see the evil of sin, and know their hearts, will own it to be true, and not be offended at such harsh expressions concerning them and their sins. 'It is only,' say they, 'hypocrites, or cold and dead Christians, that are provoked, and feel their enmity rise on such occasions.' But it is a grand mistake, to think that we may commonly use, concerning one another, such language as represents the worst of each other, *although according to strict truth*. Every degree and kind of sin is from the devil, and is accursed; and if persons had a full sight of their hearts, they would think no terms too bad; they would appear as beasts, serpents, and even devils to themselves, and would be at a loss for expression to describe what they saw; the worst would seem too faint to represent it. But shall a child use such language towards a holy father or mother, that they have devilish and cursed dispositions, &c. &c.? And shall the meanest of the people be justified

in using such words concerning excellent magistrates or their most eminent ministers? To proceed on such principles, what a face will be given to the church of Christ—the little beloved flock of that gentle Shepherd, the Lamb of God! What sounds will be brought into the house of God, and into the family of his dear little children! How far off shall we soon banish that lovely humility, sweetness, gentleness, mutual honour, benevolence, complacency, and the esteem of others above themselves, which ought to clothe the children of God all over! Christians should certainly watch over one another, and reprove faithfully and plainly, and be much in it; but it does not thence follow, that dear brethren in the Lord's family should, in rebuke, employ worse language than Michael, the archangel, durst use, when contending with the devil himself. Christians, that are but fellow-worms, ought at least to treat each other with as much humility and gentleness as Jesus, who is infinitely above them, treats *them*. When his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death, and he, in a dismal agony, was crying and sweating blood for them, how did he treat his disciples, who were so cold towards him—so regardless of his sufferings, that they would not watch with him, not even be with him one hour in his great distress, though he once and again desired it of them?"

Extracts, however, give an imperfect idea of the work itself. It should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. Besides its intrinsic value, we may add that it possesses two other recommendations. First, It is cheap. Being a reprint, it is published for sixpence. Secondly, The profits are to go to the aid of that excellent institution, "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society."

With these recommendations in its favor, we think we may safely leave it in the hands of our readers. Being written nearly a hundred years ago, it may reprove without personality, and rebuke without giving offence; and as it points to the remedy as well as discovers the malady, it may, with the Lord's blessing, be a means of edifying and instructing those who are willing to listen to its words of grace and truth.

O the bitter cries and complaints that the broken hearted have, and make to one another! still every one imagining that his own wounds are deepest, and his own sores fullest of anguish, and hardest to be cured.—*Bunyan*.

Some may say they shall think it very hard if God does not take them to heaven at last. How many times have you prayed that God would bestow this blessing upon you before everything else, that whatever may be your lot here, you may enjoy the presence of Jesus at God's right hand for evermore? Perhaps you would pray if they were flogging in one room and praying in another; but if you only pray to escape a flogging, if you only desire to go to heaven that you may escape hell, it is a poor look out.—*W. T.*

The law was established with divine solemnity among the Israelites, yet they were evermore deserting this establishment, and warping to idolatry. And how were they reclaimed? By a prophet's mouth, you say. True; but a prophet's mere preaching could no more reclaim the people than a prophet's dancing. God gave a promise to his prophet, "I will pour upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplication;" (Zech. xii. 10;) and so the work was done. Where the Spirit of grace fell, a change was wrought.—*Berridge*.

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