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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1878.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

Dear Friends,—We address you at the commencement of another year under somewhat altered circumstances in respect to this periodical. Most of you are aware that a change has taken place as to both the proprietorship and management of this magazine. Our friend Mr. Gadsby, to whom, as its originator, about forty-three years ago, this periodical belonged, and who has managed it for more than seven years, has made over his rights in it to the Society lately formed, called "The Gospel Standard Poor Relief Society." To the members of that Society, therefore, now belongs the proprietorship of the magazine; and with them abides the right to appoint to the editorship. The notice in the "Gospel Standard" will have informed you upon whom their selection fell.*

It would show a want of just and Christian feeling if we did not here pay a small tribute of respect to him who until now has been the sole proprietor, and, of late, the responsible manager, of this periodical. Is it possible for the churches not to feel some debt of gratitude to one who originated and has thus voluntarily given up the rights of himself and his family in a magazine which, had he chosen to avail himself of it, might have been made the source of a considerable income? He has, we believe, used that income whilst it came into his hands, for the benefit of the Lord's people; he has now made it over with the periodical to a Society founded, as we hope, for their permanent advantage. He has also, for their benefit, given a considerable sum of money to the new Society. If our Lord is mindful of a cup of cold water given to a disciple in his Name, certainly he will give to those disciples a feeling of gratitude towards men who thus deny their personal advantages for his people's benefit.

* Since writing the above, Mr. Gadsby has sent us the following note, which shows a little modification in the first arrangement:

"When I mentioned the 'Gospel Standard' Poor Relief Society, I believed that the funds of that society and of the G.S.A.S. would be thrown into one. I find, however, this cannot legally be done. I therefore think of dividing the profits arising from the 'Gospel Standard' and the 'Friendly Companion' between the two societies, under the management of the same committee. I hope our friends will encourage the 'Friendly Companion,' as it will be labour lost to carry it on unless it yields a fair profit.—J. G."

During his management of the magazine, our friend's anxiety has been to maintain and defend the truths which have always been insisted upon in it. In yielding up that management, he has done it in such a way as seemed to him best calculated to preserve the magazine from error, and to keep it steadfast in the truth.

A sense of justice to Mr. Gadsby would not allow us to refrain from paying him this tribute of respect. Our personal friendship forbids us to say more, as to some who have not had the same close intercourse with Mr. Gadsby that we have had, what friendship dictates might appear to savour of flattery. We wish to judge righteous judgment concerning all, as God enables us, but to use flattering speeches concerning none.

We can assure our readers that we never allowed ourselves to think that the choice of the members of the Society would fall upon us. To a certain extent, therefore, we were taken by surprise. That choice placed us in a position of great difficulty. If the Lord, by the voice of his people, had really called us to this work, we feared to refuse. Dare we, whilst professing to be his, refuse, because of the labour and possible trial it involved, to undertake a work to which he had called us? We profess, as Christians, not to be our own, but the Lord's, as bought with a price; dare we decline the road he indicates to us because it appears to our coward flesh so rough and thorny? No! A rebellious Jonah goes, as God willed and commanded, to Nineveh; and as he would not go there direct, he must journey to his destination by the bottom of the mountains and in the fish's belly. Poor worms like we are cannot, must not resist the will of Deity. But, then, on the other hand, what unfitness for the work, what poverty and leanness felt within! Can it really be of the Lord that such an one, so poor, so vile in himself, so base, is called to the work? Again, Is it possible to do it, and at the same time the other work, quite as important, of a pastor and a preacher? God does not call upon us to undertake physical impossibilities.

Such were the fluctuations of our mind. Sometimes a half determination to refuse prevailed; and then, from some fresh visit of the Lord to our soul, a persuasion that the thing was of him and must not be resisted. We thus were brought over to the side of compliance with the wishes of the friends; but felt it would be right in all respects to have assistance. And we are thankful that one friend [Mr. Hemington] to whom we applied has consented to be our colleague in this arduous undertaking. "Two are better than one," says the wise man. This we feel; and, indeed, we hope that the help we receive will not only be from one. As far as health will permit them to render it, we shall hope to have assistance from other friends, especially any whose able assistance the late manager has acknowledged and availed himself of.

Dear friends, we thought it right to enter upon this brief

notice and explanation. We do not wish to be egotistical; and, therefore, will now proceed to other things.

The design in commencing this magazine was that its pages should maintain and contend for the pure truth of God, in the power, experience, and practice of it. This intention has, with more or less ability, been carried out to the present time; and we hope that it will still govern in the management.

In addition to those texts which stand on its first page, we hope to have the words of Moses, in Deut. xxxii. 2, 3, constantly in view. No doctrine will be, to broken-hearted, God-taught sinners, as the distilling of the dew and small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers upon the grass, unless it publishes the Name of the Lord, and ascribes greatness only to our God. This the doctrine of free grace does. It lays poor ruined human nature low in the dust, and ascribes all the glory of the salvation of those who are saved to God alone.

It commences with God's election of some to eternal life and glory; and, in respect of this decree of election, the reprobation or rejection of others. This decree rules in all the work of salvation, in all the works of God. Not that God condemns and punishes the non-elect merely as such. God is a just God, and condemns them for that sin which they are properly chargeable with, and from the guilt and power of which he determined not, by a work of his free grace, to release them. This decree is pre-eminently ascribed to God the Father, as Peter writes: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." And no doubt this blessed truth is revealed to lay man's aspiring wisdom in the dust, and excite adoring love and wonder in the hearts of God's people, when he enables them to make their own individual calling and election sure. It is a truth necessary, in a proper view of it, to their comfort. They find themselves, under divine teaching, fickle and feeble to the last degree; they have naturally no wisdom of heart to choose God; they find continually a proneness to wander from him:

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it."

If, then, salvation depended upon their wisdom or the fixity of their wills, they must be lost.

"But they build upon a base
Which nothing can remove,
When they trust electing grace
And everlasting love."

For a season this doctrine may rather try than comfort them, as Hart says:

"Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told from God's own mouth
'That he has chosen me."

But in due time they shall learn that election is to them electing love.

For the elect, and the elect only, the Three blessed Persons in the indivisible Godhead,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, made and entered upon an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; so that, in respect of these vessels of mercy, there never was, never can be, any peradventure of their falling into hell.

“In covenant from of old,
The sons of God they were;
The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold
Was bless'd in Jesus there.”

Not an event takes place but in relation to these objects of God's love; and not an event that was not decreed, either absolutely or permissively, to take place in that everlasting covenant. The hairs of their heads are all numbered. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without their Father. Kingdoms rise or fall, the stream of history rolls on, not according to the wicked wills of the sons of craft and violence, but in accordance with the covenant of God, and in subservience to the welfare and salvation of the elect. How apt the children of God are, either to forget these things, or to retain them too much in a merely notional, uninfluential way. But the sweet thing is to have them as living principles in the heart, influential from day to day upon the life and conversation. God says to his elect in his covenant, “I will never leave you, nor forsake you.” Well may they say, “I will not fear what man can do unto me.” This frees their hearts from the prevalence of covetousness and over-anxious cares. This enables them to wear their crowns as kings unto God. They rise and reign over the creatures when they see all are theirs; and over circumstances when they see that all events answer to the decrees of the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things for their advantage, and sure of a perfect fulfilment.

From the decree of eternal election flows forth the salvation of the elect. These are the persons predestinated to be conformed to the image of God's Son, the Lord Jesus, that in that image they may shine divinely bright before the throne, and enjoy the full manifestation of the Father's love, that God may be All in all. What a transforming view this, at times, gives us of the trials of this life! “Many are the afflictions of the righteous,” manifold their temptations. They are, at times, pressed out of measure, so that they despair of life; it appears as if natural existence must be extinguished in the trial. Like their Master, they have “strength enough, and none to spare;” but, then, in all these things they are more than conquerors, for thus they are conformed to the suffering image of God's Son, that they may be also conformed to his risen and glorified likeness. “If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.”

A spiritual view of these truths has made a child of God before now leap for joy with a cross upon his shoulders, and say of heavy trials, “Sweet and light afflictions!” Well might Paul exhort God's people, in this view of things, in everything to give thanks, for this is God's will concerning them. Everything,

properly viewed, is to an elect person a ground for thanksgiving. Thus Chrysostom, in his excessive trials, still used to say, "Glory be to God for all events."

From the decree of election flows the redemption of the elect. Toplady calls electing goodness the "eldest and fairest daughter of eternity;" and says,

"Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above and hopes below
From her, their parent fountain, flow."

None shall ever be redeemed but those whom God the Father chose from eternity, and gave to his Son. For these Christ died. He laid down his life for the sheep. O, what a wondrous division and distinction is here! Redeemed or unredeemed; bought with a price, such a price, the price of the blood of God, or sold under sin, and sold under it to eternity. The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceased for ever on the cross of Calvary; so that he that is unjust must be unjust still, and he that is unholy must be unholy still. Nothing that can be done or suffered shall ever remove one spot of sin from those whose every sin was not taken away by the death of the Son of God upon Calvary.

But how God's children want to be assured, not only that he shed his blood, but that he shed it for them. Sometimes they have one degree of confidence as to this matter, sometimes another. They perhaps to-day may only be able to go as far as the poet when he wrote:

"Since Jesus died to save the lost,
Perhaps he died for me."

O! There is supporting faith to them, in their sharp trials on account of sin, in that word "*perhaps*." "*It may be*" we shall be hidden, in the day of God's wrath, beneath the purple covering of the blood of Jesus. (Song iii. 10.) At another time, their faith may get higher than this:

"My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there."

And sometimes it mounts up as on eagle wings into the heaven of full assurance, and can sing:

"Jesus, I know, has died for me;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest."

Little faith may receive the atonement, but strong faith brings it in with a doubt-subduing sweetness and power. Little faith has many questions accompanying it, as to whether the atonement has been received at all; the soul does not understand the true nature of its own actings, and can hardly think that to have entertained, with some life, power, and sweetness, such words as these:

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

was a receiving of the atonement; whereas the soul, under the influence of more powerful and clearer actings of faith, sees

light in God's light, and knows distinctly that it has the blood of sprinkling applied to it, and rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

From the decree of election flows down, not only the redemption, but the justification of the elect. To these, and these only, Christ is the Lord their Righteousness. Individually and collectively, all the elect were summed up in Christ from eternity, and blessed in him. Whom the Father foreknew he also justified in eternity, and blessed, therefore, with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places. No blessing where there is no righteousness. All blessing where such a righteousness is as the righteousness of God. What a marvellous thing this is! What a reach of infinite wisdom is here displayed, as well as infinite love, that those who had, in and of themselves, done nothing but sin, should be made as sinless as the Son of God before the throne; and those who had never done anything coming up to the standard of true righteousness, should be made the righteousness of God in him! These are the works and mysteries of love. Not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son in love to live, that in him we might perform all righteousness, and to die, that all our sins might be for ever punished and for ever ended on the cross of Calvary.

From the decree of election flows down the gift of the blessed Spirit of God, with all his graces and communications. That heavenly wind never blows but upon God's garden, the hearts of the elect family of God; as Christ says: "Come, thou south (wind), blow upon my garden." Ezekiel saw this in the valley of vision, where were collected the bones of the whole house of Israel; not one of these absent, and not a bone besides. As the Lord himself says: "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." To these the prophet was to prophesy, and concerning these he was to say to the wind, "Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." God does not send the prophet to prophesy to the bones of Gog and Magog, of which we read in the following chapters; he is not to say to *them* as from the Lord, "Come from the four winds, O breath." No! He is to confine himself to the house of Israel, to prophesy of resurrection unto them, and to declare that God himself will bring them up out of their graves into their own land,—the land of Israel.

What a sweet harmony there is in God's truth! What an inexhaustible store, too, of consolation for God's children! These are the persons who, under the teachings of the Spirit on the one hand, and the workings of sins and temptations on the other, feel like dry bones, and are as those consigned to destruction, buried in various graves. Concerning these the prophet writes; into the hearts of these miserable ones comes the Spirit of God with resurrection power, raising them out of their graves, and renewing their spiritual strength, so that those ready to perish beneath

the assaults of sin and Satan become an army to the living God. They overcome, in a divine strength, the lusts and foes which overcame them; they lead those captive whose captives they were. Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he overcomes at the last. The lame take the prey; and dry bones, raised and formed afresh, and clothed with righteousness and power from God, go into the heavenly City, and possess the land of Israel.

The holy anointing oil compounded by Moses at God's command was not to be poured upon man's flesh; it was appropriated to the priests, prophets, and kings of Israel, and to the tabernacle and vessels thereof. So the blessed Spirit of God, as a New-Creator in Christ, is not given to any but the elect of God, those who are sanctified to him in Christ Jesus as his abode, his prophets, priests, and kings in a new-creation. Into the hearts of these children of God he comes, and in them he abides as a fountain of living waters, springing up into eternal life. In them he is as a fountain of gracious thoughts and affections; new and spiritual desires, again and again springing up Godward and heavenward. Their life is from God; to God it arises; it comes from heaven; to heaven it ascends again; eternal love is its origin; unto and into that eternal love it returns.

Thus the saints of God finally persevere. God takes not his Holy Spirit from them, as he may, in respect of certain external gifts and temporary influences, from unregenerated persons. They hold on and hold out, and finally carry off the prize of an eternal victory. They go through a thousand deaths and a thousand difficulties; but he who begins a good work performs it to the day of Jesus Christ. No part of that work really depends upon themselves. The rise and spring of every gracious thought, feeling, desire, word, and work is eternal love. This eternal love vents itself through the channel of redemption and righteousness in the blood and obedience of Jesus, and communicates itself and all its blessings by the Almighty efficacious working of the Holy Spirit.

“Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.”

Of a truth, great is the mystery of godliness; wonderful and inexpressibly sweet, at times, to the souls of God's elect are the doctrines of his free, rich, eternal grace. But that which gives them all this sweetness to their hearts is not only their own intrinsic glory, though of themselves they are full of the glory of God; but the poor child of God's felt need of them. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ is, “All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.” O! What debasing thoughts they have of themselves! God makes them to see and feel their utterly lost estate and condition by nature. They are all taught sin's demerit, and their utterly hopeless, helpless state in themselves, that thus they may prize

God's great and free salvation. How many of these poor vessels of mercy, when under divine teaching, are tempted to think they have committed the unpardonable sin! But these are the very persons who do not, cannot commit it. Can those despise the Spirit of grace who feel their need of him? No! Those who commit that sin are the wise and strong self-righteous generation, the people who are clean in their own eyes, and yet not washed from their filthiness in the fountain of the blood of Jesus.

The late Mr. Gadsby well said,

"We must not learn God's truth,
As schoolboys learn their task."

No; the children of God learn it in a deeper and more lasting manner. This the "Gospel Standard" has ever insisted upon. There must be a work of experience. The beginning of it is a new creation, the quickening of the dead sinner into the life of God, the implanting in the heart an immortal principle of grace. Without this no man can ever learn anything to profit; he cannot see spiritual things in a true light; he cannot perceive the things of the kingdom of God. Law and gospel may both act, to a certain extent, upon mere nature; but there is no real change, no transformation of nature; hence the dog returns to his vomit again, and the sow which was washed to her wallowing in the mire.

When the Holy Spirit begins the true work, he acts as a New-Creator in Christ Jesus. Thus he begins and then goes on to teach these living persons all the truths of God in a deep experimental manner. He guides them into all truth, teaching them little by little, and ever deepening his instructions; thus the anointing they receive abides in them, and teaches them the things of God. This is indeed a distinguishing mercy; it is better to be a babe under the instructions of God, than to grow up, as some do, rapidly in the way of mere notions and profession. Like Jonah's gourd, some spring up into being wonderful Christians in a night; but as they grow they wither. The thing was of the flesh, and not of God.

The Holy Spirit instructs God's people out of his law. He shows them how holy, just, and good it is, how very broad, how very deep, reaching to the thoughts and inmost feelings of the heart, and to every one of them. Under this teaching, they learn their guilt; for, "by the law is the knowledge of sin" in its damning power; and they also find a mighty contradiction to the divine will and opposition to him and his ways in their hearts. They see that their carnal mind is enmity against God, and not subject to the law of God; and more and more by the law sin becomes to them exceeding sinful. They are thus brought to the place of stopping of mouths, and become guilty before God. They no longer read the last verses of Rom. i., and the testimony in Rom. iii. as applying merely to others, but to themselves. Conscience says, Thou art the man; and they, by divine grace, put their mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope.

But the blessed Spirit carries on his work, and instructs them out of the gospel, concerning the love of God and the grace of Christ. As they learn their woe and necessity, so he prepares them to learn the truth as it is in Jesus. He carries them onward, step by step, until he brings them to see what Christ really is,—full of grace and truth. They once thought Christ an austere man; they now see him full of grace, all grace, only grace; full of grace are his lips, full of grace his acts, full of grace his Person, and full of grace his heart. This true discovery of Christ is full of inexpressible sweetness to them. Here they live, here they delight themselves with fatness. Now they see how in Jesus God can be just, and yet a justifier; as one has sweetly expressed it, so they see and feel:

“At length I heard the gospel sound;
O, joyful sound to me!
Jehovah just may still be found,
And set the ungodly free.”

Now they see Jesus made of God a great high Priest, not against such poor sinners, but for them, who can have compassion upon the ignorant and those out of the way, and who can succour the tempted, seeing that he once was surrounded with sorrows, and tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Now we see that he is just such a high Priest as becomes us,—holy, and therefore making us holy; higher than the heavens, therefore able to subdue all things for us to himself, and bring us unto heaven.

Thus the Holy Spirit guides us experimentally into the truth of law and gospel, effectually teaching us these things in heart and conscience. But he still goes on to teach us. “Turn again, son of man, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these.” God pours contempt upon princes, and causes them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way. Those who have walked in the sweet light of his countenance may have to go mourning without the sun; and those who have dwelt at large as in the paradise of God may have to grope for the wall as the blind, and feelingly wander as in a wilderness. God hides his face, and we are troubled. He sets a day of adversity over against a day of prosperity. Changes are the saints’ portion in this life. It is only said of the heavenly city itself that there is no night there. But, then, there are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and in the midst of all these changes the work of experimental instruction goes on. We still learn more of ourselves and more of Jesus, more of God the Father’s love, and more of the Holy Spirit’s grace and constancy; in fact, more of the fulness and sweetness, as well as the necessity, of a great salvation and everlasting covenant. How well these things are set forth in Ezek. xlvi. The river at first is only just seen issuing from the sanctuary; then as the prophet leaves the sanctuary and the city, the waters are up to the ankles; but the prophet gets farther and farther off, and as he does so the waters rise to

the knees and loins; and at length in the wilderness and towards the Dead Sea become a river impassable, a river to swim in. Thus it is in the experience of a living soul. At first we have but very little insight into the real state of the case. We say, with the man in Leviticus, "It seemeth to me there is, as it were, a plague in the house;" but we do not apprehend that the plague is so deep and dangerous that the house must all come down. We begin to see and feel we are sinners, and need forgiveness and salvation; but have little idea of the extent of the malady, of the hell deserved, and the hell of enmity and wickedness within. Then salvation cannot be to us what it becomes in after days. The waters issue forth from the sanctuary a comparatively little stream. But we learn more and more of the mystery of iniquity, until we find at length the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint; ourselves a monstrous mass of woe. Then, when we are ready to cry, "Undone, undone! Woe is me, a sinner of the deepest dye!" Christ says to us, "Come hither, soul;" and reveals the fulness of his love; and we find the love of God in Christ to sinners, in all its streams of mercy, grace, redemption, righteousness, and power, a river which cannot be passed over,—a river to swim in.

Thus, in a living, deep, experimental manner, the Lord's people learn his truth. We have only been able in this Address to give a sketch of these things; but it may be sufficient to show that the doctrines of grace become a real necessity to God's children. They are meat and drink unto them; they hunger and thirst after righteousness; they must have the living bread which comes down from heaven. They cry, with David, "O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" These truths, then, we hope to set forth continually in our magazine, and in love to our brethren's souls to contend properly for them, and against that which endangers them. Anything which corrupts the doctrines of grace tends to destroy them altogether. Throw earthly particles into the pure clear river of water of life, and it becomes defiled to God's people. All that savours of the creature's righteousness, goodness, wisdom, or ability; all that makes human nature of some account in the work of salvation; all that makes the blessing depend in any way upon anything but the eternal love and sovereign, free, good pleasure of our God, is of this defiling nature. The purity of the doctrine is its glory; and he who sullies that purity does what he can to defile the holy Word of truth, which is the image and manifestation of the divine purity. We believe, indeed, that, generally speaking, the best way to even oppose error is to set forth truth; but still this will not always suffice; and we hope to do our best, with the Lord's gracious help, to warn our readers against errors and corruptions, when they attempt to gain an entrance amongst us.

But we would not forget that as truth itself must be pure, and by us must be learnt experimentally, so when thus learnt, it will assuredly be practical; it will, yea, *must* have an influence upon

the life and conversation. God's school is the school of the heart; his teaching is living, powerful, and of a soul-transforming nature. Such a teaching, so divine and efficacious, cannot but have a practical tendency.

The apostle John says, in his epistle, "And his commandments are not grievous." They cannot be grievous to that new nature which God bestows upon his people in Christ, which is God's image in holiness and love. This image is formed in the heart by the entrance into it of God's living word. We are born again of incorruptible seed,—the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. This seed, too, remains in us. Hence there must be always something in a child of God good towards the Lord God of Israel, and on the side of his Word and a true gospel obedience. Those that love and fear the Lord will obey the voice of his servant. This obedience may be divided into two parts,—the *worship* of God and his *service*. Divine teaching must lead to obedience and a godly practice in both these respects.

1. His *worship*. This may be considered in various respects; as inward and outward, private, family, and public. Now, the doctrine of God brought into the heart, and abiding there in its life and power, must necessarily influence in all these cases. As to the inward worship, which consists in the actings of faith in God, hope towards God, love, filial fear, and other branches of communion, in all these the doctrine is immediately influential, and animates the souls of God's children. The word of faith stirs up, in the Spirit's power, the actings of faith in God as a Father to us in Christ, as a God of providence, and a God of grace. The God of hope by the word of hope in the promise makes us hang upon him when sense and reason cry out that what we hope for is impossible. The revelation of God's love in the gospel, and the shedding it abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, produces and incites in our hearts love to God; and with these are mingled filial fear and adoring reverence, so that love and godly fear together possess the soul's inmost feelings. Then these gracious affections, by the help of the Holy Spirit, with other feelings of the heart, find their vent to some degree in prayer and praise. "Take with you words," says the Lord, "and return unto the Lord." He gives us words, and thus we come before him. We cry, "Abba, Father!" Sometimes we can say more, sometimes less; and sometimes our expressions are reduced to sighs and groanings which cannot be uttered. Then, again, under a sense of his goodness, we begin to praise him; and, at times, we can really sing with the spirit and with the understanding, and call upon all within us to praise his holy Name.

How sweet to many children of God is a closet religion, where this inward religion often thrives the best. To be in private, to shut the doors about us, to read God's holy Word, or good sound savoury writings agreeable to it, is to many of God's dear children the best part of their religion; though some may not find it as much so as others, having comparatively little leisure, because

of necessary worldly occupations. But those who have known the sweetness, love to retire from the busy scenes of this life, and commune with their Father, who is in secret; and thus they gather strength for that which is to be attended to in their daily life and conversation. Moses's face shone when he came down from the mount where he had communed with God. Prayer is the very breath of a child of God, and a necessary accompaniment of the life of God in his soul. When Paul was quickened, Christ says, "Behold, he prays." God's living people love to pray; and though often they are afflicted with much dulness, bewilderment, and death in prayer, they cannot keep from it. They will seek God again and again in private. They will attend to prayer in the family. They know that the blessing of God is not likely to rest on a family where he is not honoured in family worship. They attend the public means of grace and the instituted worship of God; and what animates them to this is a loving obedience to Christ's will, and a blessed experience of his power and glory as manifested to them from time to time in the sanctuary services.

God's people, under divine teaching, and as influenced by his word abiding in them, want to know what God's will is in respect of his worship. This he teaches them by degrees when he makes them really anxious, and teachable, and leadable as little children. Thus they are brought to join themselves to God's people in visible church fellowship. They see it is God's expressed will, and they obey. "If ye love me," says Christ, "keep my commandments." As he leads them onward, they profess Christ's Name openly before men in the manner he has appointed. Having believed, they are baptized. In that sweet ordinance they are visibly, in token of their faith, planted in the likeness of Christ's death, and also in the likeness of his resurrection. They are buried with him by baptism into his death, that like as Christ was raised again from the dead by the glory of the Father, so they also may walk in newness of life. Thus, in a way of submission to the ordinance which represents their standing in Christ, and which sets them forth as new creatures in a new creation, dead, buried, and risen again with Jesus, they are visibly united to the church of Jesus. Then, as united to the living family, they sit in the Lord's supper at table with their Lord, and show forth his death till he comes.

"They eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
In signs of bread and wine."

Thus, led by the Spirit of God, and taught by him, they walk in God's ways, and worship him according to his institutions. But, then, all this is in spirit and in truth. They worship in a way of spiritual understanding. It is not a mere formal observance, but a living, intelligent obedience. They express in their outward and public worship the thoughts and feelings of their hearts. Baptism is to them the expression of a good conscience towards God; the Lord's supper a showing forth his

death till he come. Just as vocal prayer or praise is the outward signification of want or thankfulness, so the ordinances, rightly attended to, are the expressions of our faith in those truths of God which are so vividly set forth in those ordinances.

Thus divine teaching is of a practical nature, as it respects the worship of God; it will never lead men to neglect the means, public or private. Through divine teaching, the Bible will not be a neglected book, the place of worship a neglected place, the ordinances of Christ despised ordinances. It will not, cannot lead to the forsaking of the assembling of ourselves together. Diligence, not sloth, punctuality, not dilatoriness, earnestness, not customariness, will be the sure results, as the doctrines of truth and grace, in the experimental power of them, are brought into the heart by the Holy Ghost.

2. The *service* of God, the other part of obedience. As worship is more immediately towards God himself, so service is for God; but it acts itself more peculiarly towards the creature. Paul says of himself, in reference to his preaching to others, "Whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son;" and about the saints generally, "These things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works." And again: "Let ours also learn to maintain good works for necessary uses." The grace of God which bringeth salvation teaches to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; soberly in respect to ourselves, as to meats and drinks, and so on; righteously as to others in all our conduct towards our fellow-men; as well as godlily towards God.

And, mind, this last must be present in both the former things. All good works must be done in the faith, the fear, and the love of God, and in accordance with his will, as revealed in his holy Word. Works not governed by his Word and his will, and not wrought by his Spirit, are not good works at all. Israel may only be, at times, as an empty vine, if he brings forth fruit to himself. A Jehu may drive furiously in his zeal; but it may be zeal for Jehu's interests, and not for God. True godliness will, so far as it is present, animate the saints to all good works. It will cause them to be exercised to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and man. The precepts of God's gospel-word they will love, and long for conformity to them. They will pray that the word of Christ may dwell in them richly in all wisdom; teaching them to know God's will, and strengthening them to do it. They will pray with Mr. Hart:

"Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will."

In the family they will want to act as the Word of God directs. If husbands, they would hear the word: "Husbands, love your wives," &c. If wives, they will want, according to the Word, to reverence and submit to their husbands. Parents will desire and pray to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the

Lord. Children will desire to be obedient children, loving and dutiful to their parents and elders; masters to be good masters; servants diligent and trustworthy servants. So, in their dealings in the world, the men under divine teaching will learn to conduct themselves in a just and honourable manner. They will desire to owe no man anything, but to love one another. They will be diligent in business, serving the Lord. They will dread, by any unworthy conduct in their transactions as to the affairs of this world, lest they should bring a reproach upon the name of Christian. Rulers will seek to rule in the fear of God; and those under government to pay all due respect and submission to lawful authority.

So again, in the church of God, the spiritually-minded man will want to act as becomes church fellowship. He will feel the church of God to be a sacred, solemn place. He will realize that it is the house of the living God, the garden of the Lord, in which he dwells and walks. He will, therefore, desire to tread very tenderly in all church matters. He will not be rash and froward. He will not leave his own place, or thrust himself into another man's office, or indeed into any office. The Word will admonish him that Christ even glorified not himself to be made a high Priest; but the same that said unto him, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee;" said also, "Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Under divine teaching members will have respect to one another, and act in union and in peace. They will seek each other's welfare, avoiding causes of strife. They will bear, forbear, and forgive.

Ministers will seek with simplicity the glory of God in what they do and where they go. Deacons will attend diligently upon their own office, visiting, and with much love and tenderness caring for, the sick and needy.

We can only, in the space proper to be taken up in our Address, touch upon so vast a subject. But sufficient will have been said to show that a magazine which contends for truth must contend for it as it respects doctrine, experience, and practice. This, then, we hope to do; not forgetting, indeed, the great infirmity that attends the poor children of God in this life. At the best, we cannot do the things which we would. Many saints of God are very weak and sickly in their souls; many sorely tried and tempted. All are oppressed with a body of sin and death, the horrid inbred evil of their natural hearts. Thus they are sorely hindered in running the race, often wandering, often overcome; they fall, they rise again; they are sick, and Jesus heals them; they are weak, and he strengthens their hearts. At times, they languish as to the whole life of God, and the things which are in them seem ready to die; and then God gives them a season of refreshing; he sets their hearts at large, and they run in the way of his commandments.

These things we would bear in mind; we would feed the flock of slaughter; we would encourage souls to wait on Christ; we

would, as the apostle exhorts, try to introduce from time to time words to "warn the unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak." We would know nothing amongst our readers but Jesus Christ and him crucified; remembering that they and we are, in and of ourselves, poor, feeble dust and ashes, that man is like to vanity, and that salvation, therefore, is only of the Lord; but productive of true holiness to the glory of God.

In conclusion, at the risk of being somewhat tedious, we must add a few words. Dear friends, we trust the Christian feelings of your own hearts will lead you to readily believe that we shall hope to carry no mere personal feelings into the editorship of this magazine. We would dearly love all who love our one Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We would pray for and seek the peace of all the true children of God, both small and great. We would also desire earnestly their prayers for us; and we would ask them to render any assistance in the work which lies before us, which, through divine grace, they can afford. When the tabernacle was building, the children of Israel with a ready mind contributed some one thing, some another. Some gave gold for things of gold, some silver for things of silver, some articles of an inferior nature, according to our estimate; but all necessary. They gave, too, so liberally that the supply exceeded the demand. (Ex. xxxv.; xxxvi. 5, 6.) We want, from various sources, supplies of unctuous savoury matter for this periodical. O that, with the assistance of the many friends to the truths which we profess, and to this magazine as propagating them, we may be able to fill our pages with writings full of the sweet savour of the Name of Christ! That a Three-One God may be glorified, and our dear readers profited, and thus our labours be a blessing, is the reward which, with a single eye, we would earnestly and continually seek after.

ED.

THE enjoyment of Christ in and by the ordinances of his worship is the immediate fountain and spring of all our refreshments and consolations in this world. (Ps. lxxxvii. 7.) But what is it unto the blessed immediate enjoyment of him in heaven? The light of the stars is useful and relieving in a dark night as we are on our way; but what are they when the sun ariseth? All the virtue of the streams is in the fountain; and the immediate enjoyment of Christ unspeakably exceeds whatever by any means we can be made partakers of here below.

—*Dr. Owen.*

WHEN an Israelite offered sacrifice, it was to be at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, before the Lord. (Lev. i. 3.) So the Christian in worship and service realizes by faith the presence of God, and has respect to Christ the Way. Thus he comes before the Lord in Christ with his prayers and praises,

"Nor fears, with Christ's righteousness on,
His person and offering to bring."

With unbelievers it is not so. Their worship is a presumptuous Atheism. They act not as in the presence of God, through Christ. Being without God and Christ in the world, this "without" reigns in all their dead observances.

HE'S GONE!

Written in Memory of Mr. B. Moore, Deacon of the Church, and Superintendent of the School, at Gower Street.

He's gone, the friend of age and friend of youth,
Of God and man, of mercy, grace, and truth;
The church, the school, the home, their feelings blend,
And, mourning, all declare they've lost a friend.

He's gone. No more his cheering kindly face
Shall greet us, as in school we take our place;
Teachers and scholars all unite to own,
They've lost a loving and a much loved one.

He's gone. The church has lost an officer,
Kind, loving, humble, honest, and sincere;
No proud or lordly spirit he display'd,
But gain'd by love *our* love; and thus he sway'd.

He's gone. No more his welcome voice shall rise,
In earnest supplication to the skies,
Join'd with confession at Jehovah's throne;
Which often made us feel his prayers our own.

He's gone. Bless, Lord, the church from which he's rent,
Where years of mingled sweets and pains he spent;
And send us others of like mind and mien;
But save from crafty, proud, and carnal men.

He's gone. Bless, Lord, the school o'er which he stood,
And as a father watch'd for each one's good,
Advised and caution'd as became a friend,
Ever well pleased to encourage or commend.

He's gone. And years to come, perhaps, will yield
Fruits of his labour in this harvest field;
But, e'en if hid from mortal eye or ear,
The last great day shall work and fruit declare.

He's gone. Bless, Lord, the partner left behind,
To mourn the keenest loss of mortal kind;
Support and comfort in her deep distress,
And prove to her thy love and faithfulness.

He's gone. Yet thou remainest, gracious Lord,
And must fulfil thy promises and Word;
Whilst left on earth, her heavenly Husband be,
Then bid her join her lost one, now with thee.

He's gone. Bless, Lord, his offspring; hear the prayer
Oft offer'd from a heart oppress'd with care,
That they of life eternal might partake;
Hear, Lord, and answer for thy mercies' sake.

He's gone; but where? Beneath its kindred clod
His body sleeps; his soul is with his God;
From care, and sin, and sorrow ever free,
Basking in full, supreme felicity.

He's gone. Grant, Lord, of rich and boundless grace,
 That we may follow in the heavenly race;
 And often cheer our flagging footsteps on,
 To those bless'd realms to which our friend has gone.
 Oct. 25th, 1877.

C. J.

DR. GOODWIN UPON REV. XIII. 17.

“Or the number of his name.”

THIS remarkable prophetic interpretation was written by Dr. Goodwin, who lived in the seventeenth century, being born A. D. 1600. What a wonderful light it throws upon the Ritualistic practices and veiled Romanism of the present day! We should almost have thought that certain persons had sat before Dr. Goodwin for their portraits. But can we not also see what an extensive application may be made of this thought concerning “the number of the name?” Men may profess to be no longer of the world or servants of sin; they may scorn to be called Arians, Socinians, Arminians, Fullerites, &c.; and yet they may have in any of these cases “the number of the name.” By their practices or words they may plainly indicate what they really are; they may be of the number of the name of the world, sin, and Satan, of Arius, Socinus, Arminius, and other erroneous persons; Pharisaic, yet appear to despise the Pharisees; Legalists, and yet disavow discipleship to Moses.—ED.

This “number of his name,” then, seems to be [*i.e.*, to indicate] a company, not proceeding so far as to receive either his [the beast's] character or his name, by professing themselves either priests of Rome or papists; and yet they are of “the number of his name,” holding and bringing in such doctrines and opinions, and such rites in worship, as shall make all men reckon, account, or number them among papists in heart and affection; and behaving themselves so as they are, and justly deserve to be, accounted and esteemed papists, and to aim at popery in the judgment of all orthodox and reformed Protestants. For though their profession deny it, yet when their actions and their corrupting of doctrine and worship shall speak it to all men's consciences, men cannot but judge that the pope, and the fear of him, is before their eyes. (Ps. xxxvi. 1.) And as those in Tit. i. 16, “profess that they know God, but in works deny him,” so these that shall profess the reformed religion, yet in all their practices and underhand policies depress it, and advance the popish party, are justly to be accounted papists, and to have received “the number of the name” of the beast.

Now, the “number” of a name is not only taken arithmetically, for a name consisting of numeral letters, but it is in many languages put for the account, reckoning, or esteem that is commonly had of men, as in Latin we speak of a man “nullius numeri,”—of no number, or account. So “the number of the name” of the beast is the common repute or esteem to be a

papist, procured through underhand advancing of the popish cause. This "number" being, therefore, spoken in a distinct and lower degree from that name, or open profession, doth yet necessarily import so much inclining and cleaving to the beast, though secretly, as shall deserve the account and repute to be numbered truly in heart, though but tacitly, of his company equally with those that receive his name.

Now, if in opening the meaning of the Holy Ghost in that phrase this description shall seem to the life to picture out a generation of such kind of popish persons as these, in any even of the most famous reformed churches, there will not want good ground for it; for, though with an impudent forehead they renounce the pope's character, and the name of papists, and will by no means be called "Baal's priests," though priests they affect to be called, but boast themselves to be of the Reformation and opposites to the popish faction; yet with as much impudence do they bring in an image of popish worship and ceremonies, adding to some old limbs never cast out other substantial parts, such as altars, crucifixes, second service, &c., so to make up in the public worship a full likeness to that of the popish church, bringing in the carcass first, which may be afterwards inspired with the same opinions. Furthermore, as in worship, so in doctrines, these men seek to introduce a presence in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, beyond what is spiritual to faith, which yet is not popish transubstantiation; and power in priests to forgive sins, beyond what is declarative, yet not that which mass-priests arrogate; justification by works, as a condition of the gospel, as well as by faith, but not so grossly as in a way of popish merit; by many such methods they truly set up an old popery in a Protestant reformed way, even as popery is an image of pagan worship in a Christian way. Say these men what they will, that they hold not of the pope, nor any way intend him or the introducing of his religion into their churches, yet their actions number them as such, and gain them such esteem everywhere, at home and abroad, as the Holy Ghost prophesied of them, fitting them with so characteristic a description as of the "number of the name" of the beast.

Such sort of apostates from the profession and religion wherein they were trained, being in a Church so full of spiritual light and faithful witnesses, the Holy Ghost hath thought worthy of the character given them in this prophecy to discover to whom they belong, especially seeing they would professedly deny their intention and conspiracy to make way in the end for the beast; this their duplicity going before, as the twilight serves to usher in darkness.

WHAT are all other things in comparison of the knowledge of Christ? In the judgment of the great apostle, they are but loss and dung. So they were to him; and if they are not so to us, we are carnal.—*Dr. Owen.*

SOLID PEACE.

[The following was in type last month.]

“The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”—PHIL. IV. 7.

“THROUGH Christ Jesus,” saith the apostle. “Through the knowledge and in the love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ,” saith the same and another apostle, not in these exact words, but in substance. This is a just comment upon the divine truth. The Christian’s peace is not a phantom of the mind, the effect of imagination; nor the fruit of a prolific fancy. But, as it proceeds from a knowledge of God in his Word, and is enjoyed by faith, so it produceth effects correspondent to its own nature, and for the good of the subject who possesses it. As the knowledge of God in Christ first captivates the mind, so the peace of God in Christ keeps the heart, through the knowledge and in the love of God.

The peace of God is a blessing bestowed upon us who were once his enemies; and this peace flows into our hearts through the gospel of peace revealing God as a loving and adorable Father to us in Jesus Christ, and establishing our minds in friendship with him. Hence we have an answer to some objections which may be urged: How do you know that the peace is not rather a fancy of the mind, and an illusion of Satan, than from God? We answer, The effects prove its cause. What comes from God leads the heart and mind to God. But the peace of God comes from God; and, therefore, leads the heart and mind to him. We experience peace from a sense of being in friendship with God. And when the joys of sense are gone, we cannot really lose his Word, which is the source of our knowledge. Having once tasted his love in the peace of our hearts, he keeps us in the knowledge of him by his power, through faith. So, with David, we say, in the faith of our hearts, “I rejoice in thy Word.” Thus our hearts and minds are kept in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, by the truth of his Word, and the grace of his Spirit, through faith. Hence, we are led to prize the Word of God as precious; desiring to take heed to our ways and to rule ourselves according to his Word, lest we grieve the Holy Spirit, the Inspirer of peace into our minds.

The knowledge and love of God in Christ which accompany a true peace constrain us to hate sin, which God hath forbidden; and to follow after holiness, which he hath commanded. Thus the peace which we enjoy proves that it comes from God, and from no other. The first cause of any sinner upon earth enjoying peace with God is his thoughts of peace to us: “For thus saith the Lord, I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of peace, and not of evil.” As an effect of this, God brings us to a knowledge of himself. This is declared in the next words: “Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.” We cannot rightly call upon an unknown God.

We know him by faith, as revealed in his Word. We call upon him, as manifested in Christ. And what is the result of this calling on the Lord? We are told, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." That is, saith our redeeming God, ye shall *know* that *in me* is your righteousness. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." From this we shall have that sense of being in friendship with God, that feeling of comfort and joy flowing from God, which passeth all understanding. This shall certainly be the happy experience of every soul who seeks the Lord with his whole heart. The Lord will bring his people to seek him, and search after him; just as one does after anything his heart is set upon, and he cannot be happy till he has found it, and really possesses it.

Thus the Lord had thoughts of peace towards Paul, though he was in such daring, open war against the Lord, his truth, and his members. The Lord made himself known to him in a wonderful manner. He spoke to him from heaven, in an extraordinary way, saying, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." What was the consequence? "Lord," says he, "what wilt thou have me to do?" "I would gladly be at peace with thee. I would now serve thee with all my heart." And, says the Holy Ghost, "Behold, he prayeth." He sought with all his heart to enjoy peace from the Lord; and he found it. And this peace of God then kept his heart and mind through the love of Christ. "That I may know Jesus." "That I may win Christ, and be found in him." This was the language of his heart as to the new nature. Just so it is with every sinner, who is naturally born with enmity to God, and lives in rebellion against him, until he comes to know the peace of God, as revealed in the Word, and manifested in Christ; then he believes in him, prays to him, and loves him.

Here is an answer to another question: "Doth the Lord keep the heart and mind of any in peace, without the concurrence of their own will, without any actings of their own minds, without any suitable dispositions of their affections towards him, without conformity of life in obedience to his will?" No; this would be contrary to Scripture, reason, and the nature of the thing. I would appeal to the experience of every true Christian, whether he does not find that his heart and mind are kept in the sense of peace only while he is stayed upon God? I think no one will dispute or deny this. But we have the more sure word of prophecy to prove this: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." The will is, by grace, turned to God, and the affections fixed upon him.

Thus the church of old sang, thus they believed, and thus experienced. Trusting in God explains what is meant by staying the mind upon God. Now, here we view the believer exalted to the highest state of honour; whilst, at the same time, he is debased to the lowest degree of humility. For the very nature of

trusting in God, or the mind stayed upon God, implies a real conviction that we have nothing in ourselves that we can trust in, or stay our minds upon. Here is our lowest humility; and that we are warranted and encouraged to trust in, and stay our minds upon God, is our highest honour.

But what God is it whom he trusts in, and stays his mind upon? Not an imaginary, absolute being, which his own natural fancy forms to his mind; a being possessed of such and such amiable qualities, attributes, and perfections which men are pleased to ascribe to him, and compliment him with. No. Men generally believe there is a God; few know God. To know there is a God, and to know God, are two distinct things. But the Christian believes his Bible. By the light of that he is taught to know God. He believes on God, as manifest in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. The light of God hath shined in his heart, "to give him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face [or Person] of Jesus Christ." He sees in Jesus all the glorious attributes and perfections of God, displayed in their utmost splendour and glory; while they all harmonize and appear in the most alluring, inviting view to poor sinners. The Christian has an understanding heart given to him, "to know that the Son of God is come; that we might know him who is true, and we are in him who is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." All other gods but God Almighty are idols. Therefore, we are exhorted: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." But the Christian is more or less kept trusting in, and stayed upon, the Lord Jehovah, the covenant God, God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Three-One God, the *One* glorious Jehovah in the covenant of grace,—redemption, justification, and salvation of us sinners. All the blessings of God the Father's everlasting love, all the riches of God the Son's everlasting grace, and all the comfort of God the Holy Ghost's everlasting consolations, are treasured up in the fulness of Jesus, to be dispensed to all his members. Thus runs the divine testimony: "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence; having made peace by the blood of his cross." Thus runs the Christian's experience: "Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Thus runs the divine charter: "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Thus runs the believer's obedience: "We serve the Lord Christ, of whom we shall receive the reward of the inheritance." Thus declares our blessed Peace-maker: "All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." Therefore saith Jesus to the weary and the heavy-laden, "Come unto me." "Thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." "Believe also in me." "Abide in

me." "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace." Nor has any poor, tried, hungering and thirsting sinner any other object for his faith to fix on, his mind to stay on, or his heart to trust in, for peace, but God in Christ; "God manifest in the flesh." The Scriptures reveal no other, nor direct to any other; not to God the Father, considered without the Son; for the Father is in the Son; "and no man knoweth the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. No man cometh unto the Father, but by me," saith Jesus. Not to the Holy Ghost, originally and abstractedly; for, saith Jesus, "The Father sends him in my Name; he shall testify of me." "He shall glorify me." He is the Witness for Jesus in the Word. He is the Comforter of our souls. For, saith our precious Immanuel, "He shall receive of mine;" of my adorable Person, my infinite love, my rich grace, my glorious righteousness, my perfect atonement, my eternal redemption, my finished salvation, and my everlasting kingdom, and "shall show it unto you."

Hence, upon Jesus the heavenly-instructed soul is led to fix his whole hope and stay. What though all such are sensible that they are the most poor, the most needy, and the most miserable sinners upon the earth; yet their minds shall be, more or less, kept in the knowledge and love of God in Christ. Hence they live even the very same life which inspired apostles did; namely, "a life of faith on the Son of God, who loved them, and gave himself for them." What a precious life is this! What a precious peace is enjoyed by this life! And what a precious knowledge doth this peace keep the heart and mind in! "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." Or, as the margin reads, "peace, peace;" denoting the abundance of peace which such are kept in whose minds are stayed upon the Lord.

We may know the precise meaning of this phrase,—staying the mind. The explanation of it is easily come at. The children of Israel were then invaded by that powerful and insulting monarch, the king of Assyria. Rabshakeh was sent to revile God's people, and to ridicule their confidence. Says he, "Now, behold, thou trustest upon the staff of Egypt; that is, as he would insinuate, under their present distressing circumstances, when they had neither strength nor power of their own to resist their invaders, they leaned their whole weight of dependence, for the support of their sinking minds, upon king Pharaoh. This is quite similar to our state and circumstances. Are not we invaded by enemies, whom we cannot resist; insulted by foes, against whom we are not able to stand? Are not the world, the flesh, and the devil in battle array against us, continually warring against the peace of our minds? A far more powerful host than the king of Assyria brought against Israel we have to conflict with. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." A far more subtle enemy

than Rabshakeh attacks our faith, reviles our confidence, and ridicules our hope; even Satan, with all his artful devices. And what can we do? We are not of ourselves sufficient to think, much less to do, anything as of ourselves. And, saith our dear Lord, "without me ye can do nothing." Therefore, just as a weary traveller, whose strength fails him, leans his weight upon his staff for support, so our weary souls lean and trust upon our beloved Saviour for righteousness and strength. Thus we walk on in the heavenly road, singing, with those of old, "In the Lord (Jehovah Jesus) have I righteousness and strength." "For in him shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." So the church of old is described as "coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved," having no confidence in the flesh, conscious of weakness and inability to withstand the temptations of Satan, to escape the snares of the world, to answer the demands of the law, and to hold on and hold out to the end of their Christian race.

It is the mercy of Christians when they are enabled to see both righteousness and strength in their beloved Jesus for them; and to stay their minds upon him. For his everlasting righteousness is the clothing of our souls, and in it we can glory. His almighty strength is our power, whereby we are enabled to fight the good fight of faith, and to persevere, even till we lay hold on eternal life. "Therefore," saith Paul to his son Timothy, and also to every son of God, "be strong [not in confidence of your own inherent strength or righteousness, but] in the grace which is in Christ Jesus." Ever trust to that; ever stay your minds upon Christ. So David, when he was greatly distressed, "encouraged" or strengthened "himself in the Lord his God." Thus may the peace of God keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, as our only staff of strength, our only stay of comfort. Amen.

ANECDOTE OF MR. HART.

THAT excellent man, the late Mr. Joseph Hart, made it his inviolable rule not to let an Arian, or Arminian, or any unsound preacher, occupy his pulpit *so much as once*. His usual saying on these occasions was, "I will keep my pulpit as chaste as my bed."

The above anecdote is taken from Toplady's works. May we not fairly and yet tenderly carry the good man's idea a little farther? Is it wrong to insist that when pulpits are not kept chaste, those who would obey the apostolic injunction, "Keep thyself pure," had better keep themselves out of them? Or suppose a minister of truth once in a way to occupy, borrowing Mr. Hart's expression, such an unchaste pulpit, would it not be charity to wish him well out of it, and that, like Joseph in Potiphar's house, he might escape with only a rent in his garment of peace, and without any in that of his orthodoxy and reputation?

THE ARK AS A FIGURE.

My dear Brother,—Your kind letter of Jan. 21st I duly received; and, according to your request, it was given to some of our old friends, and is with them unto this day.

The following thoughts, if such they can be named, upon Noah's ark, and its spiritual signification, are at your service.

The ark literally was a place of security, strength, and safety, with ample provision of all kinds for the inhabitants; wherein were preserved the future progenitors of the world, while the terrible vengeance of God was poured out on the then ungodly world outside, to their utter ruin and confusion. God said, "Come in." The voice was from within; and thus, by an act of divine providence, encompassed with his presence and power, all the living were within those wooden walls of the ark. God shut Noah and all his, both man and beast, therein; and thus secured them against all harm from without.

The ark is a type of Christ and his church; and, as such, represents a place of eternal security, strength, safety, and fully stored with every spiritual provision that can possibly be required, both here and hereafter. (Eph. i. 19-23.)

The ark. As to its society, Christ, as Elder Brother, Redeemer, Surety, Mediator, God and King for evermore, dwells in and over the church militant and triumphant in holy worship, adoration, praise, and thanksgiving, increasing in enjoyment, as it is more and more developed in glory.

God in covenant saith, "Come in;" by a judicial act of God the Father in the way of justification unto eternal life; by a merciful and loving act of God the Son in his blood, righteousness, and redemption; by a kindly act of God the Holy Ghost in the new birth unto all new-covenant blessings.

God saith, "Come in," experimentally, by the grace and power of the Holy Ghost in regeneration, sanctification, and renewing of the mind; by a new-creation of spiritual desires, longing, thirsting, loving; by pureness of heart, longsuffering, gentleness, kindness; by the grace of adoption, heirship; by promise, satisfaction, obedience, and blood.

"Come unto me," saith Christ Jesus, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) There is room enough in the ark. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." (Gen. xxiv. 31.) "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." They shall come that were ready to perish. *Note.*—The calls of the Lord are true, sincere, affectionate, and without repentance.

The ark prefigured a place of rest from sin, guilt, temptations, toils, infirmities, trials, and disappointments. *Note.*—No empty cruse or barrel of meal therein.

God, by the blessed Spirit, saith, "Come in." He is therein with sweet and repeated manifestations of his divine presence, while the storm of indignation is passing by, whether the storm

be in the order or way of the dispensation of providence, bodily or mental afflictions, spiritual desertions, discipline, or sovereignty, by which he exercises his people.

The Lord by the church saith, "Come in." He is therein as to its ordinances, ministry, seclusion, family interests and advantages, its trials and triumphs, its poverty and riches, its humiliation and exaltation.

God shut the door of the ark, and so enclosed himself with all that were inside; but, by this act of his sovereign will, shut all others out.

Noah and his family not only went into the ark, but also came out by the commandment of the Lord. His first act was that of sacrifice, in which God smelled a sweet savour; the Lord also giving to him the rainbow as a covenant that he would not again destroy the earth with water. Our blessed Lord came forth from the bosom of his Father, and gave himself a sacrifice for the sins of his people; by which means justice was fully satisfied, and every legal obstacle removed; so that poor sensible sinners might find access and acceptance before the presence of God. And the bow of the covenant of peace was not lacking, but was given as a divine testimony of assurance, for the dear children of God to rest upon. *Note.*—The first bow was produced by the sun shining through drops of rain; the second by the blazing glories of the eternal Godhead shining through the drops of blood sprinkled before the throne of God and the Lamb. "And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." (Rev. iv. 3.)

It is with reluctance that I send you the foregoing. It seems to me to be a letter production of history and fact, picked up, as it were, on the mountains of Gilboa, where there is no dew, or from the Delta of Egypt, where there is no rain; or, perhaps more properly, as a few grains of corn from one of the mummies in the catacombs of the Pharaohs of olden time. That there is *some* true spiritual food in it, I am satisfied; but parched corn requires spiritual vinegar, or wine of the kingdom, to soften it, and so make it easy of digestion. Ah, me! I *feel* that I want more of the sweetness and unction of the sacred testimony in my heart and soul, even as the dew that descended on Hermon, rather than be engaged in trying to crack nuts of dry doctrine; although the enclosed kernel may be sweet and savoury when you get to it. I have known and felt it in days gone by, and so I do now, that a dry fleece, either in speaking or writing, is no sure evidence of its being quite dry to others. But an unfelt testimony is a poor dry morsel for an exercised soul to feed upon; for verily

"True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt."

I am, My dear Brother,

Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

J. F. MATTHEWS.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Having read of late the "Gospel Standards," their contents have oftentimes been blessed to my soul. To-day I have finished reading the experience of Mr. T. Toms, with, I hope, some blessed application to my never-dying soul. I often wonder and stand amazed that the Lord of life and glory should condescend to stoop so low as to pick up from a life of sin and misery such a rebel as I am and feel often to be. But such is his everlasting love to his chosen family, that I hope I do feel by blest experience he has taught me, and that I am in some measure a partaker of that love.

I therefore desire, as the Lord shall enable a poor unworthy worm, to give you a short account of the Lord's dealings with me. When young, I was brought up in the Church of England under very strict parents; but when I was no longer subject to their tuition, I left the Church of England, and turned what may be called a Dissenter. When I did this, I was generally with the Wesleyans. I was about 18 years of age; and about this time I became acquainted with her who is now my wife. Her father, who but a few weeks ago went to glory, was a member of the Baptist chapel at Pulham St. Mary, where I was then living. I was by this drawn to go to Mr. Taylor's chapel at Pulham, but I only went because my wife went, and that was only in the afternoon, and to the Wesleyans in the evening.

I was like this for two or three years, when it pleased the Lord to move me to Norwich; and when I came to Norwich I was worse than ever. For some time I neglected to go anywhere on the Sabbath day, and it was a day of sport and pleasure to me. I went on like this for three years, living in a way of sin and death, on the water and tea gardens on the Sabbath, and the skittle-ground and card-table on the week days. By these doings there was much unpleasantness at home, and my wife began to be very unhappy about me. I then began to go with the Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists again; but no comfort for me there.

About this time I began to be very uncomfortable in my mind. I began to see my sin and folly, and could feel that the life I had been leading was taking me fast to the grave of hell and destruction. I started from my home one Sabbath evening to go to the Queen's Road Methodist chapel; but when I was going into the field near the cathedral, I was obliged to turn back and go to the Tabernacle, where our brother, Mr. Dye, then and now speaks. I heard his sermon, but with no effect. Several times I started for Queen's Road, but I had to go to the Tabernacle. It was often suggested to me: "You ought to go to Queen's Road; there is more life there. You are making yourself miserable enough by going to that dull place. You will soon have every one laughing at you." I can truly say that for the first year that I regularly attended the Tabernacle there was hardly a time that I came out

of that place but I was tried in the manner stated above. I found the more I went the more uneasy I became; but go I must. I began to feel such a sense of my unworthiness in the sight of God, that I thought I was not fit to go where the people of God were.

I was like this for some time, when, one Thursday night, as I was walking home from the railway station, the Lord suddenly stopped me, and then I could see my guilt, and hell before me, and no way of deliverance. I was obliged to go on my knees for mercy; and I thought, if the Lord would but let me just get to my own home, it would be a great relief. I did go home, but how I cannot say. This is how I was all the night. I besought the Lord that he would relieve me from all my guilt, or, if not, let me die. I thought I might as well be in hell as be where I was then. I was like this all the next day and the next night. On the following day I had to go to Peterborough, being a guard on the railway. Here I was as miserable as I could be, and was so till I arrived at Ely Junction, when I thought of a plan, which was this: When I get to Old Bedford Viaduct, a little further on the road, I will put an end to my existence. I arrived at the place, and was about to carry out my intentions, when these words came to me:

“Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay’d;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.”

I could then see all the way in which the Lord had kept me, and how his arm of mercy and love had been round me. I could see that I was not deserving of a crumb of mercy, but that a hand of mercy and love had been over me all my life. I could then see what love there was in a precious Christ for poor sinners; and I felt and could see a manifested presence of that love to such a wretch as I.

I felt by this greatly relieved in my mind, but I could not assure myself of any deliverance, or, I might say, a real deliverance. I went to chapel on the Sunday following, but was not much relieved; but felt more settled about my future state. The next week I felt more comfortable, feeling sometimes sure that the Lord had spoken a word of comfort to my poor soul; and sometimes I thought it must be a delusion from Satan; and this made me uncomfortable again.

But the Lord’s time is his own. The next Sunday I was not able to get to chapel in the morning; but I went anxious enough in the evening. Our minister then took for his text Isa. xli. 10: “Fear thou not; for I am with thee,” &c. This text and sermon were all for me. It was then that he was the instrument in God’s hand of delivering a poor soul, and giving me a word of comfort; and, if ever I was happy in my life, it was then. I came out of chapel with such a burden taken off my back that I could do nothing else but sing the praises of redeeming love,

feeling sure that all my sins were laid on a precious Christ, and that they were washed away for ever in his precious blood. What love, what an immensity of love, the Son of God has towards those whom he died for! These were my thoughts, and I was like the Ethiopian eunuch, and I could go on my way rejoicing.

It was not long after this before the Lord was pleased to impress his blessed ordinances on my mind. I felt that, as the blessed Saviour had descended into the depths of agony for me, I must obey by walking in the footsteps of my Lord and Master in his commandment of believers' baptism. I mentioned it to our minister, Mr. Dye; I was visited by the deacons, and went before the church; was received; and the day was appointed for me to be baptized. And how solemnized were my feelings on that day! When our minister was addressing me before going into the water, I felt such love and overflowing of the Spirit of God in my poor soul, that I felt with the poet:

“Down into the water with Jesus I'll go;
Not fearing death if I meet it below.”

And now what a body of sin and death I still find within me! I often feel it a hard matter to keep from sin and Satan; but the Lord has promised that where he has begun a good work he will perfect it to the day of Jesus Christ. May we always find this our happy lot, that, though temptations arise, and the storms and conflicts of Satan may rage against us, there is an eternal and everlasting refuge in a crucified Saviour; and that, though all others fail, he will stick closer than a brother, and fulfil his precious promise: “That where I am, there shall ye be also.” Happy then shall we be to a never-ending eternity.

From a poor Sinner saved by sovereign Grace,
Norwich, July 4th, 1877. A. A. C.

My dear Friend,—I have sent you the letter I spoke of when I saw you, sent by my father to Mr. Kershaw 62 years ago. Both of them were men of God. They lived by faith, preached in faith, prayed in faith, overcame all enemies by faith, and died in faith; and by grace, not of debt, are rewarded with eternal glory.

As for me, for the most part I feel a poor needy sinner; none more so. I do feel the very chief of sinners, panting after the living spring of grace, which is God himself. Nothing short of himself can satisfy my craving soul. I know that this is a sign of life; for no man can desire grace from the heart without grace. I desire to be thankful even for a desire after the Lord; but only Himself can satisfy our souls; and that in his blessed Trinity of Persons,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the glorious Three-One God. O! What a mystery that the Infinite I AM should have thoughts of love towards such worms as we. Honours crown his name,—Jesus, the sweetest of all names; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Southill, July 9th, 1877.

Yours in the Truth,

J. WARBURTON.

Dear Brother,—I received thy kind letter, and was very glad to hear of thy welfare, and that the Lord is with thee. It does my heart good to hear that thou art still kept sensible of thy own weakness, and brought out of necessity to look to the Rock that is higher than thyself; for I am persuaded that thou wilt ever find a sufficiency in Jesus for all thy needs. And though thou mayest be driven sometimes to thy wits' end, yet he has promised he will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

As it regards the church at Rochdale wishing thee not to engage anywhere else, I hope the Lord will direct thee to do that which is right. For my own part, I think thou oughtest to comply with the church; and if it is their desire for thee to preach to them, I hope thou wilt not resist it. I am sure it did my soul good to hear that they wanted thee to preach; for it proved to me that they still loved the simplicity of the gospel; and I am sure there is no greater joy to me than to hear that they stand fast in the truth, and are not carried away with the letter instead of the power. For I know thou hast nothing to preach but what God hath taught thee; and I hope and pray, my dearly beloved son in the faith, that thou mayest never have anything to speak to the people but what God the Spirit teaches thee; and that thou mayest never be discouraged by men of corrupt minds, destitute of the truth. They will oppose thee and every other that preaches the word by and in the power of the Holy Ghost; and it will be their employment constantly to treat thee with contempt, and to sow discord among the brethren. But mayest thou endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, ever having on the whole armour of God, and ever blessed with a mouth that all thy gainsayers can never resist.

As for gifts and abilities that are needful for thee as a minister, God has them in his own hands to give; and I hope the Lord will ever bless thee with a begging spirit and a prevailing spirit. He has not sent thee to a warfare at thy own charges. No, no; he that called thee to the work is able to furnish thee with every blessing, both in providence and grace. Therefore be of good courage; fear not; thou hast an able Captain who has fought all thy battles, and conquered all thy foes, and who will never desert thee; thou hast a sure Rock to rest upon, that will never give way; thou hast a precious hiding-place to shelter in, whence no enemy can drive thee, and a complete shelter from every storm. And though thou mayest be tried on every hand, and sometimes ready to think thou never shalt be able to get through, yet he has assured thee that he will make crooked things straight, and rough places plain; and thou hast ever proved him as good as his word.

I have to admire his wonderful goodness through all my travels, for he has brought me by the right way. And I wonder, when I am enabled to look back and see how I have been beset with poverty, hedged up behind and before; with men watching for my overthrow, and my fears rising up like mountains, and saying

it would be the case; and yet, thanks be to the Lord, out of them all he has delivered me; and he that has delivered, does deliver, and I trust he will yet deliver.

We are going on very comfortably; and the word of the Lord runs and is glorified. Three have joined us from the other church, and three more have applied for their dismissal; that makes six, and fourteen are to be baptized in a fortnight. As for the congregation, we are so crowded on a Lord's day that it is quite uncomfortable. The Fullerites are all in a rage, and say I am a downright Antinomian, a robber of churches, a fool, and a firebrand; and think the people are all beside themselves, or else they would never come to hear me.

I have sent a letter to the church at Rochdale, and I expect they have got it; but suppose they will not send me one. Well; though this may be the case, the less I am loved of them, the more I love them. And when I think of my first coming amongst them, the toils we have had in building Hope Chapel, the sorrows and the joys we have had together, my feelings overcome me; and I am like Joseph,—I seek a secret place, that my feelings may have full vent.

Give my particular love to Samuel Lord, and tell him that I often think of him, and should be glad to hear from him. And be sure to tell Hannah Lord that my wife joins me in sending her our best respects. Very often we talk about her, and should like to see her come into the house to have a chat with us; and I hope we shall yet see each other in this vale of tears. Give my love to James Brierly, and tell him I have not received his letter yet; it must have been lost by the post.

I am just going out, and must say no more. I shall expect you to send me a letter very soon, and let me have all the news.

Your affectionate Friend and Well-wisher,

Trowbridge, July 27th, 1815.

JOHN WARBURTON.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to hear from you; but I wish you could have told me that the Lord had turned your captivity, and had put off your sackcloth and girded you with gladness, so that you might sing the song of praise, a most blessed song. However, I am glad that you are waiting and longing for such a favour, and that you desire it above all earthly good. You have not many companions earnestly desiring with you that their bonds may be loosed, and that they may call God their Father by the testimony of his Spirit. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Blessed are all they that wait for Jesus Christ to be revealed to their longing and panting souls. How few you find that are cut up, and cut down, and cut off, and feel their guilt, wretchedness, and misery, and know they must perish if Christ does not save them! Your soul may be tossed about and harassed for some time, sometimes comforted, and sometimes cast down;

sometimes having a good hope that your religion will end well, and that you shall be in heaven, and, at other times, full of fears that many are in hell who have had as good a religion as yours.

I have experienced many years of exercises of the same kind; and though blessed, at times, both in my own soul and in the ministry, yet I considered that I must know or experience greater things than I had before I could go to heaven. After many sighs, and fears, and groans, the Lord did bless my soul and deal bountifully with me; and the blessing was greater than I had any idea of. I was favoured to love Christ in that way as to know him the Chiefest of ten thousand. On Lord's day evening I spoke from a portion of Scripture which was made a great blessing at that time to my soul, among other portions, which reminded me of the Lord's special grant from heaven. The portion is: "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." (Ps. xlv. 2.)

How wonderfully rich those are who have grace! And how wonderfully poor they are, however rich in this world, who are dead in their sins! You know how very many around you are satisfied with a sort of religion that will prove worthless when the fire tries every man's work, of what sort it is. You cannot rest for one moment, though they are at ease. If you do not know Christ, you want to know him and to enjoy his presence; and do not want to be satisfied without being blessed with some testimony that your sins are forgiven. I have not forgotten how precious that hymn of Hart's was when I heard it on the following Lord's day after I knew the experience of it:

"How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven!" &c.

There are very many encouraging portions of Scripture for you in your state. And you have many evidences that you are not dead in sin nor in a mere profession. Nor are you ignorant of what real religion is; nor are you blind, so that you cannot see where thousands of professors around you will be if they die without a better religion than they have got. But this does not fully satisfy you. Your cry is, "Lord, deliver my soul." I shall be glad to hear from you when you can say, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

I was sorry, in one respect, to hear of friend H.'s affliction; but I was glad to hear that he had found the Lord's mercy and goodness in it. I have blessed the Lord for afflicting me, and know it to be good to be enabled to say, "In faithfulness thou hast afflicted me, O Lord."

I cannot say anything for the present about visiting P. It is a good thing if we are willing to do what is right, if we know it. You have an immense population around you; yet you have but very little vital godliness, and very few really seeking characters; and there are still fewer who can tell what God has done for their souls. I shall be glad if the Lord send a minister, and make him

a great blessing amongst you. My desire is not to come if the presence of the Lord come not with me. If there be a few in the island separated for the truth's sake, I hope the Lord will bless them with love and union, and that his work may be deepened in their hearts. Give my love to any inquiring friends.

Abingdon, Dec. 6th, 1844.

Yours in the Truth,
WM. TIPTAFT.

My dear Brother and Companion in the Path of Tribulation,— I very much feel for you in your present heavy bereavement and affliction. The Lord hath taken from you the desire of your eyes and kind partner of your bosom. May he give you much grace to bear the stroke, and much divine submission to his most holy and sovereign will, so that you may in childlike humility bow to the sway of his sceptre, and be enabled to say, not only, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," but, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord." He hath blessed you with his fear; he so blessed your dear wife; and he blessed her in time with many divine tokens of his love and faithfulness; and now he hath taken her away out of the reach of every foe, broken every tie, laid low all the powers that vexed and molested her redeemed soul, and has taken home his blood-bought, grace-polished jewel, to adorn his own glorious throne, no more to go out; there to

"bathe her weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across her peaceful breast."

Well, my dear brother, "are we not tending upward too, as fast as time can move?" My poor tempest-tossed soul would sing:

"Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?"

We are very dull scholars; at least, I feel I am one. We need painful afflictions, near bereavements, heavy crosses, continually reminding us that this is not our rest. I believe the same unerring, gracious, faithful God, who led about dear old Jacob, and instructed him, hath led you and your dear departed one about, and hath instructed you and her. I feel assured none but a covenant-keeping God, that keepeth truth for ever, could have instructed her poor soul of its state and condition, and have brought her out to declare his felt mercy to her, and have given grace to flee to himself, the eternal Rock, for a shelter. And he is instructing you in these very deep trials, to weigh up all created goodness, and to cut and loosen the roots that hold to earth and sense; instructing you to look *at* death, to walk in deaths oft, and to look *beyond* death, and to look *after* and *to* him who hath conquered death, hell, and the grave. Well, my dear brother, he hath declared: "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." O! May he still instruct us to be "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." The Lord be very gracious to you, so that you may feel as clay in the hand of the mighty Potter, and lose your own will, and feel the will of the Lord *your* will, so that there may be divine yielding up of all into his hands, whose counsel must stand;

"Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still."

How is your dear afflicted daughter? The Lord comfort the child himself with those divine, pardoning, saving manifestations that shall enable her soul to rejoice in the Lord as her Redeemer and her All.

Your affectionate Brother in the Bonds of Gospel Love,
Melksham, July 21, 1875. N. MARSH.

My dear Friend,—It struck me early this morning that I ought not to allow the year to close without dropping my dear old friend Godwin a few lines, just to express my gratitude, as I hope, to the God of all our mercies, that two such poor sinful and unworthy creatures should be spared to write to one another when so many have been cut off during the past year. I hope you are quite recovered from your fall. Blessed be your kind Preserver when your life was in imminent danger. O! How many things we have to be thankful for! Had the train gone on, you might have been crushed or been a burden to your wife for life, dragging out a useless life in pain and misery. But "he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Bless the Lord, friend Godwin; and let all that is within thee bless his holy Name. I dare say you had a good time at B., and that very often, no doubt, you saw and felt your deliverance was great and called for thankfulness. If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the Lord's notice, much less does one of the Lord's sent servants.

And now, dear friend, with regard to the state of my soul. At this present time, what can I say? Very little. If I have been made to differ from what I once was, I wish to ascribe it all to the praise and glory of a merciful and long-suffering God. I am still and always shall be a poor, weak, and sinful creature, always liable to fall. Pray for me, that he who has begun a work in me may continue to carry it on. Mr. Tuckwell told you it was a time of mourning with us here over our little few; and when we look within, what do we behold but every abomination? My prayer to God of late has been to know what I am in truth *before him*. I have much to humble me when I call to mind my own doings which are not good; still, I do trust I am thankful to be preserved amidst the many dangers and temptations without and within, and, though faint, to be yet pursuing in the faith. I trust there are still those among us who are not living careless and ungodly lives. O! How many temptations and snares there are to stop those whose hearts the Lord has changed! And it is a

mercy if we have not turned back, like the sow to her wallowing in the mire.

I desire to commit the future to that God who is our only Friend and Helper. My desire is to be searched out, that the Lord may show me the evils in my heart, teach me himself, and make me walk according to his Word, doing his will and not my own.

“O for a closer walk with God!”

I shall be very pleased to hear from you. God bless you both.

I am, dear Friend, Yours affectionately,

Allington, Dec. 30th, 1858.

JOS. PARRY.

Beloved,—I acknowledge the receipt of a very kind and sweet letter, which I received from you, dated Dec. 5. I should have answered it long before now if the waters of the sanctuary had been sufficiently high. I am glad my former letter was attended with some searching of heart, for hereby our Lord does not purge away the wheat, but the chaff; nor root up faith, but makes it strike its fibres deeper into the Rock of ages. Your up-and-down zigzag path is the old beaten path to me and many others, who to this day have to wet their couch with tears. The sorrows, fears, and griefs of a Christian are very many and very great; but they that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and the harvest is not far off. Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. He is faithful that hath promised.

I can assure you, I have a dark and dreary path to tread, for the most part. Now and then the glorious Sun of righteousness breaks out, and shines upon me for a moment or two; and this is highly prized, because so greatly needed. But the darkness returning, my misery is augmented. My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing. I cannot tell my griefs to any one. I think no one could sympathize with me, or be a help or comfort to me. But I groan and sigh it out to the Lord, and he encourages me so to do, saying, “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” My sorrows often “swell as the sea.” New griefs stir up the old; and new joys renew the former songs. I wonder if any man or woman who knows the Lord has the plague sores that I have. I know that my sore runs in the night, and doth not cease; and I wonder if good men have the same. When the Lord hides his face, I am the most discontented of mortals. I am oft rebellious against the Lord for bringing me here; and this does me no good.

I am among a people that love me, and care for my welfare, and yet I cannot be content. I often mourn over my former rounds and friends, and much regret the loss. No one can enter into my feelings here. I feel like one transported. And what adds to my misery is that my friends, to whom my soul still cleaves, whom I have left in the country, and who were my beloved correspondents, seem to have forgotten their former friend, and never can afford me a single line. This, however, doth not abate

my love to them; they are still as dear as ever, for I do believe the Lord is the Author of my affection to them; and, though damped, it cannot die, for this kind of love cannot be quenched by many waters. Here is not our rest, it is polluted. I sometimes sigh to be at home. No dying friends there. No pricking thorn nor grieving brier there.

Peace and truth and love be with you. Amen.

35, The Oval, Hackney Road, Jan. 22nd, 1846.

J. SHORTER.

PEACE.

LORD, how I love thy presence here!
 How sweet those visits are!
 Nothing, when thy loved smiles appear,
 Can with such bliss compare.
 All worldly sorrows from my heart
 Vanish like mists away;
 Even my doubts and fears depart
 While Jesus deigns to stay.
 Then only can I truly say,
 "Father, thy will be done;"
 And feel, while unbelief gives way,
 Thy kingdom is begun.
 And while I thus, in feeling sweet,
 Thy majesty adore,
 I'd lie for ever at thy feet,
 And never grieve thee more.
 Whilst in this valley I sojourn,
 Lord, bless me with thy love;
 And let my heart within me yearn
 To dwell with thee above.

B. MOORE (*from "Rescued Hours"*).

HE (God) knows the mind of the Spirit in those workings which are never formed to that height that we can reflect upon them with our observation. Everything that is of him is noted in his book, though not in ours. He took notice that, when Sarah was acting unbelief towards him, yet that she showed respect and regard to her husband, calling him lord. (Gen. xviii. 12; 1 Pet. iii. 6.)

God's people may be growing down in humility when they are not feelingly growing upwards in faith, hope, and love. They may strike their roots deeper even when they do not lift their branches higher. "O!" says a poor creature, "instead of growing better, I grow worse. Once I thought myself tolerably good; but now I am become altogether abominable. Now I see that in me,—that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." And is this the cause of your disquiet? Doth this make you disconsolate? Indeed, you have rather reason to bless God for opening your eyes, for giving you a knowledge of yourself. He hath caused a marvellous light to shine into your soul, and has discovered to you the dunghill within; your inward defilement is not increased, but only your understanding cleared to discern it.—*Hervey.*

REVIEW.

Zion's Landmark.—Published semi-monthly, by Elder P. D. Gold, at Wilson, North Carolina, America.

"ZION'S LANDMARK," being devoted to the cause of religion, we may regard as being exclusively a religious magazine, although it assumes rather a different form from most religious periodicals in England. In looking over the copy bearing date Oct. 15th ult., and which has been sent, we presume, for our notice, we have read some things in it with much satisfaction, and have no hesitation in saying that, if the particular number which has fallen into our hands be a fair specimen of its general character, there are but few, either religious papers or magazines, published in either this or other countries in the present day, that we have seen, that better deserve to be supported.

There has been, at one time and another, an immense deal of controversy here in England about what different sects and parties have believed to be the most scriptural and gospel way of preaching to dead sinners. Our Strict Baptist churches have been called upon in days past, and in days not far gone by, to withstand the encroachments of this particular form of heterodoxy. Indeed, Duty-faith and a denial of the Eternal Sonship of Christ have been, perhaps, the chief errors which have required the best energies of the churches to repel. But, by the help of God, they have hitherto stood their ground, and have suffered neither Fullerism, nor Free-willism, nor the error of a time-made Son of God, to contaminate the faith delivered unto them.

In the copy of "*Zion's Landmark*" to which we have referred, the subject of preaching the gospel to the unconverted is discussed; and the following questions, as put by a correspondent, are answered:

First, "Is the gospel minister the instrument in God's hands in quickening dead sinners into life?"

Second, "Is the gospel message to dead sinners; or is it to living sinners, who have been quickened into life by the Spirit of God?"

Third, "Should the minister preach repentance to those who are dead in trespasses and sins?"

The writer who answers these questions frankly confesses that the third question has troubled him, more or less, for years; but that he is now settled in his opinion. It may, then, be a little interesting to some of our readers to know how such questions are answered by a "Primitive Baptist" in America. But, as our Review is only intended to be a short one, it will not be practicable to give more than a short extract from each answer; especially as it is more particularly on the third question that our mind is led to make a few remarks.

It is a question which has troubled the minds of many here in England, as well as abroad; and the different ways in which the question has been dealt with have made it the more puzzling

to unestablished souls in God's family to know who is right and "what is truth."

Our first extract will show what kind of answers are given to the first two questions:

"1. 'Is the gospel minister the instrument in God's hands in quickening dead sinners into life?' I answer, No. None but God can give life to the dead; and he does not have to resort to the agency of creatures, who are nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity, to give life eternal to dead sinners. The Son of God speaks to the dead, and they live. (Jno. v. 25.) And he, and he only, can give to them eternal life. (Jno. x. 28.) 'You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' (Eph. ii. 1.) Giving spiritual or eternal life to dead sinners I understand to be synonymous with quickening, and as being the same, in effect, as being *begotten of God, born of God, born of the Spirit*; and this work is imputed to God, and Christ, and the Spirit; but in no place to men, angels, or devils. It requires the same Omnipotent power to create a clean heart and renew a right spirit in us, as it did to create the heavens and the earth, and that raised up Christ from the dead. (Ps. li. 10; Ezek. xi. 19; Jno. iii. 3-8; Eph. i. 18-20; 1 Jno. v. 1, 18.)"

"2. 'And is the gospel a message to dead sinners, or is it to living sinners, who have been quickened into life by the Spirit of God?' I answer that the gospel message, in the letter and in its public proclamation, is to all who come to hear it; but it does not profit them who believe not. (Heb. iv. 2.) To them the gospel comes in *word only*; but to the quickened soul it comes in '*power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.*' (1 Thess. i. 5.) To unregenerate Jews and Greeks it is a *stumbling-block*; it is *foolishness*; but to them that are called out of darkness and death it is the *power and wisdom* of God. (1 Cor. i. 18, 23, 24; Rom. i. 16.) To the natural man the gospel, in all its glory, is foolishness, and he cannot know or receive it. (1 Cor. ii. 14.) When Christ and his apostles preached, some believed, for to them it was given; and some believed not, for to them it was not given to know the mysteries of the kingdom. See examples of this in Matt. xiii. 11; Acts xiii. 45, 46. We, as the ministers of Christ, do not know who will hear or who will not, but we are to proclaim the gospel to all who attend upon our ministry, seeing to it that we rightly divide the word of truth, and apply each part where it belongs. I believe the minister should define and explain the nature of both the condemning law and the delivering gospel to his hearers, and tell them the nature of both. The law applies to those who are under the law (Rom. iii. 19); and the gospel is adapted to the wants of those who are sick of sin. And the Spirit will apply it where it belongs, and it will accomplish what God pleases. (Isa. lv. 11.)"

Quickening dead sinners into spiritual life is so thoroughly a divine act, and so exclusively the prerogative of God to effect, that to deny so solemn a truth would certainly be an error of the worst kind. Still, we think such portions as the following: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 23); "Of his own will begat he us with the Word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures" (Jas. i. 18); "For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers. For in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel" (1 Cor. iv. 15); we say, we think that

such passages in the Word as these require more consideration than has been given them in answering the first question. The Lord, in quickening, or re-begetting the soul, or, what is the same thing, implanting into it that immortal principle likened to a grain of mustard seed, may use the instrumentality of a minister in a certain way; that is, he may so accompany the word spoken by him with his quickening Spirit as to make it the incorruptible seed of a new life in the soul. Besides, does not Scripture distinguish between *quicken*ing and conversion, or *manifestation*? And are not ministers acknowledged by the Lord himself as being his instruments in turning sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God? Did not the Lord tell the apostle Paul that he would use him as an instrument for this very purpose? "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." (Acts xxvi. 18.)

Again. Are we not told by another apostle that "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death?" When a sinner is turned from darkness to light, there is a motion, a shifting of position, as it were, a going from one thing to another. But there is a secret operation of God in the soul that precedes these *outward* motions of life, and from which they proceed; which is the infusion of spiritual life itself into the soul, which, up to that time, was by nature dead in sin. This is what we understand by being "quickened," or "begotten of God."

Whilst, then, we believe, with the replier to the questions, that it is God alone who "raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them;" and that "even so the Son quickeneth whom he will;" yet we, at the same time, believe that God may, and does, use the instrumentality of his servants in the way we have stated. Especially, too, do we believe that, as it respects the outward motions of life, which follow upon quickening, and by which the quickened sinner is made manifest, the servants of God are the honoured instruments, through the Lord's power working by them, of bringing about such manifestation, or conversion of poor souls to God. And such distinction not being pointed out in the answer that is given to the first question is, we think, an important omission.

With all that is stated in reply to the second question we fully agree. That the gospel message, in its outward proclamation, "is to all who come to hear it," is what our Strict Baptist churches have always contended for. But if persons will be so stupid as not to be able to distinguish between *preaching* or *proclaiming* the gospel to all, and *offering* Christ and salvation to all, or to any; and if, because the Strict Baptists and the Huntingtonians repudiate offers of grace to dead sinners, they must sustain the charge of not preaching the gospel to the unconverted at all;

then all we can say is that we are perfectly content to sustain the charge still; believing that the righteous Lord will confer a far greater honour upon those who sustain such a charge, in connection with the keeping of his truth in its integrity, than he ever will upon those who depart from it, and adopt the anti-scriptural sentiment of offered grace.

The following extract, with only a few lines omitted in order to save room, is the answer given to the last question :

“3. This third question has troubled me more or less for years, but I am now of the settled opinion that we should, as ministers, teach all men who attend upon the word the nature and necessity of both repentance toward God and faith in Christ, and leave the result with our Master. In doing this, however, we need not, we dare not preach a mess of Arminian stuff, and false doctrine, such as free agency, free will, human means, and human instrumentality, &c., in the salvation of sinners. The fact that Christ, and the twelve, and the seventy, and Paul, all preached the necessity of repentance and faith to both Jews and Gentiles, and that Christ commanded the apostles to preach repentance and remission of sins in his name among all nations ought to be, and is enough to warrant and to oblige us to proclaim the doctrine of repentance wherever we go. At your leisure examine Matt. iii. 2; iv. 17; Mark i. 15; vi. 12; Lu. xxiv. 47; Acts xvii. 30; xxvi. 20. Ministers should preach the truth that men should repent; but God only can give life and eyes to see, and hearts to loathe themselves in dust and ashes. The ministers of Antichrist claim to sit in the seat of God, and above all that is called God, especially those who have been to a theological school, and would snatch the diadem from the head of him who is Lord of lords and King of kings. God’s people feel to say they are nothing, and God is all.”

We shall put the few remarks which, as previously intimated, we wish to make on this last answer, under three heads :

First. We cannot believe that it is right for ministers *now* to exhort the unconverted to repent and believe, in the precise way that Christ and the apostles sometimes did themselves. Christ was omniscient; he knew what was in men’s hearts, and could discern their spirits. And even the apostle Paul, through the supernatural power of discernment which he had from God, could *perceive* that the impotent man at Lystra had faith to be healed (Acts xiv. 9); and hence, as guided by such discernment, he could say, “*Stand upright on thy feet.*” Had ministers *now* such a gift as that, they might, with their eye especially on such whose spirits they could see were bending to the Word, venture a great deal further in their ministerial appeals and exhortations than they can under present circumstances. But, being circumstanced as the Lord’s servants are in the present day, not knowing “who will hear, or who will not,” who will believe, or who will reject, we quite agree with what we read in “Zion’s Landmark;” viz., that ministers should preach “the nature and necessity of both repentance toward God and faith in Christ, and leave the result with our Master.” To preach “the truth that men should repent,” is a very different thing from calling upon the dead to repent of themselves. It is not preaching the

necessity of repentance that we would evade for a moment; but it is the "*Arminian mess*" that we wish to keep out of.

Secondly. So far from wishing our ministers to cherish a fear of jeopardizing their reputation by insisting upon the necessity of repentance, and by warning, in a way consistent with truth, poor sinners of the error of their ways, we only wish a gracious God would lay it with such power on the hearts of one and all of them, that, as often as they stand up to preach the everlasting gospel of the blessed God, they might in all faithfulness lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show not only God's "people their transgression," but endeavour to point out to poor thoughtless sinners whither the "*broad way*" leadeth, and to sound out the solemn truth in their ears that, except they are brought by grace to repent and forsake their sins, they will perish for ever. Not that we lay a charge against our brethren in the ministry for not having done this; but we simply express a desire that neither the legal preaching so rampant around us, on the one hand, nor our strong personal objections to such preaching, nor even our "*Articles of Faith*," on the other hand, may be permitted of God in any way to fetter or hinder a scriptural proclamation of repentance and every other truth, according to the ability which God giveth, that "*God in all things may be glorified.*"

Thirdly. As it respects many of the exhortations which have been brought forward by those holding broad sentiments in order to prove the scripturalness of dead sinners being exhorted to repent, they have a direct bearing on the great dispensational change which was taking place at the very time that such exhortations fell from the lips of either Christ or his apostles. This fact having been generally overlooked, and also the peculiar circumstances under which the persons to whom the exhortations were addressed not being taken in the least into consideration, the consequence has been that the true and scriptural sense in which such exhortations should be understood has been utterly lost sight of amidst the much legal garbage that has been thrust upon them. For example, suppose any one should insist that such a detached clause as the following: "*But now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent*" (Acts xvii. 30) means nothing more nor less than that it is the will of God that every man in the world to whom the gospel is preached should repent and be saved, such an interpretation would certainly be a gross perversion of the real meaning of the passage, as taken in connection with the context. But suppose a second person should explain the passage in some such way as the following: "*Let it be observed that as this command to repentance does not suppose it to be in the power of man, nor contradicts its being a free-grace gift of God, so neither does it extend, as here expressed, to every individual of mankind, but only regards the men of the then present age, in distinction from those who lived in the former times of ignorance; for so the words are expressed: 'And the times of this ignorance*

God winked at,' overlooked, took no notice of, sent them no messages, enjoined them no commands of faith in Christ, or repentance towards God; *but now, since the coming and death of Christ, commandeth all men, Gentiles as well as Jews, everywhere to repent; it being his will that repentance and remission of sins should be preached among all nations;*" we should say this was handling the text more according to truth; and it would be well if all exhortations were dealt with according to the same rule.

Obituary.

CHARLES JAMES LANCASTER.—On July 5th, 1877, aged 77, Charles James Lancaster, a member of Ebenezer Chapel, Shelleybankbottom.

He was a man who loved the truth as it is in Jesus. In his younger days, he was a member of the Established Church, and went there until the Lord opened his eyes. Then he began to see his state as a sinner in the sight of God, and was in bondage under the law for some time. At this time, he sought refuge at various dissenting places, but was driven from them, as he could not find rest in any of them. One day, as he was walking out, he met with a man who he thought knew something about the Lord's plan of salvation. In their conversation, the man told him if he wanted the pure gospel truth, he must go to Shelleybankbottom. That was the way in which he got to know about our little place. When he first came, in the summer of 1865, he was an entire stranger to me; but at the close of the service he made himself known by coming and taking me by the hand, saying how the word had been blessed to his poor hungering and thirsting soul. I had heard many speak to the same effect, and some had turned out my bitterest enemies; so that it caused me to look with a rather jealous eye upon him, and watch the Lord's hand in the matter. Since then, I have had reason to thank God that ever he came; for it was soon made plain that he was one of the little ones to whom Jesus Christ has said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

He came again and again, until he wished to become a member with us; and at our church meeting he gave his experience to our little flock in such a bold yet blessed way that no one could forbid water that he should not be baptized. After his baptism, he was a consistent walker to his death.

I felt his death very much; for when I was from home, and could not get a supply, he would sometimes read a chapter and comment upon it; at other times he would read a verse and speak very well from it, and tell the people how the Lord had blessed it to his soul; and the people said that it was quite a refreshing time to them. When they told me, it was refreshing to me also; for I had a great love to the man, and he to me; and I do not know that we ever had anything wrong between us. So it seems a loss to us all; but our loss is his gain; and we who are left behind to struggle with the powers of darkness, hope to meet him in another and better world.

His favourite works were the Bible, the "Gospel Standard," and Gadsby's Hymn book.

Now a word about his baptism and its effects. Before that, he had a very troublesome cough, which we thought must be asthma. On the morning of his baptism, which was on Dec. 25th, 1865, he had to go at least seven miles, and it was very cold. He said the enemy set upon

him with all his power, and told him he would get his death-blow through cold. He said, "I will go, for the Lord has commanded his children to follow him in that ordinance." Then the devil set on him again, and told him that I should leave him in the water and he would be drowned. He said again, "I will go; and the Lord's will be done." And so it was done; for the devil was proved a liar in both cases; for the Lord enabled me to bring him out of the water, and his cough was taken from him, and it never returned to him again. So the Lord made it plain that in keeping of his commands there is great reward.

Our dear brother had an afflicted wife, which was a great trial to him; but in the midst of it all, the Lord made it plain unto him that as his days, so his strength should be. He often said that if the Lord did not uphold him, he never could bear up under the stroke. Then he would say, "Well; it is the Lord's will that it should be so; and I agree with what you say sometimes: 'Let me have all my troubles in this life.' So say I; for it is to be through much tribulation." Then he would say, "*Through*;" that's a blessing; "it is *through*, and not *into* and left, but *through*." Then, then it will be all joy and peace, singing unto him who hath loved us and washed us in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God."

Sometimes I have seen him come into our little place, very much cast down, and go away rejoicing. He would say, "I see and feel that the dear Lord does dwell with them that are of a poor and contrite spirit, and that tremble at his word." At other times, he would say, "What a blessing that the Lord does bind up the broken-hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!" "Ab," he would say, "and to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes. Yes, and so it is. O! It is hard work going through the furnace of affliction under the temptations of the enemy with a guilty conscience; but when the Lord comes in with a 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee,' *then* how sweet it is! Well might it be said that he gives 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.' So I find it; for sometimes I am cast down so low that I feel as if I should never have another blessing. But, bless the Lord, he has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'" Our brother found it so to be; for many times he said it was good to be tried, though his old man did not like it. In short, he was a man of many temptations and trials, also of many sweet deliverances.

I know nothing about the last few weeks of his life; for his wife died in Jan., 1876, and he was very lonely, and began to get feebler; so he removed to one of his daughters', near Leeds, a few weeks before he died. I speak from what I know of his life; for he loved the Lord Jesus, and his truths and his people. He also enjoyed much of his presence, at times; therefore I believe he is now in glory.

Yours in Love,

JABEZ BARDEN.

P.S.—I did not know of his sickness until his nephews sent word to one of our deacons that they were going to inter him on the Lord's day following. According to all that I can gather, he had some kind of stroke or fit, as he was but a few days ill, and did not say much.

WILLIAM ALFRED BOORMAN.—On Sept. 8th, 1877, aged 56, William Alfred Boorman, of Cromer Mill, Buntingford, for 19 years minister of the gospel.

Nearly as long ago as I can remember, my dear father suffered more or less from a weak chest. A few years back, he was often taken with

a very violent pain across him; and we were often afraid that he would be taken off in one of those attacks. But about two years ago, he went to a physician in London, from whose treatment, with the Lord's blessing, he derived great benefit, till the latter end of 1876, when he was taken with a continual violent burning feeling in his chest. This often caused sickness and loss of appetite, and was, I think, the beginning of his last illness, though he continued going out preaching till April, 1877.

Although he did not say much to us concerning his death, I often felt from his prayers that the subject was much impressed on his mind; and friends have since told us (for we had not often the privilege of attending his ministry), that he preached like a dying man, though they hoped his life would be spared. I think I never shall forget the last time I heard him preach, which was in Dec., 1876. He spoke from Luke xvi. 2: "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest no longer be steward." This he went into in a particularly solemn way, which I cannot here describe. After this he gradually got worse, and tried the same medicine that relieved him before, but it was of no avail.

In April, 1877, he went to supply at Red Hill. My uncle, who is deacon there, said he never should forget the way he spoke at night from these words: "One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life," &c. Towards the end of his discourse, when he came to the part of dwelling in the house of the Lord for ever, he seemed so sweetly carried away towards heaven, that he told the people he hoped it would not be long before he went to dwell in that upper and better house, there to abide for ever. His countenance seemed quite lighted up with the prospect.

A week after, he went to London again for advice, which proved ineffectual; and I think it was on the Thursday of the same week, in the evening, whilst by himself, that he was taken so very ill that he could not speak to tell us what was the matter for some time. As soon as he could, he said in broken accents, "Breath, breath!" He could not get his breath. A little after, he said, as well as he was able, "I have got a word that I could die by: 'In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and his children shall have a place of refuge.'" He was so overcome with the sweet feeling that the Lord had provided a place of refuge for him, that he seemed as if he could scarcely contain himself. He repeated in broken accents Ps. ciii., as far as the 5th verse, each sentence getting louder and louder. He was so broken down that he burst into tears, and said in language I hope never to forget, "Blessed Jesus was wrung at the heart for me, and sweat great drops of blood. Bless the Lord, O my soul!" The last part of the sentence being quite at the top of his voice. He said, "I little thought, when looking over that word to-night, I should so soon need a refuge." We were all much alarmed, as we thought for some time that he was dying. Mother said, in father's hearing, she must send for a doctor; to which he answered, "No doctor, no doctor, no doctor; I've got the best Physician. Why don't you rejoice? Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Soon after, he revived a little, though this attack left him much weaker than before.

On the following Sunday, he was engaged to supply at Welwyn; and, though I am sure he was more fit to be in bed than undertake a journey of nine miles, he said he must go and tell the friends of the Lord's goodness. He was so helped that he told me, when he came home the same night, that he felt better than when he started.

After this, he did not go out to preach more than once, which was at Downham. About two or three weeks after this, he was taken very much worse, so much so that he was obliged to keep his bed; this was on May 23rd. During the day he called me into his room, and told me

to write to several friends, and tell them that he had been like a sparrow alone during the night before, till the Lord broke in upon his soul with these words: "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might inherit the promise." And also:

"Like gold from the furnace he'll bring thee at last,
To praise him for all through which thou hast pass'd;
Then love everlasting thy grief shall repay,
And God from thy eyes wipe all sorrows away."

He told me also that he could feelingly say,
"O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now, and shall be thine
When time shall be no more."

The next day we sent for a physician, who, when he came, said he might get better for a time, but it would not be for long. And father being so wonderfully favoured in his mind, we felt it impossible for anyone to have so much of the Lord's presence and live on earth long. I should think he continued in this happy state for a week or more. That word was very sweet to him at this time: "He brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." And also: "But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you."

A few days after this, when asked the state of his mind, he said that he did not feel that ecstasy of joy he had at the first, but a calm resting on the Lord. He said those words applied to his case: "My people shall dwell in peaceable habitations and quiet resting-places."

After this, he gradually gathered a little strength, so that about the middle of June he was enabled to get up, and go out of doors a little; and we felt hopeful that he might be spared to us. But about this time something formed on his chest, which the doctor said was a tumour, which caused a continual pain and very much sickness. In July he recovered so far that he went to London for further advice. The physician said that the disease was a tumour of the very worst kind, which it was not possible for mortal man to cure. After staying a week with some friends, he returned home, gradually getting weaker.

Soon after his return home, he was advised to go to an hospital, to see if the tumour could be extracted; which he did in the beginning of August. Well do I remember, a few nights before he went to the hospital, how he talked to us that were at home, and said he felt that if the tumour could not be removed, his time here was short. At his request we sang that hymn over to him twice:

"Prepare me, gracious God," &c.;

himself joining in with us as well as he was able. He told us that he should feel that their decision at the hospital would be to him as the mind of the Lord. After arriving at the hospital, the doctors there said that the disease was an internal cancer. He returned home in about a week, and did not seem at all alarmed at the heavy tidings, but felt, as he often expressed himself, a calm resting on the Lord. Indeed, I think, owing to the very painful nature of the affliction, he would not have been able to bear any very large amount of joy or depression. He said, "How kind the Lord is to me, in not permitting the enemy to harass me!"

A few days after, mother asked him how he felt in his mind. He answered, "Don't you know what the Lord told me at the first? 'My people shall dwell in peaceable habitations,' &c. The Lord is fulfilling that now." The same night he said to me, "I am poor and needy; yet I trust the Lord thinketh on me." I said to him, "I was wondering

whatever a poor creature would feel in the position you are now in, without any God." "Why," he said, "they have no feeling; they are as hard as a bit of wood. I had evidence of that while in the hospital;—to see the poor creatures around me in dying circumstances, and hear them swearing and going on so wickedly, it was really dreadful." I said to him, "You could then feel with the poet, where he says,

"Pause, my soul; adore and wonder;

Ask, O, why such love to me?

Grace has put me in the number

Of the Saviour's family!"

He answered, "I don't know that I felt exactly those words; but that was the substance. I felt, 'Who maketh thee to differ?'"

On Saturday morning, Sept. 8th, we perceived a very great change in him, and felt his end was near. I went into his room about 6 o'clock, and soon after he was taken so ill that he could not speak, though he kept trying to do so. At last he said, in a most unnatural tone, "O dear; O dear; I can't express—I can't express the low place man sank into by the fall. O! I never had such a sight before of the fall. And I sank too. Man is not partly sunk, but quite. Do, dear Jesus, appear, and let me take hold of thy righteousness." He seemed so distressed; and he said that the sight he had just had of the fall quite took away his natural sight for a time. I would just say here that this was the only time during his illness that Satan was permitted to assault him to such an extent. A little after, he said,

"If such a weight to every soul

Of sin and sorrow fall,

What love was that that took the whole,

And freely bore it all!"

Soon after, he said, "It is better now. Pray for me, that the Lord will take me home. What should I do now without my dear Jesus? I do hope I shall not have another such attack." He seemed quite revived again. Soon after, he asked my brother to read a letter from a friend to him, and the 801st hymn (Gadsby's). After this was done, my brother and myself left him, hoping he might be spared to us a few more days; but we were soon called upstairs again; and we had not been in the room ten minutes before he breathed his last without a struggle, so that we could scarcely tell when he drew his last breath. These words struck me immediately:

"We scarce can say, He's gone,

Before his ransom'd spirit took

Its flight to mansions round the throne."

And now he is joining in that everlasting song: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." These words were very sweet to me a few days after:

"O what amazing joys they feel,

While to their golden harps they sing,

And sit on every heavenly hill,

And spread the triumphs of their King!"

ARTHUR BOORMAN.

MARY ANN PALMER.—On Sept. 17th, 1877, aged 59, Mrs. Mary Ann Palmer, of Barking, sister-in-law to the late Mr. Boorman, minister.

Her early experience is not known to the writer; but she was baptized by Mr. Ford, of Stepney, and stood a member of his church. In the providence of God she was removed to a distance, and united in church fellowship with her husband, minister of Zion Baptist Chapel,

Barking Road. After his decease, she returned to her former companions at Mr. Ford's, and continued with them till his death.

She loved the Lord's own taught servants, and, at times, was much refreshed under the means of grace. She was known to some at Zion Chapel, where she was frequently a hearer, though more intimately united of late years with the friends at Barking, whither she had gone for change of air. It was her last remove, and only of short duration; for the appointed hour of final departure was fast approaching. During her last days, she enjoyed much divine favour, although the enemy was permitted to attack her faith very severely. On one occasion especially she had a sore conflict, and cried out several times, "Do pray! Do pray!" And said she felt her heart so hard, but the Redeemer appeared again, delivering her from Satan's fiery darts. She stated on the next day, in reference to the past night of trial, that she could only compare it to being encompassed by infernals; and could only speak of the Lord's goodness made manifest in preserving and delivering her.

Mrs. Palmer was fully confident that Zion's Foundation, Jesus Christ, was good; yet wanted again and again to enjoy the assurance in her heart that she was upon it. At one time, she broke out and said,

"Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below;"

and added, "Tell them, tell the friends how good the Lord is. He has told me that I shall walk with him in white, for I am worthy." And then she spoke much of her own unworthiness, and the Lord's favour in singling her out from others, displaying such great mercy towards her. She was afterwards heard talking to herself, and saying, "Walk with him in white." Many hymns were very precious to her; and she dwelt much on the 372nd (Gadsby's).

At another time, she requested Mrs. K. to read the latter part of Rev. xxii. 16: "I am the Root and the Offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star;" with two lines of Hymn 427:

"'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning Star, bids darkness flee."

These were evidently accompanied with the sweet influence of the blessed Spirit, which gladdened her soul; and the inward joy and peace were expressed outwardly by smiles on her countenance.

She was visited by several friends, who, as well as the ministers supplying, would engage in reading and prayer with her. They were edified with her conversation. Once she said, "I cannot pray; but I am safe."

Two days before she died, she exclaimed, "O that my name should be recorded in the Lamb's book of life!" On her last day on earth, she wanted to be lifted from one side of the bed to the other. Our brother King, at whose house she was staying, did so, and then took hold of her hand. She looked at him, smiled, and said, "It is all right. It is all right." Soon after, one of her old friends came in. She recognized her, and shortly breathed her last.

She was buried in the cemetery at Bow by the late Mr. Cowley, who gave a very solemn address at the grave.

G. TURNER.

HARRIETT MONTGOMERY.—On Oct. 7th, 1877, Harriet Montgomery, late of Clifton Villa, Leicester.

My dear mother was one of a large family. She had reason to believe her father was a godly man, and thus was blessed with a praying parent; but she lost him while young, which was a heavy trial. She seems to have had early convictions of sin, and wanted the dear Lord to have mercy upon her. She was married to my father Nov. 4th, 1831.

He died in March, 1866. He was one who loved the truth and preached it, and lived very near the Lord.

My mother attended a place of truth at Chertsey,—Mount Zion Chapel, where they lived till about 1836. They then removed to Tottenham, and attended Mr. Field's chapel at Edmonton. She there became acquainted with Mr. Smart, and enjoyed his ministry. She occasionally went to Welwyn to hear him, and he was much blessed to her soul. She removed to London in 1842, and attended Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street. My mother has often stated to me what meltings of soul and good times she has enjoyed in that chapel. My dear mother was very diligent in the use of means all through life. This was very noticeable in her; she was never tired of the means. She generally went to town after father's death, and attended at Gower Street or Zoar, and heard well. She was once very much melted under a sermon of Mr. Vine's.

She removed to Leicester about 1875, where she married again. I went to see her in 1877, and she was much altered. After this I took her to Hastings. She seemed at first much better, and said she should like to stay there; so a friend got her apartments. We heard a few weeks after that she was ill again. My brother went down to see her. He then wrote to me and said dear mother was unconscious. I went at once, and found her at first quite insensible. Her mind afterwards wandered much, but it was on the best things. She repeated several texts of Scripture, especially: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." She often said what a sinner she was, and that Christ was a Friend of sinners.

On Sunday she seemed a little conscious; and a friend said to her, "It will not be long now." She said, "I want to go." Soon after, they noticed a great change, and she said, rather loudly, "I am coming." These were her last words; and her soul departed without a struggle, to enter upon an eternal Sabbath of rest.

I have a diary of my mother's. It does not commence so early as I could have wished, and only continues to the year 1874. I have extracted the following word for word.

"Feb. 8th, 1873.—A poor, helpless, undone sinner, in and of myself, without the power to act or will. [Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Hast thou not said: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint?'] O my soul, wait thou only upon God! Lord, to whom can I go? Thou didst die for sinners. I confess I am a lost sinner indeed,—stupid, dead, blind, careless, and undone in myself; but save me, not according to my works, but according to the greatness of thy goodness, O Lord. To-morrow, if spared, I hope to hear a servant of thine. O prepare him to speak thy word with power and unction, and send it into my poor heart with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

"Feb. 9th.—Heard Mr. Hazlerigg from Ps. xxx. 10: 'Lord, be thou my helper.' And in the evening from 2 Sam. xxiii. 15: 'O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!' I lament what a fool I am, and how slow of heart to believe. O give me of this water, bountiful Lord, and be my helper. Forsake me not, and never leave me to myself. I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant, and bring me back to the fold."

"March 17th.—Heard Mr. Vine from Rom. ix. 18; a solemn and weighty part of God's Word. He spoke of the two seeds, and of God sending his holy law as a schoolmaster to bring his dear people to Christ, and leaving others to their own hardness; of his great love in sending his dear Son for any, and the utter impossibility, through man's shameful fall, of any

being saved by any act of their own. I humbly beseech thee, O Lord, to bring me to know I am a sharer in this wondrous grace, whatever I go through, whatever I lose, whatever it costs; give me Christ, or else I die. Grant me a free pardon, and clothe me in his righteousness, or I am undone. Give me to live close to him, and to walk in him. I hope to hear Mr. Hazlerigg, if spared till next Lord's day. Be pleased, O Lord, to prepare him to speak and me to hear. Enable me to rest on thee, not on the instrument. Let me not rest in means of grace, but on thee, Lord. Glorify thyself in me, and give me real faith, for Christ's sake. O send the blessed Spirit down!"

"Sept. 21st.—Song iv. 16. Mr. Hazlerigg began by asking when we last had a visit from the soul's Beloved. This caused me searchings of heart. He also inquired if we were panting for it. Then I humbly hope I came in. Lord, how long? Lord, give me faith to believe in thee, trust alone in thee; and deliver me from pride and this evil heart of unbelief, which plagues me from day to day."

"June 7th, 1874.—Heard Mr. Smart from Lam. iii. 32. He said the Lord causes grief, and it is the Lord only can heal it. There is an abiding cleaving to the Lord in the inner man. I trust I do feel that. Lord, increase it more and more in me. Christ is greatly needed by my poor soul; and his compassion is boundless. Lord, extend it even to me."

"Aug. 15.—Mr. Smart said a soul that panted after holiness never could be lost; none in the pit ever did. This encouraged me a little. Rom. ii. 7, 29. Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people; O visit me with thy salvation, for thy dear Son's sake. O for an interest in his love! Amen. I find I want the company of the blessed Jesus; and I need him every moment to keep me and give me needful grace. I am weaker than a bruised reed; help I every moment need; but what I fear is whether I am born again. O Lord, make it beyond a doubt, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." J. J. SMITH.

[We have been obliged to greatly abridge the account of Mrs. Montgomery, and only to give a few extracts from her diary, selecting two or three which seemed to afford the best representation of her state of mind. We fear our correspondents may sometimes feel a little annoyed at having their communications curtailed; but they must remember that our space is limited, and also that what may appear even too short to the affections of the bereaved, will wear a different appearance to readers generally. As it respects Mrs. Montgomery, we may add our testimony to what has been written by her son as to the genuineness of her religion. She attended our chapel at Leicester. We visited her several times, and she always appeared to us a truly gracious and feeling woman; but one who was kept in a rather low place; breathing after the blessings in Christ more than greatly enjoying them. Her diary indicates the same. But Christ says, "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are they that do hunger," &c. If she did not feel and enjoy as much as some others upon earth, we hope and trust she is now satisfied with God's goodness up in heaven.—ED.]

A DARK night of strange dispensations may follow upon Bethel interviews. Various trials, ups and downs, such as were in Jacob's lot, between the time of Bethel promises and Peniel performances thereof.

WHEN an unskilful servant gathers many herbs, flowers, and weeds in a garden, you gather them out that are useful, and cast the rest out of sight. Christ deals so with our performances. All the ingredients of self that are in them on any account he takes away, and adds incense to what remains, and presents it to God. (Ex. xxviii. 36.)

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

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

EVERLASTING LOVE.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT GALEED CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, ON SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 27TH, 1875, BY MR. GODWIN.

“The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.”
—JER. XXXI. 3.

THIS portion of God’s Word I believe has been blessed to thousands of his dear family,—here one and there one; and there may be many among this congregation waiting and longing that it may be blessed to them.

The chapter begins thus: “At the same time, saith the Lord, will I be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be my people.” Then why were not this people destroyed? Because they had to live to be recovered by God’s special grace.

When grace enters a poor sinner’s heart, God makes him know something of sin; and he begins to tremble immediately for fear of what is behind. He begins to feel sin to be of a bitter taste. While he was committing it, he felt it sweet in his mouth; but now God makes him feel it is bitter in his belly.

I have read this chapter again and again, for years, but have never before seen the beauty I now see in this text. The Lord, I hope, will set us all to work this morning, to see if we can come in with the prophet: “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” This is what the children of God are waiting for; and some of us can use the words for ourselves. I dare not preach from such a text, if God had not given me the experience of it. You know, it is a great many years since the word of God entered into my soul; and even now sometimes I fear my vessel is leaky. O! but God has made his vessels of mercy secure, as he tells us,—“afore prepared unto glory.” He makes them secure, so that they cannot lose out of their hearts the grace of God which bringeth salvation. It might vanish out of their heads; but never out of the soul, where God the Holy Ghost puts it as a fixture. The devil cannot pull it out; sin cannot pull it out, or mar it; because “he that is begotten of God keepeth himself; and that wicked one toucheth him not.”

Let us just look, for a few moments, at the words: "The Lord hath appeared." He appears to the poor children of God, to remove the guilt and weight of sin from off the conscience; and when that is the case, there is room for the rest of the text: "Yea, I have loved thee," &c.

When God appeared to my soul first, I expected to be in hell immediately; but, when he appeared again, instead of entering into judgment to destroy, his salvation entered into my soul to save me; and it removed all the sin, and guilt, and terrors, and condemnation out of my conscience. And then his love appeared unto me in such a manner that I did not know whether I was in the body or out of the body. "Where were you?" say you; "hearing the gospel?" No; I never knew any that preached it till after I was under God's teaching.

I felt, at first, as if I was the only reprobate. When the sinner is personally lost, and personally cursed, and then is personally saved and blessed, you know that poor thing is just as if he had been taken out of a grave, where he had never known anything of the beauty and blessedness of the Lord; and he appears to be in a new world.

Let us see if we can find a few souls that are seeking this, and cannot be satisfied without knowing God has loved them. This knowledge is the greatest thing a poor sinner can receive in this world. Some may have had a little taste of it in the desire, but this does not enlarge; because "he that feareth is not made perfect in love; because fear hath torment. There is no fear in love," except that holy, filial fear wherein the soul appears before God. And you that possess a grain of godly fear in your hearts, you shall have the pearl of great price by and by; because the Lord has put his mark upon those that fear his Name; and he "taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." The eye of pity is upon them; the Lord is watching them, and taking care of them. Now, poor sinner, do you bear either of these marks? If so, let me tell you, mercy has in some measure reached your heart. "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;" and dead in a profession, if you made any. "Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world;" but not now that ye are called by grace. You have now another path to walk in,—a path that "no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." And you that are favoured so, you sometimes feel a little hope; and then it *seems* to vanish; but it does not really die out. It is an anchor, but you have no power to use it; but the Lord will give you power in due season. And let me tell you, if you have now and then a spirit of hunger springing up, the substance is for you; the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Bread of life, is for you. He came down from heaven (therefore he was in heaven); that is, the Second Person in the Trinity came down from heaven. And what did he come for? Why, he says, "My Father giveth you the true Bread." Do you know

what it is to be griped with hunger for a crumb of that living bread? Unworthy as you may be, you shall sit down at his table by and by.

There is, now and then, a little hope; now and then a tear squeezed out of the eye; and you sometimes try to pray, and the devil tells you it is of no use; and so does unbelief. These are two companions, well agreed. Unbelief never falls out with Satan. But you cannot help praying sometimes. The poor sinner is brought down upon his knees,—thrown down; because the Lord brings down the sinner's heart with labour; they fall down, and there is none to help. And then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saves them out of their distresses. Thus it is all sweetly linked, firmer and faster than you can read of it; just as David said that the Lord went beyond all his word. You can never see in the letter of the Word what you feel in the spiritual life of it when brought into your heart. It sets you upon your legs; and if you have no one to talk to about it, you talk to yourselves.

The Lord appeared in this way to Moses before he died. "Yea, he loved the people;" there was no Nay to it. And then: "All his saints are in thy hand; and they sat down at thy feet; every one shall receive of thy words." That is a blessed place to sit down in,—at the feet of Jesus.

We find the Lord, by the prophet, says, "*Yea, I have loved thee.*" Bless his dear Name, the Saviour goes *back*; and goes *forward* also. "*Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.*" Both the Father and the Son show their particular love to the dear children. The Holy Ghost brings all things to our remembrance, whatsoever the Lord has said to us. And we are obliged, in our advanced stages of life, to depend on the work of the Holy Ghost. It is his work to open the secret beauty and blessedness there is in these things; and he knows how to do it; for when he opens, none can shut, and when he shuts, none can open. "*Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee.*" And he does love; for he is "*the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*"

The Lord appeared thus unto my soul in the night. My exercises are very cutting, at times. And having had such a fall as I had last Thursday morning, Satan has been telling me that I should drop down dead the next few steps. I said, "Lord, do let me die at home, in my own house."

I felt before I came into the pulpit about the angels bringing the first tidings of love into the world; not to the ungodly, but to the shepherds that were watching their flocks by night. But angels would not do to preach to God's dear children, because they have never sinned, and don't know the state sinners are in. But the Lord Jesus Christ knew, because all our sins were laid upon him; and, therefore, in his pity he redeemed us. So the Saviour understands it better than ourselves.

“Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” When the Lord Jesus Christ spoke to Peter, and asked him whether he loved him, he said, “Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee.” He said it again; and the third time Peter was grieved. He had forgotten he had denied his Lord and Master three times. The Lord was determined to have a threefold confession. And then Peter says, “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.” Then says the Lord, “Feed my sheep.” This was all his concern after his resurrection, before he entered into glory. The first time he says, “My lambs;” and the second and last times, “My sheep.” Sometimes the sheep are glad to have a little milk. I love the honey; but I don’t like the way I am obliged to get at that sometimes. The Lord makes his old sheep “suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.” That shows, perhaps, the hardness there is in drawing it out.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” If there is any Arminian here, what can you do with this? There never was one who moved God to love him; this is evident. God is great in love; and he quickens his children when dead in sins, and when they cannot be in a position to do good works. We are obliged to set all our good works aside; we dare not bring them before the Lord. This love produces good works. And what is the best work a poor sinner’s soul is set to do? To love God in the Lord Jesus Christ; and we are compelled to do it when we feel that love working. And we are compelled to love him and his truth better than our lives. You know, the Lord Jesus Christ has declared that none shall enter heaven but those that hate their own lives. That is not a very pleasant spot to get into; for we hate our lives because of what we feel within, and of how short we come of the standard set up in the Word. And if there is any one here who thinks he lives up to his privileges, let me tell you, you don’t believe in God’s everlasting love. You believe that the sinner has a choice, and that Christ died for the world, and that a sinner has power to act faith. Such faith will sink the soul to hell. The least grain of living faith, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the Author, *that* faith works by love, purifies the heart, puts off the old man, and puts on the Lord Jesus Christ.

God’s people love everlasting things. That passage has cheered my heart, many times: “The mercy of the Lord is [mark that little word, is] from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.” Here are the everlasting things; and here the character to whom they belong is drawn out: “And his righteousness unto children’s children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.” And the psalmist says, “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.” Thus, dear friends, have you not tried to find out your first burden, to bring it back, and asked the Lord to give you a second deliverance? But your sins

were thrown into the sea. Salvation was provided before there was a sinner lost in practice; or, why did David say, "Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant?" Thus, my dear fellow-sinner, if he made this covenant with David, he made it with all his seed; and he has sworn that he will not lie unto David. David went on to say, "Ordered in all things;" the order of it is the beauty;—"Ordered in all things, and sure." And he says, "This is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow." Salvation does not spring up like Jonah's gourd. Jonah was very glad of the gourd, to keep the heat of the sun from his head; but very angry when the Lord smote the gourd. And sometimes the Lord smites our gourds, and makes us appear to have no shelter; but, blessed be God, we have shelter in his everlasting love.

"Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." He will draw all his children to himself. The Saviour will say, by and by, "Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me." They are the only ones worth beholding, because the Lord Jesus Christ has made all his children to be as he is himself; only he is the Head, and we are the members. "As he is, so are we." And the Scripture declares that "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Now, I dare say some of you have got your heads stored pretty well with the knowledge of doctrine; but how about the "grace of God which bringeth salvation?" Knowledge of doctrines will not shelter any man in death; no; "*Salvation is of the Lord.*" Jonah had to learn that; and he learned it in the whale's belly; and he could not have learned it in a better place.

But, says your soul and mine, "*If we could but love him more, and serve him better; but we have something pulling us down and back.*" And sometimes I feel I have neither love to God nor any one else. Says one, "You are a pretty sort of preacher. You ought to be always basking in his love, if you know God has loved you." I have nothing else to bask in, in all states and conditions; but the enjoyment of it is not promised always. "*In the world ye shall have tribulation.*" God's people are the people that are most constantly thwarted. They sometimes look at the worldly, and everything seems to prosper with them. But the adversity of the children of God is worth far more than the professor's prosperity. In the days of adversity we are to consider, and begin to weigh, and measure, and reckon; and thus are brought to Paul's resolution: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." That is to come; we are looking after what is to come. The children of God long sometimes to lay down this body, and be received into glory; they do. Because the Lord has said that he will fashion our vile body like unto his glorious body. Now, just look and see the fashioning. On the resurrection morn, this vile body will be raised a spiritual body,

such as no mortal here can conceive. We must come into it to thoroughly know it; though we may try whether we cannot put some little meaning upon it. To us it is a great thing; and even the souls in glory are waiting for this. When the Lord Jesus took Peter, James, and John up into the mount, he was transfigured before them. Moses and Elias appeared and talked with them; and they talked to him about the matter of his decease. The spirits in the Revelation, how they expected and look for the resurrection morn, when the body would be raised up a glorious body, a spiritual body, and the body and soul filled with the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

Then what a condition the wicked are in! If you can count the sands on the sea-shore, that is nothing to the eternity of the torments of those who are turned into hell. After thousands and millions and trillions of years, it will only be, *Eternity, Eternity*. O! What a solemn thing! What a blessing, then, if you are favoured with a hope in God's free mercy!

"Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." And you will sometimes find, when your hearts are as flat as they can be, all of a sudden the Father draws the poor child of God's mind out of the world, and draws his spiritual mind up to himself. Then the soul begins to converse with the Lord Jesus Christ, and begins to long to love him, and thank him for all his goodness. Sometimes I feel such sudden changes as I could not describe to any one. Yes; sometimes I feel very near to the blessed Lord; and sometimes very far from him. Sometimes I have hoped he would be with me to-day; and sometimes I feared he would not.

I can only set things before you. There is so much said upon the love of God in the Bible. In Deut. vii. you will see that the Lord did not set his love upon his people because they were more in number than any people; and, again, he did not love them because they were few, but because he *would* love them. He never gave any account further than that, in loving a sinner. Then may the blessed Lord, in covenant mercy, give us to feel more of the sweetness of this love that casts out that fear which hath torment.

"Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." O! How sweet it is to be drawn by the Father! Says Christ, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." "*I will*" do it, because it is my good pleasure to do it.

Dear friends, I am tired of standing, and, therefore, I must come to a close. You that are seeking after this love, seek on; because they that seek shall, *must* find. You will say, "There is a passage which has cut me many times: 'Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.'" O! How this throws back the souls of the children of God, at times! They fear that they are of the number

that never shall be able to enter in. And they think, if the love of God laid hold of them, they would never doubt again. "Shall our unbelief make the faith of God without effect?" "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." And his faithfulness is linked on to his love; for he has promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

May God add his blessing, and he shall have the glory.

REALITY.

AND do you ask, my friend, of me,
"Is Jesus a reality?"

How can I e'er find words to tell
How real to those who in him dwell?

His power is real; though we were dead,
He call'd, and death and darkness fled;
How real the life and light he gave!
How real the Saviour's power to save!

A conquest real his Spirit wins
O'er all our idols and our sins;
Lo! At his stern command they flee;
This proves he *is* reality.

"In Christ is every yearning still?"
Yes; when he takes away my will,
And, trusting in his wise decree,
I cry, "'Thy will be done' in me."

Weary and sad, I yearn for rest;
He takes me gently to his breast;
And, O! How real the rest he gives!
Reality in Jesus lives.

I yearn for love, thou knowest well;
Words cannot these deep yearnings tell;
An eager craving,—"Give, O give!"
Love is my need; on love I'd live.

This need is real; and glad I view
Christ's own deep love as real too;
A river boundless, deep, and wide;
I'd drink, and then be satisfied.

He gives me faith to call him mine,
With all his fulness, real, divine;
So yearnings only cords can be,
To draw me to *Reality*.

A. K.

[The above lines were written by a young girl who has been laid on a bed of affliction for nine years, to her dear friend and minister, Mr. Marsh, on his asking her the questions: "Is Jesus a reality? In Christ is every yearning still?"]

MERCY is a sea of infinite sweetness for faith to bathe in.—*Polhill*.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE LORD'S LOOKING UPON AND COMMAND TO GIDEON.

“And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might.”—

JUDG. VI. 14.

IN the second chapter of this book of Judges we have a general description of the way of the children of Israel in dealing with the Lord God of their fathers, and of his dealings with them. They again and again backslide from him, and do evil in the sight of the Lord. Thus they walk contrary to him, and he, according to his Word, then walks contrary to them, and gives them over into the hands of some of their enemies round about them. Thus they are brought low in their wickedness; and, being brought low, they cry in their distress to the Lord, putting away their idols, and seeking the Lord God of their fathers; who thereupon, in his tender unfailing compassions, hearkens to them, and raises them up judges as deliverers; being with those judges, and working mightily by them in behalf of his afflicted people.

In the days of these judges, the children of Israel remember the Lord, and walk with him, and obey his voice; but when the judge dies, again the old thing has to be recorded against them: “And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord.” O! Vivid picture of human nature, and especially of the career of a child of God; who feels that he has in him a heart prone to backslide and wander from the Lord, and who knows that, though in the sight of men he may maintain a good appearance of Christian consistency, yet in the sight of God it might too often be written of him: “And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord.”

“Prone to wander, Lord, we feel it;
Prone to leave the God we love.”

Such will be the confession of the truly conscientious and conscientious Christian; and this feeling of a proneness to wander, coupled with a desire to cleave close to and walk more steadfastly with God, will make him also add:

“Here’s my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.”

In the second chapter of Judges, then, we have a brief summary of the history of backsliding Israel for several hundred years; and, afterwards, in the remaining chapters, we have an entering into details. The particular chapter from which our text is taken is the commencement of an account of one of Israel’s departures from the Lord, and deliverances by the Lord at the hand of judges. It commences with the oft-repeated expression: “And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord;” and proceeds to give us an account of their grievous affliction at the hand of the Midianites. This oppression, as usual, brings them to their senses, and to a remembrance of the Rock of their salvation; and upon their returning to him, the divine compassions, as usual, are found to fail not; but he pre-

pared for them a judge and a deliverer. Gideon, the son of Joash, we read, was threshing wheat by the winepress, to hide it from the Midianites, when the Angel of the Lord,—that is, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Messenger of the Father, appeared unto him, and said unto him, “The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.” It seems probable that Gideon was pondering in his heart concerning the oppressed state of Israel, and feeling some stirring in his spirit, through the secret influences of the Spirit of God, leading him to desire the deliverance of his people, and to cast about in his mind how he might do them good; but feeling greatly discouraged, because the Lord’s hand, not man’s only, appeared to be against them. Hence the salutation of the Angel would just fall in with the thoughts of Gideon’s heart; as though the Lord said to him, “Fear not, Gideon, to attempt the deliverance of thy people; for the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.”

But still, misgivings remained in Gideon’s heart. Though hope would, doubtless, be quickened, and spring up within him, under the salutation of the Angel, still there was a struggling between hopes and doubts; and the latter must be answered before hope could be fully given way to, and the spirit of Gideon be really that of a mighty man of valour. So he says to the Angel, “O my Lord, if Jehovah be with us, why then is all this befallen us? And where be all his miracles, which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.” And it is to remove all his doubts of Jehovah’s mercy, and answer all his fears, that, as we read in our text, “the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might.”

Now, we shall endeavour, as the Lord gives ability, first to give a few thoughts about *the Lord’s look*; and then about *the Lord’s command*.

I. First, about *the Lord’s look*. In treating of this part of our subject we shall not only notice the Lord’s look in the case of Gideon, but his lookings upon persons more largely, as they are spoken of in Scripture.

We will commence with his soul-quickening look upon a vessel of mercy, hitherto dead in trespasses and sins. The verse we are considering is one of mercy; we, therefore, dwell only upon the dealings of his grace. Now, about this look there are three things. In the first place, it is a look of *rebuke*; it has a something of the divine wrath attached to it. But, then, it is in reality, though not in the sinner’s apprehension, divine wrath against sin, more than against the person of the sinner. It is a rebuke of him in his evil ways, but not an everlasting rebuke, which admits of no escape and no recovery. For, in the second place, it has *mercy* mingling in with it, though this at first is not perceived; but the soul is often inclined to think that there is only judgment in this look. Still it really is a look from the mercy-seat, a look having

the grace and compassion of God blending in with it. And, thirdly, the Holy Spirit of God, as a quickening Spirit, accompanies it, so that its proper effect is accomplished upon the hitherto dead, insensible soul.

Now, beneath this look the sinner begins to sink in himself into despair; for his sin, in its exceeding sinfulness, looks him in the face, and brings him in guilty before God, and worthy of his wrath. And yet a secret, though often unperceived, hope buoys up the spirit, so that he does not utterly despair, but begins to sigh and cry out to that God for mercy who has looked in convincing power upon his soul. Such a look as this the Lord gave Saul of Tarsus on his journey to Damascus. Suddenly a light brighter than that of the sun shone round about him, and he saw that Just One looking down from heaven upon him, and heard his voice: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Then Saul, the raging persecutor, was smitten down to the ground; then a horror of great darkness fell upon him; then his folly and madness, and the intensity of his sin, were made known unto him; then the law entered, and he died. But it was not all judgment; no! Mercy also was in that look, and a communication of divine life. And so the beaten-down Pharisee is enabled to humble himself, and cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And, shortly after, the testimony of Christ concerning him was: "Behold, he prayeth."

Such a look Christ gave, on the day of Pentecost, as to the three thousand. It charged them with his blood, but held forth hopes of his mercy. Pricked in their hearts, and humbled by judgment and mercy mingling together, they cry out, "What must we do to be saved?"

And such a look he still gives in the Spirit to those who shall be saved, at once convincing them of sin, and quickening them to repentance: "Flee ye, flee ye, from the wrath to come." Sometimes he, after this fashion, looks forth upon them out of the pages of the Bible, or some godly book, as they are reading; sometimes when in a place of worship they are listening to the voice of the preacher; sometimes, perhaps, when about their ordinary worldly business, he suddenly looks in upon their souls, according to what they have aforetime heard, and, perhaps, hitherto neglected, and which remains in their minds unobserved and unattended to; nay, sometimes, as in the case of Saul, the jailor of Philippi, and the thief on the cross, in the midst of the very madness and height of their sin; and then, beneath the power of that look, the brutal man is softened, the railer brought to reflection, and the proud bitter Pharisee humbled to the condition of a little child, glad to be led by the hand, and to be saved according to that God-honouring gospel, beforetime despised.

The second look of the Lord which we will notice is what we may style his *backslider-converting* look. Though God's people can never be complete apostates, they can certainly wander to

great distances from their God, both in heart and in conduct. He so puts his fear, according to the promise of the new covenant, in their hearts, that they cannot utterly depart from him; and he has said that by the way they came out of Egypt they shall not return thither again. They shall never, then, pass back into a state of unregeneracy again. Still, they may be carried away from God to great distances by the force of temptation, and through the infirmity which, during this life, cleaves to them, owing to the flesh. Thus they may be *carried* into Egypt again, and for a time sit by its flesh-pots, and have their conversation sadly in the world, appearing, perhaps, for a season little distinguishable from the worldly. And, further, they never can of themselves get back again. It is natural to us, through the weakness of our fallen natures, to get entangled in Satan's nets; but it is not possible for us, without divine grace effecting it, to disentangle ourselves again. "He doth ravish the poor," we read, "when he getteth him into his net." "Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me," cries David; "for thou art my God." There is not a man upon earth who has spiritual energy in himself sufficient to make him really stir up himself to lay hold of God. But what the poor backslider could never do, a look of Jesus can easily effect, in spite of all the misery he has involved himself in. "Turn thou us, and we shall be turned; for thou art the Lord our God." That look of Christ at once reproaches us for the evil of the sinful way, and makes it a bitter and evil thing to us to have wandered thus from the living God; and at the same time says in our hearts that there is mercy with him for poor backsliding sinners, that even they may return and worship and serve him. Then, allured by this look, they return unto him from whom they have deeply revolted; and with weepings and supplications does he lead them back again. They return to the heights of Zion, that there again they may partake of the goodness of the Lord. They say, It was better with us when we walked with him than since we forsook him, as he led us by the way. O foolish hearts! What have we gained by forsaking him? "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

Thus the Lord with a look breaks the heart of a backslider, and brings him back to himself; making him ashamed and confounded for all his folly and his sin, when he sees that the Lord has compassions even for him. It was such a backslider-converting look that Christ gave in the days of the Old Testament to David, when Nathan pointed out and charged him with his sin. It was Christ's look which accompanied Nathan's words; and that look at once broke David's heart. "O Lord Jesus, I have sinned." Now see how far that man had sinned and gone from God. A king, a prophet; an adulterer, a murderer; a sinner not just overtaken with a fault, repented of almost as soon as committed; no! But a man who had continued at least a

year in his sin, and hardened himself greatly in it, and disguised it from men, as though he chiefly feared men, with the greatest duplicity. Then, when cunning could not conceal the deed of adultery, he must cast over it a covering dipped in Urial's blood. How can this man be a child of God? Can this man ever be recovered? Can that man with a hard, lying heart, for such David's natural heart was through sin, ever be broken down? Naturally, no! By the supernatural look of Jesus, yes! O the wonder of that look! The heart beneath it at once breaks and bleeds, and yet hopes. "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men?"

Such a backslider-converting look Christ gave Peter in the days of the New Testament. Peter, an apostle; Peter, who had preached to others; Peter, the forward professor; Peter, in the hour of sharp trial, denies his Master; and, while disowning the gospel, dishonours the law, breaking that by his profane oaths and cursings. He turns from the mercy-seat and insults the Lawgiver. Now, can this man be a Christian? Is he not ashamed of Christ in a sinful and adulterous generation? Will not Christ be ashamed of him? O no! Peter, in spite of all, was a dear child of God; and the Master turns and looks upon him; and what then? Does Peter go out and hang himself with Judas? Has Jesus looked upon him in the fury of his vindictive wrath? O no! Peter goes out and weeps; weeps bitterly; for Jesus had looked upon him with a soul-piercing and wounding, but also soul-converting look of never-dying love.

The third look which we will notice is Christ's look of omniscience and omnipresence. "Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?" He declareth unto man what his thought is. Now, most men who profess Christianity will allow this. It is even reasonable to believe that God, and, therefore, Christ as God, must be everywhere, and everywhere as understanding all things. It is even ridiculous to suppose that God has receded from his own creation, cast out, as it were, before the works of his own hands; and equally ridiculous to suppose that he can be anywhere as in the dark. But it is one thing to assent to all this as reasonable and revealed; another to be pervaded with, and live as in the habitual consciousness of it. The first is a cold, and slightly influential assent; the second proceeds from the heart and rein-searching look of Jesus, who has penetrated with his omniscient glance into the inmost recesses of the soul, and constrained us to feel: "Surely God was in this place, and" formerly "I knew it not." It is impossible that the generality of men can really realize this truth; for otherwise it must influence their hearts and their conduct in some degree. The eye of Omniscience searching (consciously searching) us, would make us humble, and keep our own eyes very much upon what goes on within; so that we should perceive what spirit we are of, and feel the plague of our own hearts, those hearts no longer being veiled from us. And the eye of the omnipresent

God being consciously upon us would make us very careful in our conduct. In natural things what man would play the fool, and act without care in the immediate presence of some earthly king? How much less could a man be regardless of his behaviour if consciously in the presence of the Eternal King, the King immortal, invisible, the only wise God?

Thus, by men's spirits and actions we know that they are really atheistical in heart, and do not live as seeing him who is omnipresent and omniscient, though invisible. In fact, very few have had a look, a heart and rein-searching look from the all-seeing One, so as to be prepared to say with the psalmist, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." O! Such a consciousness as this is very, very different from the assenting faith of the multitude. It proceeds from the look of Jesus as the omnipresent and omniscient One of whom Paul writes as having the same experience as the psalmist: "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

The fourth look which we will notice is the look of his providence. God's people are oftentimes in providential difficulties. Their worldly affairs are in great disorder. Their present circumstances are very threatening. The barrel of meal seems nearly exhausted; the cruse of oil almost spent out; the creditors are at hand, threatening ruin, and bondage, and shame. Men are raging, and the sword of persecution is already drawn. The night is dark, and neither moon nor stars are appearing. Then it is that a reviving look from a God of providence is very sweet to his people. It cheers their hearts when he opens his eyes upon them in a word of promise, telling them what they possess, and what he will do. "All things are yours;" and "no good thing will God withhold;" "Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure;" "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that riseth up in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn;" "Fear ye not the reproach of men; neither be ye afraid of their reviling." "Who art thou," O my child, "that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, which shall be as grass?"

Thus God often looks upon them as One who will appear on their behalf, even before he does so. Then, in due season, he opens his eyes upon them in action. The ravens bring the bread and the meat; the man of God pays the creditor; the heart of Esau melts; the hosts of Sennacherib perish; and Herod, instead of smiting to his heart's content, the church of God, is himself providentially eaten with worms, so that he dies. In these re-

spects, Hagar's experience is often that of the child of God. The bottle is spent, and all natural means appear exhausted. Then the God who seeth us when we see not him, looks forth upon us in a way of providential and miraculous supply; and we name the Lord by a new name in experience: "Thou God seest me" in providence also, and hast looked in mercy upon me.

But now, in the last place, we will notice the Lord's look upon Gideon, which was a look of his *free and full grace*. Gideon's heart feared that the Lord God of his fathers had forsaken them: "But now the Lord hath forsaken us." "No," says the Lord Jesus, looking upon him with a glance of eternal covenant love; "God hath not forsaken or cast away his people whom he chose in free grace to be his people; for his gifts and his callings in grace are entirely without repentance. I remember my covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and now that Israel is brought low, the time of the covenant has arrived, and I am come down to deliver them. Fear not; I will never, never leave thee, nor forsake thee." O! What a heart-reviving look must this have been to Gideon! How cheering to that man of God! And just so it is with us in the present day. We, too, like Israel, often provoke the Lord by our sins, our worldliness, our self-righteousness, our pride; and then he goes out in degree against us; and when we are brought low for our faults, we begin to think that now God has utterly forsaken us, and will surely be no more gracious. But he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

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

In our despondency he gives us an everlasting covenant look, and that revives our hearts; for we see that, in spite of our many provocations, he will be gracious because he will be gracious.

"When Israel mourn their faults,
God hearkens to their groans,
Brings his own covenant to his thoughts,
And calls them still his sons."

Again, this look was a look of *oblivion*. By that I mean it was a look which spake of forgiveness of sins: "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." It was as though the Lord said, "I will not deal with you after your sins, nor reward you according to your iniquities; but I am come down to manifest myself to you according to my great Name of grace,—The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

Here, again, what a *heart-cheering* look for poor Gideon! But, Lord, he might think, we have sinned; wilt thou help a nation of sinners? Wilt thou not reserve wrath? "No; I reserve wrath indeed for my enemies; but keep mercy for thousands, forgiving their iniquities, transgressions, and sins. I have come down now as a God multiplying to pardon; I have hid my face from your sins, and am come down to deliver you."

And just such looks he gives to us in the present day, saying to us, "Your sins and iniquities I remember no more; I have washed them out, in their damning guiltiness, in my own blood; and now that you are brought low, I will not in the least degree visit you even in Fatherly wrath according to them, but I will be freely gracious and fully merciful to you. I revive the spirit of the humble; I revive the hearts of the contrite ones."

Again. This look was the look, not only of the Peace, but the Strength of Israel. "But, Lord," might Gideon say, "what, are we to go against this great multitude? When the nation was strong, it was overpowered by them; now we are indeed diminished and brought low; how shall we be able to contend against and overcome?" The Lord looked upon him; and that look said, "Not only in me has Israel a never-failing covenant-keeping God, and a fountain of free pardon and righteousness; but in me is Israel's strength. I am the great King, and on my head are many crowns. I send to battle with a divine authority, and I sustain the charges of the war. I give power to the faint, and to them that have no might I increase strength. Fear not; I will be with thee, and the Strength of Israel shall never fail; but the host of the Midianites shall fall before the remnant of Israel." Here, too, is a resemblance between the Lord's look upon Gideon and his looks upon us. Still, when Christ our Covenant looks upon us, we feel and say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

And, lastly, this was an *enlightening* look. It would show Gideon his own thoughts, and that the Lord knew all about them, and that every objection in his mind was known and recognized by him who spake to him; and still that look said, "I am come down to deliver you; I will be with you; I will guide you; there is wisdom to set over against that ignorance and foolishness you are about to urge as an objection. I am strength for your weakness; so take courage in spite of it; I will do all. You yourself are but my instrument; I here give you a charge to deliver Israel; but I here also undertake myself to be All in all." Thus all poor Gideon's misgivings and objections would be met with and answered; and Christ, Saviour, Deliverer, Prophet, Priest, and King, be the comfort and confidence of his heart. Just so he is, when he gives us a look of this nature, the confidence of our hearts also. Such a look enables us to look to him and rest upon him, and rise up boldly, and stand fast triumphantly, in him as our Peace and our Strength, and our All and in all.

II. But now, in the second place, a few words concerning the Lord's command or charge: "Go in this thy might." First the Lord equips for the war, and then sends unto it. He clothes his servants with the whole armour of God, and then bids them fight the good fight. He that sends to the battle sustains all the charges of it. Gideon, evidently, though styled by the Lord a mighty man of valour, had the same weak, trembling, mis-

giving heart in his bosom that we feel to have, and doubtless had many objections to plead against being sent to fulfil the part assigned to him. But Jesus answers all by a revelation of himself to him, and "Go in this thy might" was equipment enough for the battle. Has Israel departed hitherto from their God? "Go in this thy might. I am still their God, and have not finally departed from them." Has Israel sinned? "Go in this thy might. He hath not, as viewed in Me, seen iniquity in Jacob, or beheld perverseness in Israel." Is Israel weak, and are his foes strong? "Go in this thy might. I am with thee, the Strength of Israel." Is Israel, and art thou, foolish and unwise? "Go in this thy might. I am thine; and I

"Give courage to worms, and conduct to fools."

Thus the Lord gives Gideon a charge to go against the Midianitish enemies of Israel, and settles every question, silences every objection by this look and this charge. "I send thee; that is your authority; there is your commission. I am with thee; I who have looked upon thee in free favour and eternal love; who, then, can withstand thee?"

"Go forth, and a conqueror prove;
Thy might 'I'm thy covenant God;
Thy banner my truth and my love,
Thy peace my sin-pardoning blood.
Thy wisdom is folly, I know;
Thy power is an oft-bruised reed;
But wisdom and strength I'll bestow,
Sufficient for every need."

Must not this have girded up the loins of Gideon? Would not this make even a coward bold? Surely he might feel and say, at such a moment, of himself and Israel, "We are more than conquerors through Christ who loveth us. The Lord our God is still with us, and the shout of our King in the midst of us."

But let us apply these things more particularly to ourselves. What similar charge does Christ now in the Spirit give to us, when he looks in the fulness of his love upon us? Before this time, there is no peace and little power; our spiritual foes,—world, flesh, and devil, day by day come about us, and devour the peace and the joy and the strength of our souls. We are weak to fight, though still struggling, or, at any rate, sighing under our bondage; weak to serve and please God; weak to endure suffering. All is weakness; and there is no peace to him that goes out or to him that comes in. But now let Jesus look forth in love and grace upon us, and say, as he does so, "Go in this thy might;" the might of a look from Incarnate Deity, and O! What a difference! We have then both counsel and strength for the war, and grace sufficient for us. "Go in this thy might," says Jesus, "against my enemies and thy enemies; wrestle with principalities and powers, even in high places; resist the world, against sin. Go in this thy might against them all; be strong, be strong." Then, mighty in the grace which is in Jesus the weakest saint in himself rises up in an Almighty

power, and worm Jacob threshes the mountains, putting to flight the armies of the aliens. A moment before, perhaps, he was trampled under foot; hell seemed with all its powers to triumph over him; now he rises up, and exclaims, "Rejoice not against me, O my adversary; though I fall, I shall arise. Yea; I am arisen, and shall prove more than conqueror in the grace of Christ, who loves and hath looked upon me."

"Go in this thy might," says Jesus, "and serve me with thy body and thy spirit, which are mine, purchased by my blood. Go, and be willing to spend thyself for me; go, and in good works let thy light so shine before men that they may see thy good works, and glorify thy Father which is in heaven. Go in this thy might. Have not I looked upon thee? And that is enough for a willing obedience." "Yes," says the soul; "I delight to do thy will, O my Jesus. O teach me, O enable me to serve and please thee in my day and generation. In thy might, Lord Jesus, I can do all things; in the look of thy love my soul is willing to do all things. Here am I; send me." "Go in this thy might," says Jesus, "not only to fight against sin and do the works of God, but to suffer the will of God also." "Yes," says the soul, "I am willing even to suffer with thee." A look of Jesus can take all its dreadfulness out of suffering, and make the soul truly willing, and gird it with power to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

"Go in this thy might," says Jesus; "thou must now encounter with the last enemy, and that is death. But go against him in this thy might; I have robbed him of his sting; for I died for thy sin on Calvary. Go, then, in this thy might, and face the naturally grim monster." "Yes," says the soul; "empowered by thy look, and at thy command, Lord Jesus, I have gone forth during the day of life to fight, to serve, and to suffer.

"Jesus, at thy command
I launched into the deep,
And left my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;"

and now, empowered by thee, I go forth to fight this last of my foes; and as I encounter him in thee, my Might, my heart glows within me; I hail his advent; I triumph as I die. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through Jesus Christ my Lord.' Thy look and thy love, Lord Jesus, are my might in this last solemn hour; and going into the grave in this my might, I am more than conqueror over it and every enemy, through Christ who loved me."

It is one thing to do a thing in hypocrisy; another not to do it without a mixture of hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, in its long extent, is everything that comes short of sincerity. Now, our sincerity is no more perfect than our other graces; so that in its measure it abides with us and adheres to all we do.—*Owen*.

“THEY SHALL ABUNDANTLY UTTER THE
MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS.”

My dear Brother in the Lord of Life, who is our only Hope, Help, and Helper,—

Grace, mercy, peace, and love abundantly rest on you and yours. Your welcome letter came safe to hand this morning, in which you say you wish to have a few lines from me. I therefore send you a little of the Lord's dealings with me in the wilderness, both of the dark and the bright side. Our faces have two sides; and through mercy I have seen both sides of the Lord's face, both in his kind providence and in grace. This I dare not deny; and, while ruminating this morning in my mind a little upon his past mercies toward me, I felt such a kind and tender feeling in my heart that it broke down my spirit sweetly, and I could in my soul drop down before him in the dust of self-abasement, truly humbled, both with a sense of his superabounding mercy and goodness, and with a deep sense of my utter unworthiness. O! My dear brother, this sweetens all the way.

The Lord has led me through trials, which have been both many and heavy too. Yet I would not have had it otherwise, because the dear Lord has so sanctified them to my soul's real good. I can truly and feelingly say that it has been a right way to prove my folly, weakness, and wickedness. And now I am sure I often reap the profit of it in my soul's establishment, though with shame before the dear Lord. How often it now dashes my pride to complete shatters, and lays me very low at the feet of Jesus, whilst love and grief melt me into a little child; and, at times, I could weep my heart away in tears. O! How good to be in such a place. And sure I am no sin can live in this spot. How deadened here I feel to every lust, and all lustings. O happy soul that is thus favoured of the Lord! These times I have been blessed with, to my soul's joy and comfort; and I have charged all creatures and time things to keep away from my presence, that I might not have my peace disturbed. But O! How soon the buyers and sellers come in to break off that blessed communion between God and the soul; and then often some trouble comes with double force, or some vile insinuation or temptation, and threatens to dash and destroy all our hopes, and all our profession of his dear Name. Then all our comfort and comfortable seasons are called into question, as poor dear Warburton said; for the people told him, when he spoke about the heaven he enjoyed, at times, that it was wildfire. But that did not do the dear man any real damage; it only drove him into the field, where he bowed again on his knees, and begged of the Lord to tell him whether it was wildfire. O! What a trial it is to faith and hope, to have it all canvassed over and over! How earnest it makes the soul at the throne of grace for another satisfying testimony!

I shall never forget the tears of sorrow and bitter grief my soul passed through a few years since. I had been reading dear James Bourne's letters; and the godliness of those letters seemed so to search and strip me of all my religion that I said to my dear wife, "I never will go out to speak in the Lord's name again, till the Lord appears to make himself known again to my soul." I walked about from place to place, shedding bitter tears of sorrow. That James Bourne was in heaven, not one doubt about that. But his life so blessed, and his walk so pure, as it appeared to me, this it was that cut me up root and branch; and I feared I was all wrong, and he was all right. At length two lines of a hymn dropped into my mind; but I did not know where to find them. I searched the hymn book and tried to find them, but could not. I thought then I would look into the index, to see if I could find a line that would lead me to the hymn, feeling there would be something in it that would meet my case. I found the first line that had before dropped so deeply into my heart. The lines were:

"Why does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?"

O! My dear brother, that was enough. (See 212, Gadsby's book.) The first three verses were then felt in my heart. They just suited my feelings, and I read them with bitter tears; and the last three verses coming in like healing streams of peace, power, pardon, and love, rose up and drowned my sorrows. Then tears of gladness ran copiously; then I told my dear wife all was made right. No unbelief or doubts could break my peace. O! This blessed anointing teaches us all things; and we need not that any man teach us then. The sweet Comforter, he soon heals all our sores, sets our broken bones, brings in the peace of God, and, bless his dear Name, none can make trouble; there is no quarter it can come from. Jesus is our Friend; our inward and outward enemies are all at peace; not a dog can move its tongue; the blood is on the posts of the door; that is barred; no breaking in; and, bless his dear Name, there is no want to break out; the gates are shut.

My dear brother, you will see how I have gone wandering away from what I thought to write. I intended to write first of the time when the Lord called me by his all-powerful and irresistible grace; but things crept in, and, therefore, crept into my paper. And, if anything I have written should creep for the first time into some poor sinner's heart, and cause the light of life to enter and bring him down into the dust before God, then that sinner will cry such a cry as he never cried before. But the Lord will hear and answer it; so that, in the Lord's own time, the light of the gospel shall shine into his heart; and that will never be wholly forgotten in this life; and he will shout God's praises through a glorious eternity. Sometimes I feel a little of it begun here below, though the night comes on again; yet never the night of unregeneracy that has passed away; no,

never. We are not children of the night; O dear, no. Sure I am, dark it is, and dark it will be, while in this body, which is mortal. But still, my dear brother, we have a begun immortality in the Spirit. So it is true, in degree, what is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory" by precious faith in the Redeemer's blood and by our dear Lord's imputed apparel, namely, his spotless righteousness.

You see, I have not yet got to the place where I thought to begin. The year I was born into this world was Oct. 5th, 1811, at Darlaston, Staffordshire. Very early it was manifest I was one of fallen Adam's sons. My father was very poor and consumptive, which brought him into great weakness, and made him unable to work hard for us. So he could not pay for our schooling. My grandfather paid one penny a week for me. The school was an old barn; but at length one was built by the church people; so we left the barn, and went to the national school. It was still a penny a week, till I was eight years old. Then I was put to work to blow a pair of bellows, at eighteenpence a week. Soon afterwards my father died, when I had just turned twelve years old, leaving four children and myself to be kept; so that mother had to receive parish relief. The times were hard indeed. A few years before father died he gave one shilling and eightpence for a quartern loaf. So we ate barley cake and what we called barley pudding. These times I well remember, and have often been thankful for a piece of dry bread. I remember the toiling and working mother had to endure to keep us. A sheep's head, and the potatoes in a pie for Sunday's dinner, was a feast.

I went to a Sabbath school at the Independent chapel for a few years; and that included all my learning. Our mother married again, and that seemed to unsettle me much; so at seventeen I left home for the wide world, having nine shillings a week to live on and pay lodgings with. But I soon got a little higher wages; and not having a father, soon went into company. My companions being like myself born in sin, we used to frequent the public-house, and that was a snare to us, so that the Sabbath day was desecrated by wandering about all day in the fields and to Wolverhampton, where we were not known, and in sin spent the day; till I have really dreaded coming through the lanes, fearing they would open, and let me into hell. But my companions knew nothing of my feelings, and I was still a dreadful hater of the truth of God, and loved a lie and lies, and hated such as I now dearly love. I remember while ranging the fields one Sunday morning, I saw my wife's father and grandfather going to hear one of those dear men of God that used to preach at Wolverhampton; for Hardy, Gadsby, Tiptaft, Cowper, G. Francis, and others preached there. I said to my sinful companions, "Yonder go those two old fools to hear preaching, as though there were no chapels or churches in Darlaston to go to." I felt a secret hatred to them on that account,

I was then about eighteen years old; and thus I went on till the year 1892, when that dreadful cholera broke out, and I was taken with it. In a few days I got well. But now the never-to-be-forgotten time arrived, when the Lord struck the blow on my heart that brought the greatest sinner to the ground. It was Bilston wake Monday, about the 18th of July. I had gone there to witness those dreadful scenes of bull-baiting and other wicked practices, which used to be carried on then; and I was ready for them all, and a ringleader in fighting, dancing, and bowling, or anything ungodly. When going through the street, I saw four or five sets of bearers almost on the run to get to the graves of those who had been cut down by the cholera; and the sight so shocked me, and a dart entered into my soul, that I said to myself, "I may be in hell in an hour." And, rebel that I was, I fell down in my feelings, and turned home again, spoiled utterly and for ever in this world for those things I had so delighted in.

Then I felt my conduct must be very different in future. So I turned my steps into an Independent chapel. The magistrates put a stop to the bull-baitings, which used to commence at four o'clock in the morning, and last two days; and chapels were opened for prayer. In this despised little chapel, which I began to attend, a few men met together. I went into the chapel about six o'clock in the morning. One man rose up in tears, and told them he had been trying to pray that morning at home; and he said he felt like a man trying to roll a stone up a hill, but it came down again; he could not find access. With such brokenness of heart did he tell it, that it knit my soul to him, and I was welded to him as long as he lived. His name was Thomas Archer.

From that time I attended that chapel; but the ministers who supplied there were unable to satisfy my seeking and hungry soul. My father-in-law engaged a man named Smith to preach in his house for seven Lord's days, it being empty; and I found there was a great difference in his preaching. It seemed as though it had opened my eyes to see what I had never seen before; and he was so endeared to me that I loved him dearly. When his seven Sabbaths were ended, he left, for he was stated over a people at Old Hill, where he died. He was a good man.

After this I returned to the chapel where I had attended before; but I had tasted a little of the gospel honey; so the man there could no longer preach for me. I felt there was death there in that pot; so I took my hat and walked out of the chapel. In time a few of us met together, first in one house and then in another. But the Lord only knows my fears and tremblings at those times, about what I should do if called upon to try to pray. I loved the men that were most like my own feelings when they prayed; but some there were I never heard at all, nor can I now believe the Lord ever changed their hearts by his grace.

I well remember the first time I was called upon to engage in prayer, and always shall. That blessed hymn was given out, though so much despised, which begins,

“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?”

The following verses so dropped into my soul and described its inmost feelings, that my heart broke; and my tears ran down, and I could not help weeping for joy. The man that gave out the hymn saw me thus broken, and asked me to pray; and down on my knees I fell, not to pray, but to praise. O those prayer-meetings in those days were good! I have waited, after they were over, to hear those men talk that could tell what the Lord had done for them. I remember one man among them said that a converted Jew was to preach at Wolverhampton; and asked me if I would go and hear him. I was very willing to go. I wanted to hear a converted man preach. We had five miles to walk there; and when I entered the chapel there was a minister in the pulpit, and my eyes soon were fastened on him. As he looked round, I thought he was strange in his appearance. The hymn was given out, and he rose up to read. After the chapter was read, we turned our backs towards him, and he at last began to pray. But O, that prayer went into every corner of my heart, and brought out all my feelings and all my heart's desires and needs, and begged for all I wanted; till I felt, if he could have known all that was in my heart, he could not have told me more than he did. Then another hymn was sung. Then he rose up and read his text: “For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death.” Never had I before heard such things. He pointed out the prison, the prisoner, and his groanings; and so described my feelings that I did not know how to contain myself. My very soul was full, while my face was bathed in tears. I felt the snare of all my former fears was broken, and the bird was loosed; for when I got outside the chapel, I felt my own soul as with wings rise above all the world had in it. I heard afterwards it was William Gadsby, of Manchester, though I had not heard of him before; nor did I know there was such a place in Wolverhampton. But that was my home in the future, and the five miles there and the five miles to return home were nothing to me then, whatever the weather was. Winter and summer, hail, rain, or snow, there was my poor body with a hungry and thirsty soul. Many times, too, have I feasted on the fatted calf, and the best wine, and have felt the ring of love put on my finger, and have been certain I should go to heaven if those things that I heard were so as they were preached into my soul at that time.

I heard Mr. Tiptaft first there. I walked to Wolverhampton in the morning, and heard him; and I felt so anxious about some that had not been, that I returned home with the same feelings as the poor woman: “Come and see a man that has told me all,” and took them with me at night to hear him. I walked 20 miles

that day. I can assure you those were high days with me, for I fed on the Lamb and calf, the wine, milk, and honey, and have often looked back and wished it was with me as it was then. But I have proved many years that a weaning time must come, that we must go in and out to find pasture; *in* to feed, *out* to find an appetite.

(*To be continued.*)

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

DURING the last five years a series of letters connected with the above place of worship, which was the forerunner of the present chapel in Gower Street, have been inserted in this magazine; and I have reason to know that some of them have been specially blessed to many of the Lord's family. These letters were taken from a book into which they, with many others, had been transcribed, and which was presented to the "Gospel Standard" by Mrs. Appleton, widow of one of the first Committee of Conway Street Chapel. The earliest letter was by Mr. Edmund Robins, dated Oct. 2nd, 1817, and was inserted in the "G. S.," Feb., 1873, p. 63. Mr. Robins was afterwards appointed pastor over the people; but, as the subsequent letters inserted show, he was not long spared to them.

I was aware that Conway Street was commenced before 1817, and often wondered whether any of the earlier letters, or copies of them, had been preserved. Singularly enough, and I must say providentially, Mr. Samuel Fowler, eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Fowler (of, to me, precious memory) called upon me, and presented me with the very book I wanted. It had been given to him by some of the family of the late Mr. Gell, who was the first secretary to the Conway Street Committee. In this book I find the whole history of the rise of that cause. The first letter is dated March 7th, 1815, being about a year and eight months after Mr. Huntington's death.

The people who commenced Conway Street had been, for the more part, members of Mr. Huntington's, at Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, London.

I now propose, with the consent of the editor of the "G. S.," to give a few particulars of the whole matter,—why the people left Providence Chapel after Mr. H.'s death, why they could not return to it, why the place had to be sold, &c.

Before I do so, however, I would just mention that I learnt from Mr. S. Fowler that two of Mr. Huntington's granddaughters, Mr. Gad Huntington's daughters, were living in Gray's Inn Road. As soon as I was able to get out, having been confined to the house, I called upon them. They have a small haberdasher's shop, No. 226, Gray's Inn Road, close to the chapel. The land on which the house stands was, indeed, included in the original lease with the chapel, which will expire in 1910, when the whole, chapel and all, will revert to the freeholder. The two ladies

informed me that a lawyer, in 1861, discovered that half the house was theirs, and succeeded in securing it for them. In 1870 the other half was sold for £200, and the two ladies regretted that they had not the means of purchasing it. I asked them why they did not make themselves known, as I was *sure* friends would have been found to assist them.

They seem attached to the truths so ably advocated by their grandfather. One of them was in Eden Street chapel in 1844, when the death of my father was announced. She is now an invalid, and not able to get out. They invariably went to hear my father, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Philpot.

I must now proceed. Even as early as the above, March 7, it seems trouble awaited the people. They had had a gallery fitted up in the place at Conway Street, and other alterations made, by a Mr. Bloomfield; and his bill appears to have been so excessive that some of the Committee felt determined not to pay it. A meeting was to be held to consider the matter, and wiser counsels prevailed. Mr. Leykauff, several of whose letters have been given in the "G. S.," being unable to attend through illness, wrote a letter to his brother committee-men, exhorting them rather to suffer wrong than go to law; and this advice was followed.

This was in the beginning of March; so that the people must have separated from Providence Chapel some time before that.

I next find a portion of the people appointing Mr. William Abbott as the pastor, and Mr. A. accepting. His letter is dated March 7. Next comes the question of his salary. He was to have £100 a year, and three months at his own disposal. This appointment, however, failed, as it appears many of the people dissented.

I next find that a request was made on behalf of Lady Sander-son, Mr. Huntington's widow, that the people would return to Providence Chapel; and we have the reply, April 24, 1815, from Mr. Appleton and Mr. Gell, the Conway Street secretaries:

"Having laid before the Committee the plan proposed by you to endeavour to bring about a reunion betwixt the congregations of Gray's Inn Lane chapel and Conway Street chapel, we have to inform you that the Committee see it to be a most desirable object to endeavour, by every lawful means, to repair the breach made by the unprecedented conduct of the trustees of our late beloved pastor, in refusing the church the privilege of hearing those ministers in Gray's Inn Lane chapel whom they could profit by, and thereby lording it over God's heritage. We were at last induced to open a place for ourselves; and having been blessed with those ministers who, we have reason to believe, by the power felt, are sent of God to preach the everlasting gospel; viz., Mr. Abbott, Mr. Gadsby, and Mr. Robins, the Committee cannot comply on any other terms than having the privilege of hearing the aforesaid, alternately with any others the church may, from time to time, choose, until such time as it shall please

God to send one to be stationed over us. In order to accomplish so desirable an object, they propose for your consideration the following plan, first, consulting Mr. Abbott, Mr. Gadsby, and Mr. Robins,—that there shall be a trust of seven members, in union with the two legatees, Mr. Blake and Mr. W. Huntington [this was Mr. H.'s youngest son]; four to be chosen out of the Committee or congregation of Conway Street chapel, and three out of Gray's Inn Lane chapel [this would have given five for Gray's Inn Lane and four for Conway Street]. But before anything is finally executed, a church meeting should be called, for their approbation or otherwise, first consulting Lady Sanderson. Should the plan be approved, which we hope it may please God shall be the case, we hope again to meet for worship in Providence Chapel."

It may be as well to mention here that the people had been in the habit, even during Mr. H.'s life, of hearing the above ministers in Redcross Street chapel (Mr. Franklin's, author of Hymns 511-513) and other places in London, and were so blessed under their ministry that they felt they could not give them up.

No answer to the above is recorded; therefore, May 13th, a letter was addressed from the Committee to Messrs. H. and J. Holland, two of the trustees, who remained at Gray's Inn Lane, but opposed the "arbitrary conduct" of the other trustees, in which the proposition was renewed, as Conway Street chapel was not large enough "for half the people." In this letter a direct appeal was made to Lady S.: "If her ladyship could lawfully and conscientiously appoint a new trust, a union might be brought about with all of us, who have formerly been so in the bond of love."

May 16 we have Mr. Holland's reply: "According to your request we have waited on Lady Sanderson about choosing a new trust instead of those named in the last will and testament of our late much-esteemed and much-honoured pastor; and her ladyship's answer was, that, seeing the late Rev. Mr. H. saw fit to make choice of the men he did, and to put them into that office, she could never feel herself at full liberty to put them out, though the law of the land gave her ladyship power so to do. She said further she should have been exceedingly glad to see the gentlemen of the trust at Providence Chapel admit into that pulpit any minister the church could comfortably hear with profit to their souls, and she should be as glad to see a union of the people take place; and we are both as sorry and as much grieved to see the people of God scattered from that place of worship where the good Lord so often descended by his Spirit to fill our hearts with joy and peace in believing, and to condescend to apply his word with reproof, instruction, and correction by the instrumentality of that dear man of God whose memory is blessed, and whose death is still lamented by many, and we feel it very unpleasant to our feelings that the church of Christ should be so lightly esteemed by two lords as not to rule with that diligences the

apostles speak of, which is joined with humility and in the fear of God, but as lords over God's heritage. We hope the good Lord will humble them, and give them both to see and to feel they have been the cause of the separation; and if he takes this matter in hand, they will soon find the proud helpers will stoop under his heavy hand."

Part of the letter is here torn off; but the part preserved speaks of "the legatees being thus protected and the liabilities thus provided for." "And as this is all that we or Lady S. want, we do not see how her ladyship can refuse granting a new trust." Her ladyship did, however, refuse, as the result will show.

Now, it certainly appears to me that Lady S.'s excuse was most evasive; because, as two of the trustees were in favour of union, and only an equal number against it, she could have given her voice for the union, without going against Mr. H.'s choice in that case more than in the one she adopted.

The chapel was Mr. Huntington's private property, and he left it to four trustees, and wished Mr. Chamberlain to be his successor; but Mr. C. declined when he saw the people divided. This information I have from Mr. Stevens, of Brighton, author of "Recollections of the Late Mr. Huntington." Mr. S. also writes to me that he was present on one occasion when there was a meeting in the chapel of the church and congregation; but it appears that the two trustees would not give way, and so nothing came of the meeting. Mr. S. also says he does not think Lady S. had the power spoken of, and that she did wish to act with the Hollands.

(To be continued.)

THE happiest seasons for a child of God are when he and his heavenly Father have but one will between them.—*Toplady.*

LET the soul whom the Father draws struggle and oppose as much as it can, it shall come, and come willingly too, when the drawing power of God is upon it.—*Flavel.*

THE light of grace may to sense appear languid and low; but in reality it is constant and sure. All the powers of darkness cannot extinguish it; and yet one sin can deprive thee for a time of all its comforts. This may seem a paradox, but thy experience will prove the truth of it.—*Ambrose Serle.*

A DARK night of long absence, a night of weary desertion may follow [a Bethel visit]. Jacob had not for twenty years such a time as he had at Bethel. There may be long twenty years' travel between Bethel and Peniel. A dark night of temptations, fears, and discouragements may follow upon a sweet Bethel visit.—*Erskine.*

THE meanest service of Christ hath refreshment in it. And as to those who have opportunities and abilities for great instances of service, they do not know on just grounds, nor are able to determine themselves, whether it be best for them to continue in their service here below, or to enter into the immediate service of Christ above; so glorious, so excellent is it to be usefully serviceable unto the Lord Jesus. So was it with the apostle (Phil. i. 21-26); so may it be with others, if they serve him in the same spirit, with the same sincerity, though their ability in service be not like unto his.—*Dr. Owen.*

SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.

My very dear and honoured Brother,—For your last I return hearty thanks. The Lord blessed it for my comfort from end to end, and I was thereby excited to give glory to the God of all grace, and wanted the heavenly hosts to join in praises. It fetched joyful tears from my eyes, while with wonder I beheld the infinite favour of the great Jehovah cast in such bright displays upon his little, vile, unworthy worm, in using my poor books. The Lord reward your labour of love shown towards his Name, and to me, the least of his, in spreading them abroad, a hundredfold in the present time, and crown you with immortal glory.

Now, my dear brother, I am a sorrowful soul; and yet in the Lord I do and would rejoice. I have received the news of my dear husband's death by a letter from dear Mr. Whitefield, in which he tells me that he heard at Charlestown, South Carolina, that the ship in which my dear husband sailed for England had in all probability foundered at sea. I think he puts in the word "probability" to prevent my too great surprise at the first mention of it; as throughout his letter he writes to me as a widow, and says, "Your husband was the Lord's servant; no doubt he is at rest. I heard him pray a little before he embarked. This is indeed a heavy stroke; but Omnipotence can enable you to bear it," &c.

This stroke, my brother, is so great that it almost overcomes my weak nature; and, at times, I am ready to sink in deep waters. But, glory to my good God, I feel the everlasting arms underneath me; and when ready to faint, my dear Lord gives me a cordial. He tells me that this is among the "all things" that work together for my good; that none (no person or thing) shall pluck me out of his and his Father's hands. And O! How sweetly did that word reconcile me to receive the evil of this affliction at the Lord's hand patiently; yea, thankfully. "Behold, a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp, that passed between those pieces." (Gen. xv. 17.) I saw the smoking furnace of this great affliction; and the burning lamp of the precious promise to support me under it, and save me from it, did and should pass unto me from the heart-love of God my Father, through my bleeding Saviour, my crucified Jesus, through the divided parts of his human nature, his soul and body rent in twain by Divine justice for my sin, to take away the curse of this affliction from me, and to make it a blessing to me. And for it, to the Three-One God my adoring soul gave thanks. I likewise saw with great pleasure that as this affliction came to me, so the foundering of the ship came to my dear husband; and that our Lord's prayer: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me," fetched him home at that time and in that way. And a few days before, I had such a sweet glance of the joy, the exceeding joy, with which he was presented

before the presence of the Lord's glory, that I thought it unmeet to be very sorrowful on earth when there was such joy in heaven, and I of the same family, though in a lower room. And a drop of heaven's joy coming down into my soul, I ascended on its wings and rejoiced with Father, Son, and Spirit, and with saints and angels, at my dear husband's safe arrival in glory. Thus kindly my dear Lord sustains me with spiritual cordials, at times; but when he withdraws, my spirit fainteth.

Give thanks and pray for, my dear Brother,

Your sorrowful rejoicing Sister in Christ,

To Mr. T.

ANNE DUTTON.

Mr. Dutton, the husband of the writer of the above letter, was pastor of the church at Great Gransden, Huntingdonshire. They built a new meeting-house and a minister's house in 1743. Mr. D. went to America in August in that year, for the purpose of soliciting assistance towards the cause at Gransden. He obtained all the money he wanted; but on coming home, having nearly reached the English coast, the ship was cast away, and Mr. D. was lost.

I have read many of her precious letters, to the joy and rejoicing of my soul; so much so, that I felt such a union to her spirit as made me very desirous of visiting the last resting-place of her mortal remains. On doing so last year, the present Baptist minister at Gransden kindly showed me the spot where she lay. I there found also that the late Mr. Christopher Goulding (a hearer of Mr. Huntington's) had erected a head-stone to her memory about 1822. I also went into the chapel where she was a member for many years, and was favoured by Mr. King, the present minister, to look at her handwriting in the church books. She died in 1765, in the 74th year of her age.

I can truly say that she being dead yet speaketh. Her numerous published works are 60 in number, amongst which are 25 volumes of letters. Sacks full of unpublished letters were burned after her death. Her biographer says: "I have often known her to write 16 or 18 hours out of the 24; and I suppose all her other avocations of the day scarcely had one. She would often lament over the time lost in eating, drinking, and sleeping, and long for immortality, when she should serve the Lord without let or interruption; and would often express, with more than common emphasis, 'And his servants shall serve him.'" J. K.

[This excellent letter of Mrs. Dutton, with the accompanying interesting account, was sent by Mr. Jas. Knight, of Waterloo, near Liverpool; and we are pleased to insert it, not only on account of its own value, but because of our Christian love and esteem for the friend who sent it.]

THOUGH thy grace be languid as the glimmering spark, though the overflowing of corruption threaten it with total extinction, yet, since the great Jehovah has undertaken to cherish the dim principle, many waters cannot quench it, nor all the floods drown it.—*Ambrose Serje.*

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST.

DURING the whole of my indisposition, I had daily proofs of the Lord's great faithfulness in fulfilling his promises, graciously made to us in his Word. As my day of trial and suffering was, so was my strength. Soon after the commencement of my complaint, when I understood the very serious consequences likely to follow, he graciously favoured me with such glorious views of himself as produced a comfortable, calm frame of mind, and a joyful resignation to his will. I never had such views before; I mean, in the same degree of clearness and continuance, of his sovereignty and justice, of his goodness and tenderness. It was impossible for me to believe that he, who gave his life a ransom for me, would ultimately do me any harm, but the greatest good. It was the amazing sight, by faith, of a crucified Saviour, that conquered all the rebellions of my will, and banished all my fears. Under whatever character I viewed the Lord, I could not help loving him, and having confidence in him, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The loveliness of his character, as set forth in his Word, the infinite dignity of the Person of Jesus, the fulness of his salvation, the immutability of his counsels, were brought before my view with such overpowering evidence and glory that my feeble nature could hardly support itself under it.

I found a nearness in my mind to the eternal world, which I never experienced before; and heaven was almost in view. To worship God with all the heart, and to adore his divine perfections, would, I thought, be a heaven of eternal joys to satisfy any soul for ever. All things here on earth were at a distance from my mind. But I felt a continual care on my mind for his blessed cause and interest in the world; and I rejoiced that it could go on and prosper without my assistance. The government is on Jesus's shoulders, and that is enough. Because he lives, his cause shall live and flourish abundantly. Jesus and him crucified, was all for the eternal salvation of my poor guilty soul. All other knowledge but what I knew of him was totally useless and of no value. But I felt inexpressible thankfulness for the little (O how little!) I knew of him. I was glad I had endeavoured to speak of him to poor perishing sinners; but I was sorry and ashamed that I had spoken no better of a character so infinitely deserving of every commendation, and so necessary for sinners to be acquainted with. I rejoiced that he was exalted on earth, and would be exalted till time is no more. I felt great love to, and value for, all those who, as public ministers, were endeavouring faithfully to set forth his glories. After all the vain talk that is in the world, Jesus is everything to a lost sinner. He is All in all. I could hardly bear bestowing a thought on any other subject,

Extract from Letter by T. CHARLES.

Bala, March 25th, 1801,

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My very dear Friend,—I received a very sweet and savoury epistle from you a few weeks ago, for which I thank you. I confess I am but a poor correspondent. It ought to have been answered before; but I cannot write so easily as I once did. My fingers are much deformed, and I do not often feel in a fit state of mind for writing.

I am still travelling a rough and thorny path, and find it true that “through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God.” Paul’s words have been and still are very appropriate to me: “I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart.” I have church troubles, which are often a grief to me; and I have also a common share of the troubles of life, both in the family and in circumstances; and I have had an additional one for some months. My poor wife is thrust into the prison, bound with two chains, and has been there about six months. The law and sin have bound her hand and foot. “The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.” These two chains bound Paul so fast for three days and three nights that he could neither eat nor drink; and, for aught I know, expected to be delivered over to the executioner, as much as Peter did to be brought before the Jews after Easter to share the same fate his brother James had met with a little before. Nor is she bound only, but appears to be kept confined between two soldiers,—Satan on the one hand, and death on the other. This is a fearful state to be in.

I write freely to you. I know you are no stranger to it. I lay there nearly seven years, when I was a young man; and have often been shut up there in feeling since. A person thus confined in prison is secluded from society, and has time on his hands; and he will be much employed in thinking. And Satan will be very busy endeavouring to present something to attract his attention; not Jesus Christ as a suitable Saviour and Deliverer. No; he will try his utmost wiles and stratagems to lay all the obstructions in the way, and if possible prevent the poor sinner from looking there. He hates Jesus Christ; and he trembles to see a poor sin-smitten and sin-burdened sinner flying to Christ, striving and struggling to find a shelter and a hiding-place in his blood, his wounds, and his righteousness, that he may be screened from the impending evil that hangs over his head, and, as he thinks, is just about to burst upon him. Satan would rather he should think about something else. He will, therefore, present to his mind an Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright; an Ahithophel; a Judas, who went and hanged himself, that he might go to his own place. “Ah!” says Satan, “that is your character; that will be your end. It is useless for you to look or try to pray to Jesus Christ; he will have nothing to do with you. There is no mercy for you; God

has given you over to a reprobate mind. You will surely be lost. There is nothing before you but a fearful looking-for of judgment; your portion will be to dwell with devils and damned spirits, and that for ever."

This is doing business in deep waters, and no one knows what it is but he who has been there. How often has my poor wife come to my bedside before she has dressed me in the morning (for I have not been able to dress myself for some years), crying, wringing her hands, and saying, "O! I shall be lost! I am certainly given up by the Lord. I shall die distracted. Despair will surely swallow me up. O! I am gone for ever. What shall I do?" Such a poor soul is sunk too low, and bound too fast, for any human arm to bring it up, or to knock off its fetters. The same Almighty One who raised Lazarus out of the grave, who broke the chains with which Peter was bound, and brought him out of prison; who also went before Cyrus and opened the two-leaved gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron asunder, that he might deliver his captives, and release his prisoners; the same Almighty one must stretch out his arm for the help of such a poor sinner, or he is gone for ever. But, blessed be God, he has laid the help of such poor sinners on One that is mighty to save. Christ "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." He can not only knock off the chains and strike the keepers with fear, that they become as dead men, as he did for poor Peter, but he has already triumphed over both on the cross, and made a show of them openly. He, "through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." And he has thrown death upon his back, and plucked the sting from between his teeth, so that it can never hurt that poor soul whose hope is fixed in his atoning blood. He must die, it is true; or rather, he must fall asleep, and this a sleep of the body only; for at death his body is laid in the peaceful grave for a little while, and the spirit will go into the arms of its Saviour. Then at length Christ will destroy death in reality, and accomplish that wonderful declaration: "Death is swallowed up in victory." Then the soul and body too shall be placed in his presence, there to dwell for ever where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing for ever. He, that most merciful and Almighty He, will be sure to accomplish what he has undertaken. He was appointed and anointed too by the Father for this very purpose, to open the prison-doors to them that were bound, and to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and deliver the captives; and also by the blood of his covenant to deliver the prisoners out of the pit in which there was no water. And Paul tells us that he is faithful to him that appointed him. And the prophet tells us that "righteousness is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." Upon this girdle hang the keys of hell and of death, by which keys he opens the prison-doors to them that are bound, and makes himself known as the great I AM, who openeth and no man shutteth,

and shutteth and no man openeth. It was this girdle that Jacob laid hold of when he said: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Thou saidst unto me, Return, and I will be with thee." And every poor sinner whose faith and hope hang upon this girdle will be sure to outride every storm, and live at last, in spite of all the enemies he may have to meet with.

I did not think of saying what I have when I began; nor have I written thus to instruct you. You know much more of these things than I can tell you. I have written plainly and simply to you as to one who fears God, and I do not think you will be offended. If it should please the Lord to lay the case of my poor wife upon your heart, and lead you to pray for her, I shall rejoice. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Nor will you be the losers. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor (in spirit); the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and make his bed in his sickness." May this be your happy lot, and mine.

I hope you are well, with Mrs. W. My wife desires her love to both; and accept the same from

Your affectionate Friend and Companion in the
Path of Tribulation,

Upper Dicker, Sept., 1864.

ISAAC DUNK.

My dear Friend and Brother beloved in the Grace and Hope by which alone Salvation comes, and saves the soul from hell,—Your kind and encouraging letter reached me at the appointed time, and greatly helped to stem the torrent of the mighty streams of sin, rebellion, misery, and unbelief that seemed hurrying me along to the gulfs of despair. O! My dear friend, self, sin, and Satan are more than a match for me; and the horrid effects of their power during the last few days have almost stupefied me. I do not wonder at the Lord's people appearing to others like persons of weak intellect, and of the meanest mind. The raging waves of corruption and iniquity are often working like a violent sea, agitating the whole frame, overwhelming the soul and even the natural nervous system, whilst we are in converse with those we have to do with in the family, the world, and the business; yet they look for us to be cheerful, communicative, and attentive to everything they say to us, and wonder what is the matter. Well, we know what is the matter. All our joys are gone. Restless sin and raging hell have struck our comforts dead; and a conflict is going on that is very dangerous to our souls, as to appearance; though the purpose and grace of God have made it a safe path. He beholds the safety of Israel, and he beholds the misery of Israel. But I live to learn more and more of the meaning of what it is to be *saved by hope*: for

“Our passage lies across the brink
 Of many a threat'ning wave;
 The world expects to see us sink,
 But Jesus lives to save.”

So that in our daily experience we rise and fall, sink and swim, and see the most appalling dangers in the very path of infallible safety. “I lead,” says Christ, “in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment.” (Prov. viii. 20.) So we have to wait for the Lord in the way of his judgments, and hope in his mercy; and that hope is our sheet-anchor, but its chain is often stretched to its utmost strain.

I am a poor, helpless, filthy, polluted sinner. Nothing but mercy can meet my case; nothing but the precious blood of Jesus, the dear equal Son of the Father, can cleanse my soul from the dismal stain of sin; and none but his blessed Spirit can apply it, and quicken and revive a life that he has given, and which lives under such a pressure and load. O! What a favour and mercy it is to feel a few blessed moments now and again of the love of God in Christ, to feel a soft heart and a contrite spirit!

“Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissembled woe.”

It matters little what the path is, because it is the *dear path* that leads to where Jesus dwells, and where the days of our mourning shall be ended. But we do a little business, at times, of a very profitable character, at the Royal Exchange. We exchange sin for righteousness, the spirit of heaviness for praise, mourning for the oil of joy; the great Merchant takes with gladness all our shame and guilt, and gives his righteousness. Is it not a right Royal Exchange? And what he takes in exchange for his righteousness he casts behind his back, and sees nothing but what he gives.

I am glad to hear from you, and to find that you are enabled to go forth to the sanctuary, and speak of the glory of his kingdom, and talk of his power to save. O! How few can interpret a Spirit-wrought experience, and set forth what are the fruits and effects of being related to him by the ties of love and blood, who is the most glorious and exalted Person that earth or heaven e'er knew.

“Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
 His beauties we shall never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.”

“And they shall see his face.” (Rev. xxii. 4.)

We are still creeping on at Zoar. The truth in its experience and power is maintained in the pulpit; and we feel cheered with your kind sympathizing remarks and prayer for dear old Zoar. It has been a matter of intense anxiety to keep the pulpit right. I feel much concerned on that account. I feel as if I should go crazy if error was introduced there. I feel sure that never since a church has assembled within its walls has the purity of the pulpit been more jealously guarded. And ever since the time the

church was purged from the error which caused her so much sorrow 10 years ago, its financial position has exceeded that of the days of its former prosperity. With fewer people to help, this is the case; and there are convincing proofs in the church books that the overflowing congregations of former years must have liked a cheap gospel. Nevertheless, we go on in trouble, fear, and trembling, and in much weakness, but the truth is upheld in its experience and power, and that, too, by the feeblest instrumentality conceivable. But you know he has chosen the weak things, the base things, the despised, the nothings, to bring to nought the somethings; that no flesh shall glory in his presence. We very much regret affliction keeps you from our pulpit.

I am, my dear Brother in Jesus, Yours sincerely,

D. P. GLADWIN.

29, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, Dec. 18th, 1871.

My dear Friend and Sister in the Lord,—Mercy and peace be with you.

I was from home when your letter came to hand; but my wife sent me word she had written to you, and encouraged you to hope I should come to you next month. Well, if it is the Lord's will, I would be willing; though I assure you I am getting heartily sick of so much travelling, and mixing so much with the drunkenness of this evil generation. The giddiness and vanity of it, like an overflowing stream, threaten to carry everything with them; and to escape defilement in the crowd is impossible with man. If we have fellowship in no direct way with their unfruitful works of darkness, how little faithfulness in reproving them! And what a chilling, deadening, and sometimes terrifying effect such an atmosphere will produce! But if my journeys brought me into the company of saints and the service of God, I should be less tried by them. However, they often open up yet more the mystery of iniquity in the human heart, and show me more the completeness of my ruin, and make me feel, Woe is me, if salvation is not of the Lord! And they make me more meet for the gospel's joyful sound. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

After a week in the wilderness with the world's throng, how welcome the day of rest to me, and the company of saints! The last Lord's day but one, I preached at R. On the Lord's day morning, when I awoke, what darkness I felt, and what bitterness of soul! How I trembled to go to the house of God in such a state! But as I was riding through the streets, in the carriage sent for me by my friend, at whose house I stayed, the Lord appeared, poured in the oil and wine, bound up my broken heart, and healed my wounds. My heart melted, my tears started, and I dropped at his feet, adoring, confessing, beseeching. At the meeting, Ps. lxxi. was so much the language of my soul; and I had secretly to ask the Lord to strengthen me to be able to read it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

What days of evil and peril we seem entered upon! How the judgments of God appear to increase! And how hardened in sin, for the most part, we appear as a nation! How corrupt both Church and State! What iniquity abounds! What errors and abominations prevail! Truth declines; spirituality decays; the love of many waxes cold; our hands grow weak; watchfulness and prayer become feeble; and the power of godliness yields to form. What will be the end?

Yours in Love Bonds,

Walsall, Feb. 6th, 1868.

C. MOUNTFORT.

Dear Friends,—You would have had a line from me before now if I could have penned one; but afflicting pains in my head night and day have compelled me to be silent, as I have truly felt unfit for any one thing upon earth. Indeed, to let the truth out, I did not feel anything like a fitness for heaven or heavenly things. The consequence was that old Moore was obliged to come to books, and see if matters would stand good at last before the infallible, just, and scrutinizing Judge of both the quick and the dead. Well, and how did you bring it in? Why, I stood guilty on every charge, and condemned from every quarter; and finding there was no wisdom, righteousness, goodness, or fitness for God or his heaven, poor old Moore, the sinner, stood trembling and quaking, lest, after all, his little bit of religion should turn out a blank; being also in too much pain to attend to anything that required attention. Then Moore the last born stepped in; and the consequence was a solemn pause. A question was put, which was this: "Can the blood and obedience of the Son of God save and take a poor guilty sinner safe to God's heaven?" "Yes, yes, yes," said poor Moore; "and, dear Lord, do keep my faith fast fixed upon this eternal Rock and eternal Refuge of my guilty soul to the very last breath, however little joy or sensible comfort I may have." I felt too much pain to attend to soul matters; but I also felt and believed that faith in Christ crucified was standing in an even place, where God in his holiness and justice stood to maintain his lawful rights in saving the objects of his eternal love. "Judge me in thy righteousness, O Lord; and save me, for thou art the God of my mercy." O for more God-honouring faith to keep our souls looking to Christ Jesus, faith's Object, faith's substance, faith's fulness, and faith's Author and Finisher, until we are lightened of every load of trouble, sorrow, sickness, and death.

My poor dear sinking little one is still alive, and that is all. I was with her yesterday from ten till twelve in the morning, and again preached Christ crucified as the All and in all to a poor perishing dying sinner, concluding with prayer. She held out her poor bony hand, and with tears in her poor dying eyes, and a smile upon her dying quivering lips, she uttered these words: "O, my dear friend, these are precious, precious, precious things you have told out to me. I do love you for your care and attention to my soul's welfare. I do love these precious truths, and all who love

them. It is the gospel of glad tidings. I do indeed love it. What an honour, what a privilege! How good, how merciful is God to me, a poor, unworthy, vile wretch, to send me such a helper in the midst of my sinkings! You do indeed tell me all my case, all my fears, and all my soul's troubles, better than I could tell them to you; and a good reward you will have at the last. God bless you, for you are blessed; and we shall both sing in heaven." A fit of coughing came on. When over, I told her I thought I had fatigued her by being so long. "No, no," she said; "I should like to go off with the sound of such precious things in my ears, and such comfort in my heart as I have felt, at times, when you have been so blessedly speaking of Jesus Christ and him crucified." She took my hand, and, as if she felt it would be the last time in this world, she held it and pressed it as if she could not let me go. At last I said, "Good-bye. I hope we shall meet again, to sing the untiring song of love and blood." "We shall, we shall," were her last words to me.

Brasted, Kent.

G. MOORE.

"HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH."

As a lamb to the slaughter my Jesus was led;

As a sheep before shearers was dumb;

When scourged and reproach'd he held down his dear head,

But words of retort he had none.

His heart, mind, and thoughts were perfectly pure;

From blemish or blot he was free;

Of the law's jots and tittles himself was the Doer;

Its curses he bore on the tree.

Was ever such love as the love of my God,—

The love that could make him my sin;

Which drew from his body Immanuel's blood,

To cleanse me without and within?

Surpassing all knowledge, exceeding all worth,

Is Jesus the Lamb unto me;

For though I am mean and ignoble by birth,

Such a sinner he loveth to see.

He draws me away from the baubles of time;

He drowns me in seas of his love;

Inspires in my heart Hallelujahs sublime,

Whilst he calls me his sister, his dove.

Like a bird in its cage, I am longing to fly;

My pinions I fain would expand,

And soar to the regions beyond the fair sky,

Remote from this wilderness land.

There, there shall I warble the notes of his love;

There, then and for ever I'll sing,

And make the fair arches of bliss, when above,

With Jesus' sweet praises to ring.

What has he not done for a sinner like me?

What sorrow and anguish he bore!

The curses of God he endured on the tree,
And sweat drops of blood from each pore.

The thorn's piercing crown was wreath'd for his head,

The fruit of the curse to express;

In anguish, yet silence, Immanuel bled,
And dyed with his blood all his vest.

A victim he hung, when exposed on the tree,

Away from each lover and friend;

All earth, hell, and heaven then seem'd to agree
Their vengeance against him to blend.

In love and compassion, in weakness he bore

The taunts which were thrown in his teeth;

Our Joseph, the archers afflicted him sore;
The waves roar'd above and beneath.

The tempest around in full fury raged high;

The darkness so dismal and dense

Shut out from his vision the light of the sky;

No ray came to Jesus from thence.

The Father in anger, too, hid his fair face;

No smiles would he cast on his Son,

Whilst he was enduring my shame and disgrace,
And suffering for what I had done.

The depth of his anguish was reach'd when he cried,

"My God, O my God, why hast thou

In wrath and in fury thy presence denied?

Why forsaken of thee am I now?"

This, this was the cup that he shudder'd to take;

That this cup might pass from him he cried;

But the sword can't be sheath'd till against him it wake,
And deep in his heart's blood be dyed.

All honour, all glory, all blessing and praise,

From millions of voices shall rise,

To him, the Redeemer, the Ancient of days,

The Monarch alone of the skies.

And O, the sweet thought, surpassingly sweet,

That I, a vile worm of the earth,

With all the loved millions shall bow at his feet,

Possessing this treasure of worth!

O Jesus, my Saviour! 'Thou art indeed kind,

'To grant me sure earnest of this!

Sin, sorrow, and death I shall soon leave behind,

And bathe in thy ocean of bliss.

A WORM.

*Extracts from a copy of verses suggested by a letter in the
"Gospel Standard," Nov., 1877.*

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Is it proper for a member of a church to go forth as a preacher without the knowledge and sanction of the church to which he belongs?

Is it desirable for one who assumes the ministerial office to continue as a deacon of a church?

REPLY.

We must answer both these questions in the negative; but at the same time would give our opinion with much delicacy and tenderness. We believe that gospel rules and principles have to be enforced in a careful, spiritual manner. The law is the letter, and it killeth; the gospel is the spirit, and it giveth life. We may, by a fleshly conception and enforcement of things, make, as in Isa. xxviii. 20, the bed shorter than that a spiritual man can stretch himself on it. This is not only very undesirable, but very injurious, and sadly crippling to the life of God in the soul. The Spirit of Christ is a free Spirit; and therefore we must be careful not, by our rigid rules or interpretation of rules, to fetter that blessed Spirit as to his free actions.

The blessed Spirit of God will never lead persons in the church to act contrary to the principles of true church order and discipline. He is not a God of disorder, but of order in the churches. Still it must not be an order of man's devising and tending to hinder the free operations of the Spirit of God. The Spirit is at once the source of a true order and a true liberty; and he is grieved in the hearts of his saints by the fetters of human inventions and the liberty of an unholy license.

Now, then, let us give our reasons for answering both the above questions in the negative.

I. As to a member of a church going forth as a preacher without the knowledge and consent of the church. This to us seems entirely contrary to all true church order.

1. In the first place, it is to our mind opposed to the very constitution of a church. The children of God, as united together in church fellowship, have entered into a new state, involving new responsibilities and new engagements. Each individual member has thus become responsible to the entire body as to his life and conversation. He has by his own voluntary act united himself to a body of persons, of which body he has thus become a member. His acts now become of consequence to the body thus associated with. He thus has voluntarily entered into an engagement to consult the interests of that body, and to act in subordination to it as a whole; he is now, then, responsible, as to his conduct, to the rest of the members. They are also responsible as to him. They are bound to consider his conduct in a proper spirit. It is right for them to watch over him; they elect officers for this very purpose, who may more especially act for the church in the matter. It is the gospel obligation of a man's fellow-members as a body

to take notice of his conduct, to pray for him, warn, rebuke, encourage, and so on.

Now, if a man can go forth in the most important matter without any respect to the judgment and sanction of the church, all this is set at nought, and mutual church responsibility nullified.

2. In the second place, it is contrary to the grand designs of church fellowship. Two great ends to be obtained by the union of God's people into churches seem to be *mutual edification* and *united action*. Both these things seem utterly disregarded when members act in an independent manner in this most important matter. Instead of a man's gifts and graces who acts thus being for the edification of the church, his conduct proves troubling and disadvantageous to it. His place is vacant, nobody knows why, at meetings and ordinances. He shows no respect to his minister, the other officers of the church, or to his fellow-members. This cannot prove to their edification. He acts according to his own views and determinations, as if he was an isolated individual, instead of a component part of a Christian community. This is utterly subversive of unity of action. Thus in no way does his conduct advantage, but, on the other hand, sorely disadvantage the community to which he belongs. But not only is this independence of action, in one whose position as a member forbids any such thing, injurious to that particular church, but,

3, It is dangerous to the churches generally. A man goes forth to preach under the appearance and shelter of being a member of some church of truth, perhaps one standing high in the estimation of the churches generally. His very membership of such a church, under, perhaps, some minister of reputation, gives him a footing which he would not otherwise have. Thus, without submitting to the proper restraints of membership, he has all the advantages thereof. But how can the church which he thus sets at nought answer for his fitness for the work, the soundness of his ministry, or even his conduct, seeing he withdraws himself from under its notice? In the judgment of a church, a member may be very unqualified for spiritual usefulness as a minister; he may be very young and inexperienced in divine things; his conduct, too, although not sufficiently improper to warrant his exclusion from a church, may be far from exemplary, and very trying and perplexing to his fellow-members. But, as a member, out he goes to preach. How can they guarantee in any way his fitness, soundness, or even propriety of conduct? Thus the churches may receive great injury; and for this a church of which he is a member retains a responsibility; and yet he throws his own responsibility to the church aside, and acts as he pleases.

4. The example of Scripture appears decidedly against such conduct. Paul being associated at the time with the church at Antioch, the Holy Ghost instructs that church to separate him to a particular work. This seems to indicate how the Holy Spirit

does indeed himself both qualify and send to the ministry; but, then, as he is not only the Governor of the individual, but of the body generally, he will not in sending put a contempt on his own government in the church, but will have the individual who is sent by him also set apart for his work, and sent to it by his fellow-members. Now, some persons may say here, "Why, Paul tells us that he consulted not with flesh and blood." But they forget two or three things when they use this saying of Paul as a sanction for the wildness and irregularity of their practice. In the first place, even if Paul's meaning was such as they suppose, it argues rather a want of modesty in any of us to put ourselves upon the level of that chosen vessel so peculiarly called and ordained to the work of the ministry. The fact is, we are not Pauls; so we had better not swell out into too great an idea of our eminency. Again, Paul's meaning is clear. He was an apostle. The Galatians were tempted to think he was not equally so with the others. Therefore, Paul insists upon the speciality of his call, that he was not sent to be an apostle by the other apostles, and thus inferior to them and of less authority. Now, had he, immediately upon his call, gone and seen the apostles, some might have said, with some show of reason, that he, like others, was only an ordinary minister, deriving his authority through the sending of the apostles, as unquestionably many others did. Thus, this saying of the apostle has really nothing to do with the matter; or if it has, makes the other way; for Paul seems, in order to maintain his position against detractors, to signify that what was common in other cases was not to be found in him. He was an apostle, he says, not of men, neither by men, but of Jesus Christ, and of God the Father. Thus, the other apostles neither sent nor added anything to him.

5. The apostolic precepts and directions to Timothy and Titus plainly indicate that the independent action we are writing about is incorrect. Why give Timothy and Titus these directions if any man who thought himself qualified could lawfully go out as a preacher, doing just as he liked? It appears plain that these matters came under the notice and control of the churches. Thus Paul tells Timothy to lay hands suddenly upon no man; points out to him and Titus the proper qualifications of ministers, what they must be; and tells Titus that some men's mouths must be stopped; not, of course, in a way of violence, but of godly church discipline. Now, why all these rules and directions if men were to do just as they liked in these matters?

6. One more argument shall be added. What can be the meaning of Paul in 2 Cor. iii. 1, &c., if in those days men went out when they liked, and where they liked, without any regard to the judgment and sanction of their fellow-members, without any deference to their opinion, and any notice taken of their conduct by those members, and, we will add, without any care or caution on the part of those amongst whom as preachers they circulated themselves? Paul's words plainly imply that there

was no such carelessness of conduct in the early churches. Letters of commendation were wanted, given, and received. The churches were cautious; they knew that even of their own selves deceivers would arise. They did not receive every one who came forth of himself and said, "The Lord hath sent me." They inquired: "But what of the church with which you stand connected? What do your fellow-members say of you? Do they pass you as current coin? If so, we will also try you; but even then we will ring you on the counter, lest our brethren may have been mistaken, and through lack of judgment sent amongst us counterfeit coin." And if the person answered: "O! I consulted not with flesh and blood. I am a minister, not of men, nor by men," the godly would doubtless have replied, "Well and good. To consult with flesh and blood is very unwise and improper. But, friend, we cannot think it is consulting with flesh and blood to consult with a church which is supposed, and you, of course, as a member share in the opinion, to be governed in its judgment and actings by the Holy Ghost. Flesh and blood, friend! Why, a church is a church in God the Father and in his Son Jesus Christ; a church is the place of Christ's feet, and his garden; a church is the place of which he says as to its members that he will be a spirit of judgment to them that sit in judgment. Flesh and blood! It is not to consult with flesh and blood, it is not carnal conference to pay a deference to your minister, officers, and fellow-members. Flesh and blood may be on the other side in neglecting all this, in setting a church of God at nought or defiance, in consulting with your own self, your own will and wisdom. Friend, let us whisper, then, into thine ear a word of loving counsel, conveyed in Scripture terms. We advise thee, in the words of the royal psalmist, to 'tarry at Jericho till thy beard is grown.'"

We have thus given our judgment in firm but, we hope, not unkind language in answer to the first inquiry; now

II., A few words as to the second. Here, again, as we said at first, we must give a negative. The first institution of deacons seems at once to separate the two offices of minister and deacons one from the other, and to indicate the inadvisability of their being held together. We need only refer to the account. At first it is plain that the apostles themselves were entrusted with the funds of the church. But this led to complaints, if not to real occasions for them; which last might possibly arise, not, of course, through anything really blameable in the apostles, but from the nature of the case. As they themselves indicate, the two offices were not conveniently united in the same persons; so they directed the church to select men for the office of deacon, whilst they attended to their own special work of preaching the word.

Here we see the admirable wisdom given to the apostles, under the full inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Many dangers and inconveniences might arise from their retaining the manage-

ment of the church funds; if not immediately from anything in their own conduct, still from their setting an example of the union of offices, which union might in after days be greatly abused. Besides, even in their own cases, however blameless their conduct might be, unjust suspicions of various kinds might arise, detrimental to their usefulness in the ministry. In addition to these things, their attention to temporal concerns might of itself be injurious. Therefore we have them at once separating the offices.

Then, again, they will not themselves choose or nominate the deacons. They would not deprive the church of its right of self-government, under God; and they would not incur the odium that might arise from suspicions of their partiality, or in any other way. Thus they, with infinite wisdom, led by the Holy Ghost, leave the church to choose its own officers for the management and distribution of its own funds; authoritatively sanctioning, as the rulers of the church, under God, the choice thus made by the church itself.

Thus the offices were originally separated. They were evidently always held as separate in after apostolic days. This Paul's epistles declare. In Philippians he writes to the bishops, —*i. e.*, elders and deacons. He gives to Timothy directions as to the qualifications of deacons, as it is a separate office from that of the ministry.

We think, then, that the Scriptures distinctly separate these offices. If it be said in reply that Philip preached, and he was a deacon, we think it may be easily answered. The church at Jerusalem was then in a very scattered condition, and Philip probably could no longer exercise his office of a deacon, and was sent forth by the Lord more as an evangelist; having, as Paul writes, purchased to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith. Again, Stephen does not seem to have been at all set apart for the ministry, but he was peculiarly ordained to his office of a deacon. But, of course, this office did not necessarily muzzle Stephen or Philip or the other deacons, or prevent them speaking a word for their Master. They would, in the exercise of their office of deacon, as well as on other occasions, find opportunities for speaking of Christ. And here comes in the observation we started with. There must be church order. There are rules and principles to be derived from Scripture as to what is correct or incorrect in churches and amongst church members; but, then, these are not a sort of cast-iron rules such as men are wont to make. There is in the gospel and in all these things an orderly liberty, a submissive freedom. "Yea, all of you," says Peter, "be subject one to another." We do not want, by anything we write, to muzzle God's people, or fetter their actions; we want them to exercise their gifts, lay out themselves for usefulness, serve their generation, do good to all, and specially to the household of faith; we want them to exercise their own proper offices, and keep their own places; and all this with a due and

humble regard to what is really spiritual, scriptural, and becoming in the members of gospel churches, and in a wise conformity to church order and true edification.

Obituary.

THOMAS WRIGHT.—On Nov. 20th, 1877, aged 77, Thomas Wright, of Street Gate.

When he was about 17 years of age, a holy God let loose upon his guilty soul his holy law; and justice, wrath, and vengeance laid hold upon him. For many months he was shut up in the prison-house of God's justice; and such was the distress of his heart, that he felt as if the pit was opening its mouth to swallow him up. But when there seemed to be only a step between him and death, a wonder-working God appeared for him, to set at liberty his captive soul, and said to the prisoner, "Go forth." The Lord applied to his guilty soul the precious blood of Christ, through which he received a full pardon; God speaking a sweet and blessed peace to his troubled heart. Such was his joy that, as he said, all things around him seemed to join with him in praising his dear Lord. He felt to be like a hind let loose, and could sing the song of redemption by blood.

Some time after this, believers' baptism was solemnly laid upon his mind, and the dear Lord enlarged his heart to run in the way of his commandments. At this time he attended the Moor Lane Baptist chapel, Bolton; but as there was not that food for his soul which he wanted, he could not stay. He removed to Street Gate, and for some time attended the Wharton Chapel. There he continued, as the truth was then preached in that place, until he and five others opened a room, and commenced the little cause now in existence at Street Gate. This cause lay near his heart. He was a real lover of Zion. His seat was seldom empty, either at the preaching or prayer-meeting. He was not like many who seem to be satisfied to appear at chapel once on the Lord's day, but seldom attend at a prayer-meeting, or week-day service. He loved to be at the prayer-meetings always a few minutes before the time; and when a minister was coming to preach for them, he would say, "Come, let us pray for him;" being ever ready to bear up the hands of the Lord's ministers. O for more like him!

Many were the trials and losses he had to endure; but a steadfast faith and a well-grounded hope supported his heart. The last time he met with the dear saints at Street Gate, he was so favoured to drink of that river the streams whereof make glad the city of God, and to feed upon heavenly manna, that he wished to stay in such a sweet pasture, not caring for the bread that perisheth. He felt as if his end was near. Two days after this, a sovereign God began to make it manifest by paralyzing his limbs, which attack also deprived him of his speech; so that in his affliction he could not speak to those left behind to sorrow for his loss. But, blessed be God, they do not sorrow like those without hope; for his Master bid him come up higher, where "not a wave of trouble rolls across his peaceful breast."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

J. EDDISON.

WILLIAM SMITH PRESTON.—On Feb. 14th, 1877, at Leicester, aged 76, William Smith Preston.

My late dear parent was first awakened to a sense of his sinnership when about twenty-two years of age. I have heard him say he was

ploughing in the field for his father at the time. One of the men employed with him began to swear at the horses, which were restive. My dear father, being moral, reproved him; but to no purpose. This incident sank with great weight into his soul. Solemn convictions seized him, and made him to cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

He was in deep soul trouble for about four years. He was at this time amongst the Independents. One day the minister took for his text the following words: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Sweet peace flowed into his soul, such as the world can neither give nor take away. I have heard him say he was scarcely able to retain his seat, his joy was so great.

Having had peace spoken to his heart, he went on his way rejoicing in the mercy he had found. He did not remain long amongst the Independents, as he could get no food for his soul; so he and six others left. He heard Mr. Tiptaft and Mr. Philpot from their first commencement at Oakham, and received many blessed helps by the way under their ministry. He endured much persecution; for his father, being a Churchman, used to upbraid him on account of his religion; and, though a man of good property, cut him off with a mere nothing. He said to him on one occasion, "William, I hate you." My dear parent said, "What for, father?" He said, "Because you go to hear that Tiptaft and Philpot, and others." He replied, "Is there anything else you hate me for?" He said, "No; I know you are an honest man; but that's enough." But, in spite of everything, his conscience and the work of God in his soul caused him to cleave to the truth; choosing rather to suffer poverty and affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The Lord gave him many answers to prayer, when he took all his troubles to him, temporal and spiritual. He was once, many years ago, sunk very low and desponding; and the Lord spoke to him the following words: "Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." He said he knew it was from the Lord by the power that attended it. Indeed, the Word so spake to him that he dared not look behind him for some time, for fear he should see the Saviour with his mortal eyes; when the following rushed into his mind: "No man hath seen God at any time." He never sank so low after this, and the savour of the above dwelt with him many days.

Some time after this, he had believers' baptism laid with weight on his mind; but a dear friend of his, whom he believed to be a good and gracious man, had proposed himself for baptism, and dear Mr. Philpot thought he had better wait a little longer. My dear parent often said he felt a dread to propose himself, since his good friend had been put back. Still, he much loved the ordinance. He was once greatly blessed while hearing the late Mr. Warburton preach at Oakham. He received nothing during his sermon; but he stayed to see the Lord's supper administered; and when Mr. W. gave out the following lines:

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

the Lord sweetly broke into his soul, and he had such a sweet melting time that he never forgot it, and felt a great love for the dear man.

He took the "Gospel Standard" from its commencement; and that periodical, Mr. Gadsby's Hymn Book, and his Bible were the chief books he read. The many portions marked in his well-worn Bible are proofs of the exercises of soul he passed through from time to time. He was afflicted with deafness for many years, but with the aid of a trumpet

could hear the preacher's words; but during the last few years of his life he got worse, and it was not of much use to him. Still he was a great reader; and often over his reading had sweet meditation and communion between God and his soul.

I have been an eye-witness to some of his joys, as well as his sorrows. I might enlarge, but must come to his last days, which are memorable days to me. He seemed to be breaking up in body since the commencement of the winter, as he often talked of his approaching end, having a severe cold and bronchitis. But I hoped it might pass off, as on former occasions. He being a loving and kind parent, I dreaded the thought of parting with him. The present Mr. Warburton was preaching at Leicester a few months since, and my father had a great desire to see him, and wished him to bury him; but, being infirm, he did not get to the chapel to see him, though he much desired it. He was only seriously ill for about the last fortnight of his life, and only kept his bed for four days. Though his affliction was great, he never murmured. He was spitting nothing but blood the last three days of his life.

Not having penned anything down, I have forgotten many blessed things that fell from his lips. On Monday, two days before his death, as I was getting him out to make his bed, I said to him, "Dear father, do you feel resigned to the Lord's will, whether for life or death?" He said, "My dear, I don't feel as I could wish; but I cannot give up my hope. The Lord has appeared for me many times, and I cannot but trust in him." He repeated the following lines very distinctly:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

He said, "My dear, it is finished. What a mercy!" Then he went on:

"Joyful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust,
And charge my flesh, when'er it rise,
To leave them in the dust."

The above was a favourite verse of his, having a great wish, if he had a stone on his grave, for it to be put upon it.

The day before his death he wished to see his son. He said that he wanted to bless him in the name of the Lord. When he came, he took his hand in his. The scene I hope never to forget. He said, "O my dear boy, except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." He then added, "O may the dear Lord, if his holy will, lead you to see yourself a sinner; and may he be to you a great Saviour." When bidding him farewell, he said, "And may we meet in that upper and better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest."

I felt he could not last long, and asked him if he would like to see one of the deacons from Alfred Street chapel. He said, "I should." I sent for one; and he, though very poorly, kindly came to see him. My dear parent said, "The sight of him does my soul good." He told him how the dear Lord had blessed his soul many times, and how he hated error, and had opposed it all his life long. The deacon said, if he did not see him again in the flesh, he was well satisfied, and that nature could not produce the blessed things he spoke of. After he was gone I said, "Dear father, if the Lord sees fit to take you, do you feel resigned to his will?" He said, "I do, my dear;" and repeated, with such firmness, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die will be gain. But," he added, "we are such changeable mortals. The vision is for an appointed

time; though it tarry, wait for it; it will surely come; it will not tarry beyond his appointed time." He said also, "My dear, I fear a Church clergyman will have to bury me, because I did not see Mr. Warburton." He said he hoped he should see his dear family in heaven, and that he had offered up many prayers for them, and he could leave them in the Lord's hands. He said also, "God is a sovereign; he will not be moved; he will have his own time, which is the best time." He was evidently enjoying much of the Lord's presence, and seemed to be in silent prayer, his lips moving, and his eyes turned up towards heaven. He said, "The victory is sure;" and repeated:

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest."

Some of his family not having been so dutiful as they should have been, I said, "You forgive them, dear father?" He said, "O yes! I do, my dear. If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our heavenly Father forgive us." He prayed for his enemies. He said also,

"If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died."

He was sensible to the last, and knew each of his children. He bore his sufferings with great patience; and though constantly spitting congealed blood, he never murmured. About two hours before his death, I asked him if the dear Lord were precious to him. He said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy Name." After this he seemed to close his eyes for a little time. The death-struggle was upon him, but he said, very clearly, "The Lord is precious," which were the last words he uttered; and gently breathed his last without a sigh. I deeply mourn his loss; but our loss is, I trust, his eternal gain.

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke;
We scarce could say, 'He's gone,'
Before his ransom'd spirit took
Its mansion near the throne."

Leicester.

E. MALLISON.

ELIZABETH WILEY.—On Nov. 13th, 1877, aged 73, Elizabeth Wiley, of Thornton Rust, Yorks.

The first of the work of grace I was favoured to know from her was one year before we were married, which I felt laid the foundation of a firm hope of her through all the deep waters the Lord led her.

A few godly people used to take their dinners on Lord's days to her mother's house. Her first concern for her soul began when she was five years old. Hearing these people talk, her exercise increased, with anxious inquiries how she could be saved; often asking her godly mother questions. She attended a sound ministry with her mother and sister, and often asked her mother if any would be saved besides God's elect; and manifested a deep concern to know if she was one.

This exercise continued till she was 15 years old. She was reading Jno. xvii.; and when she came to the 9th verse, light came in, and she

was convinced God had a special people. When she read the 24th verse she was more confirmed in that great truth; and often talked about it to her mother. From that time, she was blessed with a spirit of prayer, and was constant in her seasons of retirement for prayer; but sorely tempted, at times, and distressed with these words: "The prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." Still, she felt relieved, at times, with some precious promise resting on her mind, and a deep desire to know it was for her.

When she was near confinement of her first child, she was greatly distressed with the thought that she was about to give birth to a child that would have an immortal soul, and that both she and it would go to hell. In this solemn distress these words came with power, and raised her to a measure of hope: "They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. And it shall come to pass, that before they ask, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." From the time the child was born, she never prayed without a powerful remembrance of the child, which the Lord graciously answered. The work of grace began when he was 17; and he died a glorious death at 28.

She was blessed under the ministry of dear old John Warburton, who preached from these words: "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not." I have often heard her refer to an expression he used frequently; "Blind as a bat, till enlightened again and again." It was a confirmation of what she felt. From that time she was favoured with a measure of hope that she should be brought right.

A short time before her deliverance, she was severely tempted by Satan saying she was so great a sinner, which she deeply felt and confessed. These words came with power, and gave her constant hope: "The Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" It was the last time she was so tried before her deliverance, and hope in her abounded.

Her deliverance was under dear Tiptaft, who was preaching from Isa. liv. 13. The 64th hymn (Gadsby's) was set down to be given out, but the person read the 61st. She was overwhelmed as she read it, especially verses 5, 6. When the good man began to speak of the teaching, her soul was sweetly set at liberty, and God was graciously pleased to bless her with a sweet assurance that she was one of his. Dear Tiptaft came to see her the next day. They long conversed, and he told me he had never met with one so much like himself.

From that time she was on the mount of sweet enjoyment for about six years. I have frequently seen her come down stairs from retirement, with her countenance shining, full of joy and peace. She was baptized by Mr. Creasy, and joined the church.

About two years after she came to Thornton Rust, she got into a state of darkness, which gave her great distress. It was only at short intervals that she got relief. She seldom read any other book but God's Word and Gadsby's hymns. When she used to walk in her garden in the spring and summer these words dwelt on her mind:

"Lord, afford a spring to me;
 Let me feel like what I see;
 Ah! My winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my tongue.
 Winter threaten'd to destroy
 Faith, and love, and every joy;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield thee fruit."

She often referred to these words as the desire of her soul:

“Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice;
 O beloved Saviour, haste;
 Tell me all the storms are past.
 On thy garden deign to smile;
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.”

She was blessed with good health for the last 28 years. On Aug. 13th she was taken ill, but was able to sit up till the day before her death. I saw her end was near. About five o'clock, I said, “My dear, can you look to Jesus?” She said, “I have nowhere else to look for strength.” She continued evidently in the spirit of prayer for two hours. Her language was solemn indeed. At last she began to praise and bless the Lord. “What a faithful God! He is my Jesus, my Strength, my Tower.” She continued in that blessed state till one o'clock. The last I heard her say was Ps. xxiii. 4; with this:

“His promise stands for ever sure;
 His grace shall ne'er depart;
 He binds my name upon his arms,
 And seals it on his heart.”

“Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell
 My Jesus has done all things well.”

She then closed her eyes and never spoke again, but her lips were frequently moving. At a quarter past eight o'clock she breathed her last. A more peaceful countenance I never saw.

WILLIAM WILEY.

GROWTH in grace is gradual. A nation is not born in a day. The growth of many a sincere soul is real, though, perhaps, not immediately perceivable.—*Hervey*.

I AM very fully persuaded that no man can either think or speak of me and my works with so much disregard and contempt as I myself, from my soul, both think and speak; and having in no respect any other expectation than that of contempt to myself and name, providing divine truth be promoted, all these considerations had long ago become not only of small consequence to me, but appeared as the merest trifles. For why should we be anxious about what shall become either of ourselves or our names; if only we commend our souls unto God, as to a faithful Creator, in well-doing, and by continuing in well-doing stop the mouths of ignorant babblers? God careth for us; let us cast our burdens upon him, and he will sustain us. Let but the truth triumph, vanquish, rout, and put to flight its enemies; let the word of the cross have free course and be glorified; let wretched sinners learn daily more and more of fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, of the necessity of satisfaction for sins by the blood of the Son of God; so that he who is “white and ruddy, and the chiefest among ten thousand,” may appear to them, yea, altogether lovely; till, being admitted into the chamber of the church's Husband, they drink love that is better than wine, and become a willing people in the day of his power, and in the beauty of holiness; and I shall very little regard being judged of man's judgment.

—*Dr. Owen*.

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GOSPEL STANDARD.

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

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FRIEND OF
SINNERS.

“This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.”—LU. xv. 2.

WE use these words in an applied sense. They were spoken in scorn by the Scribes and Pharisees. They are confirmed, in a blessed and holy signification of them, by other Scriptures, and express in a brief form the exact truth concerning the Lord Jesus. He himself says to sinners, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And again, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” David in days of old bore the same testimony to the Lord Jesus: “Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way.” We may safely, therefore, use these words of the Pharisees as the foundation of some remarks concerning the Lord Jesus as the Receiver of sinners.

We find by the context that the Lord Jesus had been speaking some very sweet and alluring things; such as compelling men taken out of the highways and hedges to come in, that the house might be filled; “and yet,” says the servant, “there is room.” Also the guests at the supper were to be the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Now, these words appear to have produced the designed effect in causing many publicans and sinners to draw near unto Christ. Then it was that the Scribes and Pharisees were deeply offended, and threw out the scornful remark of our text: “This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.”

In the same way, on another occasion, they complained that he was a friend of publicans and sinners. Just as if there was no distinction between being a friend to men's persons and their ways, and because Jesus was the Friend of sinners he must be a friend of sins. The Scriptures teach us how to rightly distinguish in this matter, and lead us to understand that God is love, but sin is the abominable thing which his soul hateth. He has mercy for sinners whom he brings to repentance; but no mercy for sins, and none finally for those in whom sin remains unrepented of. He will by no means wink at sin or clear the guilty.

Our text leads us to make some remarks on the following points:

- I. *A word as to this Man, who receives sinners.*
- II. *How it is sinners come to him.*
- III. *What sort of sinners he receives.*
- IV. *What is implied in receiving them.*
- V. *What it is for him to eat with them.*

I. A word as to this Man, who receives sinners. And here we must briefly set forth who he is, and what he is. It is sweetly and blessedly written in the prophet Micah (v. 5): "And this Man shall be the peace, when the Assyrian cometh into our land." All Scripture, Paul tells us, is written by the inspiration of God, and is profitable; and Peter says that no Scripture is of any private interpretation. We see, then, that this testimony of Micah must be for the church of God, and have a spiritual signification, as well as a literal. Now, in the spirit we understand it to point out that when the enemies of a child of God are coming into his soul, such as the curse of a broken law, Satan, with his fierce assaults and accusations, the wrath of God and felt corruption, then this Man, the Lord Jesus, shall be the peace. He shall interpose between the poor soul and its enemies and troubles. But what a Man he must be to do this! Why, the wrath and curse of God are more dreadful than can be conceived; and no mere creature could possibly endure them, or interpose between God and the soul liable to them. This is plainly the case; but this Man is the Eternal God, the Almighty.

"This wondrous Man of whom we tell
Is true Almighty God."

And as the same poet most blessedly expresses it:

"Almighty God sigh'd human breath;
The Lord of life experienced death."

Here is our peace. The peace between the poor sinner who comes to him and God is the Son of God, made Man for the sake of sinners. This is wonderfully shown in the prophecy of Zechariah. (xiii.) The Father cries aloud, with the voice of almighty, divine authority, "Awake, O sword!" That is, Awake, O sword of divine justice in the law. Is not this enough to appal the sinner? But against whom is it, then, to awake? Into whose heart is it to enter? Where shall it sheath itself? "O," says God, "against my Shepherd; against the Man who is my Fellow." A Man, this Man of our text, but Jehovah's Fellow, the Eternal God, the Son of the Father in truth as well as love. Well might one of our poets write:

"Angels here may gaze, and wonder
What the God of love could mean,
When he tore the heart asunder
Never once defiled with sin;"—

the human heart of Jesus, the Eternal Son of God.

Two things were absolutely necessary that Jesus should be man's peace. He must be God, to be able, as to power, to bear the wrath due to the sinner, and not for ever sink under the burden of it; he must be man, to be able to undergo it at all. Deity, abstractedly considered, could not suffer, and could not stand in

man's place to suffer. Christ must be truly and properly man to be in the sinner's place, and endure his misery. He must be God to endure it, and come forth from it all, triumphing in his cross over death and hell.

This Man, then, that the Pharisees scorned, is the God-Man Christ, Son of God, and Son of man.

Let us now consider what he is. The answer to this can be given in very few words. He is Jesus, the Saviour. What a short answer to such a question, and yet what an infinite fulness and sweetness is in it! Jesus Christ, "this Man," properly considered, is nothing else but a Saviour. This, as the Christ, is his true and proper character. If he is not viewed as a Saviour, he is not viewed as a Christ. As far as the sinner can, he has, so to speak, un-Christed the Lord Jesus. "He shall judge the world in righteousness;" but this is not his proper office as a Christ, a sort of appendix, so to put it, to that office. He created and upholds the worlds; all this is true, but as a Christ he saves, or he does nothing. Saving is his true and proper work as a Christ, a Jesus. To save, he who was in his Father's bosom, was in the world. To save he lived here as a Man of sorrows. To save he died on Calvary. To save he is risen and ascended into glory: "We shall be saved by his life." To save he comes again;—he comes the second time without sin unto salvation. To save he shall even judge the world in righteousness, ministering true judgment to the people. God saved Noah by the flood; and there is mercy with him in that he renders to every man according to his deeds. The Father sent the Son to save. The Holy Spirit anointed him to the work of saving, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. We affirm, then, that, as a Christ, the Lord Jesus is a Saviour. This is his true Christ-like character; and Antichrist's work is to deny him in this point of view, as having come in the flesh to save, changing times and ordinances, back from the gospel of a Saviour to the laws of a mere lawgiver.

Christ, this Man, is a Saviour. He saves completely. He is a complete Saviour. This mercy-seat is all of gold. He saves freely. He saves by himself; he wants no helpers. His part is saving; the saved sinner's part is to be saved by him. Christ's is active work; ours the passive. He is a King to save; and we his subjects to be saved by him. We are the clay, and thou our potter. O! The grand work is to bring the sinner to submit to being dealt with by Christ as a Christ, a Saviour. Well might the Lord say, "This is the work of God, that ye believe." "My servants," he says in Isaiah, who submit to being completely, eternally saved by me, "shall eat, but ye," who will save yourselves in part or whole, "shall be hungry. My servants," who bow down to my righteousness, atonement, and grace, "shall sing for joy of heart, but ye," who will be kings without me, and reign in your own righteousnesses, "shall cry for sorrow of heart, and howl for vexation of spirit."

“O bring no price; God’s grace is free,
For Paul, for Magdalene, and me.”

Now, then, we at once from these things see the sad mistake of the Scribes and Pharisees. They condemned the Saviour of sinners for saving them. Thus they despised the love of the Father, and his wisdom in providing a Saviour, the love of the Son in coming to save, and the love of the Holy Ghost in bringing the sinners to Christ for him to do his proper work upon them. Here, again, we see what is the true nature of the unpardonable sin, and who commit it; why, it is the would-be wise, strong, holy, righteous people, the generation pure in their own eyes, and wise in their own conceits. It is not the poor, wretched, tempted, self-despairing, harassed, tormented sinner; nay, it is not even, we believe, the poor degraded creatures that men may point the finger of scorn at. No; in the light of the truth as it is in Jesus, it is seen to be the men who, fancying they have some goodness, wisdom, strength, and righteousness, uncrown the Christ of God, un-Christ the Lord Jesus, and scornfully say, “This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.” We do not say that this expression is the unpardonable sin; but we do feel a persuasion that the men who used it were the ones really and principally in danger of committing it.

Well, then, we have endeavoured to make a few remarks on our first heading, noticing *who* and *what* this Man is.

II. We now come to the second part of our subject,—how it is sinners come to him.

The Lord Jesus himself says, “No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” There is an absolute impossibility in the case. Again, he says, “Ye will not come to me.” And John shows the reason why: “And no man receiveth his testimony;” *i.e.*, no man, until born again and taught of God. Paul even goes more deeply into the reason, when he writes that “the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them; because they are spiritually discerned.” And Christ’s words confirm this when he says, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Now, then, if the things of Christ are so hidden from the eyes of nature, so utterly undiscoverable by the mind of man naturally, what is there to make a natural man go to Christ? The coming to Christ is not a bodily action, but a moving out of the soul unto him in desire, and will, and affection. Now, how can the desire after Christ be awakened, how can the will and affection be influenced by that which a man knows nothing about? Unless the mind sees some desirableness in a thing, the will cannot choose it, or the affections love it. How, then, can a natural man possibly, as such, go to Christ? Not all the men in the world, all the angels in heaven, can make the will of man move out after Jesus Christ. Only God, who can new-create and give a spiritual understanding capable of perceiving these things of God in Christ in a true light, can cause

a man truly to go to the Lord Jesus. Hence it is that Christ says, All God's people, foreknown to glory, "shall be taught of God;" and then, every one who has heard and has learned of the Father, goes to Christ. The dry bones never rise, become an army, breathe out after Christ, and enter the land of Israel, until God himself, by a work of creative power, raises them. As many as receive Christ, or come to him, are born, John tells us, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Of his own will begets he us anew in Christ, by the word of truth.

But what sort of teaching is it which brings to Christ? They are all who come taught of God; but what are they taught? God the Holy Ghost will teach them effectually the following essential things.

1. They shall be taught truly in measure and degree what God is, and that they, his creatures, have to do with him. When Jacob awoke from his sleep, he said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." So it is with the truly-awakened sinner. God, he says, was about my path and bed; God was as close to me at all times as I am to myself; God's eye was always upon me; God was here, and I knew it not. Now the presence and being of God are realities to him. God is no longer a fable. God is here. God is also seen in his justice, holiness, majesty, glory, as Creator, Upholder, King, and Judge. O! God is a great God, as well as the true God, living for ever and ever to the God-taught sinner.

2. They shall be taught out of God's law, how holy, just, and good that law is, requiring nothing but what it is just, holy, and good for God to require. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." Forbidding nothing but what it is good, and holy, and just for God to forbid. Thou shalt not steal, or swear, be impure, or covet. Threatening nothing but what God is holy, just, and good in threatening. O! The law of God becomes a great thing to the God-taught person. The law of a great God and rightful King, the holy, just, and good law of him who had the right to give it, and has the power to enforce it.

3. They shall be taught to know themselves as lost, ruined, wretched sinners. Now they have got God's pure light to see by; now they have got God's looking-glass to see themselves in. Before, they had the mirror in the hand or head, but not the pure light to see with. Now they have the mirror and the light; and now, seeing their faces spiritually, they cry, as Berridge writes:

"Behold I'm all over as any fiend black."

Before, comparing themselves with themselves, they were not wise. Now, comparing themselves with the pure and holy rule of God's law, that beam of the divine holiness, they become wise in this essential knowledge,—they know themselves to be lost, ruined, undone sinners.

4. They shall be taught concerning Christ,—the truth as it is in Jesus. As one says of mercy :

“She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my Hiding-place.”

This is the crowning teaching, without which the other could effect nothing but despair. Light concerning God's mercy to sinners in Christ breaks in. Small at first, frequently like the dawning of the day, but growing unto the perfect day. There is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared; and redemption with him, that he may justly forgive. This the sinner discovers as the Lord teaches him. Then the sinner moves towards Jesus; he comes over to him in chains, with supplications falls down before him, and cries, God is in thee of a truth. There is no God but the God who is manifested as a Saviour in the Lord Jesus.

Now, the effect of this teaching is to cause the sinner to come to Christ. That is discovered to him in a true new and divine light of the Holy Spirit, which is sufficient to move him. It does move him; his will is brought over to the Lord Jesus; his affections are captivated; in chains of guilt and sin he comes over as drawn by attractive cords in Jesus, that he who alone can save him may be a Christ unto his soul.

(To be concluded.)

“WELCOME, SINNER.”

ISA. LV.

Ho! Every one that thirsts,
Come to the waters, come!
The Master welcomes you;
No longer from him roam.

Here's milk, the best, and choicest wine;
Come to the banquet, come and dine.

Why will ye money spend
For that which is not bread,
And labour all in vain,
And never still be fed?

There's nought on earth can satisfy,
Nor e'er the aching void supply.

No price is wanted here;
Grace-gifts are always free;
All is the very best;
Poor man, he'll welcome thee.

Come, eat ye then that which is good;
The meat's my flesh; the wine's my blood.

Thus Jesus still invites
His people to partake
The fat things of his house,
And does them welcome make.

For every one that comes there's room;
Each prodigal is welcomed home.

“THEY SHALL ABUNDANTLY UTTER THE
MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS.”

(Continued from page 75.)

AFTER my soul had been indulged on the Sabbath day, I had to mix, for the six days, up with the toil and cares of the world; and how has my soul hungered after the bread again! Then when the Sabbath came, I often found another minister there to preach, one I had not heard before; but found the same glorious truths proclaimed as by the others. Warburton, Foreman, G. Francis, Cowper, of the Dicker, Kershaw, and Mr. Gadsby, all preached there. Never shall I forget the time when I heard Mr. G. preach from those blessed words at Willenhall: “Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” To my feelings he appeared like an angel. His dear face shone with the glory of his subject. He took off his cap, and put it into his pocket, and then he seemed to me to swim in the bliss. I was sure he felt himself so; and I was swimming with him; and though my soul was as full as it could hold, yet I followed him up so greedily that I should have loved him not to stop that night. O what eating and drinking there is at these times! How rich the fare! How the apparel suits, and the music too! I had been lost, and now was found; dead, but now I was alive, and brought home. This was my Father’s house; this was my God, my gospel; this was God’s servant, and he had brought the ring with him. My faith saw and took hold of it. Now was the day of marriage come again; no shyness now; I was in the King’s house, and sat under his banner eating precious and pleasant fruits. O! My dear brother, my heart melts, and tears will flow, while I pen these lines. How did I in those golden days feel the key in my heart to open those words: “Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.”

I remember once walking seven miles after my day’s work was done, to hear Mr. Kershaw preach at Wolverhampton. I was sunk down, benumbed in soul and very low, into an easy, careless state, yet attended the means of grace continually. But the life, power, savour, pleasure, and sweetness I had before tasted in the attendance on the means had apparently gone. Weeks of dryness, insipidness, and no pleasure in reading, prayer, or preaching, passed away, till all appeared a total wreck. I had lost my peace, and had no heart to seek it. My wretched state at that time none but God knows and myself. I was not satisfied, yet no spiritual living and strong pains to bring forth; and if a world could have been offered to me to alter my state, I could not do it. One day, as I was at work in my shop, a man that knew me came to see me, and told me that Mr. Kershaw was going to preach at Wolverhampton, and asked me if I would go with him to hear him. Something like an inward power rose

up, and I seemed to feel a persuasion there would be some help for me; and we agreed to go, though it was a few days before the time arrived. From that day I felt a living cry in my heart; and every day till the time came my cry was, "O Lord, if it is thy blessed will, let this prove the time to quicken my poor unfeeling and almost dead soul." On the way, seven miles, many times this cry would come to the top; and God knows I felt it at the bottom. Well, I got into the first seat under the stairs, with my head down. O that poor publican! I was just where he was, ashamed to look up, not fit to let any one see my poor guilty head and face. Well, the time came for the dear man to pray, and my ears were open for every word that dropped from his lips. I felt a little entrance made into my poor darkened mind. Then the text, *my* text I call it; and so it was. And the Holy Ghost, through the dear, godly man, preached peace again for me, and all the barrenness and deathly feeling was banished. His text was: "But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God it is evident; for the just shall live by faith." My head was hung down while he read his text, and for a short time after. But the word of life reached the guilty sinner that sat under the stairs. Then my head rose up, just to look at his dear face and lips, and a stream of tears gushed out of my eyes as though they had been secreted somewhere and all flowed together; and while he poured into my soul, the spring would rise, and I said to myself, "Thy jawbone has slain every Philistine in my soul." O, dear brother,

"For love like this let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break."

The love I felt to my dear and highly-esteemed brother Ker-shaw none can tell but those who have been lifted up under his instrumentality. Jesus says, "He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." O this holy, blessed, and glorious receiving! Sure I am I have received some of the most highly-exalted servants of God that have lived in our day; and now, dear souls, they have reached the blessed inheritance laid up for them in Jesus Christ. And I feel at this time a satisfactory seal on my heart that I shall meet them when the Lord counts up the people, and makes up his jewels. While I am writing, I have seen in my mind's eye that unctuous savoury man of God, Warburton, in the pulpit, with his hands across his warm heart while picking up the poor things that were sitting to hear him, and his face so bright that it bespoke the life and sweetness of the blessed truths he was putting on the table for hungry sinners. He has walked into my heart, and taken his seat there, and I could say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." While I have sat, I have wished I could be wrapped in his coat, and go everywhere where he went to preach. But had any one told me that I should ever stand in his pulpit, then I should have used such words as David, when he said, "All men are liars." But the time came when I had to do so; and the

tremblings that I felt, and the fears, I never can describe. I have first looked at his arm-chair, then at his Bible that lay on the table in the vestry, but, worst of all, at his good portrait fixed there; and knowing what a God-honoured servant of the Lord he had been, how have I called myself a blind fool for ever thinking of engaging to stand up before such a church and congregation. But O, the begging, sighing, and crying to the Lord I have felt, dreading to open my eyes on the Sabbath morning! These things some mock and jeer at. I was once speaking out to one a little of my fears and feelings on this subject, when he laughed at me, and said it was only cant. Some may call it nervousness; but to me, who am not a master of arts, it is a solemn thing for a nothing in his feelings, ignorant about Greek, and really not knowing plain grammar, to stand up before the saints of God. To be roughly handled by crippling circumstances and six days' hard labour in the company of ungodly men, has caused me many hard cries to the Lord while walking nine miles on a Sabbath morning, with nothing in hand or head to help me when the time of service commences.

I was once down at Hilperton, after having supplied two Lord's days at Trowbridge. When service ended, two daughters of Mr. Warburton came into the vestry to bid me good-bye and shake hands; and I told them I loved them for their father's sake, for I had eaten him many a time. I meant the words from his dear lips.

Sometimes I went to Bilston to hear ministers,—Mr. Littleton and others. Once, on a Lord's day morning, I had been there hearing Mr. L. Having to come across the fields, as I was thinking of what I had heard, these words dropped into my soul with power: "Preach the word." Though I could not tell where they were in the Scriptures, they sank so deep into my mind that I was continually hearing them; and they kept speaking to me, and would be at the top of my thoughts while at work; and other portions with them came flowing in, and they daily stuck to me, and I wondered what it could mean. I said to myself, "Surely it does not mean that I am to preach the word, so ignorant a sinner as I am." For at that time, though my soul had been blessed with the spirit and fatness of the gospel, I could not have told, if I had been asked, what the gospel meant in the letter of it, nor the law, though its axe had cut me down to the root. Nor did I know what doctrine meant; yet I loved the doctrines of the blessed gospel; so unlearned was I about letters. But still, these words: "Preach the word," would ring and sound loud in my soul for many months. No one had heard a word from me about it. Still, night and day, the words followed me, till I felt I must empty my full and pained breast; and I told my mind out to my wife, and begged of her not to tell any one of it.

My telling her was a great ease to me, and for a short time I felt more at rest. But it was not for long. The words again began as before to rise up, and fill my thoughts from day

to day. But I thought, It never can be that such an one, who has been a ringleader in sin, and in my own town, should stand up to speak; for I durst not call it preaching. Now, my dear friend, if ever I tried to pray, it was then; and hard indeed I begged the Lord to keep me from thinking of such a thing, and to drive it out of my thoughts, as God knows I have used all my powers to drive it out scores of times; and I could, I think, honestly say, hundreds of times.

At that time I was resolved to open my mind to my father-in-law, who sometimes spoke in the Lord's name. So I went to his house, and told him the trouble I had been in for a long time. But he did not say anything to me; yet that eased my bosom a little. It emptied my breast for that time, but it was only nipped; like the hair of Samson's head, the roots were not taken out, and, therefore, grew up again. Well, I never thought then it was possible that such a thing would come to pass. But the Lord knew all about it; and in his own time and way brought about what he had begun in my soul, which you shall now hear.

It so happened one day at this time that there came a letter from a few people at Gornal, where I now am, to invite my father-in-law to come and speak for them one Sabbath day. They met in a small room, a back room. The house was let for about two shillings a week, and a family lived in the front room, and they walked through the front room to go up the stairs in the back part of the house; and I do not think any of them were worth twenty shillings. For, though the room that they worshipped in was, I think, eighteen pence or two shillings a week, they could not pay that small rent; and all but the deacon were about to give it up. But he had an old clock which hung up against the wall, and he said he would sell that clock rather than give up the room. Therefore, trying again, they held on a little longer. There were about 15 members. They had joined themselves together as a church, and were formed by Mr. Bridge, of the Coppice Chapel. But you shall hear why they were bound together as a church. There was a noble building raised in 1831, as a chapel, by a Mr. Heathcote, not a Baptist, a sprinkler, but a good man. In 1832 he died of the cholera, and that year the Lord stopped me; and now I am with those of his people who are alive; but they are now Baptists. Well, after Mr. Heathcote died, there came a man to them and beguiled them for years; till one man, who had three or four children, in that church, had what the minister would call impudence and ignorance enough to tell him he did not preach the gospel. Then the firebrand ran into the Philistine's corn, and a few of them he cut off. Others, like Nicodemus, coming at night, crept away to other places. The poor old man that told the minister he did not preach the gospel, was an old member that was in the church before the chapel was built, and he told me of Mr. Gadsby going there to have some money collected for his first chapel. Mr. G. came and put his hand on his shoulder, and asked him if he had two dwelling in one house.

He answered, "Well, Sir, I hope I have." "Then," said Mr. Gadsby, "how is it you don't turn one out?" "Why, Sir," Bennett said, "I am so ignorant, I may turn out the wrong one." Now, when these poor complaining discontented ones were turned out from the Independents, they met in the poor old man's house for prayer. Afterwards one or another came and spoke in the Lord's name, and when they increased a little, they took the above-named room, and sent to my father-in-law to come and speak to them; and my father-in-law asked me if I would go with him six miles, and I consented. On the way he said there were three services, and he found or thought it too much for him to do, and asked if I would read and engage in prayer for him, which I never had attempted before. I felt it a trying matter; but at length told him I would try to do so. When we entered the little room, there seemed about 20 people there. Then, after they began, I went into the small desk to read. I opened the Bible at once to the third chapter of Malachi, and there I saw something that took hold of my spirit; so I began to read, and I felt my mind sweetly led to speak from it. Then such a light broke in that I was fed with matter, and was rather long reading and expounding. Then I tried to pray; and the Lord broke in sweetly. I therefore found I was really at home. Afterwards I sat down till they had sung, and then rose up and took this text: "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." A holy and blessed time I felt it to be. But after the service was ended, the enemy set in, and showed how wrong I had acted in not coming out of the desk for my father-in-law to speak; and I made up my mind they should never see my face again. The light, life, love, and liberty I feared were all fled, and many times called myself a fool for ever opening my mouth among them.

Well, in a few days Mr. Bridge sent one of his old members over to Walsall for me to go to speak for his people, as he wanted a supply for the next Sabbath. That was on the Friday. But then my trouble began. I was just at dinner, and the old man said he must have my promise to go before he left; and my inside seemed all to be moved. I had to leave the house for a time, and told him to have his dinner. When I came in again, I began to tell him their minister had been there 40 years, and I could not tell how I could think of going, seeing that I had never been to speak, except at the little room at Gornal. But my promise to go the old man must have. At last I promised. But after I had given it due consideration, I sorely regretted having promised him, and wished I had him back again. I thought I would tell him I would not go, knowing the people were established in the truth, for I had been there many times, and conversed with some of them. But all the afternoon, while at work, my mind was like a wheel turning round, nor could I keep it still, thinking of going to attempt to stand up where an old experienced minister had been preaching 40 years, and before

a well-taught people of many years' standing. All these things passed through my mind, and I a young stripling; whatever could I be thinking of, to promise the old man? How I wished the man was here again to alter the engagement! But it was done. O what misery I felt God only knows. My mouth, I thought, will be stopped; and then what shall I do? All eyes upon me, with my mouth closed. Then to lie down in my bed, with all this confusion in my mind, it robbed me of sleep a long time; but, wearied with my labour of body, and worse in mind, I dropped into sleep, and dreamed that I was on my way to the Coppice chapel to preach, and there met me a creature about the size of a sheep, and as woolly. I was quite stopped, and could go no farther. But, by some means, I was raised above the ground; yet was erect and looking down at its face, the most ugly sight I ever saw. At length it sprang up and touched my feet, and I took it with my hand by its wool, and threw it aside. This awaked me, with a sad fright. Then I awaked my dear wife, and told her my dream, and said, "My mouth will surely be stopped." Then my trouble was increased tenfold. O my foolishness, thought I, that I should have ever promised to go to preach!

The next day was Saturday, when we must do our best to get a little out of the warehouse for the family, for they were close times with us and the family. Yet my mind all day was like a workshop. All my thoughts were swallowed up in thinking, To-morrow is Sunday, and I shall have to walk seven miles to a place where my weakness and folly will be manifest before that good congregation, never having stood up before, only at the little room at Gornal to about 20 people. O that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday! Well, the night came when I must retire to my rest, where my poor anxious and troubled mind had to be worried again. At length I dropped into sleep, and into a dream again, as the night before. I dreamed that I was on my way to the Coppice chapel again, and in my dream had reached as far as Darlaston, where I was met by a man, though I knew it was the devil in the form of a man, and though he spoke as a man. He stopped me and said, "You must go with me." And though no outward force was used by him, yet I felt obliged to go with him. He took me into a house where there was a large fire in the grate. Then with both hands he took the fire out of the grate, and threw it about the house. At the sight of this I awaked, but in the greatest fright. Again I awoke up my dear wife, as before, and told her my mouth would certainly be stopped. At length came the morning, and I must make the attempt to stand up in the great Name that I revered. I must leave those who have for the first time to go before an old established church to judge what my feelings were, and the bitter repentings for promising the old man on the Friday before, and the cries to the Lord to help me, and not put me to shame before the people. "In their

trouble they cried to the Lord, and he helped them, and delivered them out of their distresses." I have hundreds of times proved these blessed words, and the sweet truth of them, to the honour of his blessed Name.

(To be concluded.)

THE GRADUAL CONQUEST.

"I WILL not drive them out before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against thee." And thus it is with the children of God. If they had not enemies without and within, and oppositions in their way, there are some dangerous beasts that would be ready to increase upon them. For instance, there is a beast they call *pride*, that might grow upon you if you had no enemies to fight with, and while yet you are not ready for heaven, and sanctification is incomplete. Hence, a thorn in the flesh was given to Paul, that he might not be exalted above measure. Is not the thorn in the flesh well ordered that prevents confidence in the flesh?

There is a beast they call *security*, that might grow upon you. But now enemies are on all hands of you, to prevent your falling asleep, and to keep you both watching and waking, and constantly on your guard.

There is a beast they call *presumption*, that might grow upon you, and make you think you were able to go forward to heaven upon your own legs, and in your own strength, if you found no such enemy in the way.

There is another beast they call *worldly-mindedness*, that might grow upon you, if you got no adversaries and adversities to vex you, and wean you from the world. You would be in danger of saying, It is good to be here. But now the wars and battles in your way to heaven make you say with your heart, O! It is better to be there.

There is a beast, a filthy brute beast, that they call *sensuality*, that might grow upon you, believer, that might make you lukewarm and formal in all your duties, as well as carnal, and light, and vain in the intervals of duties. But the sight of your spiritual enemies on the field will make you see a need to be spiritual, zealous, earnest, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

There is also a filthy dumb beast that they call *forgetfulness*, that would certainly grow upon your hand, and be very dangerous to your soul and spiritual welfare, if your enemies were all destroyed. Therefore God says, "Slay them not, lest my people forget." (Ps. lix. 11.) If the execution were quick and hasty, the impressions of it would not be deep and durable. Swift destructions startle men for the present, but they are soon forgotten; therefore, when we think that God's judgments upon the nations of our spiritual enemies come on but very slowly, we must conclude that God hath wise and holy ends in that gradual procedure. "Slay them not, lest my people forget."—*Extract from a Sermon by R. Erskine.*

“ALL THINGS OF GOD.”

My dear Friends,—I thank you very kindly for your welcome letter. I was glad to hear of your safe arrival, and of your finding your home so comfortable. What a great mercy, it is to have a comfortable habitation for our poor perishing bodies! This, with all other favours, is a free gift bestowed upon us unworthy sinful creatures. We have no claim upon Him who bestows such favours. These are things he is pleased to bestow on many of his open enemies; and such are all by nature. But he is pleased to make *some* sinners to become friends to him. This is also a free gift, and is bestowed in such a way that they all agree to give all the honour and praise to him who has wrought such a strange and wonderful work on them, and left so many to be strangers to this great work, which none can perform but God only. Who can take away a stony heart but God? Who can give a new spirit but God? Who can break up the fountain of the great deep but God? Who can turn the course of sin in man but God? Who can write a law in the heart but God? Who can put the law of faith in the mind but God? Who can bring a man to hate himself but God? Who can bring a man to love an unseen object, above or more than himself, but God? Who can give a man to see invisible riches to be more valuable than all visible things but God? Who can give a man to taste unspeakable sweetness in divine things but God? Who can give a man to taste of joys to come but God? Who can give a man a will to choose a cross rather than to be without it but God? Who can bring a man to love the light because it maketh manifest, when we all by nature love darkness rather than light, but God? Who but God can make a man love to be searched to the very bottom, and have all the secret places searched into, that no hidden secret sin may be there, but that all may be brought to light, truly repented of, hated, and abhorred? Who but God can bring a man to love Another's righteousness, and to cast away his own, and to count it as filthy rags?

All these and many more such things make up the good work, and make a man a friend of Jesus Christ. These things in a little time will fit us to sit down with the Bridegroom; and such will be the bride. This will make a most blessed match. He will be admiring us, and we admiring him; he is the altogether lovely, and we without a spot. Who could have thought of all this,—taking in rebellious sinners, but God? His thoughts to usward were thoughts of peace, and not of evil; ours were evil thoughts, and still are so, to our great grief and daily sorrow. But there is one thing to comfort us, and that is that flesh and blood shall not inherit incorruption. That we shall leave behind us, as a thing hated; as Paul writes: “The thing I hate, that do I.”

My love and thanks to you both. I wish I could offer you something better; but I am too poor. I can assure you I am

almost too poor to find thankfulness for any one thing, either to God or man, such is my poverty. I have nothing, and yet I possess all things.

Please to give my love to my friends whom I know in the flesh, and to those whom I know not in the flesh; and my poor thanks to them also. I hope they are as well as usual. And now, farewell. Grace and peace be with you. So prays

Your old Friend,
GEORGE PAYTON.

[The above letter was the last written by Mr. Payton, being penned a few hours before his death, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 30th, 1837. He was for nearly 30 years minister of the gospel at Edenbridge.]

“THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.”

EZEK. XXXIV. 26.

O for a rich bedewing
From Zion's holy hill!
A solemn, sweet renewing
Of conscience, heart, and will!
The world, with all its trifles,
Although of nothing worth,
Too oft prevails, and stifles
The good I would bring forth.

O for a real reviving!
Dear Lord, the power impart;
Thy love, its influence giving,
Shall cheer my barren heart.
If thou hast undertaken
In me to live and reign,
Thy word shall stand unshaken,
And I the victory gain.

O for thy grace, distilling
Upon the plain as dew,
To make my footsteps willing,
And all my powers renew!
Dry, in itself, remaineth
This thirsty soul of mine;
To thee the power pertaineth;
And mercy, too, is thine.

Lord, see my expectation;
Fulfil my soul's desires;
Bestow the full salvation
To which my heart aspires.
Thou knowest, Lord, I want it;
For this thy suppliant stays;
In mercy deign to grant it,
And thou shalt have the praise.

Goring Heath, July 29th, 1876.

W. WILEMAN.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend,—I was glad to hear that the Lord in some measure keeps you alive to those things that make for your everlasting peace. The inward testimony of God, with the sweet anointing of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, is what very few professors are seeking after; for though they profess with their mouth to be pursuing this blessing, yet how evident it is, to those who have eyes to see, that they are satisfied with those things that come short of it. O my friend, seek for the testimony of Jesus in the heart; for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy to us, and that which alone speaks the truth concerning our future inheritance. This is the earnest of the Spirit, the witness within; for “he that believeth hath the witness in himself;” and it is only such who receive the truth in the love of it. To such the truth is dear, for they buy it dear in the furnace of affliction; therefore they will not sell it, either for the applause or through the fear of the reproach of man. Such as these will be plagued with many fears, and the desperate struggles of unbelief; buffeted and harassed with temptation; tormented with the vile lust and wicked corruptions of a deceitful heart; and held in disrepute by the generality of the professors in our day, because they are made to differ from such. These must learn that it is not only given them to believe on the Name of the eternal Son of God, but also to suffer for his sake; that they may be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. God will call them to go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and tread the rough path of tribulation; looking for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

I am sorry to hear that you are plagued with such a ministry as you complain of. I know the baneful effects of such preaching upon a living soul, by painful experience; and I have found it is in vain for them to promise liberty to others, while themselves are the servants of corruption. The end and object of such men may be summed up in these few words: “Desiring to make a fair show in the flesh.” But often many of the simple children of God are entangled with such men, through their mock humility, vain confidence, fiery zeal, and professed love. But, in time, by the teaching of the Lord, their eyes are opened to discover their teachers, and also to see the state of those that cause the people to err, professing to build the temple of the Lord (as instruments), and yet choosing for materials wood, hay, and stubble, such as the fire will consume. We are commanded to come out from amongst such, and to pay special regard to the Saviour’s words: “Take heed what ye hear.” I hope the Lord may enable you to discover between right and wrong, and never let you settle down in a form of godliness and be destitute of the power. Remember, “the kingdom of God is not in word, but in

power." I feel for you; and, therefore, desire that you may make straight paths for your feet, and that you may not turn out of the way to the right hand or to the left.

You have set me a task in desiring my thoughts upon so many passages of the Word. And I have not time nor a mind at present to answer you; but possibly I may after a little while. The passage in Genesis I know is the stronghold of such men; but Christ was revealed in many ways to the patriarchs. Turn to Gen. xviii., read it prayerfully and carefully; and I think you will see the rottenness of the pre-existerian heresy. May the Lord guide you into all truth. This is the desire of

Yours in the Lord,

Rotherfield, Aug. 10th, 1864.

THOS. RUSSELL.

My dear Sister in Jesus,—We received yours, and can say we feel obliged by your sympathy and kindness therein expressed. In accordance with your wish, I would endeavour, as far as the Lord enables me, to answer a few of the inquiries.

I hope we can say it is a mercy to be favoured with a hearing ear and an understanding heart, so as to receive the precious truths of the gospel; and when the Lord brings some of them home to our hearts with his power, it enables us to say, "In thy presence there is fulness of joy;" and beholding by faith a precious Jesus at his right hand, pleading for our unworthy guilty souls, we can add, "and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Yes, it was sovereign grace that caused us to differ, and to feel the necessity of the power of his gospel. And does not the power manifest itself, in what it leads to and leads from? Does it not lead our souls in brokenness of heart to the cross of Jesus, in confession of what we are in ourselves, of what we deserve, and what, if not for his precious blood and righteousness, would be our portion? And does it not lead us to hate sin and anything which is displeasing in the sight of God? I hope we can say that sin is our burden, and that which often makes us hang down our heads, and go on our way weeping and mourning. It often makes a wall of partition between our souls and the Lord, until he comes over the mountains of our transgression, and shows us his wounded side and his shed blood, and thus causes them to flow down. It is then we can say it is an unspeakable mercy to know and feel the difference between professing Jesus, and enjoying his love in our souls.

Your letter seems much to accord with the way the Lord seems to have led us in respect to the revelation of his love and mercy. He first gave us a sense of our weakness, ignorance, emptiness, and total inability of ourselves to do anything pleasing in his sight, and opened up to us the evil of our own hearts. O! Who so vile? Who so unworthy? Some expressions in the Word, such as Paul makes use of: "The chief of sinners," seem to suit our case best. But can we not look back for a few years,

and remember, when looking into the glass of God's Word, that we could not then see such full-length portraits! Do you not think, then, that our knowledge of self and of Christ must have been given by that Spirit who takes of the things of Jesus and reveals them to us, and enables us to see God's truth in God's light? "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."

We are sorry to hear of your accident. But what a mercy there are no accidents with that Jesus with whom we have to do! Whatever befalls us, he overrules it for our good. How often is a trial nothing else but the messenger that he sends before, to prepare and make ready for one of his sweet visits! May the Lord sanctify this affliction to you, and enable you to say it is good, and to feel that it will work together for your good.

We read to-day Rom. viii., which is full of comfort and consolation to those who are led by the Spirit into that warfare described in ch. vii.,—to feel that when they would do good evil is present with them. What a mercy to have the inward witness there is no condemnation,—to feel that we are in Christ, and walk not after the flesh! In reading it without the power, I was cast down, not feeling assured of my interest in Jesus. After all, everything hinges upon whether or not we are believers in Jesus. What is it, then, to walk after the flesh? To be dead to all spiritual desires and spiritual feelings, and to be carnally-minded. But we bless and praise his name, and to him would we ascribe the glory, that we have known what it has been to enjoy his sacred Word, and have found it food and nourishment to our souls, although it is our daily cause of complaint that we are so carnal. "To be spiritually-minded is life and peace." Have you not felt it so? Therefore, if we have experienced that life and peace, what a chain of blessing follows! It is the Spirit's teaching and leading; then, if led by the Spirit of God, we are the sons of God; then, if a son, an heir; an heir of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ. And then, in the latter ten verses, how much there is to comfort those that are cast down! How often we need comforting, seeing we have so many enemies, and those chiefly of our own household, the heart being as it were a cage of unclean birds! Who can know it, but as God reveals it to him? Whatever union we may have experienced, I hope it was from the Lord; and if so, he declares there will be no separation. Nothing can ever separate us from Christ. Even our guilt, which is mountains high, will be drowned in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Yes, it was Christ that died, who is our only Hope in life and death. May it be our mercy and privilege to plead that blood before the throne of God's grace, that its blessed effects of peace and salvation may flow into our hearts. This is the prayer of

Yours unworthily,

GEO. KENT.

[Mr. Kent was well known to many of our readers. He was for a number of years a deacon of Mr. Shorter's.]

My dear Friend,—I shall not be in London at any of the times you name. I only go to the Aid Society meeting. Neither shall I be preaching in London again until December next, if spared; so that I cannot see how I can come in March at all. I would come from home, and pay the difference myself, but my time is so fully occupied at present that I cannot do even that.

Real religion begins by the communication of divine life to the soul; and the very moment eternal life enters the heart the whole salvation of God enters with it, to protect the soul thus born of God. And, indeed, eternal life never would have been given to any of the human race if salvation had not been fully accomplished personally for them in the mind of God before Christ came, and actually when he did come. Eternal life is as sovereign as election; and where eternal life can be traced, there is a true evidence of election; for the Lord said, "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." (Jno. xvii. 2.) Therefore life is a proof, for certainty, that all the rest of God's mercies will be dealt out to us as they are needed.

God has made a provision in every respect sufficient to sustain the natural life he has given to his creatures; and so he has for the new-born being that he brings into an eternal existence, to be an honour to his grace and loving-kindness. But what pleasure would food and water be to the creature, if hunger and thirst were not accompanied with the life given? How soon death would put an end to life! So, during the present existence of the life of God in the soul, if hungering and thirsting after righteousness did not accompany eternal life, there could not be that pleasure in it that there is.

The question, then, is, Are we alive to God? The answer is, Do we really "hunger and thirst after righteousness?" for such characters are blessed of God. (Matt. v. 6.) The Lord said to Peter, "Feed my sheep." Hence the work of the ministry is chiefly to feed the saints of God, and instrumentally to call sinners. (1 Cor. xiv. 22, 25.) The great complaint in our day is that there is so little real spiritual communion and conversation among the living family of God. But why? Is it not because there is so little hungering and thirsting after heavenly things? And are not God's people being led away with fleshly influences, which war against the soul, and deaden its spiritual desires, and almost take away its appetite for divine things? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," is not, as a general rule, closely followed now-a-days. O that God would return and have mercy upon us, and give us a good *longing desire* after the provision which he has prepared!

But, with regard to the life itself, if we have that, this promise will be fulfilled: "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.) A spiritual appetite can be satisfied with nothing less than

Christ and him crucified; and as every creature seeks its own proper food, so does the new creature seek after heavenly food. Thus, those who seek after divine things are born of God; and if born of him, he is their heavenly Father, and they are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. These are said to receive Christ; and as many as do receive him are really born again; for so it is written: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (Jno. i. 12, 13.) You see, believing and receiving are coupled together; but the power to become such truly-born children is the gift of God. That is, to enjoy the sonship. It is, literally, "the authority," as well as the power. We feel the need of God's authority to say we are his children. This authority is thus given: "We have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii. 15, 16.)

A living soul, then, will be sure to creep towards the table of its heavenly Father, even if it doubts its relationship to him, because it feels a desire after his food, and there is no such food elsewhere; and food it must have, and *his* food, too, and no one else's. Well, but suppose it cannot come as a *child*, then it will come as a *dog*; but come it must. One who came thus fared well. "But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." (Mark vii. 27, 28.) This was more than his blessed Majesty could stand. So that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Therefore, if you cannot go to him as a child, go as a dog. I know such advice will be treated with disdain by some, but not by the Master himself.

You say, "It is possible to go a long way in a profession, and to be wrong at last." True; but a mere profession has no mouth, nor any life; so that it neither feels nor eats. It is just what its possessor makes it; neither more nor less; and if he is able to make one to satisfy his own ideas, he is happy, very happy. He never has to beg, nor suffer hunger. These can go a long way indeed. They can go all the way, in their own estimation, as far as perfection in the flesh; but one flash from Mount Sinai will burn it all up. Perhaps you will say, I am sure I am not on the road that leads to perfection in the flesh; for I feel every day more imperfect. I get worse and worse; and what the end will be I know not. Why, the beginning is life, and the end is life also, to those who come unto the Lord Jesus. (Jno. vi. 37-40.)

The life of God in the soul is a life of faith, which wars with the natural unbelief within. And sometimes poor faith is hard put to it, even to believe that there is a God at all, let alone whether there is any real religion in the soul. It is a life of

prayer, which means a begging life, and is opposed to the pride of life in independence. Here is, at times, a sad conflict. It is a life of hope, and resists the spirit of despair and despondency. These struggle together in the valley of the shadow of death; and very often poor hope faints outright; but a little heavenly breeze soon revives it; and when it gets its breath, it cries out, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Mic. vii. 8.) But perhaps it is no sooner uttered than it is rolled over in utter confusion again, and the man thinks, Well, I may as well give up; I cannot live through this. But it just happens that true faith cannot die; so it has to wait; and it will wait, either patiently or impatiently, until Christ comes.

Yours in the Truth,

Red Hill, Feb. 10th, 1877.

J. HALTON.

My dear young Brother in the Lord Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I duly received yours; and in answer to it, first, I have to thank you and your kind friend, Mr. Ensley, a brother, as I suppose, in the faith of God's elect, and a brother ploughman 42 years ago, at which time I was a clodhopper, and whistled after the plough. But there, and at that time, March, 1806, the Lord stopped me. I believe the first impression I had was: O Lord, thought I, if I should die, what will become of my poor soul? This followed me all day, for days together: O Lord, if I should die, what will become of my poor soul? It was at the plough-tail the dear Lord showed me terrible things in righteousness; but all in love, although my case appeared most desperate, even to the giving up all hope of mercy. My cry was: "Lost, lost for ever!" Dreadful feelings, my brother. Also, I used to tell my poor brothers, now all in eternity, "I am sure to be damned, die when I may. I am sure of going to hell." They, poor creatures, used to laugh at me. My dear mother had thirteen of us boys and girls; and, strange to say, I am the only one remaining; like Job's messengers, I only am left to tell, but of something different from them,—to tell of God's mercy in pardoning my poor soul; tell of his healing balm to my wounded spirit. For I was wounded, as with the wound of an enemy; I felt my wound was incurable. Read Jeremiah xxx.; there you will read and see my dreadful experience. But it is few, comparatively, of the blood-bought family that go into such an ordeal of misery. It was, Jonah-like, "out of the belly of hell cried I unto the Lord." After twenty-five years of misery, carried away to Babylon, there shut up in prison, like Manasseh, yet I said, "I will look again. Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again toward thy holy temple," &c.

Now, dear brother, respecting your coming to see a poor worthless worm, crawling in and out of the earth, it so happens

that I shall be engaged part of three days this week; and Friday is one of them; therefore, should you and your friend feel disposed, and can make it convenient to come at Whitsuntide instead, I should be glad,—either Monday or Tuesday.

Wishing you and your friend every covenant blessing,

I am, yours truly,

Kingston, Surrey, April 17th, 1848.

ANDREW VINER.

Dear Friend and Brother in Jesus,—I have heard that you are still very ill, and not likely to recover soon, even if ever you do, which is in the Lord's hands. I hope that the Lord may stay your mind on him, and bless you, which I believe he will; for he will bless his people with peace, the peace of God.

What a mercy to be blessed of the Lord! What are all earthly things to the blessing of a knowledge of pardoning blood, to have Jesus as our Advocate with the Father; to have an interest in his blood and righteousness, in eternal and everlasting things? What hath the Lord done for his helpless people? He has saved them with an everlasting salvation; and he revealeth himself to them as he does not to the world, and blesseth them with a good hope through grace, which entereth into that within the veil,—a hope which is most sure and steadfast. The hope of Israel cannot perish.

Dear Friend, what a mercy to fear God, to be ever at any time humble before him! What a mercy that he blesseth the poor, the weak, and the helpless, and gives us to hope in his mercy! I feel I am weak and unworthy; but my mercy is that he is the same, and that where he begins a good work, he will carry it on till he has completed it. He has said, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." O! What glorious words! And what an eternal and everlasting blessing,—that he is the hope of his children, and that our safety, strength, righteousness, and redemption, and every blessing, are in our Elder Brother! When I see light in his light, it is sure to humble me: for his mercy is great and from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him. A sight of him doth his people good; for he is our All in all; and his Word declares that he will be their God, and that they shall be his people. May he bless us with confidence, and give you to rest in his mercies, even the sure mercies of David.

Well, friend, if we do not see each other in the body, what a mercy to have a hope of meeting in eternal glory, to sing praises to him that hath redeemed us to God by his own most precious blood! I am astonished at the mercy and goodness of God to one so unworthy as I am; for no one knows my foolishness but myself and he that made me. But his love and mercy are above our misery, and exceed all our unworthiness. Sometimes I do in heart love him, and wish to praise him more and more; but I soon too much forget myself and him. But he never forgets his people; and when I see and believe it, that does create love to

him. "We love him because he first loved us;" and sometimes he maketh us to love him and his whole church. His church is only complete in him; and when we have his love in our hearts, then we love the brethren in him, and can embrace the whole family that are redeemed and seeking him. O! What a mercy that God should shed his love abroad in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost, to give us union to him and to his family! "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

I hope he may bless you with a quiet resting on the fulness of Jesus, and guide you. He doubtless will do this all your journey through, and be with you in the shadow of death. Jesus has taken away the sting of death for all his people. What a mercy and a blessing! May you feel him precious. I conclude, wishing you every blessing from Jesus.

Yours in the best Bonds of Love,

Grittenham, Oct. 2nd, 1840.

JACOB BURCHELL.

[We had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Burchell, having stayed several times, when preaching at Clack, in his house. We always considered him a dear, sober-minded child of God, one of whom it might be truly said, "He feared the Lord greatly;" and proved it by walking uprightly in all good conscience before men.]

My dearly-beloved Friend,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I was really glad to hear from you. I thank my God that ever he should condescend to bless our poor imperfect scribbles to each other; and if anything in my letter, or epistle as you are pleased to call it, gives you any comfort or consolation, give God the glory; for I am a poor sinner. "Without me," says the Lord Jesus, "ye can do nothing." This I have long experienced to be true; for if he shutteth up a man, there can be no opening; and if he hideth his face, none can behold him. Besides, we carry about with us a body of sin, and I feel this old burden very heavy indeed. I think I am the vilest and basest of all God's children. "Ah," say you, "but you have obtained forgiveness by an application of the atoning blood of Christ to your heart." Be it so; but I can assure you, my brother, I cannot find my faith always in exercise. There are times with me when, being in darkness and under the hiding of God's face, my unbelief is so prevalent that I scrutinize the whole of God's work, whether I have experienced the reality of it or not. Such is my proneness to unbelief, till the Lord appears again. Sometimes under the rod I rebel and fret. The Lord reproves, conscience smites, the devil tempts and accuses, corruption begins to work and harass; and at those times the Lord seems to take no notice. We pray; but he gives us no answer. He seems to pay no regard to our prayers. We seek him; but he will not be found of us. "He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it," as Job says; and we sensibly feel his displeasure. When the cause is discovered, he humbles us,

and we are brought to implore his mercy, and confess it is in very faithfulness that he hath afflicted us. Though he visits our sins with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes; yet his loving-kindness he will not utterly take away, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail. No; blessed be his holy Name, as David says, "He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; but when he cried unto him, he heard."

O! My brother, what pains does our good and gracious God take with such unstable wretches! Sometimes in a comfortable frame, pride carries us away. Then, again, sometimes the yoke is upon our neck, and we write bitter things against ourselves. I have the same corrupt nature for my burden as you spoke of. Though it is a sore trial, we are told in the Word of God that he will make all things work together for our good. The apostle says, "Christ is All and in all." Then whatsoever good there is in us, he is the Author of it, and the Preserver of it; and by the powerful operation of the Holy Ghost, we enjoy it and the comforts of it. And the promise is: "I will give them a heart to know me; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God." Thus by his light we see deeper into that mystery of iniquity that is in us, and we feel sins sharper and keener in us. Then, we must remember that this is the warfare, and that there is no discharge in this war till death. If this war were to cease, we should only be nursing up ourselves, perhaps, with a false peace. I do really find that corruptions being in us, they will oppose every grace of God's Spirit; and this being the case with us, I humbly apprehend the reason is to keep us dependent upon the Lord Jesus Christ, for his strength to be made perfect in our weakness; that he may humble our pride, and destroy a legal spirit. Without him you and I can do nothing. The battle is the Lord's; therefore we must look to nothing but him, and leave him to do all for us. Thus we shall have nothing to boast of, and he will have all the praise and glory, "who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever." Remember, my brother, what the Lord Jesus Christ has promised is to be given freely, without any worth or worthiness in us, as creatures. We are told to plead his promises, take words with us, and come to the Lord. We may plead the freeness of his own promised gift of the Holy Spirit, that he should take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to us.

But I must conclude. May a good and gracious God ever give us a feeling sense of our own weakness, and keep us humble at his footstool. So prays

Your very affectionate but unworthy,

Oxford, March 19th, 1866.

T. Toms.

HE hath redeemed me with his blood, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Let not the proud calumniate me, if with the poor I desire to eat and be satisfied, and to praise the Lord.—*Augustine.*

“ IS THERE NOT A CAUSE ? ”

We had hoped, with the Lord's grace, to insert nothing of a merely personal nature in the pages of this magazine. We desire to know nothing amongst our readers but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Our first numbers, as editor, must have shown how ardently we desired to maintain, in conducting this periodical, truth and love. Our wish is, with a holy indifference to assaults upon ourselves, to aim only at lifting the Name of Jesus on high. That is the Name alone worthy of exaltation. If Jesus, the blessed Son of God, is exalted, what signifies our worthless reputation? But we cannot pass by without a word of brotherly notice and deprecation the language which has been used in certain periodicals in reference to, as we suppose, the conduct of ourselves as well as others towards the late Mr. Sears. We do this with reluctance; and we would not use knowingly a single expression unnecessarily wounding to others. We hope, though classed amongst the “self-sufficient men” by the editor of the “Gospel Magazine,” we have some little sense of our insufficiency, and some little tenderness of feeling; some degree of trembling conscience before God, and some anxiety to walk in love towards the brethren. Indeed, we will try and demonstrate this last by expressing towards the editor our sincere and affectionate sympathy with him in his late bereavement. O! We can feel for him; but are well pleased to hear that he has a good hope that his dear child is taken from earth to that heaven where he hopes eternally to rejoin her.

We pass on to make a few remarks upon what has appeared in the February numbers of the “Gospel Advocate,” and “Gospel Magazine,” &c. We really are quite unconscious of being influenced in our writings by unkindly feelings towards Mr. Sears. We certainly do not think that “mischief and spite” moved us in that matter. Time after time we have laid all our proceedings before the Lord. We have desired to submit to his just reproof if in anything we have acted wrongly. We have felt: “Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness.” Well; the Lord knows our motives; he is fully acquainted with the spirit in which we wrote and acted. There we must leave it. We have not shunned to bear what we considered a truthful testimony to the grace, ability, and usefulness of the late Mr. Sears. We did not, though with great unwillingness, refrain, when we felt persuaded it was necessary, from exposing what we thought was a deviation from the pure truth of God.

The editor of the “Gospel Advocate” will excuse us if we think he makes too light of a minister's stumbling; if a standard-bearer stumbles, an army may soon be put into confusion. We believed and still believe Mr. Sears's published opinions about justification contained error, and were likely to press heavily upon the tried and tempted of God's children. We must hold that the poor and needy, the hungerers and thirsters,

are already justified and blessed in God's sight, and according to God's Word; though not yet possessed of the joys of salvation, so as to be called "trees of righteousness." (Isa. lxi.) The editor of the "Gospel Advocate" himself allows that in other respects there was a wandering from truth, a stumbling upon the dark mountains of duty-faith. Now, are not such things to be noticed? And may not the over-severe faithfulness of some, if it even was over-severe, have been safer for Mr. Sears and better for others than the entire want of faithfulness as to reproof in others?

We confess to have hardly been able to repress the risings of *intense indignation* when we read the charge of being a kind of accessories to the death of Mr. Sears. Such things should never have been uttered, much less published. Are we not to vindicate truth because the effect may be physically injurious to the men who deviate from it? We would not offend, but must here use a similitude. Are the shopman and the police to blame and to be charged with manslaughter because, when counterfeit coin is detected, the utterer of it is, perhaps, physically injured by the exposure? The question here is: Was there a deviation from the pure truth? If there was, it was right to warn our friends of it. Our hearts, our motives, are alone intimately known by the great heart-Searcher. We have sometimes felt a temptation to challenge Mr. Sears's friends to publish the whole of the correspondence between him and the present responsible editor of this magazine. We have also, at times, been on the eve of publishing our own part in the matter. But we have done neither; for we thought, Will it glorify the dear Lord Jesus? Will it profit his dear people? No! These contentions amongst brethren grieve his Spirit, we fear; and they grieve our own hearts. Well, then, let reputation, as well as other things, but not truth, go, so as God's church may not be injured, or Christ's Name dishonoured.

We write these lines in no unkindly spirit to our brother editors. We hope we bear them no ill-will. We would love them in the Lord, and rejoice in their success in all good things; but we will ask them, Have they not done the very thing they have condemned? Have they not written upon very partial and imperfect information as to facts? Have they not poured out streams of rather bitter waters upon the heads of those who, perhaps, have as tender loving hearts as they themselves possess, and who, at any rate, if they have erred, have done it in a real zeal for the pure truth of God, upon which all their hope for life, death, and eternity is founded?—Ed.

THE elect will never perfectly resemble each other until they resemble Christ in glory.—*Toplady.*

"O WRETCHED man that I am" is a better evidence of grace and holiness than "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."—*Dr. Owen.*

“GRACE OR WORKS.”

“And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace; otherwise work is no more work.”—Rom. xi. 6.

A Reply to F. T. C.'s Request and Inquiry.

WE wish to answer your letter according to the friendly and sincere spirit in which, we believe, it was written. We do not think it would be desirable for us to review the sermon of Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. S. does not interfere with us; we do not want unnecessarily to write against him or any other man. When any one begins to preach or propagate views with which we disagree amongst our friends, we feel bound, in a kind and Christian spirit, to warn the latter. We do not wish, like Ishmael, to have our hand unnecessarily against every man. But though we cannot review the sermon, we think it not improper to say a few words upon the points noticed in your letter, and to show you why we cannot agree with the author, and also why we think the views enunciated by the late Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, not quite correct. With all kindness, and, we hope, humility, we will explain to you why and wherein we differ.

But let us begin with a little discriminating work. If we consider God's Word, we believe it will be found that God speaks to the sons of men in two ways, totally distinct one from the other, though associated together. The one is the Law; the other the Gospel. The law is for all men, as men; the gospel is not so. Now, in which of these does God call upon men to repent? Not in the law; for that knows nothing of repentance. Its language is: “Do this and live.” If it admitted the idea of repentance, it would at once mar, to borrow the words of the near kinsman in Ruth, its own inheritance. It affords no place for repentance. It condemns irreversibly the transgressor: “Dying thou shalt die.” But it is in the law that God speaks to man, as in Adam. Well, then, in what does he say, Repent? The gospel. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ is this sweet voice, Repent. But now, to whom does it address itself? To every man? Thousands never hear even the letter of it. To all who do hear that letter? No! John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, and saying, Repent ye. That is, as we understand it, a figure of what is really the case. First comes the law, and beats the man down in himself; so that, with Adam, when arrested in Eden, he lies bleeding at the foot of God. Then comes the gospel and lifts him up, saying, not merely in words, but in power, Repent ye. As in Isa. xl., it sighs, as a heavenly wind, over the wilderness of the sensibly lost: “All flesh is grass;” recognizes the deep and dreadful misery; then points to the sweet and sovereign remedy, and reveals it: “Behold *your* God.”

The law, mind, is the letter, and can but condemn and kill; it knows nothing of repentance, pardon, or heaven. The gospel is not the letter, but the spirit; it gives what it commands; it raises up the lost; it preaches a real deliverance to the captives;

it throws open the prison doors. It cries, "Lazarus, come forth;" and brings him out of the grave.

Now, keep these two totally different things distinct, yet associate them; warn the wicked; tell him what the law says, and what the gospel voice of grace is to those who fall beneath the bruising rod of Moses. Then, if God applies his law of death and his gospel of liberty, the man shall fall down guilty before God, be cast into the legal dungeon, and brought forth by freest grace.

"The prisoner then goes forth;
The lame man leaps for joy;
He feels the Saviour's worth,
And lifts his name on high.
On Jesu's head the crown he'll place,
A sinner saved by sov'reign grace."

Having thus distinguished between law and gospel, we may say that we perfectly agree with the view of Mr. Parks and others, and which we think may be briefly embodied in the following form: That because man through sin has lost his power of obeying, God has not therefore lost his right to his obedience, or his power of commanding. But, then, we are afraid that underneath this aphorism may lie hid some fallacy; and the illustrations Mr. Parks gives, taken from a drunken servant and mutilated soldier, may help us in the detection of it. There is no question about God's right to command; this is indisputable. The question is, Will God have dealings with sinners now as if they were still in a condition to serve and please him, and not declared by his own Word to be utterly lost and provedly guilty and ruined? The drunken servant may be dismissed out of the house; the mutilated soldier drummed out of the regiment, or, if insubordinate, shot. Well, then, we fully allow God's right, but we want to see how he really approaches those who already have sunk into a state of utter and, as to themselves, hopeless, irreversible condemnation.

In considering this point, we shall not be wrong in making one assertion, at any rate. The law of God, which in substance was embodied in the Ten Commandments, given formally to the Israelites on Mount Sinai, has never by God been abrogated or altered, as to one jot or tittle of it, as to precept, promise, threatening, so far as the posterity of Adam, considered merely as his posterity, goes. This our Lord most distinctly affirms in Matt. v. Moses's eye, in his one hundred and twentieth year, was as bright as ever, and his strength undiminished. So with God's law, under which we were all created in Adam. Its natural force is not one whit abated by man's six thousand years of sinning against it. It lays hold of every man as he comes into the world; he lives under it, and dies under it, and remains under it to all eternity, unless he has had a just and proper deliverance from it in the finished work of Christ. It always declares the righteous judgments of God.

But, then, in what sense can we say man is under it, as any longer to him a law according to which he can please God and live? Why, in the eye of the law, he is already a condemned felon, a virtually dead man. Does, then, God approach this legally dead man in the law as if he would have any dealings but those of wrath and condemnation with him, according to its tenor of "Do this and live?" Impossible. The law has but one voice for sinners: "Dying thou shalt die." Here, then, we have a servant drunk with a vengeance, a soldier mutilated to purpose. It is not here a question of God's right, but God's will. So, then, if God deals with a man according to the law of works, it must be as a sinner to punish him. And this the children of God feel when the law arrests them in their consciences, and they find it has but one voice for the rebel: "Thou must die."

We think, then, the saying about God's right to command, however correct in itself, wants some care in its application, lest an error spring up out of it. But here we would make a further remark or two by the way. We fully believe, then, that the law always shows and is the standing rule of whatever was and is good and upright in man, as created in Adam, and never sanctions or winks at the contrary. What is opposed, in heart, lip, or life, to that law is always sin, always deserves wrath, always displeases and offends God. (Rom. i. 18.) We believe, too, that God, in Old Testament times, had dealings with the children of Israel of a special and peculiar nature; as the psalmist writes: "He hath not dealt so with any nation." According to those dealings, life in the land and many temporal advantages were connected with their personal and national observance of his statutes. Moreover, we believe that in his moral and providential government of the world, the Lord may and does vindicate, from time to time, the majesty of his law by displaying his displeasure against the breakers of it in various outward and more outrageous ways. So it was at Noah's flood, upon that wicked and monstrous generation; so it was as to Sodom and Gomorrah; so it was with the favoured yet apostatizing people of Israel; so it may still be; so it probably will be soon upon apostate Christendom. But this is very different to God coming to men already under legal sentence of death, and having dealings with them in a covenant of works, and attaching to his commands promises of blessing and escape from death.

We will add here that there is a form of general addresses, which we most thoroughly approve of. Let ministers denounce men's sins as much as they can; let them lift up their voice as a trumpet against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men; let them tell their hearers that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God; that drunkards, impure persons, and Sabbath breakers, and covetous worldlings, with all that forget God and live in sin, shall assuredly be turned into hell. Let them warn, too, the self-righteous that their garments, woven out of their own bowels, are but as a spider's web to cover them; the

dead doctrinarians that no dry doctrines will suffice; and those who have an imaginary strength of their own, and a fancied wisdom, that all such things will fail when the heavens and the earth do shake. Let them thus cry out against all sin and false religion, and announce that the curse of God's law takes hold of every man on account of the sin of Adam as he comes into the world, and remains upon him unless truly found in Jesus. Let them, too, counsel men to attend and not neglect the means of grace and preaching of God's Word, like those who in the parable were bidden to the supper. Let them point out the wickedness, folly, and madness of men's ways in continuing in sins of drunkenness, Sabbath breaking, and other vices; in neglecting, despising, and persecuting the Word of God; in putting far from them the thoughts of death; in unconcernedness about their states, and trifling with eternity. (Rom. ii. 5.) This is all safe and proper work; and when men have well drunk, then let them broach for them the old wine of the kingdom. We mean, when they fall under the sentence of death in the law, then they are in the place for the enjoyment of the blessings of the gospel.

But O! How different all this is to the duty-faith and duty-repentance system, to a conditional salvation, and an exhorting all men to savingly repent and believe! There is a liberty in addressing men within the bounds of truth, and in harmony with the Word of God, which we would never write against. To warn the wicked of the inevitable consequences of sin, and to set forth the infinite riches and sweetness of Christ, to men who own God's judgments in the law, and have their mouths stopped and their heads in the dust before him; this is right. Whereas the other mode of general exhortation is most erroneous.

But now, to return from our digression. Let us see what is the use that is made of this idea, which Mr. P. propounds,—of God's retaining his right to command, which, as we have said, is in itself unobjectionable. The inference drawn is: Therefore, God may properly approach all men, though utterly incapacitated through sin from obeying him, and command them to repent and believe. And ministers ought to tell men generally that God does thus command them. This appears to have been Mr. P.'s view. Mr. Spurgeon goes a little farther than Mr. P., and would himself, we suppose, exhort them in God's Name. We do not wish to misinterpret any man's words; but this is what we gather from the passage marked. But here comes in the saddest confounding of things which differ. We have already seen how law and gospel addresses differ. For argument's sake, let us grant for a moment that God does approach men now in a broken law, with commands according to it, and promises and penalties of an eternal kind as sanctions; though, mind, this appears to us an absurdity to imagine. Well, it must surely be allowed that still these commands must be legal ones, and the promises and penalties legal ones likewise. Then the repentance and faith commanded and required can but be legal

things, after all; and let them be supposed to do their best to pull the poor creature out of the depths into which he has fallen, they can but land him upon earth, or even to the most adventurous imagination, pull him back into Adam's paradise. But this at the utmost is not gospel repentance, gospel faith, eternal life, Christ's heaven, Christ's paradise.

But, perhaps, it will be said by some, "We don't mean legal repentance and legal faith; but the true gospel and properly-saving repentance, saving faith," &c. But, stop a moment; where are we getting? With all reverence, we venture to suggest that it would not really become (Heb. ii. 10) the Majesty of heaven to command his creature man, as such, to do something that he never at first created him in a capacity for doing, that he might obtain something he never was by creation fitted for the enjoyment of. That which was first was natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man was a noble creature; the Second Adam is the Lord from heaven. Let the first Adam adorn a paradise on earth; but this is very different to the paradise of God.

Here, then, we think, is one grand oversight in those who, upon the ground of God's right to command, would exhort all men to savingly repent and believe. There is a confounding of the things which differ; new wine is put into old bottles; things are not kept in a divine and Scriptural harmony. In the new creation, where alone true belief and true repentance are to be found, God says, "Behold, I make all things new." Here, as Paul says, "All things are become new, and all things of God." Jerusalem is four-square, as a city which is compact together, in harmony with itself.

But it may possibly be said, "We do not exhort all men to believe and repent upon the ground of God's original right to their allegiance, or their original power of obedience, but upon the ground of God's ability to do what he commands, and give what he calls upon men for." Well, we are glad that law and gospel are now beginning to be dissociated. A little less confusion thus comes in. But, let us see. God, of course, only gives repentance and faith and eternal life to the elect. Certainly, then, these are all that God calls upon to possess these graces, and inherit these blessings. Well, then, here we have no room for universal exhortations. And as for the elect, until God reveals them, we neither know who they are or when God will give them his graces; therefore, our addresses may be sadly misplaced or mistimed. We may command the wrong persons, or the right ones at a wrong time; for with God there is a time for every purpose and every work. But we are, it may be said, to tell all to repent and believe, and leave the result with God. But upon what footing? Some never by creation had the capability to perform spiritual acts, such as these are; some God never intends to give this capability unto; some he has not redeemed and has nothing of an eternal saving nature for. Are we to call on all these to do what they never possibly can or could do, upon the

ground of God's ability to do for them what he never intends, and with the hope of obtaining what they cannot possibly inherit or enjoy? This we cannot believe.

The conclusion is, then, that all the race of Adam are utterly lost under the law, which retains all its force, but it is now, alas! a force to condemn and execute judgment upon them. This law knows nothing of repentance unto life, and the restoration of the favour of God. This law is for man, as he is in Adam; and is as far distant from the gospel as earth from heaven. It cannot call upon men to repent and believe, that they may be restored to favour and eternally live. The gospel is for the family of God. It calls for faith and repentance, and gives them likewise. It holds out eternal life, pardon, and peace through redemption and eternal glory. To command or exhort men to savingly repent and believe, whilst leaving them destitute of both, is neither law nor gospel. It is not law, for the law says nothing of the kind; but its voice to sinners is a sentence of unalterable condemnation. And it is not gospel; for the gospel gives what it commands, being a law of life, not of death; of liberty, not bondage; of no condemnation, not a double damnation; of the Spirit, not of the letter; of the glory of God, as a God of infinite truth, purity, sweetness, and love, and not of one who torments and mocks with mere fruitless offers the miserable sons of fallen Adam.

Universal exhortations to repent and believe are, then, in our judgment, neither one thing nor the other, but a lowering of the law, and a darkening of the gospel. They lead inevitably to universal redemption, to an indefinite or universal atonement. They blind the sons of Adam, and distress the sons of God. They open the kingdom of heaven to the flesh, and shut it to the spirit. Thus they counteract, as much as possible, the true work of God, who, by his just, holy, and unalterable law, with all its sternness and severity in the hand of the Spirit, beats down proud nature into the dust of death, that God may then visit with his sweetness in Jesus, and lift up the beggar from the dunghill, and make him, in a new creation, inherit the throne of glory.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

Dear Nephew,—We received your warm-hearted letter, also the books you sent; for which we feel very much indebted to you. We also wish to inform you that the account of Jane Walker's painful, yet profitable and blessed, experience is good, and a faithful testimony of the truths of the gospel. Its account reflected my unbelief, hardness of heart, distance from God, and lack of godliness, so that I felt out of the secret, and in danger of deception, and whether I should not prove wrong at last. How weighty and solemn a matter it is for one's own soul to be in suspense about! How necessary it is to have it cleared up! This the Lord only can do. I knew the way to obtain it was to

ask for it; but when I attempted to pray, it did not seem like prayer; and I felt as though I could not expect any answer to such a dead-hearted prayer. It increased my load. I thought, If I should be like this when I come to die, and the Lord does not appear for me, how certainly I must sink for ever! But something came to my mind again about the righteousness of Christ, which caused confidence to spring up in it; so that I saw that I could be made the righteousness of God in Him, justified from all things, no matter how many or how great they might be, which were against me. And I said to the Lord,

“I cannot hope but in thy blood;
Remember me, O Lord, for good.”

The Scripture speaks of being justified by his blood, as well as by his righteousness. Both bespeak the sinner's acquittal, deliverance, enlargement, and freedom. But the glorious righteousness of Christ, imputed to a guilty sinner, exalts him to the eternal glory of God; so that he is without blame, without fault, before the throne of God for ever.

I thought, Do I love the holiness of heaven? And I remembered the washing, the cleansing, the deliverance my soul enjoyed when God showed himself gracious and merciful to all my unrighteousness, and when I felt I really loved to be clean. I wish I was so now. I also thought I should like to be so for ever. I asked myself this question: Can I part with all the pleasures of sin? And I saw and felt what fast hold sin had got of me, and how oft I was involved; that there was something in me that was wanting to sin, ready for every evil, and that I had really acted under its influence. But though the flesh loved sin, I felt I could freely part with it for ever,—all and every darling sin, even if there were no punishment hereafter.

Let me be clean, let me be holy for ever; but I feel I must suffer from sin, whilst I am in this world; and this causes us to wish to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

It sometimes comforts me to remember that mercy is one of the infinite perfections of Jehovah. *That* can never be exhausted, however it may be tried; and it comes flowing down to miserable sinners through the all-sufficient atonement of our suffering Saviour.

You speak of having the view of the holy, holy, holy Lord God, and shrinking from him. I think that is what the Lord meant by knowing the only true God. (Jno. xvii. 3.) We feel our knowledge of Jesus Christ, whom the Father hath sent, to be so deficient that we rather quake and tremble, and keep our distance. But eternal life is wrapped up in the experimental knowledge of both the Eternal God and his Son Jesus Christ. I feel afraid, at times, that I do not know enough of Christ Jesus to be saving. I have had a greater sight of God in his holiness than of Christ Jesus, whom he hath sent. I feel to be a mere babe in the knowledge of Christ Jesus. Once I had him discovered to me, after suffering for months under some scriptures

that imprisoned me and cut me off. One was: "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." It occurred as I was journeying. The first scripture that came to deliver was: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself." It opened to me thus: Here is God and Christ; God here must be God the Father. So I see the Father in him. Then another scripture says: "The Father which is with me, he doeth the works;" confirming that the Father was in him. Also he received the Spirit without measure; that must be God the Spirit in him. Then the Son himself took our nature upon him. So I saw Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—the whole Trinity in him. Then the words came: "God manifest in the flesh." It was so solemn and so sweet that I threw my hands up into the air, and exclaimed, "Thou art the true Almighty God." Then I saw that all his thoughts were the thoughts of God, his words the words of God, and his doings the doings of God; his life, his death, his resurrection, his ascension, his merit, his intercession, it was all God's, all infinite; and all my sins were but a trifle to his redemption, &c.

Accept of our love. Thanks for the valuable books.

Your Well-wishing Uncle,

HENRY MILLS.

Strongsville, Ohio, N. America, Oct. 14th, 1877.

REVIEW.

Grace and Peace. The substance of two Sermons by Mr. Bradford, preached at the Baptist Chapel, South Street, Grove Road, Eastbourne, Lord's day, Oct. 7th, 1877.—Eastbourne: H. Holloway, South Street.

WHAT hosts of sermons are published in the present day! And what a host there is among them of which it might truly be said, What a pity it is that they should ever have seen the light! Again, what a marked difference there often is in point of merit, and in respect of doctrine and experience, between one sermon and another. In looking over the many printed sermons which in the course of years have fallen into our hands, we have often been struck with the singular way in which thought and doctrine, sentiment and opinion, have clashed and coalesced, as between different preachers and the sermons they have published.

Were we to adopt the practice of writing on the cover of every sermon we read, some single word which would best express our opinion of its worth, we should no doubt have to brand a good many with the word "*heretical*;" on some we should have to write the word "*bad*;" on some the word "*good*;" on some the word "*tolerable*;" and not a few, we fear, would have to be stamped with the word "*mystical*." Heretical sermons are bad altogether; too bad, as we think, to be worth any public notice whatever. Some which are good, as containing nothing but the truth of the gospel, are, notwithstanding, often open to a little Christian criti-

cism, through other defects which present themselves to the reader's mind. Some real gospel sermons are commendable for their divisional arrangement, but faulty for the poor way in which the separate divisions are worked out. Others are excellent in matter, but far from being excellent expositions of the text from which they are preached. It must be very tantalizing to such gracious hearers of the gospel as can not only appreciate, but cannot be satisfied with anything less than, a right exposition of the Word, to sit and listen to sermon after sermon, in which, however good in other respects, there is no more proper opening up of the particular portions selected as texts than if such portions had no meaning in them, and were never intended to be explained. We have no wish to write too sharply about any little matter; but we cannot forbear giving expression to what our conviction has often been, which is, that some would be more consistent with their own way of preaching if they were more frequently to take no text at all, but were simply to preach such things from the Word, and from their own experience, as they might feel laid upon their minds at the time; and in preaching which they might be more free and at home without a text than with one. Such a textless way of preaching as this would, moreover, be in all probability a greater relief to the minds of some spiritual hearers than otherwise. Such persons as are always a little vexed when the text itself is not unfolded, no matter how well they may hear in other respects, would perhaps be the better pleased.

After these few critical remarks upon some sermons of popular and other preachers, but more particularly out of our connexion, and after a few kindly-meant remarks in reference to the preaching of any good men who may not be over-textual in their ministry, we have now to give an opinion of the sermon under review, as preached by a Christian friend and fellow-labourer in the gospel at Eastbourne.

The sermon, then, is a plain, simple, truthful, experimental one, and we can say that we quite enjoyed the reading of it. It, moreover, escapes all criticism in reference to the working out of any methodical division, by dispensing with such method altogether; and it as modestly avoids meddling with such profound prophetic mysteries as those contained in the book of "The Revelation," out of which the text is taken. Neither is there anything advanced from the text but what it will justly allow without any straining.

The every-day experience of a child of God, and this, backed up with sound doctrine, is the main current that flows through all its pages, and for this reason alone we have no doubt that the sermon will find a welcome in a more extended circle of Christian friends than the little gathering who heard it preached.

Without finding fault with anything, yet one little inaccuracy will bear rectifying. The word "Revelation," as it stands at the head of the sermon, is in the plural, and is called "Revelations," which implies more revelations than one; whereas in the Bible

it stands in the singular, and is called "Revelation." Neither is it correct to follow the heading, or title, which either our translators or others have given to the book, and to call it "The Revelation of St. John," because it is not the Revelation of John at all, but is emphatically "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," and which he sent and signified "by his angel unto his servant John." Little inaccuracies in quoting Scripture may sometimes affect great truths more than we are aware of. Just as the inaccurate way in which it is so common to hear Jno. i. 18 quoted may affect the great truth of the Indivisibility of the Godhead. The passage reads: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." But how frequently, when reference is made to the mission of Christ in coming into the world to save sinners, is it the case that Christ is said to have *left* the Father's bosom, or that he came *from* the bosom of the Father. But the passage referred to does not say so; but it states the very opposite. It shows, in the most solemn and blessed way, to our mind, that when Christ was in the world, when he was down here as Jehovah's Servant, and as the Mediator, yet as the ineffably blessed Son of the Father, he was at that very time, and during all that time, *in* the Father's bosom. So that the Indivisibility of the Divine Essence was in no way affected by One of the glorious Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity in Unity assuming human nature, and sojourning, as the Man of sorrows, in this world of woe. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" and yet, as the Only-begotten of the Father, he had not to come out of, or away from, the bosom of the Father, in order to dwell among us, but was *all the time* in the bosom of the Father.

Our judgment may be correct enough, with regard to a truth, whilst our expressions, unconsciously so to ourselves, may clash with the truth our judgment agrees with; and for this reason it is better, when we are enabled, so far to guard our way of speaking of any divine truth that it may in no way suffer by the way we speak of it.

The following extract from the sermon under notice, and which is taken from the beginning of the sermon, contains an observation which we shall be too glad if it has its proper effect on the minds of the "some people" for whom it was intended:

"We see in the words of the text what sort of a man the apostle John was. He had great grace in his own soul, and he wanted to see the churches really prospering. This is not the case with some people; they want to see churches torn asunder, and broken to pieces. See what a difference there is between John and such people."

Mr. Huntington says that some Christians are like sea-gulls,—they are the busiest in a storm. We fear such persons were not all confined to Mr. Huntington's day, but that there is a sprinkling of such now, some of whom are members of churches; and, according to Mr. Huntington's description, they are sure to be the more active, and to show the greater zeal, when a storm is blow-

ing over the church. Perhaps, when the atmosphere of the church is calm and peaceful; when worship goes on with an acceptable pleasantness; when the sheep and lambs of the fold are huddled together a little more in the unity of the Spirit; the "sea-gulls" will hardly be seen at a prayer-meeting, or an unimportant church meeting, for three months together; and, perhaps, only just once and again at the week evening service for preaching. But no sooner is there a little stir in the atmosphere of the church, a little unpleasant commotion among the members, a something to necessitate the church being called together several times in quick succession, than they are sure to make their appearance. Their zeal and activity will be as apparent at such times, as their lack of zeal and activity are manifest under other circumstances.

We have no wish to write bitterly towards any persons; but we dare not express a milder wish for the "some people," who not only "want to see churches torn asunder and broken to pieces," but are often too forward to put their own hands to the work, than that the observation in the sermon to which we have called attention may strike hard, and do a deal of good.

Our readers need not be afraid, because the sermon opens with a sharply-reproving remark upon the doings of some, that the sermon runs on too much in that strain. So far from this, the sermon, as we have before stated, sends forth quite an opposite stream of thought, and just such a stream as will, no doubt, prove acceptable to those who appreciate simple experimental preaching. Our own heart was sad enough with domestic grief, and our mind enough depressed with other trials, to make our friend's sermon very suitable to our own spiritual condition, at the time the sermon fell into our hands. We could follow our brother with pleasure and comfort from page to page, and especially in such parts as the following:

"Sometimes we feel so little of grace, it seems like a spark on a raging ocean; yet its being kept alive shows the wisdom, power, and mercy of God, and also proves his faithfulness, and shows that he rests in his love. The grace of God is exceedingly rich and free to the vilest sinners; if it had not been so, it would not have dropped into my heart, and I should always be without the soft feeling grace creates. But I am not always without it; though sometimes I have to go mourning without the sun. We are too dark to see, too dead to feel, without the Lord's light and life. Thus all our springs are in him. His teaching will make a man uncrown himself, and crown the ever-blessed head of Jesus Christ. We have reason to bless God for trying dispensations, as well as for comforting ones. He is pleased to send them, because he can see farther than you. You can only see where you are. He knows what strength you will need, and how to fortify you. He strengthens your mind by those very things that seem to pull you to pieces. I am sure he does."

Again, farther on in the sermon:

"When he first appeared in his public ministry, what excitement! How people went after him! But not for long. There may be a time of excitement now, with many people, but it leaves a man where

it found him. What the children of God desire is communion with Christ. The souls of God's children grow exceedingly lean if they get no communion with God in prayer. If, when you go to seek him in secret, you cannot find him, your heart is heavy; but if when alone you are enabled to draw near in the full assurance of faith, it is most softening and satisfying. I do not know anything so strengthening and encouraging as communion with the Lord; this will keep his people comfortably on their feet. Whenever the Lord gives something fresh to his people in this way, it revives his work in their souls, it gives fresh life to the Holy Spirit's graces within. Jesus Christ is a faithful and true Witness, he delivers souls in his own time and way, and by what means he will. You may choose *this way*, God *that*. He shall choose our inheritance for us. You may want the Lord to work by some particular way; and he may not work in that way for a time. He works like a God. He spoils the pride of all fleshly glory. That is what he does in the salvation of his people. Therefore, if Christ be compared to a way, not one footstep of that way must be of human devising, or be trodden by our skill. No! All must be ordered by him who is perfect in knowledge. Faith is "the gift of God;" "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." If the Lord has brought you into sweet and holy and secret freedom of soul, you have felt spoiled for the world, and, perhaps, unfit for all worldly things, your mind being so taken up with Christ."

We trust we can say as much about communion with the Lord, from an experience of its blessedness. Nothing is more confirming to our faith; and nothing keeps us, amidst the billows of tribulation, so firmly on our feet, as does a little real felt fellowship with the Lord in his sufferings. If our activity in religion be most in this direction, we shall be too thankful to be kept dull, inactive, and stupid in a work of strife and disunion.

With this recommendation of friend Bradford's sermon, and which we hope will tend to increase rather than diminish its sale, we close our remarks.

Obituary.

JOHN GILES.—On April 24th, 1877, aged 64, John Giles, of Gaunt House, Standlake, near Witney, and member of the church at Abingdon.

In 1868 he was led in the providence of God to attend the above place of worship. The first minister he heard there was the late Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, and was very much favoured in hearing. The text was Isa. xli. 14: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob." It was to him a time of soul refreshing. About four months after, his beloved wife, who also had been made a partaker of grace, was constrained to go with him; and on Lord's day, July 25th, 1869, they were both received as members of the church. He ever manifested a very deep concern for the welfare of Zion, and by the grace of God continued a consistent, humble, and useful member to the close of his life.

The first time I was favoured to see him was on Lord's day, June 30th, 1872, when supplying at the Abbey chapel; and from our first interview to the day of his death we held unbroken fellowship. He was oftentimes very deeply tried respecting his eternal state. When on a visit to his house, I have heard him expressing the deep anguish of

his soul, fearing that there was nothing but eternal condemnation before him. But the Lord was pleased to favour him very much, at times, under the ministry of the word; at which times his heart was enlarged with the testimony of the Holy Spirit, revealing Jesus Christ to him as all his Salvation, Rock, Refuge, Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

The following is from his own pen, and gives an account of his call by grace: "At the age of 14 I was the subject of religious impressions. I was at that time at school at Oxford. My tutor had a chapel of his own, where I, with the rest, attended. In the summer months, he used to take a house at Heddington, for the benefit of the country air, whither on a Lord's day evening, after the service, he occasionally took a couple of the boys to sleep, returning on the Monday morning in time for school. At the time before referred to it came to my turn. As we were walking along (I can see the very spot now in my mind's eye), he took me by the arm, and repeated the passage: 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.' (2 Cor. vi. 17.) This I did not forget for some time; but at length it wore off, as I believe everything will, until, as the poet says, the time arrives,

"Not to propose, but call by grace."

"After this, I went on about as usual; for although, through God's preventing mercy, I never was suffered to run into those depths of sins that many do, I have been led to see since that it was not through want of a disposition; for I had a heart as full of evil as it was possible to hold. As Paul says, 'There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' Therefore I have nothing to boast of, or glory in before God; but everything to be ashamed of, and humbled for before him, and my mouth stopped.

"When I was about the age of 16 or 17, we had what I considered then a 'pious' man as cowman upon the farm, who used to be continually singing hymns, and appeared to be very happy; also he used to talk to me on the subject of religion, and wished me to be happy too; and I thought in my way I would try. I therefore attended a place of worship with him, and was very zealous in the prosecution of various religious duties. At this time, I had some knowledge of my sinnership, and some qualms of conscience; but thought by reformation, good living, and a strict attention to the means of grace, all would be right. About this time, the clergyman of the parish wished my parents to send me to him for instruction preparatory to confirmation. I remember attending, I think, about twice, with another about my own age. But, alas! It was the blind leading the blind; for I am sure he fell into the ditch, and if I had not been taught better, I should have followed him.

"But there was something better in store for me, though not then. The Lord's time was not yet come. Just at this time, the Lord laid his hand very heavily upon me, and brought me down upon a bed of affliction. I think, to the best of my recollection, I was kept in the furnace for 13 weeks, and my life was despaired of. I felt I was not prepared to die. My true state as a sinner began to be opened up unto me. I knew not what to do. Fear and trembling seized hold upon me. I cried for mercy, but could not see how mercy could come to me; for I had not found out as yet the channel through which mercy could flow to a poor sinner. It pleased the Lord to raise me up from that bed of affliction. I now became anxious to know what I must do to be saved, and I began to set about it in good earnest, doing all I could, attending church very punctually, reading my Bible and all the good books I could get. At length, my mother wished me to go with

her to the 'sacrament;' for my parents were brought up and instructed in the principles of the Established Church. I shall never forget the occasion. If ever trembling and fearfulness took hold of a poor soul, it was mine as I knelt before the communion rails. I shook from head to foot. My sins seemed to be all brought to remembrance; and now to all the rest I had added the abominable sin of hypocrisy, and was eating and drinking damnation to myself. My hand so trembled I could scarcely hold the cup or the bread.

"From this time the fountain of the great deep of my soul was broken up. I felt my awful state as a condemned sinner before God, and nothing but wrath and damnation seemed before me. I knew not what to do, or whither to go for help. Such a sense of guilt laid hold upon me, and of the justice of God in punishing it, that I was almost afraid to move, and often looked round and thought the devil must be at my elbow, to take me away body and soul together. At other times, when working in the garden, and thinking of my dreadful state and condition, I have thought the earth would open and swallow me up, and I have thrown down the tool that I had in my hand, and hastened indoors.

"I was in this wretched state for some months, without one ray of light shining upon my dark, wretched, confused and guilty soul. At length, I heard by some means, which I cannot now remember, that there were some people called Baptists, who worshipped in an old cottage; and I thought I would go and hear what the preacher had to say. I felt I wanted pardon, but how or where to get it I knew not. I attended, and thought the preaching was different from what I had ever heard before. He spoke of the Saviour Jesus, as coming to seek and save lost sinners; of his shedding his blood on the cross, as the ransom-price for our pardon; also of the work of the Holy Spirit in convincing, renewing, and sanctifying the soul. It was indeed all new to me. Now light began to dawn upon my soul. I felt my need of that Saviour whom I had heard preached, and longed to call him mine. Still the load was not removed from my conscience, but I was as one emerging out of the deepest darkness. The Holy Spirit had done his first work to convince of sin, and the law had worked terror and wrath in my conscience, and some secret springing of love to the dear Saviour had taken place. Still it was not made plain to my soul how God could forgive the sinner and yet be a just God. One evening, a stranger came to preach in the cottage, and he took for his text Ps. xlix. 7, 8: 'None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him; for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.' I believe God made use of this blessed portion of his Word to show to me the whole scheme of redemption; how it was effected, by whom it was effected, and for whom; and, best of all, that guilty, hell-deserving, unworthy me was included in the number. The blessed Spirit sweetly applying the words to my soul, peace flowed in; the angry billows were hushed; and Jesus said, 'Peace, be still;' and there was a great calm.

"I think it was about this time I heard that dear man of God, Mr. Shorter, from these words: 'And they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, What shall we do?' &c. This was, I believe, a time of the Spirit's power, and a great help to me.

"Having now been led by the teaching of the blessed Spirit to know and feel something of the preciousness of Jesus, and God's way of salvation, I was anxious to follow him as one of his found sheep. In reading the New Testament, I saw that they who believed were baptized, and added to the church. A desire sprang up in my soul to follow Jesus in that blessed ordinance; and in April, 1833, I was baptized and joined

the church meeting together at Coate, Oxfordshire, where I continued until I was constrained in the providence of my God to go to Abingdon."

I saw him a few days before his death, when he was so filled with the goodness and loving-kindness of his God, and the Holy Spirit so sweetly testified of Jesus Christ and his eternal union with him, that he said, "I have not a care. I am in the Lord's hand for life or for death."

I now give a few of his dying words, as taken down by his dear son. "At times, he said during the night before his death, 'How long he is coming! I long to go.' I repeated the verse:

"'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"

which expressed the exact feelings of his mind. He then said, very plainly, 'I shall not go home to night.' I repeated, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait.' He then said, 'Very near!' and went on to say, 'I have just caught a glimpse of the pearly gates.' I left him to get some little request fulfilled, leaving him with my dear mother and the nurse.

When I returned, his glad spirit had taken its flight to glory, without a struggle or a groan, to join the spirits of just men made perfect."

R. VARDER.

JOHN CIRCUIT.—On May 10th, 1877, aged 23, John Circuit, of Eaton Bray.

He was permitted to run in the ways of sin until a few months before his death, when the Lord afflicted him with consumption, and brought his poor weak tabernacle very low. Death stared him in the face. At the same time, he was convinced that he had an immortal soul, which would live when his body was dead. This brought him into trouble as to what would become of his soul in the hour of death. He sent for me to go and see him. When I went, I found him very desirous to know about eternal things. When I entered the room, tears ran down his face. He said, "I am glad you are come. I hope you will talk to me, and read and pray with me." I answered, "I will, by the Lord's help." He said, "I hope you will; for I am in such trouble about my soul as nobody knows. I hope the Lord will save me. I sometimes think he never will; for I have been such a great sinner. I have been a swearer, and everything that is bad; and I think sometimes I shall be lost. But I hope he will save me. I can't look anywhere but to him." I said, "How long have you had these things on your mind?" He replied, "For some time I have been convinced what a sinner I am; and when I have been at chapel, and heard the preachers talk about sin, and what it has done, it has made me so that I could not hold my head up, and I have been forced to hang it down and cry. When I have heard Mr. W. and Mr. T. preach, what they have said and what I have felt have made me so that I could hardly sit on my seat." I said, "I am glad to hear it, for it is a good thing to be convinced by the Spirit of God. And if the Spirit of God has convinced you that you are a sinner in his sight, and has made you in trouble about it, he will not leave the work of his hands. Jesus came to save sinners, and to help them that have no help in themselves." "Yes," he said; "but will he help me? That's what I want to know." I answered, "I hope the Lord will reveal it to you. None but he can do it." He said, "I hope he will." I read to him about the prodigal son, and told him how his father received him and pardoned him. He said, "Yes, his father loved him." I replied, "Yes, his father did love him; and 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'" I told him what Jesus did to save sinners, and about his sufferings that he might save all his people from eternal torments. He said, "I wish I knew he suffered and died for me.

I was thinking last night about being lost for ever, and what it must be. I know I deserve to be sent to hell for ever, for my sins are so great." I answered, "Paul was a great sinner, but Jesus was a greater Saviour; and he saved Paul. And we read of many great sinners in the Bible that were saved by Jesus; and if he has broken your heart, and made you pray to him, it is a proof that you belong to him." He said, "I wish I could pray. I've tried many times, but with broken words; and I tell the Lord what I want, that there is nothing in this world that I long for, only to know that I belong to him." I told him that the Lord did not take notice of the words so much as he did of the heart; and that the hymn said:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd."

"Yes," he said; "he knows our hearts; and he knows that I am very sorry for what a sinner I have been." I asked him, "Are you afraid to die?" He said, "Sometimes I feel afraid; but if I knew I should go to heaven I should like to die now." I said, "You will not be here much longer. I hope your prayer will be answered; and if it is, let some one know before you die." He said, "I have been thinking about it. If I can speak, I will tell some one whether I am going right or not."

I visited him many times after this, and found him still in trouble about his soul. The fruits of godly repentance were, I believe, in his heart. This encouraged me to cry to God in prayer, that he would manifest salvation to his soul, and that he might leave a testimony behind him that he was gone to be with the Lord, which is far better.

One evening I went to see him. I said, "How is it with you now, John? Do you feel any better in your mind?" He said, "Not much. I try to pray, and I seem as if I can't pray. I seem as if I don't know anything. I wish I could think more about Jesus. I like when someone talks to me about him." I said, "Yes; he is the best Friend to talk about." He said, "I wish I knew more about him." I said, "I believe you will go to heaven to be with him soon." He said, "I hope I shall; that will be better than being here, will it not?" I told him that Jesus was the Star of Bethlehem; and I hoped that one day he would see that Star, and be like him. He said, "I hope I shall. I love to hear about him. I don't want to see any of my old companions. I like to hear the Lord's people."

A few minutes before he died, he desired to be got out of bed. His father got him out on the side of the bed; but he could not sit up. Death was upon him. His father saw that his end was nigh, and said, "John, you will not be here long. How is it with you now?" He said, "All is right;" and died in his father's arms. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

E. SHORT.

Eaton Bray.

ELIZA BAINES.—On Dec. 11th, 1877, aged 61, Eliza Baines, of Stamford.

She was a very quiet, unassuming woman. Seldom could you get anything from her respecting soul matters; but she was a regular attendant upon the means of grace, and very earnest, prayerful, and consistent in her life.

I saw her several times during her last illness, which was from an inward tumour. She gradually wasted away. I found her in a good frame of mind, in which, though not in great distress, she was earnestly desiring the manifested presence of the Lord. The words were: "O! Do come, blessed Jesus!" I was anxious to hear something from her respecting the Lord's dealings with her soul, but could not for a time draw

anything out. On the last Lord's day she was alive, Dec. 9th, she seemed able to converse. She then spoke of the time when the Lord first began with her, how she felt herself a sinner, and did not know what to do, but could not tell what this change in her feelings meant. She said she was in much distress through guilt, for a length of time. Then she spoke of her deliverance, and how she was led to pray, and at length felt all her sins pardoned, and was very happy. Many years of darkness, doubt, and fear followed, which kept her in a very low place. She described herself as having been in the valley with Mr. Fearing and Ready-to-Halt; but she had had little helps by the way under preaching, &c. I said, "You heard Mr. Philpot many years?" "Yes," she said; "one special time I can remember, when I felt as if I was the only one in the chapel. All the sermon was for me. All was personal." After prayer, I left her. This was her dying testimony to me. She had a very bad night after speaking of these things; and the enemy took advantage of her; but on Monday night, her last night alive, she enjoyed the presence of her Lord. Her sister told me she had had a very blessed night, and died on the Tuesday morning. Well may we say, What hath grace wrought!

R. M. R.

JOHN RUSSELL.—On Dec. 16th, 1877, aged 78, John Russell, of Colerne, Wilts.

It is now more than 40 years since he was first awakened to a concern about his state. The work of the Spirit in him was not so deep as in many, but was gradually carried on. At length he was brought clearly out into the truth of the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord's house, and was baptized and joined the church at Colerne, with which he remained united till his death.

Through a long life he was very graciously helped to walk and act so as to adorn the gospel which he professed. Humble and lowly in his spirit, and a striver in every way according to truth for the peace and prosperity of Zion, the friends at Colerne feel his loss. He took a warm interest in the Sabbath school. I have heard him reading and addressing the children on a Sabbath afternoon with the zeal of youth, while his head was blossoming for the grave, being between 70 and 80 years of age. I need not say more to confirm the truth of how much he was esteemed by the teachers of the Sabbath school. He met with them till the last, and his warm-heartedness for the cause at Colerne, even on his dying bed, was to me remarkable.

I saw him with one of the deacons the day before he died. In his life he was generally kept in a low, doubting, trembling state, with many fears; but he was then sweetly delivered from every fear and care, waiting the summons to depart. I said to him, "Do you still pray for Zion?" "Yes," said he; "I do continually." We left him calm and passive; and thus he lay till the day following, when, without a struggle, he breathed his last here in the wilderness.

I knew him about 20 years, and loved and valued him. I now feel that he was one of the many whom the dear Lord has of late taken home, who may be called truth-loving, plain, and old-fashioned, and in few places shall we now look successfully for the like.

JOHN LITTLETON.

ELIZABETH COUSINS.—On Jan. 5th, 1878, Elizabeth Cousins.

My dear wife was the child of godly parents. Her dear father was especially favoured, so much so that he has said he has been so filled with the love of God shed abroad in his heart that he has begged of the Lord to stay his hand, or take him to himself. She was, I believe,

born of the Spirit in very early life, and by the same gracious Lord this life was developed, "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear." The Lord was pleased to make the ministry of those blessed servants of God, Mr. Joseph Irons, Mr. John Hobbs, and Mr. Abrahams, a very special blessing to her.

We were married in 1853, and after a time became members at Regent Street chapel, dear Mr. Abrahams receiving us; and through the Lord's blessing he was a "nursing father" to us. We then became members with that eminent servant of God, Mr. Hobbs, under whose very searching, yet establishing ministry my wife's faith grew exceedingly. We remained at Staining Lane till the good man's death, and then returned to Regent Street, where the Lord graciously many many times made his word through our dear pastor, as his messenger, very refreshing to her soul. All glory to his holy and reverend Name. Amen.

The 25 years of our married life have been a period of very much and distressing affliction, and varied suffering to her, and of very great care, anxiety, and sorrow to me. About 20 years ago she was very dangerously ill, and her life was despaired of. In this affliction (fever and bronchitis) she was very specially blessed by the Lord in her soul. Hart's hymn, "Happy the man," &c., but particularly verse 4, was made very sweet, and, to use her own words, "her experience." She ever after would call this her hymn. I felt at the time, and said, the Lord made her affliction a very great blessing to me; but I need not say this has since been tried as by fire. It chastened my spirit, and showed the grace of God in her.

Her last illness came upon her very suddenly. She consulted Dr. Y. on Nov. 23rd; and on the 25th went to chapel for the last time. After this, she got gradually weaker and weaker. Her breathing was very distressing. The Lord in his great love and mercy took her home to enjoy an eternal Sabbath on Jan. 5th. The cause of her death was bronchitis. Her Christian character may be justly described as "Hopeful." (See Bunyan.) Her place, I believe, was Mary's, at the Master's feet; a low place, but no doubt the best place for a poor sinner to be found in. This spirit of gracious humility abode with her till the last. Our contention was which should be the greater sinner.

The following are a few of many things I noted. In the earlier part of her last illness she said to me, "The Lord is teaching me in a sovereign way, as he only can and does teach; and he says to me, 'Did not he that made that which is without, make that which is within also?'" This I understood as having reference to our great concern and anxiety about her body, the soul being more important. The last few weeks were, when conscious, spent in earnest, importunate, fervent prayer; the frequent, but not vain, repetition being, "God be merciful to me, a sinner. O visit me—my soul—with thy salvation! Cause thy face to shine upon me. O that closer I could cleave to thy bleeding dying breast." She added, "His hold is our security. Preserved, preserved.

"Poor child, maternal love alone
Preserves thee first and last."

I said to her, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She replied, "Yes; but I am so low." I repeated the verse, and she said, "Yes, yes. Bless the Lord, O my soul." Being, as I suppose, tempted by the great enemy, she said, "Save, Lord! O that my life may not be found among the unclean. No, Satan; no, no, no." She then said to me, with great earnestness, "I cannot give up my hope. I am so filthy." And then, as if drawn to the blessed Object of faith, she said, "What a wonderful God! Jesus, Saviour; Saviour, do not go too far. Saviour, do not tarry long." I quoted a line of Hart's:

“Saviour is his unctuous name;”

and she repeated it with much solemnity, adding, “Save, Lord. I am saved in the Lord Jesus.” I quoted Hart:

“Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire,” &c.

And the text: “The Lord is rich unto all that call upon him.” She responded, “Yes, and always the same. No change, no change. I want to praise him. Help me to praise him.” She repeated the following sentences as in a way of prayer and desire: “To know he loved me.—Kept by the power of God.—The precious blood of the Lamb.—A great Saviour for a great sinner. O yes!—Mercy.—God be merciful.—To know I am thy child. I am thy child.—Preserved; only safe here; nowhere else; O no!—

“Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.”

—Cast me not away from thy presence; take not thy Holy Spirit from me.” This prayer, together with, “Blot out my transgressions,” was very frequently and solemnly put up. Another very constant cry was: “Unfold thy word to my soul.” Through the whole of one night, and at other times, it was: “My soul, wait thou only upon God,” &c.

“Clothe my soul, and make it fit,
With humility and love.”

Kent’s hymn (104):

“Great Rock, for weary sinners made,”

was very sweet to her; also Hart’s (111):

“Lord, when I hear,” &c.

especially verse 3, as it so aptly described her felt condition before God. Once she said, “I want to live on high. Let me go home. Thy will be done. I love thee; reign supreme. Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.”

The most frequent and fervent breathing of her soul (I pray and believe I shall never forget its earnest emphasis) was: “Lord Jesus, I cannot do without thee. I cannot live without thee. I cannot die without thee. Lord Jesus, thou knowest I cannot do without thee.” She would say to me, “He knows I cannot do without him;” and then again address the Lord in the same words.

This life of faith and prayer is now exchanged for praise,—eternal, uninterrupted praise; and I desire to praise and bless the Lord for his great grace and mercy to her,—“The grace of God, and the gift by grace.” “The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Amen. S. C.

ELIZA PALFREMAN.—On Jan. 13th, 1878, aged 64, Eliza Palfreman, of Leicester.

Mrs. Palfreman was brought up in the Established Church. When she was in her 25th year, she visited a godly sister at Hereford, and was induced by her to hear Mr. Venn, a gracious minister of the Church of England. She was exceedingly struck with the solemn manner in which he read the prayers, so different to what she had been accustomed to. She felt a solemnity pervade her mind, and was persuaded there was something more in religion than she had previously imagined. She was led to reflect upon her past life of folly and sin, and to consider her state of mind, and she felt condemned in her conscience before God, and that, if she died in her present state, hell must be her portion. She knew God had not been in all her thoughts, and she had disliked those who professed religion. She says, in her own description left in writing of this

time, "I could not suppress my tears. So absorbed was I with my state that I knew nothing of the text or sermon. When I returned from church, I went to my room. I knelt down, and tried to pray; but I could not find words. I could only weep and groan. I had been taught from childhood one of the Church prayers, which I had previously used; but it never crossed my mind, neither did I nor could I ever use it again. I returned to my home, but could not get rid of my gloomy feelings. I could not enjoy the world now; and I felt that I had not a hope of a better life beyond the grave unless I lived a more holy life. This I began to try to do. I read my Bible daily, and tried to pray. I endeavoured to avoid everything which I thought displeasing to God. I made vows to do and not to do certain things; but they were soon broken; and instead of becoming more holy, I felt I got more sinful. After I had been trying thus to serve the Lord, I was tempted to go to the theatre with a friend; but O what I felt whilst there! I knew nothing that was going on, for I feared that the building would fall on me, and that I should sink into hell, as I felt I deserved to do. O how I promised, as before God, if ever I got out safely, never to enter such a place again; and through being kept, I never did."

She goes on: "I then began to work with all my might to be fit for heaven; and in this way I worked altogether nearly three years, till all my strength was gone, and all hope cut off. I could not do right, for sin, sin was in everything. Nothing in the Bible appeared for me but the curses. One day, while earnestly pleading with the Lord for pardon, these words came in: 'Whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive.' I wanted the pardon of my sins, but could not believe. I felt, and do this day, 'In self no power have I.' But I felt a little encouraged to press on. I was now in a sad state, weak in body, and racked in mind.

"One Lord's day morning, I was on my knees before the Lord, begging for mercy, and feeling I must be lost unless the Lord saved me; when suddenly I was given a faith's discovery of Jesus hanging on the cross for my sins. In one instant all the burden of my sins was gone; my soul was filled with love and gratitude to God. I sprang from my knees, and began to praise God with a lightened heart for showing such great mercy to me, a hell-deserving sinner. I could do nothing all day but praise. The fear of death and hell was now gone, and I felt it would have been heaven to have departed then. I felt in a new world. The very trees seemed to praise him. I wanted then to 'tell to sinners round, what a dear Saviour I had found.'"

We have given these accounts of Mrs. Palfreman according to her own words, as no one can so well describe such experiences as the person who goes through them. After this, Mrs. Palfreman was for 20 years a schoolmistress in the Church of England. This, she says, tended greatly to bondage her; she felt there was something lacking in the ministry; she could not get what she wanted. She often was in great darkness, and lost the sweetness of the deliverance she had experienced; but had it renewed again and again in some degree.

About 16 years ago, she first was led to a place of truth, and she felt the preaching suited her feelings, and never wished afterwards to hear anything else. At this time she heard one speak from Jer. xxxi. pt. 3. When she returned from chapel, and was dwelling on the subject, these words were applied with great power: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I had," she writes, "to leave the room, and weep to the praise of the mercy I'd found."

In a great trial these words were sweetly comforting to her: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been as-

sured of," &c. And when, in the year 1870, much tried about death, these words were applied sweetly by the Spirit, as she believes: "There is hope in thy end." She herself writes as follows: "I have attended Mr. Hazlerigg's ministry for the last ten years (this was written about 1875), and joined the church. Many, many times have I under his ministry been strengthened and encouraged, and sometimes brought into the sweet liberty of the gospel. One of his sermons, from Judg. xiii. 23, led me back sweetly to see not only that the Lord had shown me what a law-breaker I had been, and a hell-deserving sinner, but that he had told me something many times, that had made me feel what no man could give me, and I could not give myself, even the pardon of my sins, and his love shed abroad in my heart."

Mrs. Palfreman joined our church, at that time meeting for worship in Alfred Street, though at the present time in Zion Chapel, in the year 1871. Now, we think, in writing accounts of our brethren and sisters, it is proper to follow to a certain extent the Scripture method. We do not find in God's Word that the faults of saints are entirely kept out of sight. They are not set before us as a sort of faultless models. No! Their imperfections are tenderly but truthfully delineated. There is only one faultless Model,—the King of saints, the Lord Jesus. Well, then, though our late friend walked on the whole in an orderly, consistent manner, and was a woman of great truthfulness, uprightness, and integrity, she had her imperfections. There was about her a natural severity of character, and unfortunately there was not that congeniality of disposition in her and her husband which could make her love and esteem him as such a relationship demanded. Consequently, she fell, at the time of his death, under church censure, on account of a certain degree of neglect displayed towards him, and a harshness which the church could not but manifest its disapproval of. But in these very circumstances, we believe, the reality of grace in Mrs. Palfreman was manifested. She humbled herself beneath the just censures of the church, confessed her fault, and was therefore by the church forgiven and restored to the full rights of membership. It would not have been faithful to have kept back this matter; indeed, we think the genuineness of Mrs. Palfreman's religion and the power of divine grace were much manifested in these circumstances. No one but herself, we believe, could really appreciate the trials and difficulties of her position; but all could or ought to have appreciated the grace which enabled her to humble herself beneath the censure of her fellow-members.

After this, she continued to walk with the church in a consistent manner. We must pass by much, and come to the end. She suffered much in her last illness; indeed, during part of the time, all her strength seemed required to bear the Lord's will with patience. For the most part, she was kept firmly resting upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. As she again and again testified to the writer, "She knew whom she had believed," &c. At times, he gave her some sweet visits of his love. On one occasion, the 758th hymn (Gadsby's Selection) was very sweet to her, especially the words:

"Not in anger,
But in his dear covenant love."

She felt that what she was passing through was from the covenant love of a God in Christ. On another occasion, when the writer visited her, she told him that when in much exercise of mind the Lord had given her these words: "So then, after he had done the will of God, he obtained the promise;" assuring her mind that, after she had suffered all his will below, she should inherit the blessing in Christ. It was on this occasion that we knelt down and prayed with her, and begged the gracious Lord

that she might gain the victory through the blood of the Lamb; and when we rose from our knees and wished her farewell, she lifted up her hands, and her countenance brightened as she said, "Yes, I shall be a conqueror through the blood of the Lamb;" and this she repeated. We parted from her with a sweet persuasion that if we never met again on earth, we should in heaven. We only saw her once after this, for a few minutes. Her sufferings were extremely great, but she was still resting upon Christ. His blood, his righteousness, and Jesus himself in his blessed Person, were all her confidence. Those who stood around her bed at the last have told us that, on being asked if she was happy, she said, as audibly as her poor failing strength admitted, "Happy, happy, happy;" and breathed her last.

*"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW; BUT
THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."*

My heart was sad, for sorrow deep had pierced its inmost core;
Repining then, I turn'd from all that I had loved before;
Thus murmurings dark against Him rose who is too wise to err,
As though my puny reason could be his interpreter.

And why, I thought, do fairest flowers the soonest fade away?
And human objects best beloved first fall to death a prey?
While many an aching heart, whose hopes all lie beyond the tomb,
Is kept awhile to onward toil amid earth's dreary gloom?

Why doth the heart in silence brood o'er sufferings unredress'd?
And why are they who strive to rise most fearfully oppress'd?
How is it some have pleasures strewn along the path of life,
While others' feet, with briers torn, are bleeding in the strife?

Then through my mind there came a sound, soft, chiding, still, and low:
"Frail worm, whate'er thou know'st not now thou shalt hereafter
know."

"Ah, pardon me, great God," I cried; "I fall before thy throne;
My follies, sins, and waywardness, all, all to thee are known.

"Nor let me ever more rebel against thy sovereign will;
Whate'er thou doest must be right, if good or seeming ill;
And for the future let me trust in thee, who knowest best;
Give me submission to thy will, I'll leave with thee the rest."

This heart of mine sore chast'ning needs; or else I should not care
To seek a bright inheritance that lasting is and fair.
God doth not willingly afflict; he loves his own too well;
But this proud heart of mine would rise against him and rebel.

I'll wait a little longer here, till Christ shall call me home,
And I shall hear his welcome voice: "Come, weary pilgrim, come."
Then in his light, and not my own, these mysteries I shall see,
And say, "He hath done all things well, who lived and died for me."

Leicester.

E. HENSER.

WELL, even after a Bethel visit you may be grievously tempted to call all that you have met with a delusion; yea, to think that it was Satan that was working with thee, and not the living God.—*Erskine.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1878.

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

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FRIEND OF
SINNERS.

(Concluded from page 106.)

III. WE now come to the third part of our subject,—what sort of sinners Christ receives. We have dwelt upon the way in which a sinner is brought, and how it is that he is led to come, that all the glory may be given to the Lord. Christ receives sinners. But receiving implies coming; and coming, in this case, must be true coming, as sinners; and no man can so come to Christ, as a sinner to be saved by him, unless the Father draws him by the gift and grace of his Holy Spirit. Well, then, Christ receives all sorts of sinners, some of all sorts and kinds. We read of the nations of them that are saved. No doubt this primarily signifies those saved out of the various nations, but it may also lead us to consider the different characteristics, as sinners, of these various saved persons. When Noah was commanded to enter into the ark, he was told to take in with him some of all the creatures, clean and unclean. God brought these various creatures, tame or savage, unto Noah, and they went quietly into his ark, for God subdued and led them. How blessed a representation of the truth in Christ! Some of all sorts come to him; but not one untamed, untaught, and unled by God. The same is shown in Peter's sheet. There, within its four corners, were all sorts of creatures, wild beasts and tame ones; and Peter was told to kill and eat alike of all. These are the elect of God; in heaven from eternity in the purposes of God's love; on earth in time for the carrying out of those purposes; there killed by the law, and quickened by the gospel, and brought to Jesus, who receives them, wild and tame alike.

Here is a furious Saul raging like a wild beast; but God by his grace subdues him. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Here is a Mary Magdalene; but grace subdues her, and she comes to the feet of Jesus weeping, washing them with tears, anointing them with ointment. Here is a Manasseh, wizard and murderer, defiler of God's house, a very king of iniquity; but grace subdues him, and he comes to Jesus. And here, on the other hand, is a child, Samuel, piously brought up, but not knowing the

Lord, or coming to Jesus, until God stands and calls him: "Samuel, Samuel."

Christ, then, receives some of all sorts, because some of all sorts were ordained to glory, and are brought to Jesus. But let us go into particulars.

Christ receives *ignorant* sinners. He can have compassion upon the ignorant. "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach [ignorant] sinners in the way." He received Nicodemus, a type, as it were, of ignorance. He received Agar, who says, "I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man."

Christ receives *foolish* sinners. Madness, the height of folly, is in a man's heart, naturally; but Christ receives poor, foolish, and naturally mad sinners. He did the Gadarene, bringing him by his power to his footstool. David, in Ps. cvii., describes the course of these fools, and the miserable state their folly gets them into. Then they cry to Jesus in their destructions, and he receives and heals them.

Christ receives *guilty* sinners. Isaiah represents them coming over to him in chains, chains of guilt, self-condemned sinners, chained in their consciences, with a feeling persuasion of their liability to the wrath and curse of God. Jesus receives them, and blots out, as a thick cloud, their transgressions, and as a cloud, their sins.

Christ receives *filthy* sinners, polluted wretches, hardly fit for the dunghill. This is evident; for it is written: "A fountain shall be opened for . . . uncleanness." The filthy are led to the fountain, and Christ receives them, washes them in his own blood, and they become whiter than snow.

Christ receives base *backsliding* sinners. Hence he cries to them, "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married to you. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." They hear his voice, and come. They cry, "Receive us graciously;" and he says to them, "I will heal your backslidings." And O how these restored and healed backsliders bless the Receiver of sinners, and cry,

"The mercy that heals us again
Is mercy transportingly sweet."

Christ receives *dead* sinners; we mean *feelingly* dead,—poor wretches who, to sense and feeling, appear to themselves entirely destitute of the life of God, quite powerless to repent, believe, or pray. He cries to these ends of the earth, "Look unto me." They come in a way of heart-looking, and he receives them.

Christ receives *helpless, strengthless* sinners, who feel they have no strength, nay, no power to come to him. He gives them a little strength to desire to come, and then more strength to come, and more strength still, until, out of weakness they become strong in the strength of him who receives them.

In fact, to be brief, Christ receives *cold* sinners to warm them, *naked* sinners to clothe them, *hard-hearted* sinners to soften them,

prayerless sinners to make them pray, *praiseless* sinners to make them praise, *blind* sinners to give them sight, *lame* sinners to make them walk, and leap, and dance, *deaf* sinners to make them hear, *sick* sinners to heal them, *sad* sinners to cheer them, and *dumb* sinners to make them, like the children in days of old, cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" All these sinners he makes to feel their state; all these sinners he draws to himself; all these needy, helpless, ruined, wretched sinners he receives; and all these sinners bless his Name when he does so, and cry, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

IV. But what is implied in his receiving them? We will set this forth negatively first of all. It is for him not to reject them, or, as he himself says, not to cast them out. Now, the poor coming sinner has all sorts of fears that the Lord Jesus will reject him. He fears because of what Christ is in his proper majesty and glory. His conceptions of him as a gracious Saviour are at first very indistinct. He sees himself to be a vile hell-deserving sinner; he, therefore, has a thousand discouraging fears come in, lest Christ, the Holy One of God, will surely reject and despise such a filthy, foolish, base one as he is. This made Peter cry, "Depart from me." It was not the cry of the ungodly, who say of God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." No; it was very different. It was the cry of weak godliness. Peter wanted Christ, but Peter feared Christ, through dim views of his grace, mercy, love, and Christ-like character, combined with a sense of his own sin. So poor feeling sinners want Christ; they stand in need of him; they have been by the work of God prepared for him by being made to feel what lost sinners they are in and of themselves; but then, they think, he will have nothing to do with such as they are. They crawl to his footstool fearing to receive a curse, and not hardly hoping to get a blessing. Then it is Christ surprises them by his grace. He will not reject them; he will not cast them out; he came down from heaven to bring them to himself and save them. "This Man receiveth sinners."

But, positively. It means the following things, to give a glance at so vast a matter. He receives them into his heart. And, indeed, all the rest would be nothing without this. They have a place in his love. One cries, in the Song of Solomon, "Set me as a seal upon thy heart." This Christ does to the coming sinners. He receives him into the heart of his love. It is, of course, true that the sinner was there from eternity; but we are writing about the manifestation and experience of things. Christ receives sinners into his eternal love. He receives them into a fellowship of all his benefits and blessings as the Christ of God. Is he a King? He will be a King to and for them, subdue their sins, overcome their enemies, rule in them and rule for them, and that for ever. Is he a Prophet? He will teach them, and make them wise unto salvation. Is he a Priest? He will sprinkle their consciences with his blood, and present them

to the Father, and intercede for them at the right hand of God. Is he a Shepherd? He will lead and feed, heal and defend them, and be all he was, as in Ps. xxiii., to the psalmist David. Is he a Sun? He will shine upon them. A Rock? He will be their Hiding-place and Refuge. Is he Bread? He will feed them. Water? He will assuage their thirst. In fact, what he is he will be to them. And here, indeed, is an infinite fulness and sufficiency; and this is all contained in his receiving them.

He receives them into his church below. He has instituted a visible church, with all its ordinances, privileges, and blessings, for the sake of these persons. This is the inn to which the good Samaritan conveys them. Here he provides for them the ministry, which shall feed them and forward them in the things of God. "All are yours, whether Paul or Apollos." Here he gives his ordinances as sweet signs and seals of their blessed state and glorious privileges. Here, in the assemblies of his saints, he gives his presence and his blessing. Here flow the streams of his gracious influence; and here the received sinner has to say, "All my springs are in thee."

He receives them to the glory of God. He does so now. They come to the mount Zion, are made to sit in heavenly places in and with him; but hereafter shall be the fulness of this part of the receiving. They shall sit with him in his throne, enter into his rest, go into the heavenly city actually and completely, and go no more out. Then the inhabitant shall not in any sense say, I am sick; for they that dwell therein shall be forgiven all their iniquity, and enjoy all the fruits of that forgiveness. But we must pass on to the

Vth and last particular: "And eateth with them." It was a great offence to the self-righteous Pharisees, when Christ was upon earth, that he should eat and drink in a friendly, gracious way with publicans and sinners. They could not distinguish, as we have seen, between his friendship to the sinner and his sin. They thought he could not be a Prophet of God and a Holy One thus to associate with persons unto whom they themselves said, "Stand by thyself; I am holier than thou." But the poor publicans and sinners themselves who were taught by his Spirit thought very differently; they knew he was holy; but, then, they also beheld his grace, and thus could sit at table with the Lord and eat with that Friend of sinners. Had he not thus manifested his condescension, they dare not have drawn nigh; but his manifested grace drew them, and thus they could sit at table with him, hear his words, and feast upon his love. It is so now. Nothing but a divine manifestation of grace to a feeling sinner's heart will really draw him nigh with a holy, humble boldness to a holy God. Christ draws his elect, his sensible sinners—for sense, deep, true sense of sin, manifests them to be really his,—to himself, by cords of a man, and binds them to him by bands of love; he takes the old yoke of the law from their necks, and sets meat before them. He still receiveth such sinners, and eateth with them.

To eat with a man, in a spiritual sense, means to commune with him. This Christ does with his people. He himself really spreads the table. On the one hand, he partakes, in a spiritual sense, of the graces and actings of his Spirit in his children. He declares himself to be delighted with the fruits of his Spirit in the elect. He feeds amongst these lilies. The Song of Solomon sweetly describes this. In v. 1, Christ says, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse. I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk." Here Christ plainly signifies how, in a spiritual sense, he feeds upon, or views, and is delighted with all that is of his own grace in his people's hearts and lives. So in Rev. iii., he says he will come in and sup with them, and they with him. If they, hearing his voice, and receiving his rebuke, attend to his voice, and as spiritually-minded desire his presence and the communication of his love, he will sup with them. Mind, Christ only feeds amongst the lilies. He has no pleasure in merely natural men; no, not in the highest and most shining of them, the most glorious fleshly professors. He has no pleasure, too, in what is fleshly in his saints. He feeds not amongst such things as their carnal natures abound in. When they become carnal and worldly, then, or at all indulge in the flesh and sin, they need not expect Christ's comfortable approving presence. We repeat, he feeds only amongst the lilies. But let the poorest, neediest sinner on the face of the earth but feel and have a broken heart, and sigh and long for Christ, and want his presence, his pardon, and his love, in such places and amidst such things Christ feeds. With the sighs and groans and prayers and cries and tears of the poor, the needy, and the broken-hearted he is delighted. He comes into the garden of hearts sensible of sin, and gathers the lilies of the sighs of the sorrowful.

Thus Christ eateth with the sinners he receives. They eat with him. In the same verse of the Song in which Christ describes his delight in the graces of his saints, he says also to them, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." As he is pleased with his graces in them, so they are delighted with that gracious fulness, sweetness, glory, and desirableness they see by his revelation of himself to them in him. They are satisfied with his goodness and fulness. They find him as meat and drink to their souls. It is not with them as with others, of whom it is written that "it shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty." No; the children of God find in Christ a soul-satisfying substance. The more they awake, the more satisfying. (Ps. xvii. 15.) He is bread, and wine, and milk, and everything that can fully satiate them. In him all fulness, and that a satisfying fulness, dwells. All they really want is more of him. Well; he eateth with them, even upon earth, communing with them from his mercy-seat, and in his Word and ordinances in love, and then at length takes them up into the upper house of heaven.

There they feast in a way unknown upon earth. Some sweet foretastes they have below. The *nature* of the feast they are even now acquainted with; the *degree* of the blessedness is beyond their comprehension. But those who have had his crumbs here below, those he has received and eaten with upon earth, have an earnest in what he has done of what he will do. He will finally and fully receive these sinners to himself, and eat with them in the banqueting house of heaven throughout eternity. Then how they will shout forth, in the spirit, the words we have dwelt upon: "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

**"THEY SHALL ABUNDANTLY UTTER THE
MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS."**

(Concluded from page 113.)

O how I dreaded getting to the chapel that morning! Especially when I got within sight of the gates at the front, and saw the people looking the way I was to come, my heart failed me worse than ever. I felt different from some now-a-days, who are running to preach. I am sure they could not run thus to the work if they felt what a solemn thing it is to stand up as God's mouth to preach to never-dying souls. Yet it is the sweetest employment, at times, that ever can be known.

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night."

To return to my subject. When I reached the chapel I walked into the vestry for a few minutes. Then singing commenced, and I walked up the pulpit steps. What were my feelings I really cannot describe. Full of fears and trouble, I sat down to beg and to pray for the Lord to appear. I rose up to read. This ended, I dropped down in my real soul feelings, as on my knees, to beg of the Lord to help me and teach me how and what to speak to the people. Begging it was indeed; and in my poor soul I felt a violence that would knock hard till help came, and would take no nay. He must come to my help, I felt, or I must give up. The Lord so sweetly broke into my heart, and broke me into pieces at his dear feet, which helped me and encouraged me; and I felt as though the Lord meant to help me. Then I sat down for the singing, and wondered what portion of his Word I should take to speak from; when the words of David came into my mind with some little feeling of life, and I durst not take anything for a text that I had not handled in my soul. These were the words: "He brought me up also out of an 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." This my soul had felt and proved by sweet experience; therefore I felt safe on this ground. I began, as the Lord helped me, to tell of the horrible pit, and the power which

was put forth to bring us up; the firm Rock; also the blessed song. I was raised above my fears; and when I came out of the pulpit, I found there the deacon and a few others who had come to hear me from the little room two miles off at Gornal. There came several from the same small room in the evening, and surrounded me, and would have no nay, but said I must go and preach for them the next Lord's day. Feeling my heart a little warm, I said, "Well, it is the first place I ever tried to speak in;" so I promised to go for one Sabbath day. But I was determined not to go after that day; and being nine miles from Walsall, I thought it too far ever to go again. So when the Sabbath came, I left home to meet among them in the little room where I read the 3rd chapter of Malachi, and found the Lord's presence there. Three services in the day, and nine miles to walk home after, I thought was quite enough for once. But before I came out of the desk, the deacon came to say I must give it out to be there the next Sabbath. I said, "No; I only intended to come for once." "Then," he said, "I will give it out;" and he did. But I felt displeased with him for doing so; therefore made up my mind they should never see me after that time. But when the Sabbath day's services were ended, he came to me again; and said, "You must give it out you will be here next Lord's day." I said, "No." But he gave me out again; and they would not loose the hold they took of me, more than 37 years ago; and now they hold me faster than ever, if it is possible to do so.

When the few came to invite me to come for one Lord's day, and they were returning home, one of the friends said to the rest, "He is a living bird, and we must have a cage for him;" meaning a chapel. The room got too small in time, as the people that could not sit under the man who followed Mr. Heathcote, came and filled it to overflowing. The people met together and bought a small bit of land, just enough to hold the then number, not thinking that ever they should want more room. In time, however, others raised their buildings round us; and then we were hemmed in, and so had to move and buy more land to build a larger chapel, and enough to bury the dead.

When I first came among them they were very poor indeed, and could only give me 2s. 6d. a week for my labouring amongst them, and they proposed a twelve months' call for me to abide with them; and every year renewed it again and again. At last they gave me a call for good, unlimited. But I found it hard work. I had to work hard six days in the week, and 18 miles to walk every Sabbath day; and preach three times. For years I did this, with only 2s. 6d. a week, till one of the friends that came from the Independents, a gracious and good man, said he would propose that I had eight shillings a week. When the poor deacon thought they could not raise me that much, he said he should propose that I had five shillings a week, and I said it should not go farther; for I felt like poor Sambo, the black, when his master said, "Sambo, I hear you go out to preach." "Yes, Massa, me

does." "What do they give you for preaching?" He said, "Day do give me two shillings, Massa." "Well, that is very bad pay, Sambo." "Yes, Massa; but dis berry bad preaching."

Well, after they had raised my salary to five shillings a week, they thought I ought to give them an evening service in the week; and I was then younger than I am now. I told them I would do what I could for them. So the Tuesday evening was fixed upon to hold the service, and I used to get up early that morning to get my day's work done, and get my tea. Then I had the nine miles to walk, and preach, and had to walk nine miles home again after preaching. I carried that on till I could not get my shoes off, I was so tired; and I found that must be given up. So I told them I could not do it any longer, but never thought that they were determined I should come. But they met together to provide the means for me to come, and they scraped together £6, and bought what *they called* a horse for me to ride on. Two of the men put a halter round his neck, and walked him to Walsall, nine miles, brought him into the yard, and loosed him there. None of us were afraid of his running away. Certainly, if he had been clipped or singed, his legs would not have looked so thick and clumsy; but the worst was he had never had a saddle on, and I had never been on a saddle. I had no stable to put him in, nor a saddle or bridle, so I gave one shilling a week for stable room. I bought oats, bran, hay, curry-comb, brush, whip, &c., thinking to make him look like the parson's horse, and so paid great attention to him for some time, till he mended some little. At last I found out it took me twelve shillings a week to keep him, whilst I had only five shillings a week from the people. Still I kept on improving him till Sabbath morning came, when I found the breed of the horse was not very high, and therefore that he needed a pair of spurs to get him along, as his skin was thick, and the whip did not seem to take the effect I desired it to take. But one Sabbath morning, as I was trotting along, he stumbled, and fell head first, and I was under him, which laid me up for six weeks or more. So I felt I must part with him, but not for his good behaviour nor his fastness. Soon after, a branch line of railway opened up to Dudley, which was a great help and convenience, as I had but seven miles on the Sabbath to walk, instead of eighteen.

I think there is only one of the old members left that constituted the church when I first went to Gornal; but I hope the seed sown among them has fallen into many hearts, and sprung up and grown into manifest fruit. They are a people I dearly love, and they love me too, for the truth's sake. I have had many inducements to leave them; but I feel they are my children, many of them trained up under the word from my lips; and though they are generally poor, and cannot raise me much of a salary, yet a thousand pounds a year would not be enough to entice me from them. They have striven hard to help to build themselves a good chapel, and by the help of many kind friends, we have

paid more than £1,700; and now there remains £500 still to pay, which, if it were the Lord's will, I should be greatly pleased to have paid off before I die. Twenty-five pounds every year to pay for interest is a great deal for poor people to get together, besides all other expenses. We were once the least, lowest, and poorest of all the places of worship in the village; but now, through the Lord's help and blessing, we are at peace among ourselves, we have an excellent chapel, and a good congregation, and not a large parson to keep. The Lord has blessed him indeed, both in providence and grace, therefore he can live without screwing and hurting the poor of the Lord's people, and ever will. If the Lord should be pleased by death to take me away from them, I hope the debt will be removed from the place for the honour of his blessed Name. I do not want to go from them, and they do not want me away from them, which is a deal to say; though the kindness of my dear friends abroad, who have given liberally towards the chapel, has made me feel willing sometimes to supply other places on their account. One dear friend and another has sent me sums which overcame me, as I saw the Lord's goodness through them.

Now, my dear friend and brother in the Lord Jesus, you wished me to write you a little of what I told the friends at your house, and to add what I thought proper to it; so I have sent you only a little of my history. You will have to blow away, no doubt, a great deal of what I have sent you. Wishing you every new covenant blessing, I remain,

Your unworthy Brother,

SIMEON BURNS.

38, Clarence Street, Upper Gornal, Jan. 20th, 1877.

P.S.—Dear Brother, I quite passed by a most important time of my soul trouble, which I wish you to know. Many months had I felt the arrow of death in my heart before I was set at liberty from the curse of the law, and have said to myself, "I feel hell in my conscience." I had no more hope of mercy than the devil, according to my feelings, and have wished I was a brick in the wall where I then stood. I bore a weight in my soul, of my sin and the wrath of God due to it, which I thought would sink me for ever; and at last I concluded there was no hope for me in this world, and none in the world to come. I then thought I would throw the reins on to my neck, and enjoy myself here, if I could. So I took a young man with me, and entered the ale-house with a determination to get as drunk as possible, and so cast off all thoughts about my soul and hell, and thus have my fill of the world. But as soon as I entered the house, and called for a pint of ale, with as light a spirit as I could put on, another dart was shot into my heart, accusing me of rushing wilfully into sin against God. I was obliged to leave the house at once, like a condemned wretch that I felt myself to be, and went home with condemnation sealed on my heart, as I thought, for ever. There was, I concluded, then no hope for me

left. I at once retired to bed, doomed to destruction, and lay, as I thought, and my feelings told me, dying. Pains of hell were upon me, and I cried out, "O! I shall die this night, and hell is my portion." I could not go to sleep. Nothing but death and hell stared me in my face. My dear wife said I might be better in the morning. But that did not ease me at all, as the sentence was passed on my soul. At length, when I thought my wife was asleep, I crept on to my knees at the bedside, and in words, not to be heard, as I thought, cried mightily to God for mercy, if he could save a wretch like me. While pouring out all my inmost soul's feelings for some time, all at once such a scene of sorrow was presented before my mind as cannot be told by mortal tongue. The Lord Jesus nailed on the cross suffering for my sins; and such love and grief broke into my soul that removed all my guilt and sin. Trouble was all gone; not one transgression left in my soul; peace, pardon, light, joy, and salvation were felt within; Jesus and heaven were mine. I am sometimes favoured sweetly with the remembrance of that happy morning, when every sin was buried in the blood of that dear Saviour, who was before the eyes of my mind, and as real to my faith as any person whom I have seen with my bodily eyes is to me naturally. Many times I have had such sweet visits, and have been as fully satisfied that my soul is for ever saved and pardoned.

S. BURNS.

"*LEANING UPON HER BELOVED.*"

SONG VIII. 5.

Lend me thine arm! Too weak, and far too weary,
I cannot, dare not, take one step alone;
Lord, lend thine arm; I want to feel thee near me,
'Till war be ended, and the victory's won.

Lend me thine arm! So rugged is the way;
So thick with crosses is the path o'erspread;
I need omnipotence; be thou my stay;
Then safe my steps, however much dismay'd.

Lend me thine arm, as Councillor and Guide.
Errors, like pois'nous weeds, infest the ground;
By ancient settlement would faith abide,
And on atoning blood salvation found.

Lend me thine arm! Death's varied shades appear;
The end of life, of all things, draweth nigh;
Lend me thine arm! No place for sigh or tear,
If thou art with me, Jesus, when I die!

January, 1878.

A. H.

Know that God despiseth not small things; he takes notice of the least breathings of our hearts after him, when we ourselves can see or perceive no such thing.—*Owen.*

DIVINELY-PLEASANT HOURS.

Beloved Friends and Fellow-Pilgrims,—You are on my mind and in my affections, as a part of that blessed family whom the Lord hath “sought out” and set apart for himself, and unto whom his gracious promise extends: “This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.” This is my earnest hope and confidence concerning all the brethren inhabiting Ely’s favoured isle, especially your two selves and Mrs. M.’s family, to each of whom this salutation and communication is now particularly addressed.

I stand reprovèd in my own mind for being so tardy in not having sooner acknowledged your kind and generous hospitality during my late visit, towards such an unworthy guest as I feel myself to be; but, my dear friends, this is not the worst trait in my character; for to my shame it must be declared that I am so unmindful of the God of all my mercies, and so unfruitful in his praise, that I think, at times, there is not one to be found in all the Lord’s family so barren as myself, or so halting and deficient in the walk of faith, to which the disciples of Christ are exhorted and encouraged by the apostle Paul, in his fourth chapter to the Ephesian church. In addition to this, I feel so reluctant and backward in yielding obedience to the dear Redeemer’s gracious counsel: “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” Instead of thus coming and learning of him, I too frequently feel the contrary principles working in my depraved nature; such as unbelief, carnality, perverseness, rebellion, and discontent. These wretched evils, working within, render my life a warfare, and this dreary wilderness a wearisome place; for when I would do good, evil is sure to be present with me. Yet there are seasons when I experience a pleasing change, and am favoured with the sunbeams of spiritual prosperity, when a measure of life, faith, humility, submission, patience, and resignation show themselves, with now and then the sweet effusions of divine love. When thus it is with me, I soon find myself at Mary’s place, sitting at the Lord’s feet, and attending to the words of his mouth; and sometimes have heard his gracious voice, softly saying, “Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions’ dens, from the mountains of the leopards.” When thus tenderly attracted and powerfully drawn, I sink down at the Lord’s feet in sweet quietude of spirit, clothed and in my right mind; or somewhat like the disciples while conflicting with the storm on the sea of Tiberias, when the dear Saviour arose, rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, “Peace, be still. Then the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.” (Mark iv. 39.)

Thus, my beloved friends, I go in and out, gathering a little

instruction by the way. But peradventure your path is (at least, I hope it is) more even and smooth than mine. Neither of you has yet travelled with me so far as "the valley of Shittim," which was Israel's last encampment in the wilderness. (Josh. iii. 1.) Shittim signifies "a place of thorns;" and may serve to teach us that thorns and briers will vex and grieve us, more or less, so long as we remain this side of Jordan. Yet when brought into this last stage of our pilgrimage, though frequently discouraged, we are not left either destitute or desolate. Take these three precious promises, as choice tokens and evidences of the truth I now state: Ps. xcii. 12-15; Isa. xlvi. 3, 4; Joel iii. 18, last clause. Yet, though you have not travelled as far in years, infirmities, and privations as the poor sailor who now addresses you, I am persuaded that each of my wayfaring brethren has proved the truth of our blessed Lord's words: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." (Jno. xvi. 33.)

But, as these brief hints may not exactly prove in season just at the present juncture, peradventure they may be in time to come, when my right hand has forgot its cunning, and this frail tabernacle of mine is laid in the dust. Therefore, leaving this subject, I will just relate that my late visit to your hospitable dwellings proved both pleasant and profitable. And as I viewed it to be my last farewell to the favourite island, my mind was led out to observe and contemplate upon what I heard and saw. In my solitary or social walks, the beauties of creation engaged my attention, and led me to admire and worship the great Creator whose beneficent hand had so clothed the fields and gardens with an abundance of corn, grass, fruits, and flowers; insomuch that their beauty and glory outvied even Solomon's, the greatest, richest, and wisest king that ever reigned upon the earth. These contemplations, like Jacob's ladder, gradually led my thoughts upwards to muse upon the goodness, mercy, and favour of the Almighty to the children of men, who have by transgression forfeited all right and title to every earthly, as well as every spiritual blessing. And when we see and feel that everything we now enjoy comes to us as a free gift from the disposing hands of Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom, as the near Kinsman, the right of redemption belonged, how does this enhance every bestowment, and exalt the blessed Redeemer in our hearts! For all good things, both temporal and eternal, flow to us undeserving sinners through the death and mediation of Christ; and when faith obtains a glimpse of this truth, it gives the glory of all providential, as well as spiritual mercies unto him who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Another blessing still, richer than all earthly things, was granted me while attending to the preaching in the barns, and the several branches of social worship in your several families. In these opportunities, my needy soul gathered some of that treasure which is more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir; for of a truth the good Lord sent

his servant to us in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I have no doubt you all shared in these choice privileges with me, and probably in a richer degree. However, my portion was peculiarly sweet, especially from Prov. xxi. 21; Luke x. 6; Ps. xvii. 7, 8; 1 Thess. ii. 4; and the concluding sermon from 1 Thess. v. 9, 10. Some rich savour I likewise gathered in several conversations, which are still upon my mind. Neither can I forget the expressive similitude drawn from the sycamore tree, which was to me full of instruction.

I must now wind up this long fragment with my thankful acknowledgments for every token of your kind regard, with kind love and respects to each of the brethren as they come in your way. Assure them that they have an abiding-place in my affections and feeble supplications.

I shall ever remain most affectionately yours,

London, June 28th, 1834.

JOHN KEYS.

MY HEART GROWS WARM WITH HEAVENLY FIRE.

My dear Friends,—It is a sad truth that every man by nature is, in his own esteem, a self-sufficient, independent creature; and as such, especially in a spiritual view, he stands in need of much divine teaching and leading to bring him to see and feel his true position as a fallen creature, utterly incapable of delivering himself from that woeful state of guilt, misery, degradation, and death into which he is plunged by sin and transgression. “The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down.” And why must vain, proud man be thus humbled, brought down, and laid low in the dust of self-abasement before his Creator? It is in order that “the Lord alone may be exalted in that day” when he puts forth his Almighty power, and makes him willing to be nothing in his own esteem, and Jesus to be “All in all.” And I do humbly hope that, through mighty grace, both you and I have both seen and felt this day; and if so, have we not each abundant reason to cry out, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name?”

To be brought, my dear friends, truly to feel our entire dependence upon the Lord from day to day for every supply of the things, both in providence and grace, that we really stand in need of, is indeed a rich blessing; but to feel that our real needs are supplied, and to feel a thankful heart for those abounding supplies is a much greater blessing still; by far too great for such unworthy wretches as you and I most certainly are. Nevertheless, though our sins of all kinds are so exceedingly great and provoking, every hour we live, still no good thing has the Lord denied us; we have lacked nothing yet, of all that he has graciously promised, that has been for our real temporal and spiritual good. Indeed, the Lord has done “exceedingly abundantly above all

that we ask or think." This we can truly see, and are willing to confess when we are clothed and in our right minds. But, alas! how seldom is this the case with us! We never are wholly in our right minds except when we have the mind of Christ. When we are left to our own minds and spirits, to think our own thoughts, and to choose our own ways, then it is a bad state for our souls. O! My dear friends, if we were left only for a few hours fully to follow out the devices and desires of our hearts, what is it that we should not be the subjects of? Where is it that we should not wander to? And what would be our end? O the awful villainy, O the depths of infidelity, blasphemy, obscenity, hypocrisy, O the sin that creeps, crawls, and works, hisses and spits and foams, at times, within! Who can know it fully? None but God himself, who can alone search the hearts and try the reins of men. O how great, then, must be the efficacy and value of atoning blood to wash such a dungeon clean! Precious indeed is that precious blood to that favoured soul whose conscience has felt its cleansing and healing efficacy. O! It is an imperishable truth that

"None but the blood of God's dear Son
Can wash this dungeon clean."

It is a dungeon, filthy, foul as hell; but not so filthy, not so foul, but that the precious blood of Christ can thoroughly cleanse it: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." If, my dear friends, the precious blood of Jesus fell short of such cleansing power and particular personal efficacy as this, what, ah! what should such sinners as you and I do, and where should we in the end appear? O the unspeakable mercy, then, to have a solid ground within both to hope and believe that the greatest of all blessings is ours! And what a blessing it is that, at times, we are emboldened, by the power and grace that is in Christ Jesus, to say, by the blessed Spirit's sweet testimony, "Jesus has bled and died for me!" O that we could always in sweet confidence, without a stammering tongue, say this, so as to banish every secret questioning to the contrary!

But, my dear friends, I am still compelled to say for myself that often, when gloomy doubts and other things prevail, I fear to call him mine. I must tell you that I have times and seasons when I cannot so assuredly say, as my soul could desire, that he is mine; and yet I could not, dare not, say for a million worlds that he is not mine; for

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

I find, by taking a few notes of the state of my soul from time to time, that if the dear Lord withdraws for a season the bright light of his gracious countenance from my soul, yet generally he is pleased to keep me in a state of humble dependence upon him, waiting for returning light, causing my soul with more or less strength to stay itself upon him. And O! My dear friends, is not this state of experience very blessed? O! What can I render unto him for all his benefits? All I can say is,

“When I see him as he is,
I'll praise him as I ought.”

And I think I can hear you both say with me,

“O! May this my portion be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.”

The amount of strength daily granted unto me, I find, is just enough and none to spare. It is wonderful to think how hard Satan will try to cast down that soul into sin and unbelief, and suffocate him with doubts and fears, who has truly tasted that the Lord is gracious. And it is wonderful to feel the precious and striking changes that take place in the soul when Jesus powerfully and sweetly visits it once again. Our every bond, fetter, and chain is broken in the twinkling of an eye; Satan vanishes from our sight; unbelief departs; sorrow is turned into joy and peace in believing, bondage into liberty, and death into life; prayer and praise burst forth from the soul; forgiveness for every offence, and love and good wishes abound to all that love Jesus in sincerity and truth. O what true humility of soul, what contrition of spirit, what brokenness of heart! O what hatred to all sin! What love to all holiness! What internal softness and melting! And what drawing forth to the Lord of every spiritual affection and desire! O! This causes the soul to cry out,

“More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last.”

Ah! My dear friends, how true it is that

“None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.”

Blessed be the dear Name of the Lord, that he has ever given me truly to feel that

“Jesus is the one thing needful;
I without him perish must.”

My quoting so many of our old hymns reminds me of days past, when we sang them together at Portsmouth. Perhaps the time may come when we may yet be permitted, in the ordering of divine providence, to meet together again, and sing some of the songs of Zion, as we did in days past; and that with joy and melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

May you each, my dear friends, be favoured to live much in the enjoyment of the precious things of Jesus; for I do find, when my soul is favoured to feel his sweet resurrection power, that then nothing but himself seems worth writing about, talking about, reading about, or preaching about. Life feels then to be extinct in all things else. All things then I can “count but dung” and dross that have not Jesus in them. Without Jesus, a pulpit is nothing but a piece of dead wood. Without Jesus, a church is nothing but a heap of dead stones, lath, and plaster. Without Jesus, the best experience has nothing but death in the pot. O that we could each love him more and serve him better: for sure

“ 'Tis heaven to rest in his embrace,
And nowhere else but there.”

I have, I was going to say, hundreds of things to tell you about, but cannot by pen, ink, and paper. Portsmouth, as regards divine things, is, to me, all but an entire desert. I am almost alone. Little, if any, true union; consequently, little or no communion. With few exceptions, what you possess and feel you must keep to yourself; and what you hear you are tempted to suspect. The travail of the soul is but little accounted of or cared for; and mere notion, judgment, and fancy are esteemed as current coin. Experimental men are set at nought, and sent empty away. Everything, in a way of real, vital, operative godliness, seems to be fast mouldering into decay; truth is fallen in the streets; and the general shoutings are: “ Prophecy unto us smooth things.”

May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, ever keep us in his holy, tender, filial fear. O may he preserve us from falling into that dangerous apostacy so sadly and almost universally conspicuous in the present day in surrounding congregations,—I mean from falling into a sleepy, benumbed, lukewarm, barren, and dead state of soul. Little else but one thing is to be found in the dark and cloudy day in which we live; little else but death in conversation, death in the pulpits, and, consequently, death in the pews. Life is rarely found; and where it is found, it seems so weak and feeble that you can hardly distinguish it from death itself. Where is that person now to be found whose heart seems filled with the heavenly fire of divine love, whose wings of faith and hope are strong and aspiring, and whose zeal is that which is not of the flesh but the Spirit? The church seems cut asunder by its own internal jars and discords, biting and devouring one another. The staves of Beauty and Bands, to apply the words of the prophet Zechariah, seem to be now fast cutting asunder, so that little or no true union or brotherhood is to be found, and so that the privileges of God's house, in a way of true comfort and consolation, instruction, and enjoyment, in an experimental sense, are but seldom felt and enjoyed in the soul. This, indeed, is a sad state of things; but so it is, for the most part, go where you may, though, perhaps, my dear friends, that part of the world where you are now residing, or those parts which are near to it, are, generally speaking, most favoured with the contrary state of things.

Still, the Lord hath promised to feed the flock of slaughter: “ I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock.” Precious promise to the poor and needy, the lost, the ruined, the helpless, the undone, the outcast, and despised among men, slaughtered by professors and profane, and oftentimes by those of their own household, and in their own feelings, hopes, and expectations. “ For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.” May the Lord ever continue to feed our poor souls with heavenly consolation,

joy, and peace; then we shall have no real cause to fear all the Barabbases that are within, all the Judases that are without, and all the Satanic traps, gins, and snares that are round about us. "O poor of the flock," saith Jesus, "I will never cease to feed you with that living bread that endureth to eternal life." O! May our cry ever be: "Lord, evermore give us this bread:"

"Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore."

"I will feed you, O poor of the flock." What infinite care has Jesus over the poor of his flock! What infinite love and compassion has he towards them! O how greatly he delights in them! What a treasure they are to him! And what a treasure he is to them! Ah! how mysteriously does he feed a poor sheep and a poor lamb in his flock, though a mud cottage is their dwelling on earth! He feeds them with food that perisheth, and with food that can never perish; he clothes them with raiment to keep them from the winter's cold blasts, and he clothes them with fine white linen, that the shame of their nakedness may not appear. Ah! my dear friends, his sweet presence can make a mud cottage a little heaven below; and his absence will make a palace a solitary dungeon, a little hell.

"Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I'll desire no more."

Sweet employment,—to feed the poor of Christ's flock under his fostering care and rich blessing! What a privilege! What an honour! And when the Chief Shepherd takes one of the poorest and most cast out, rejected, and despised, out of his flock, and says to him, "Go and feed my lambs," how unworthy he feels himself of so great an honour, and how richly the Chief Shepherd fills him with food in his own soul; that, as he has so fully and freely received from the Lord's hands himself, he may go forth from fold to fold, and now and then pick up and feed a poor cast-down and cast-out lamb, that belongs to the chosen fold of Israel's God and Saviour.

Thus, my dear friends, has the Lord graciously fed both you and me as we have severally stood in need. Truly to his great praise we can each sing,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood."

But I must now conclude. Perhaps I have already tired you with saying so much; but I have felt my soul at liberty, and my heart beating towards you. Accept my Christian love, and believe me

Yours truly, in hope of eternal Life, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus alone,

5, York Place, Southsea, July 16th, 1855.

H. NIGHTINGALE.

A WORD FOR THE WEAKLINGS.

THE lowest true faith will do its work safely, though not so sweetly. True faith, in the lowest degree, gives the soul a share in the first resurrection; it is of the vital principle which we receive when we are quickened. Now, be it never so weak a life we have, yet it is a life that shall never fail; it is of the seed of God which abideth, incorruptible seed that dieth not. A believer is spirit, is quickened from the dead; be he never so young, never so sick, never so weak, he is still alive, and the second death shall have no power over him. A little faith gives a whole Christ. He that hath the lowest faith hath as true an interest in the righteousness of Christ as the most steadfast believer. Others may be more holy (*i.e.*, inherently) than he; but not one in the world more righteous than he; for he is righteous with the righteousness of Christ. He cannot but be low in sanctification (*i.e.*, experimental), for a little faith will bring forth but little or low obedience; if the root be weak, the fruit will not be great; but he is beneath none in justification. The most imperfect faith will give present justification, because it interests the soul in a present Christ; the lowest degree of true faith gives the highest completeness of righteousness. You who have but a weak faith have yet a strong Christ; so that, though all the world should set itself against your little faith, it should not prevail. Sin cannot do it; Satan cannot do it; hell cannot do it. Though you take but weak and faint hold of Christ, he takes sure, strong, and unconquerable hold on you.

Have you not often wondered that this spark of heavenly fire should be kept alive in the midst of the sea? It is everlasting; a spark that cannot be quenched; a drop of that fountain that can never be dried up. Jesus Christ takes special care of them that are weak in the faith. On what account soever they are sick, and weak, and unable, the Good Shepherd takes care of them; he shall rule, and they shall abide.—*Dr. Owen.*

Ye lambs of Christ's fold, ye weaklings in faith,
 Who long to lay hold of life by his death;
 Who fain would believe him, and in your best room
 Would gladly receive him, but fear to presume;
 Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
 'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.
 His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave;
 You never shall perish if Jesus can save.

We have inserted the above piece by Dr. Owen as excellently showing forth the complete justification of the weakest believer in Christ. The righteousness of faith does not depend upon the degree of faith, but the finished work of Christ. We need not warn our readers that Dr. Owen is treating, not of things as secret or merely existing in God's purpose, but manifest; also that, in his use of the words holiness and sanctification, he refers to the degree of the work of the Spirit upon the heart, or the conformity thereby of the mind and life to the gospel of Christ.

Acceptance is one and the same, and is complete to all; the work of grace is in various degrees and stages in different believers.

A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

[The following letter was copied by a friend from an old "Gospel Magazine" of 1800, and is by a soldier.]

My good Friend,—I trust I take up my pen, feeling as good old David did when he said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done (and is still doing) for my soul." Our old adversary, the devil, never tires nor faints. When he finds me in a lukewarm state, which is too often the case, he suggests: Art thou not ashamed to go with the people of God, and make a profession of Jesus Christ? Carnal reason lends the devil its aid, and the corruption of my nature seems just ready to burst out; and burst out it would, if it was not kept down by the power of God. At such seasons as this, the Spirit sweetly applies to my soul some promise, such as, "Fear thou not; I am with thee; be not dismayed; I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Or: "Loose him, and let him go." Then I am enabled to come out of myself, and lean on a precious Christ for support. He was wounded for my transgression, and bruised for my iniquity; the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and by his stripes I am healed. O! How precious Christ appears to my soul! Glory be to God for him. Christ is the sum and substance of my hope; he is my Rock and my Salvation. I can now bid defiance to all the hosts of hell, the world, and even my old inbred foe,—an unbelieving heart, to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

I should be glad if the ministers of the gospel distinguished more between the two natures in a child of God. Some, on whose ministry I have attended, preach as if a child of God was an angel, when perhaps at the same time I felt myself as vile as a devil. O! How many times this has distressed me, fearing I had no part or lot with the saints. But, blessed be God, though vile in myself, in Christ is my righteousness. With the church I can sing, "My soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." I can appeal to God that I hate sin, though I feel its cursed workings in the body of sin and death that I continually carry about with me. This promise is sweet to my soul: "Sin shall not have dominion over you;" though often, when darkness covers my mind, and I feel nothing but the workings of sin, I fear that sin hath the dominion over me. This makes me to long for that day when this mortal shall put on immortality, and sin for ever cease.

I hope you remember me at a throne of grace. My weak petitions are often directed to the throne of God through the intercession of Christ, for you. I am enabled to pray that you and I may be more strong in faith, and may be kept looking to the Lord

Jesus Christ for all we need; that we may be enabled to rely on the blessed promises of our Lord and Master. O! I long for a larger share of the influence of the blessed Spirit. My daily cry to God is that all the blood-bought family may be more manifestively drawn to live on Christ.

I must conclude in gospel love. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, and keep you from evil. This is the desire of
 Yours in Christ Jesus,

T. PAGE.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND SOLEMN TRUTH.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Friend,—I greet you in the name of the dear Lord, and am delighted with the Address for the new year. Clouds and gloom darken the sky of the dear church of God; war and stagnation of commerce, and consequently want, are menacing the nation; wicked men are introducing the filthy confessional and the Romish doctrines of devils, slighting the invaluable Word of God for the lying traditions of Rome; and whole shoals of silly women, laden with sins, are led captive by these creepers into houses. Now, we know evil men and seducers do not stand still, but wax worse and worse; and, therefore, this new year we may look for a closer and more compact confederation of those evil men; and their aggression upon the civil power is only a prelude to their casting off all checks and restraints from their own system. Nevertheless, with war, want, and increased superstition, and a growing infidelity, and the love of many waxing cold towards the dear Lord and his truth, yet this truth still stands as a rock, defying all the storms and tempests from earth and hell: "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*" "My counsel," he says, "shall stand; and I will do all my pleasure." A Pharaoh, a Haman, a Sennacherib, and pagans and popes of old times, have mustered all their forces, and put into operation all their powers; but the Omnipotent Jehovah overthrew their armies, and made them lick the dust, whilst Israel sang his praise. And the church of God still relies upon his Omnipotent arm for protection, support, and guidance.

With much to cast us down and make us sober, prayerful, and humble, and sometimes fearful, we have still much to comfort, strengthen, and encourage us. We have a Rock to rest upon and trust in,—a Three-One God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and the blessed covenant of grace is well ordered and sure. A precious Jesus is our Surety, and hath taken us into union with himself, and constituted us fellow-heirs of the unsearchable riches of Christ. We are members of his body, his flesh, and his bones. He is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. He is our Head to think for us, to plan our way, to frustrate our enemies, and to lead us by his sweet Spirit from death

to life, from law to gospel, from sin to holiness, from the world to the true church of the living God, from the frowns and the stocks, from imprisonments and shittings up, from fears, terrors, and bondage, from the dominion of sin to the smiles, embracings, consolations, and heart ravishings of a precious Jesus. Truly we feel, as one writes:

“To-day, with a sense of his love,
 Jehovah their souls will expand;
 To-morrow he'll give them to prove
 The Canaanite still in the land.”

I was glad to see your acknowledgment of Mr. G. He has been a friend to the cause, and this should be acknowledged by those who love the pure unadulterated truth. We also desire to bless the dear Lord you have taken the editorship, and hope you will be blessed with health and grace to conduct it as you have begun. That you may neither fear the frowns nor court the approval of any man, but be guided by the Holy Spirit in the fear of the Lord, with a single eye to his glory, is the prayer of

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

THE COLLIER.

THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT AND OF POWER.

WE often meet in writings with expressions which convey to the mind the idea that persons have seen some bodily appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ. A child of God relates his experience; and in describing a deliverance writes as if he actually saw the Lord Jesus, who actually, like the priests did of old, with the blood of bulls and goats, sprinkled his blood upon him. We believe in some cases nothing of the kind is intended; all that is meant being a believing realization of Christ's presence, and a spiritual apprehension of his precious blood having been shed for the sinner, and by faith brought into the conscience with its life and peace-giving power. In other cases, we fear that there is a good deal of the visionary and delusive, and of that which is strongly in opposition to the life of faith. Faith, we must remember, is not sight. “We walk by faith,” says Paul, “not by sight;” distinguishing these two one from the other, and contrasting them; as much as to say, Where the one begins, the other really ends. Had Thomas had no more faith than what depended upon his actually thrusting his hand into the side of Christ, it would have been poor believing; as Erskine writes:

“Where is your faith, if it depends
 So much upon your fingers' ends?
 But bless'd are they who truth can seal
 By faith, and neither see nor feel.”

But Thomas, doubtless, had a much better faith than this. We feel sure a blessed divine demonstration of the Spirit accompanied his sight, at that time, of Jesus, which made him cry, “My Lord

and my God." This sight, mind, was necessary in his case; for thus he was fully qualified to be an apostle, and as an eye witness could say with the others, "I have seen the Lord;" and could bear a faithful testimony to the grand doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. But, says Jesus Christ, showing what the proper work of faith is, "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." Blessed are all those who in after ages shall believe upon the testimony of you, the apostles, and yet shall not have actually seen me after my resurrection, as to my human body, as you have done; this being given to you and some others, in order that thus you might be to those after ages faithful and unimpeachable witnesses of my resurrection.

Here, then, we at once see the proper work of faith, and the real demonstration of the Spirit. The work of faith is to believe the testimony of the apostles to Christ's life, death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven, and his now sitting at the right hand of God. The demonstration of the Spirit is to make these things as real to our hearts as if we actually saw them; to make us endure as seeing him who, nevertheless, is not seen by us, but is invisible. Here is the power of the Spirit; here is his almighty work and efficacy; not in making us believe what we see, according to nature's proverb: "Seeing is believing;" but making us firmly, indubitably believe what we do not see, according to gospel truth, in which seeing and believing, actual seeing and spiritual believing, are positively distinguished. "Faith is the evidence," says Paul, "of things not seen." Of course a man believes what he sees; but what of that? The true faith makes a man believe what he does not see. Paul sets forth the nature of true faith admirably in Rom. x. It does not say, Who shall ascend into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down from above? This is not its language. Faith does not say, Let me see him; let me have a bodily discovery of him, because seeing is believing; this is mere infidelity, not faith. Neither does it say, Who shall descend into the deep, that is, to bring up Christ from the dead? Or, Let me see him buried and rise again; then I will believe in the resurrection of the dead. No! All this is the language of nature, and its incredulity. It is the expression of that natural principle which is in us, and which makes us want an evidence of a sensible and fleshly kind. It comes from the absence of faith, not its presence; from its deficiency, not its abundance.

True faith, acting under the demonstration of the Spirit and his divine power, receives the testimony of God in the Word of God, as Paul further says: "The word," concerning Christ, his birth, death, resurrection, glory, "is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart." And the voice of this word in thy heart is this: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Here is no bodily vision, but a word and a work. Here is no sight of Christ, either as the apostles saw him on earth, or as saints will see him in heaven; but a

faith's apprehension of him in the heart, producing suitable and corresponding fruits; and, according to its degree and actings, bringing peace with God and joy in believing.

Now, how different this is to what some people fancy believing is! Their idea is that it is to see some bodily appearance, some human form, some man with a glory round his head, and one knows not what else in addition. At any rate, they think this would be wonderfully great believing. But what a mistake this is! It is to substitute a something of the bodily senses, or the imagination, that lively servant of the senses, for the testimony of God, the demonstration of the Spirit, and the believing in the heart what God declares in his Word unto righteousness and God's glory.

We fear the pictures which men paint to represent the Lord Jesus have a very pernicious effect upon many minds in this direction; and, therefore, we have such a dislike to them. Moreover, the very language which is almost necessarily used in speaking of divine things tends sometimes to foster a delusion. We borrow so many of our expressions from sensible and bodily things that something sensible and bodily, without care, will be sure to connect itself with them. Thus we speak of seeing Christ, hearing Christ's voice, of his coming to us, and walking with us. Now, such expressions are perfectly correct if properly understood; but, then, as was pointed out in our Review last month, there is a danger of misapprehension. We may think the seeing is a real seeing some bodily object; the hearing, a hearing some audible sound; Christ's coming, some bodily coming, some positive descent from his throne of glory; his leaving his Father's bosom, an actual leaving, instead of an expression signifying his incarnation. Thus what we may call the necessities of language from its very poverty may lead to most vain, foolish, and fanciful ideas. We will illustrate this by an account taken from a work by Mr. Serle. A minister was called upon to visit on his death-bed a very old man who had been sitting for years under the sound of the gospel. Well, the minister wanted to find out his state of mind, so began by asking him about God the Father, and what his thoughts were concerning that blessed Person in the Trinity; and what was the reply? That God the Father, he supposed, was a very venerable old man. He was then asked about the Lord Jesus Christ; and his answer was that he supposed him to have been a very towardly youth, and very obedient to his Father. This may almost appear incredible; but does it not show us what amazing ignorance there is in the human mind as to divine things, how gross and sensual it is naturally in its ideas, and how easily the very language we use to convey our perfectly correct ideas may carry the most foolish and sensual delusions into the minds of others?

Let us, then, with God's help, cast aside vain desires for and expectations of mere bodily visions and sensible demonstrations of the truths of God concerning the Person of Christ and unseen

realities. Let us never indulge the vain idea that there is some peculiar eminency in having such things as these. They are, we believe, in numberless cases, the devil's substitutes for a true faith, and the fruits of ignorant, weak, and fanciful brains, and hearts unsubjected to the Word of God. Let it be our desire to have that precious Spirit-wrought faith which comes by hearing, which subjects the heart and life to the Word of God, which is contented now to be where Peter represents us: "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;" and which makes the child of God look forward to a better, sweeter time, when faith will give place to sight, and hope to full enjoyment; when we shall see Christ as he is, and be with him for ever.

In the meantime, may we constantly remember that the demonstration of the Spirit and of power does not consist in enabling us to believe in the existence of things actually present to our senses, or in facts which can be arrived at by a mere process of natural reasoning; such, for instance, as that of the earth really moving round the sun, not the sun round the earth. Nor does it consist in producing in the imagination images, and appearances, and beautiful pictures of men and women with glories round their heads, and all that sort of thing. No; this demonstration consists in divinely assuring our hearts of the existence and reality of things beyond the bounds of sense and natural reason; in discovering to us the divine glory, beauty, and essential excellency of these things, as they are revealed in God's Word, that more sure word of prophecy, and in thus convincing us of their reality and divinity.

But even this is not all. It is not only the demonstration of the Spirit, but of power; not only a discovery, but an effect produced thereby in the heart. Therefore, accompanying this gracious discovery, this supernatural evidence of the reality and divine glory in the things revealed, there is the putting forth a divine new-creating power by the Spirit, whereby the heart is renewed, transformed, and sanctified. Thus Paul says, "Are changed into the same image, from glory to glory." When this divine discovery by the Spirit of the spiritual beauty and glory of God in Christ, and this gracious soul-transforming power are absent, it matters not what bodily appearances may be before the eyes, what representations and images of things in the fancy, what profound deductions of natural reason. All is in vain. All is short of a true saving work. There is no true saving demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

SIRS, there is not a Christian among you so strong in grace and experience, but the devil can draw such a picture of you by his hellish art, from what he knows of God and his law, and from what he knows of your heart and ways, and set it before your eyes, so as to confound you, if the Lord do not seasonably interpose for your relief.—*Trail*.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

Dear Friend,—I have often thought of trying to write a letter to you; but O, how my ability for writing has left me! It is not what it was a few years ago. Nevertheless, I now heartily thank you for all the favours you have in the past shown me when I have been in Bath. These favours have been acceptable. The friends have been so good as to pay me what I should have had at home; and you have met my travelling expenses; so that I have lost nothing, but rather have been a gainer from other parties who have shown me a measure of kindness. And my prayers have been for many years that God would repay each and all my friends who have communicated to me of their temporals. I can do no more; and some say it is all they want, setting a value upon the prayers of such an one as I am, though so poor a creature as I feel myself to be.

I feel myself weary of earth's cares and sorrows, but more of myself and, I hope, of sin too, than of earth's cares. I am kept on speaking in the great name of Jesus, the King set on God's holy hill of Zion, to my astonishment, notwithstanding all my mental and physical infirmities. In my ministry I have been ever kept in the truth of God; and that is a mercy for me, also for those who hear me; and will be a sweet reflection on a dying bed. How those feel who have turned from truth to error in their life, I cannot tell. It is enough for me to feel myself to have been so unfruitful a servant, without having been unfaithful in my office. I know that power and success belong to God, who hath said, “My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void.”

I hope to get to heaven at last, where the people shall be all righteous. O, how different it will be there from what it is in this wretched world, even in the best part of it! I hope you enjoy your usual health, and your dear wife, although she is often poorly. But O, how blessed to be well in soul! I trust I am cured by Jesus's precious blood, though I feel so bad within most of my time; but I hope to be quite well at last, according to Rev. xxi. 4.

I have been much tried of late. My dear wife has been very ill. She has kept her room four or five weeks, and nearly the whole of the time her bed; also my young daughter, Mercy. About three weeks ago it was thought I should have to bury them both in one week. I had to continue going from one room to the other all one Saturday, sighing and groaning in spirit, until one o'clock in the morning, wondering which I might find dead first. Then I lay down to rest a little, but was called up at two o'clock to my daughter;—a sorrowful preparation for Sunday's labour, as you may well think. I am happy to say my daughter is able to get down about the house, but not suffered to go out of doors. And my wife can walk across her bedroom now, and take her food.

I hope, if spared, to see you and the friends again in July. Kind love to yourself, dear wife, and the friends.

Yours, in the path of sorrows which are to have an end, and, I trust, for an eternity of rest, glory, and peace,
Upper Holloway, Nov. 1st, 1877. CORNELIUS COWLEY.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a letter which came into my hands lately from an old friend of mine, still dear to me. After reading it, I thought, if you could pick a fragment therefrom, many of the readers of your periodical would be glad to see a relic from their old friend, of whom they can say, "He, being dead, yet speaketh;" for I know he remains in the affections of many of the readers of the "Gospel Standard."

Some years since, I heard you preach from "Lord, help me," at Luckington, which sermon I have not yet forgotten; and I think I shall not while I occupy a clay tabernacle. You described what were the breathings of my soul by day and by night. May the dear Lord keep you in his fear all the day long, and give you wisdom profitable to direct, both for the pulpit and the press. This is the prayer of
Melksham. A. B.

Dear Friend,—I write to say I received your order of the 20th inst., for which I return you thanks. I should have written before, but have been out from home, so that I have not had time. I am generally out every evening for preaching. I have preaching enough for a bishop; but my flocks are so poor that my living would not satisfy many curates. My calling lies wide; it extends into nine or ten counties, in which there are not less than thirty places open to me, and I have to give many denials for want of time, &c.; so you see I am not very idle, and when I am not working I do not seem to gather any strength to go out with. But when the work comes, my Master is very kind. I am obliged to go to him, and beg strength to work, and wisdom to know how to go on in the work. He also is very kind in putting it into the minds of one and another to supply my temporal needs, so that I have no lack of the bread that perisheth. Thus I received your kind gift as coming from him, and would desire to thank you as the instrument, and him as the Giver.

What vexes me most, and tries me in my work, is that the people in general do not believe what I say, although I appeal to the law and testimony of my Employer, even him that made the heavens and the earth, and will bring all to its nothingness again. And I am certain I tell the truth, though treated with as much contempt as though I was the greatest impostor. Yet there are a few who believe me, and love me, and support me with temporal mercies, for which I am thankful; and also believe it is fruit abounding to their account.

May the Lord bless you, and be with you and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Yours in the Truth,
Chippenham, Nov. 27th, 1860. WM. MORTIMER.

My dear Brother and Sister in the Lord,—You have been on my mind many times since I had the happiness of spending an hour with you. Feeling that we are united in spirit, I cannot forbear writing you a few lines. I trust you are enjoying much of the presence of the Lord, and that you are favoured in hearing those experimental truths of the gospel which the Lord has been pleased, in his discriminating grace and mercy, to cause you to discern from the empty profession of the day. This, my dear friends, is an unspeakable mercy,—if the Lord has taught us to know truth for ourselves, and, above all, if he has in any measure caused our souls to inherit himself, the substance.

“O! What is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace?
How poor are all the goods of earth
To such a gift as this!”

I can from my heart say this, surrounded, as I am, at this time, with all that the world can give, and everything that appears desirable in this life. But what is it all compared to five minutes' sweet communion with a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus?

But I find, my dear friends, and I believe you find it so too, that we cannot command it, that we have no power, no will, no desire after Jesus, only as he is pleased, by his own blessed Spirit, to quicken our souls into spiritual life. And I trust we have been taught by the same blessed Spirit that, as no man can quicken, so no man can keep alive his own soul. I can say for myself that sometimes I feel no love to God, and hardly a good desire; so that I am led to cry, “Can ever God dwell here?” I can only mourn in my complaint, and make a noise. Then I am tempted to think I have been deceiving myself. Then I beg of the Lord to search me, and not suffer me to be deceived. But when the dear Lord is pleased to give me a little melting sense of his love, and when I can feel the dew resting upon my branch, then I can say,

“Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
My soul is then sincere;
And everything that's dear to him
To me is also dear.
“But ah! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.”

But I might go on with the hymn. It is indeed suitable to a child of God, under his various exercises. But what a mercy, my dear friends, that we have an unchanging God, one that loveth at all times, under all states. Though we are black as the tents of Kedar, yet in him we are fair as the curtains of Solomon, made comely in the robe of Christ's righteousness, so that he beholds no spot in his people. May the dear Lord be pleased to give us a realizing sense of this pardon by the application of his own precious blood to our guilty souls; then we shall shout

victory through the blood of the Lamb, and we shall join in the song, "Grace, grace unto it!"

I have not been to hear since I met with an accident, and hurt my knee. I fear it will be some time before I am able to use it as usual. It is a great mercy I did not break the knee-cap, as the surgeon says I very nearly did so. This has been a great trial to me; and I find it very difficult to say, "Thy will be done;" and it is only when the dear Lord is pleased to give me sweet submission that I can. I am shut out from the means and from intercourse with any of the Lord's people, but surrounded by professors. But all I want is to have the presence of my Best Beloved.

My dear friends, when it is well with you, may the Lord be pleased to lay me on your hearts. I feel we are united in a three-fold cord. May grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you both. I commend you to the care of Him who careth for you. May his presence be with you.

Yours in the best Bonds,

Westbrook, Hemel Hempstead.

MARTHA CARR.

My dear Sister,—I again attempt to write a few words to you, hoping that it will not be altogether in vain; but it seems as if I had nothing to write about. I feel such darkness and confusion to-day that I fear I shall not be able to write much. O! What great sins and wickedness I find and feel working in my own heart, which I know is capable and willing to do every evil! But, thanks be to God, grace reigns to pardon, subdue, and restrain such evils; so that there is a continual warfare between flesh and spirit, between my old nature and sovereign grace. This is the reason that "I cannot do the things that I would;" and that "when I would do good, evil is present with me."

Do you feel like this? Is not sin a burden to you? Should you not like to live without sin altogether, and be holy? And can you not say, with Paul, "I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members?" Then go on, and trust in the Lord.

I do, indeed, feel myself a great sinner, but I am thankful to say that I have a refuge, even the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know he is able, and I trust he is willing to save even me; for it is all of *free* grace, and for his own Name's sake.

"Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt his will;
For if he had not loved me first,
I had refused him still."

O! What a mercy it will be for us to be found in him at last! What are all earthly things, honour, or wealth, when compared to this rich treasure, the free mercy of God? Nothing but "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Sept. 18th, 1862.

GEO. FISHER.

THE right way to heaven is *through* much tribulation. We are ourselves no proper judges as to what sort of trouble is best for us. And it is a mercy that we are not to choose either our path or our cross; for we should naturally like a smooth path, and a light cross; but God fits the back to the burden. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This I am a living witness to the truth of, to the praise of the glory of his grace. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge," &c. Through mercy, I know what it is to go out with my cart, and feel constrained from real necessity to look up to him for every customer, and as to every thing that is sold; and I desire to feel heartily thankful for every one that he sends me. Often and often, having knocked at some door, I am obliged, with Nehemiah, to pray the God of heaven to incline them to purchase. While this is very humbling, and it is often mortifying to be kept so low in pocket, business, and circumstances, yet it is God's way of bringing me to the blessedness of that man who maketh the Lord his trust. My general feeling in going out in the morning is, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the Name of the Lord our God." And how much is contained in that blessed, precious Name! All I want for soul, body, wife, children, trade, business, customers, and success. When faith fixes here, I envy no one. I have always, more or less, two things which I carry about with me;—an unceasing cause to be humbled, abashed, and ashamed of myself, before the Lord; and an equal or *greater* cause to bless the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. When I look round on the inhabitants of this village, I only seem escaped to tell of the wonders of discriminating grace. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" may be safely and truly written over our shop-door. I was enabled this day, in going out, to apprehend in my soul somewhat of the blessedness of having God for my Father, (what a relation!) and of being a son. I feel, at times, as if we went out together, and walked and conversed together. He is so nigh that I am obliged, with Moses, as it were, to take off my shoes, for the place is holy ground; and, with Jacob, to wrestle with him, and not let him go without a blessing.

"But, ah! when these short visits end," &c.

C. S.

Feb., 1857.

[The above letter was written by the first husband of Mrs. Montgomery.
See "G. S.," Jan., p. 50.]

Dear Friend,—I am always glad to hear from you, and much pleased to be informed that you are well. As your grand-daughter is coming down next week, I purposed (D.V.) to send you a few lines to let you know how we are going on. Mrs. G. is at present very poorly, having caught a cold, and my prayer is that by the blessing of God she may soon be restored. I have been very poorly myself from a fall. I cut my face very much, and sprained my leg. Though not quite well, yet I am considerably better,

thank God. The last account of poor Broad is that his is considered a hopeless case, and that he never will be better.

Everything appears gloomy, both in Church and State. There is a deadness and lukewarmness upon all, in a degree; and I presume everything is preparing to bring on the last struggle with the Roman beast. God grant we may be more than conquerors, through Christ that hath loved us; that we may be faithful unto death, and then the promise is the crown of life.

I have long been walking in a trying path, and have many rough places before me; still I hope God will make every rough place plain. Poor I am, both in soul and body; and poor I must remain, unless the good Lord condescends to make me rich. And all his children have the promise of a double portion,—needed temporal, and all spiritual blessings. There is in this world much tribulation; but in Christ there is to every believer a solid peace. I feel very low, and heavenly-mindedness little enjoyed. Little sweet meditation; contracted views of heavenly things; straitened times in prayer; dulness in conversation; a backwardness to everything that is good. Like Ephraim, I am a cake not turned. I long for a revival of the good work of grace in my soul. This day of adversity I long to be gone, and the day of prosperity to succeed; and to be as Job was, “when the dew of heaven lay all night upon his branch, when God preserved him, when by his light he walked through darkness,” and found his presence with him. For this I endeavour to pray; and for this I watch and wait, hope and expect, until the promised change shall come.

I am now reading in the chapel the Dr., and on Wednesday evenings Dr. Gill; and it appears the blessing of God attends it. The friends in general are pretty well. Mr. Beeman has not been with us for some time. He seems backward to come amongst us. I am afraid vegetation will be very much checked by the cold weather. In some parts the wheat has perished, and is ploughed up in order to sow the fields with something else; and if in some places it is so, it may be also in many others. This is a very dark providence, as bread is a principal part of the staff of life. Mrs. G. joins with me in love and every good wish for your welfare; and we humbly hope that God will supply your every need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Amen. So desires, dear friend,

23, Cheapside, London, April 7th, 1838.

Yours very truly,
C. GOULDING.

My dear and much-esteemed Friends,—I thank you sincerely for your kind and friendly letter, which ought to have been answered long ago, and, indeed, would have been, but indolence and pride prevented. Dr. Pride said, You know you cannot write half so good a letter as most do in a common way; your handwriting is miserable, your spelling is bad, and what ideas you have you cannot put together in a way of common sense. And as you happen to be a fool, do be wise enough to keep your folly at home; for there is no telling, if you write, who may see your

letter. Just at this time, in came my old friend Indolence, and said, You know you must write to the friends at Welwyn to say Yes or No to their request, but cut it short. To him I gave heed. And so I beg to say that if I am spared I will be with you at the time you request.

I hope this will find you and Mrs. L. well; likewise all the family, both at Welwyn and Braughing. My wife gets very feeble, and the grasshopper seems a burden. As for myself, I am just the same lump of sin and dirt you have ever found me to be, with only this sad difference;—the devil seems to stir up the sad filth with greater ease both to him and me, and I seem ready to die of it, and am sunk into such an unfeeling state that all my religion seems only to amount to a begging for a religion that will save my soul. In this state I have been, more or less, for several weeks, with very little variation; but sometimes I hope I get a small crumb of spiritual prayer, and sometimes a desire for a crumb. But, alas! At other times, desires fail, and then the mourners go about the streets, and I forget prosperity. But yet, amidst all, I do hope I shall be found in *Him*. Glad should I be to say from day to day, *There shall my soul be found*. Sorry should I be to say so without the internal witness. I do desire to pity those who accustom themselves to a language of strong confidence, arising from a knowledge of the plan of salvation. Our steeple-houses are full of those who profess and call themselves Christians; but O! How precious to be called by the new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. And when that name is thus named upon us, it is like ointment poured forth. O may the Lord bless my friends at Welwyn with that grace which constrains a man truly to say, "I am the Lord's." Here is the groundwork of what our old divines call self-dedication; not creature piety, but Christian piety, real heartfelt devotedness to God. This will bring a man to what Paul says in Rom. xii. 1.

The Lord bless you with constraining grace; and enable my poor lagging soul to say, "Draw me; we will run after thee." Well, my friends, ere long the King will bring us into his chamber, in the best and highest sense.

"There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
And from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

My love to all the living. Believe me to remain,
Yours in covenant Bonds,

Feb. 13th, 1849.

W. COWPER.

THE angels themselves desire to look into the things of the glory of Christ. (1 Pet. i. 12.) There is in them matter of inquiry and instruction for the most high and holy spirits in heaven. The manifold wisdom of God in them is made known unto "principalities and powers in heavenly places by the church." (Eph. iii. 10.) And shall we neglect that which is the object of angelical diligence to inquire into, especially considering that we are more than they concerned in it?—*Dr. Owen*.

MOUNT ZION.

THERE is a city, large, and wisely framed,
 Which by its Builder is Mount Zion named;
 'Tis on the Rock of ages built secure,
 And must from age to age be firm and sure.
 This city is with walls surrounded well,—
 Walls which defy th'assaults of earth and hell;
 The gates are strong, nor will admit a foe;
 None but the citizens therein may go.
 And none within her walls can find a place,
 But chosen objects of the Builder's grace.
 Behold the tow'rs that round this city stand;
 Mark well the bulwarks raised by his hand;
 Look on her palaces,—the bless'd abode
 Of him who reigns The Everlasting God.
 See how poor sinners, burden'd with their sin,
 Flee to the gates, and are admitted in;
 See how they lose their load, and rest attain,
 Their foes shut out while they within remain.
 'Tis in this way they refuge find in God,
 And peace eternal through their Saviour's blood.
 Behold the river of his sacred love,
 That flows so freely from its source above.
 Mark well the streams, which all in Zion flow,
 Producing peace and joy where'er they go.
 Some near the river lie, and sweetly rest;
 Some in it swim and bathe, and thus are blest;
 While some, who thirst and pant to have a share,
 Fear that their hope will end in blank despair.
 They're born of God; they must not, cannot, die;
 Their hope shall live; grace will their need supply.
 Yes, they shall drink, and bathe in seas of grace,
 And see their dear Redeemer's lovely face.
 The citizens appear before their God;
 Each one is wash'd in Jesus' precious blood;
 And each is cloth'd in righteousness divine;
 And all do in their Saviour's likeness shine.
 The Lord in Zion has his table spread,
 With paschal lamb, with calf, and living bread.
 With wines that on the lees have ages stood;
 With grapes from Eschol; and with Jesus' blood.
 This feast in Zion is both rich and free,
 And is prepared, poor hungry soul, for thee.
 Each eats, and drinks, and wonders at the feast,
 Yet wonders more that he should be a guest.

Jan., 1878.

J. JONES.

IT is the honour of the gospel that it makes the best parents
 and children, the best masters and servants, the best husbands and wives
 in the world.—*Flavel*.

REPLY TO A FRIEND.

You signify that your mind has been much exercised upon the subject of receiving members into the church, and as to the scriptural grounds for the custom prevailing in our churches of bringing candidates for membership before the church as a body, to give in their experiences. You seem also to lean to a different method, and to think that it would be better for the minister and two or three visitors to decide the matter.

We must, then, express our decided disagreement with this latter opinion; and will briefly point out why we adhere to the custom established in our churches.

But, first, let us warn our friend of the danger of having his mind improperly biassed. We need and should pray for calm sober judgments in divine things. Carnal policy, that ruiner of societies and churches, is very apt to intrude itself. We may want to see a church increased in numbers; our eyes, too, may be upon this person and that, and we may think how nice it would be to have them added to us as church members. Perhaps they are wealthy; perhaps personal friends; but, then, they are nervous, and have little to say before a church, and possibly very little of a true work of grace to tell about. Well, how nice to have them brought in by ministerial authority, or through the favourable report of one or two friendly visitors, who have had a talk with them in private. Now, may not all this be very fleshly? Cannot the Lord, who made man's mouth, give one of his people ability to declare what he has done for that person's soul? Does not the wine of the kingdom, when it goes down sweetly, cause the lips of those who are asleep to speak? Does not the gospel make the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly? Granted that a fleshly boldness and a carnal fluency of speech may sometimes have more effect than they should over the minds of members, and that the graciously retiring and modest may thus be put to a disadvantage before a church; it must also be granted, when this is the case, that the members must be very unspiritual and undiscerning. Surely a body of spiritually-minded persons, meeting in the fear of the Lord, and praying for his Spirit to be the Spirit of a right-judging mind to them, may be trusted to discern between a fluent hypocrite and a man whose mouth is opened by the Lord; and also to detect the true fear of God, and a real work of grace in the midst of much hesitancy, fear, and trembling in the speech of one not so qualified with the gift of utterance. Surely the living ought to have some capability of judging between the living and the dead, between a fair corpse and a living creature. Churches, too, are not usually over-exacting. The danger is rather on the other side. There is generally a considerable fear of rejecting anything that has the Spirit of Christ about it, and a great readiness to receive with gladness any poor fellow-sinner who is fleeing, through divine grace, to Jesus from the wrath to come.

It seems, then, at starting an unnecessary reproach cast upon a church of God to signify that members must be smuggled into it by ministers, deacons, and visitors, without the whole of the members having an intelligent voice in the matter.

But, now, to Scripture, and just inference therefrom. We believe that Scripture is on the side of our present custom.

Let us, then, begin by considering what is the simple idea of a gospel church produced in our minds by reading the Word of God. Is it not that of a number of persons associated together, according to the divine command and leading, for mutual benefit to the glory of God? Is not, too, their outward and visible unity the expression of a unity inward, spiritual, and essential, preceding it? "There is one body and one Spirit," &c. (Eph. iv.) Have not all these persons, thus associated in a sort of divine commonwealth, interests in common? Do not all suffer and rejoice together? (1 Cor. xii.) Does not anything prosperous or adverse which takes place concerning the whole community, or any part of it, affect all the members of that community? Well, then, if this is the case, ought not all the members alike to have a voice in so important a matter as the addition of members? May not tares be sown amongst the wheat? May not false brethren be unawares brought in? It only requires the question to be asked to see how proper it is that all the members of a church should have a voice in the matter.

But, it may be said, If the minister and one or two judicious visitors are satisfied, the church may give their consent without any further step than the minister and visitors reporting. But is this the sort of consent living spiritual children of God and members of churches ought to be asked to give? This is a sort of blind submission to the judgment of others. The gospel consent should be spiritual, intelligent, upon good and satisfactory grounds, and founded upon some personal examination and knowledge; and how these conditions can be better satisfied than by bringing candidates before a meeting of the members, we do not see.

Well, at starting, by a simple consideration of the scriptural idea of a church, we see quite enough to warrant our custom, and to deter from any departure from it. And we began with this because we think it important here to insist upon one thing. We are not to expect that all our questions are to be answered in so many express words of Scripture. Hard, rigid letter-rules and decisions are very foreign to the genius of the New Testament, which is the spirit, not the letter. There is the liberty of the sons of God, which is ordered, not by hard, rigid letter-rules, but by divine and spiritual principles, as set forth in God's Word. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace; against such there is no law." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

But now we will proceed to examine the Scriptures themselves a little more closely, to see whether they give us even more express intimations of what is right and desirable in this matter.

The epistles were addressed to the churches, as organized bodies. "Paul . . . to all the saints in Christ Jesus, with the bishops and deacons." (Phil. i. 1.) Now let us see what he says to the churches upon the point in hand. In Rom. xiv. and xv. he says: "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye." "Wherefore receive ye one another, as Christ also received us to the glory of God." But how can this be if the person, whether of weaker faith or stronger, only relates his experience and professes his faith privately in the ears of a minister and two or three visitors? Then, turn to 1 Cor. v. Here the church is to assemble itself together in the most formal solemn manner, for the exclusion,—*i. e.*, excommunication, of a sinning member. What! The church as a body to *exclude*, and not as a body to *receive*? Where is the harmony in such a course of proceeding? Then, turn again to 2 Cor. ii. Here we have the church, as a body, forgiving and re-admitting, upon evidence of deep godly sorrow and contrition. Again we say, Can this be gospel order, that a church is thus collectively and solemnly to excommunicate, and re-admit upon repentance, and confession, and alteration, but a minister and one or two visitors are virtually to receive at first? This cannot be. No; the church admits its own members. The church excommunicates. The church forgives and re-admits. Thus the church retains its self-government, under God, and the thunders of clericalism die away into silence, and are not to be recorded. (Rev. x)

Here, then, we have, as we conceive, positive Scripture declarations on the side of our custom. It is upheld, we believe, expressly by the Word of God. And this opinion is strengthened when we consider the figures used in the Scriptures to represent a church. It is called a body, making increase of itself in love; all growing together. It is called a building, growing together in the Lord. And in the 37th of Ezekiel, where the gospel process of forming the body is described, we have the bones coming together, bone to his bone. It does not say that all the bones gathered themselves round some ministerial head and one or two eminent joints; but "bone to his bone." All indeed coalesced into unity; but it was not the monstrous unity of legs and arms sticking incongruously out of a head, a sort of church octopus; but each coming into its place. Bone to his bone. All one. A lovely unity.

There is one more consideration we shall mention, which still further enforces these views, and shows the Scriptural foundation and propriety of our custom. Those who become members of churches enter upon new relationships, with new responsibilities or obligations thereby laid upon them. They are called upon to love one another, seek each other's welfare, watch over each other, pray for one another, weep together, rejoice together, yea, if occasion demands, die for one another. Now, all these relative precepts or words, showing the way in which church members should walk together in unity and love, dis-

tinctly require acquaintanceship one with another. How can I be ready to lay down my life for one concerning whose spiritual state I am unacquainted? Must I die for a reprobate? According to the ministerial and visitor plan, so far as my personal knowledge goes, a man may be a child of God, or he may not. The minister and two or three deacons or visitors say he is a very dear saint, though a little nervous. I confess there seems to be a little something more positive and satisfactory required to brace me up to the pitch of dying for him. If he is too nervous to confess before many witnesses his faith and experience, I may be almost excused if I feel a little too nervous when it comes to laying down my life for him.

To what we have written, more, no doubt, might be added. The words of Paul concerning Timothy, as having witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, might fairly be quoted. But as some may be inclined to dispute their reference to church membership, we prefer resting our case upon what we have already set forth. We believe the primary idea of a gospel church, and the positive declarations of Scripture, sanction and enforce our custom. We believe the figures used concerning the churches, and the practical rules having reference to the conduct of members one towards another, confirm these first inferences and positive declarations. Let, then, the members of churches walk together in a holy unity and love. Let them display both tenderness and prudence in the admittance of persons into their society, exercising their Scriptural privileges in the fear of God. Let them in the same spirit enforce a godly, salutary discipline. Let them love and esteem their ministers and other church officers, and listen to their counsel, when it is in harmony with the Word of God. But let them beware of voting away their rights as self-governing bodies, and yielding themselves over as a sort of willing serfs to arbitrary authority. Spiritual slavery begins not only with the lordly usurpations of those in office, but the indolent, unholy, culpable resignation of their rights by those who suffer themselves to be domineered over. Let ministers and officers beware of infringing the rights of members. The first step in this direction is on the road to popery. And let members, with a loving, tender, godly firmness, resist such infringement. Naboth should not sell his patrimony, his vineyard, any more than Ahab covet it. God's people are not called to be the mindless tools of men, but the understanding servants of God. There is a respect to others, especially ministers and church officers, which is right; there is a self-denial which is lovely; but there may be an indolent foolish resignation of a man's judgment and ways unto the control of others which is contrary to God's Word, and cannot be agreeable to his Spirit. When Israel would have a king, God gave them a Saul in his anger. The King of Zion, the Head over all things to the church, is Jesus. He sends the blessed Spirit as his Representative in the churches. He gives, by his Spirit's qualification and autho-

rity, some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers; but no lords. Church officers are servants of the churches, not lords over God's heritage. Led by the Lord, all will keep their proper places, in humility and unselfish love. On the one hand, there will be no usurpation on the part of church officers of the rights of members; and on the other, no unholy God-denying resignation of their rights and privileges into the hands of church officers by the members. No; each one will keep his place; each will rightly consider and value his position and privileges; and each will seek to fulfil the obligations involved therein.

Obituary.

ELIZA FAY.—On Feb. 17th, 1876, aged 31, Eliza Fay, of Coombe, Enford, Wilts.

She was a moral person, but a stranger to the things of God, and of her own state, up to the time when her husband was to be baptized. This took place June 30th, 1872. She was so affected as to weep on account of it. There seemed to be a secret working by the Holy Spirit of God from that very time, and this continued while life lasted. She became anxious to know and follow the Lord Jesus herself. After much exercise of soul the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty, on April 20th in the following year. I was led to speak on Ps. xlv. 10, 11: "Hearken, O daughter," &c. These words so answered to the desire of her soul that she from that time forwards ceased not, more or less, to express to her husband, as well as to those around, how she enjoyed the sweetness of that portion of God's Word. She did indeed desire the King's favour, and to worship only him.

On June 1st, 1873, she, with four others, was baptized by me in the river at Netheravon. Although in a weak consumptive state, so much so that some would have thought it very dangerous, she received no injury. The King was now her Lord, and he gave her strength to follow him.

She was very constant in attendance at the chapel until by her illness entirely prevented. She told me, after her last visit to the chapel, she believed it would be her last; and so it proved. She went not again until we took her there to her grave.

She was much blessed in her soul, as the testimony of her husband and friends proves. She would sing while engaged in her little household work. One of her favourite hymns was, "Jesus, my All," &c. (144, Gadsby's). Hymn 732 was another that just met her case. So that while her poor frame was gradually sinking, her immortal part was renewed day by day. She had many portions of God's Word applied from time to time to her soul; such as: "I will be with thee;" "I will never leave thee." Her thoughts dwelt so much upon Christ as the King that it cheered her soul in death. As her disease gained upon her, and she was near her confinement, all hope of rising again was over. Yet the Lord brought her through, but only to survive about nine days. Satan at this time seems to have been worrying her; but it was only for a short time, as she told her friends he had disappeared. Her friends seeing an alteration, and believing death was near, began to weep. She said, "Don't cry for me;" and with her arms held up, and a strong voice, she exclaimed, "I want to go to Jesus. I want to go to glory." She then attempted to sing her favourite hymn, "Jesus, my All, to heaven

is gone." This she did with astonishing strength, though so very near her death, adding, "Come, Lord Jesus. Why so long in coming?" Her husband being from home, for, not thinking her end was near, he had gone to his work in the morning, she said, "Give my love to him." She wished to kiss her dear little babe, which died a short time after, and then quietly breathed her last, departing hence to see the King in his beauty, and the land which is very far off.

R. MOWER.

JOSEPH MEWETT.—On May 14th, 1876, aged 71, Joseph Mewett, a member of the church meeting for divine worship at Ebenezer Chapel, Heathfield.

The welfare of the cause lay very near his heart. In his removal from us, we have lost a sincere helper, and an upholder of our hands by his prayers. As the memory of the just is blessed, I feel desirous that a little account of him may appear among the records of the dear departed saints in the "G. S.," of which he was a lover and a reader.

Of his early days I know but little, nor when or by what means he was first brought into a real concern respecting eternal things and his never-dying soul. I have often heard him say, "There must be an almighty power to cause a person really to

"Leave the world's deceitful shore,

And leave it to return no more;

for he never would have come out from the world had not the Lord brought him out. His brother can remember his being in great distress of soul, as feeling he was a lost man, as far back as 1823. I have heard him speak of going to hear a man of God preach at Bodle Street, named Rainsford, and of the words from his mouth being made sharper than a two-edged sword, entering into his heart, dividing asunder soul and spirit, joints and marrow. He many times went as far as the chapel door, but durst not enter, for fear he should be the cause of the building coming down upon himself and those that were there. He felt it would be presumption to go and sit with God's people, yet he loved them and the minister, although his ministry seemed to cut him up root and branch. He could not keep away; yet dared not speak to the people. He walked behind them to the place of worship, and into the fields between the services, and returned home in the evening by himself.

In addition to this heavy soul-trouble, he was much tried in providence. He had heavy affliction in his wife, and his own body was brought down very low. It appears that some little encouragement of soul was given him through the Lord hearing and answering his prayers, and sending him needed help and timely aid in providence, so that he was often overcome by the Lord's goodness. But he was not to be put off with these things. "O Lord," he would say, "I would bless thee for these favours, but they cannot satisfy me. Do say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." How long it was before the Lord favoured him with a good hope in his soul I do not know; but I have heard him say that he was brought to this place in his soul's feelings,—that God would be just in sending him to hell; "but," he would add, "I cannot say, as some have said, that I was willing to go there."

The Lord's people felt a union to him, and began to talk with him upon soul matters. He was astonished to find they knew what his exercises were. He thought no one in the world was like him. After the Lord favoured him with sweet helps and encouragements through the ministry of dear Mr. R., he became more communicative, and sweet communion followed the union he had with both minister and people. This continued until the death of the minister. Indeed, up to our friend's death, he felt a union to and had communion with some of the friends

that continued to attend Bodle Street chapel. I have heard him say that, on one occasion, having to go to Battle, some miles from where he lived, he was so tried in providence, and was in such distress of soul, that he felt almost in despair; but, on his way home, the Lord broke in upon his poor soul with such life, light, and comfort, that he was like another man. He had never had such a visit as that before. His dear wife can testify to the change she saw in him. Yet, with the exception of a few times, Joseph never got beyond a good hope. He was a very affectionate father, and the welfare of his children's souls was much upon his heart. Writing to one of his daughters, he said, "When I was brought to see the truth of the doctrine of election, O the trial I felt when you were born! How I did beg for the salvation of your soul." He would say to his children that nothing short of divine realities would stand in the great day of reckoning.

After the death of his old minister, he came, at times, to hear me at Heathfield. He afterwards told me that it was some time before he was satisfied that I was sent of God to preach. "Others told me," he said, "you had been, but I wanted to know it for myself; as it is not everyone who preaches the truth in the letter that God hath sent to the work. I want to find the divine anointing, not much looked after in our day, I fear. But the dear Lord, in a blessed way, cleared that matter up to my soul by putting you into my heart; through making you as his mouth to my soul, so that I feel we shall never be parted."

In 1861 he was baptized, and cast in his lot with us in church fellowship. Although he had six or seven miles to walk to and from the chapel, Joseph's place was hardly ever empty, wet or fine. Sometimes the Sun of Righteousness shone upon him; and then his face would shine and his tongue talk a little of the Lord's goodness. But when the clouds covered his light, you would not hear him talk much.

In 1875 he was very much favoured in soul from these words being applied: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" He awoke his wife in the night, singing Hart's hymn (251, Gadsby's Selection). At another time, he was blessed with these words applied with power: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

But I must come to his last days on earth. During the first part of his illness, he was much tried in mind and harassed by Satan. He said Job was his companion. But these words came with sacred softness: "I will make thy peace to flow like a river." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," he exclaimed; "when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me." To his eldest son and daughter he said, "The dear Lord bless you both with the right thing, with real religion, and a real desire to hear the truth, and enable you not to mind a little trouble in getting to hear. I have lived to prove the worth of it." He prayed earnestly for them. He spoke of the honour the Lord had conferred upon him, in that he had chastised him in love; yes, in love. He was much affected. His daughter said, "This agrees with what you told me the Lord spoke to your soul a little time back:

"He makes the believer, and gives him his crown."

On being asked by his brother, a little before he died, how he was in soul, he said, "Better, better." "Then," said his brother, "you feel it will be well with you?" He answered, "Yes." To a friend he said, "It has been a great trouble to me to think of dying in debt; but the dear Lord hath delivered me from all that now. Blessed be his holy Name." At another time, he said, "Tell T. and A. P., if I never see them again. I had this given me this morning:

“ On this firm Rock believers build.”

He made me a believer, and gives me the crown. Yes, he hath done it. Here is a firm foundation to rest on.”

On the morning before he died, he was much tried, and said, “ Am I anything, or am I nothing ?” But on his wife remarking, “ You will have the crown after this,” he said, “ Victory !” Soon after, he looked up and smiled, and departed to be for ever with the Lord.

Both myself and many friends can bear testimony to the grace of God being bestowed on him abundantly, so that it was very sweet and profitable to be in his company. Many called to see him, and ministered to his bodily wants, to whom he spoke solemnly and faithfully; so that, notwithstanding the wide difference between them in spiritual things, they said, “ This is of a truth a good man.” His medical attendant, although employed by the parish to attend him, was exceedingly kind and attentive. I should not mention these things, only it confirms these scriptures: “ When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.” “ Them that honour me I will honour.”

Heathfield.

G. M.

JAMES TRUDGETT.—On Oct. 4th, 1877, aged 65, James Trudgett, of Lakenheath.

The good man of whom I now write was the father of the James Trudgett of whom a notice appeared in the “ G. S.,” July, 1877. He was called by grace when he was about 20 years of age, but I did not know him till about nine years before his death. At that time, I frequently supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Chapel at Lakenheath, and he occasionally came to hear me. At first, he could not receive me as a minister. In Nov. 1868, I preached from Hos. vii. 9. In that sermon I spoke of a backsliding child of God, of his love, zeal, godly fear, spirituality, and confidence being devoured by strangers, as to the enjoyment and exercise thereof. Also of the grey hairs being upon such an one,—the signs of a spiritual decay being manifest in him, he himself being at the same time unconscious of his sad state. Into this sermon my friend could and did feelingly enter, and it entered into him, for he had been left, as he afterwards said, to backslide greatly; and he felt that the description given of a backslider was an accurate portrait of himself. Under this sermon his prejudice was all broken down. From that time he felt a close union to me, and when I came to know much of him, I felt the same to him. He could open his mind with freedom to me, and I could do the same to him.

My departed friend was a well-taught man, being better and more deeply acquainted, I believe, with the two sides of a gracious experience than many others. He had passed through great trials, both providential and spiritual, having experienced bitter disappointments, heavy losses, fierce temptations, sharp trials of his faith, much of the powerful working of the evils of his heart, and long and great darkness through the hidings of God’s face. On the other hand, he had experienced many blessed manifestations of the love of God to his soul.

For many years before I knew him he had been brought into the liberty of the gospel; and, mingled with his sorrows, he had had many sweet visits from the Lord. For some years the ordinances of Christ had lain upon his conscience, as things that he felt he ought to attend to. Various circumstances had, from time to time, prevented his observance of them; but in the spring of 1876, he was favoured to have such a rich blessing from the Lord that he could no longer put off obeying the Lord’s commands; nor did he then wish to do so. He gave to the church here a relation of the Lord’s dealings with him; and, being accepted

for membership in August, he was baptized and received into church fellowship.

When his bodily strength failed, and he was confined to his home, he felt particular satisfaction in having been enabled to give a public testimony of his love to Jesus, by observing his ordinances.

The decline of his bodily health and strength was very gradual and protracted. For some time before he ceased from work, it was evident that he was drawing near to the grave, and also that his soul was ripening for heaven, there being an unusual degree of mellowness of spirit manifested in him. He was not able to leave home after the early part of August; and after he became confined to the house, he was so weak that he could neither talk much nor bear the fatigue of having much said to him. A very few words in conversation, concluded with a few words of prayer, was all that he was able to bear. Though he had been so fiercely assaulted by the enemy at various times, during his life, in his latter days he was favoured with much peace, not enjoying great things, nor greatly distressed. From the 16th of September he was compelled to keep to his bed.

About a fortnight before his death, he said to his daughter, "If you at any time find me gone do not be surprised. I do long to be gone. I know my time will not be long." A friend said to him, "You feel rather dark in your mind." He replied, "Yes; but that does not alter anything. I am safe." He often said to his daughter, "I am going home. I shall not be here long." He was frequently begging the Lord to take him.

The last few days of his life, he was so weak that what he said could scarcely be heard; but he was heard to say, "Higher, higher. O for more faith!" And at another time, "O what I could tell my wife now, if I could talk to her!"

I am not unconscious what were his infirmities, and that his irritability and warmth of temper required love to bear with them. He was a plain-speaking man, not accustomed to conceal what he thought and felt on any subject. Trimming his way was far from him. His plainness was offensive to such as felt no spiritual union to him. To persons in general his excellences were not so apparent as his failings, and he was on that account much misunderstood. Whenever I visited him, our conversation was on spiritual subjects, not about other people. By his death I have lost one of the best of my hearers; and one of my dearest and best-loved friends; but "The Lord liveth."

S. SARGEANT.

Lakenheath.

[We think our friend Sargeant has displayed wisdom in not altogether passing by the infirmities of his friend, whilst noticing what grace had done for him. We also admire the judiciousness displayed in not wearying a poor feeble failing man with long visits, endless questionings, prolonged conversation, and tedious prayers. Both in meetings and in visits to the sick, this wise sentence should be remembered: "Where weariness begins, edification ends."]

HARLOCK THEOBALD.—On Nov. 29th, 1877, aged 82, Harlock Theobald, of Brentwood.

Harlock Theobald was for many years a member of the Baptist church, Thundersley, but was removed, in the Lord's providence, and passed the last five years of his pilgrimage at Brentwood, where he found a small band of lovers of the truth, and became one with them in gospel fellowship. During this period he wrote many spiritual letters to his beloved friend J. Finch, whose obituary appeared in the "G. S.," Sept., 1877. In these he relates how he came under the felt condemnation of the law of works, and his deliverance therefrom into gospel

peace, rest, and salvation. He was, when first convinced, hearing Mr. Collins, of Maldon, who was preaching from these words: "I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." (Gen. xxx. 27.) But he shall tell his own tale. He writes:

"Mr. C. showed that it was quite possible for a natural man to experience the goodness of God in temporal matters, and to publicly acknowledge the same, and yet not be in possession of living faith in the Son of God. He looked direct at me, and uttered these words: 'Except you are taught the same lesson that the jailer learned, or Peter on the water, living and dying without it, you will perish for ever.' The words came as daggers into my soul, and why I should not so perish I could not tell. I went home with a heavy heart; my hair seemed to stand upon my head, and I was like one bewildered in mind. I bit my lips for anguish of heart, so that my face was quite disfigured. The language of my soul was continually: 'I am of all men the most miserable. I am sure of being damned.' And my wife told me that I looked just like one out of his senses. But the dear Lord, I trust, was about to teach me that blessed lesson that salvation, from first to last, is entirely of his gracious Majesty; that he ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the waves thereof.

"I remember one Sabbath day, I was in great trouble, and the doctor was sent for. He came; and after inquiring how I felt, said, 'You have a good constitution. I can soon set you right.' I replied, 'Sir, I know by my experience you cannot do me any good. I want the great Physician of souls to come and tell me that my sins are forgiven.' He looked at me earnestly, and spoke to my wife, saying, 'I want a word with you.' They went into an adjoining room, when he asked her if her husband did not go among the meetings. She said, 'Sometimes.' He added, 'His mind is not right. I would have you not to let knives lie in his way, or any such things.' This was a solemn time with me, as it regards eternal life and death; for what with an accusing devil, and a troubled conscience, I was indeed at my wits' end, Satan suggesting that I was one of those God had designed for destruction, and that what God had designed could not be altered.

"Thus was I tossed to and fro in the bitterness of my soul; for when it was morning I wanted it to be evening, and when evening came I wanted it to be morning. I once crept out of bed in the dead of night to satisfy my mind whether I was in hell or not; for I thought no creature out of hell could be more miserable. I opened the window. What a solemn scene was presented to my view! Not a twig moving, no moon, but the heavens bespangled with stars, all setting forth the solemnity of God. I shut the window, returned to my bed, and, something like Paul's shipwrecked mariners, wished for the day. Blessed be the God of Israel, I did not sink in these deep waters. He sent from on high, and delivered me from all my foes and fears, in his own good time. It is a blessed truth that whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

"When the Holy Ghost revealed the Lord Jesus Christ to my sinking soul, I was lying on a sick bed, afflicted in body and mind. Death and condemnation seemed to be my dismal portion for ever and ever. I could truly say, 'I found trouble and sorrow;' feeling that I was in the hands of that Being from whose presence I could not flee. But, blessed be his dear Name, he has a set time to favour Zion; and when the set time of salvation is come, no enemies can stop the current of his love flowing into the soul of a vessel of mercy.

"I think it was on a Monday when the billows more fiercely returned. It was a terrible storm; it was as though I stood on the sea shore, and awful black waves of despair were rolling towards me.

Nothing but 'Lost, lost, lost!' could I think of. All of a sudden, unexpectedly, a still small voice spoke personally to me, with these words: 'Is there no proof in Scripture for you?' That question drew up, as from the depth of my soul, the cry of the jailor, 'What must I do to be saved?' The answer came immediately, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I felt living faith raised up in my soul. Jesus appeared before the eye of my mind an all-sufficient Saviour; and all the powers of my immortal soul went forth with the cry, 'Lord, save, or I perish!' At once Satan went away like a liar as he is; and supernatural life, light, and love, flowed into my soul. The storm of death and destruction was hushed into a perfect calm. The electing love of the Father came sweetly into my heart, through the redeeming love of his dear Son, with the witnessing power of the eternal Spirit; so that my soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Whether in the body or not, I could not for a while tell, for the change was so great and glorious that my poor soul was as though it would burst its tabernacle, and

"Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord."

This sovereign rich grace of a covenant God so blessedly manifested and realized, he often spoke of in after years. His letters testify to his sense of his unworthiness and sinfulness, but also to the worth, love, and fulness of Christ Jesus, as from time to time experienced by him. He had many earthly trials, through all which the Lord graciously brought him, many struggles in the inward warfare from the corruption of the flesh, and combats with the daily adversary; but, though cast down, he was not destroyed. Grace reigned triumphantly, proving that his religion was that of the heart; and it was evidenced outwardly by an exemplary life and conservation. He enjoyed sweet union and communion with his fellow members, and was made useful among them in the services of the Lord's house. The promise was fulfilled in him: "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;" for in his 78th year he writes:

"Surely I may say, in truthfulness, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' Notwithstanding all my baseness, the Lord has fed and clothed me. When sinking he has made me swim, and given me power to call upon his great Name for life and salvation. O, my beloved friends, what a Rock is the Lord Jesus, when the Holy Ghost directs the foot of faith to flee unto him for want of shelter! What an unspeakable blessing to be built upon him, and to put in the claim: 'My Lord and my God!' I obtain holy boldness and confidence when my mind is carried back from my youth. I am constrained at times to say 'Lord, what am I?'

"A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth."

In the following year he writes: "Remember me at a throne of grace, that when I have to walk through the dark valley, I may have his presence who is death's Conqueror, and shout 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb!' I feel my house is getting very shaky, and find still that Jesus only suits me. With him in the vessel all is well.

"Devils retreat when he appears;
Then I arise above my fears."

And only when his presence is with me can I make the tempter flee."

About twelve months before this dear saint was released from the ties of mortality he was taken with a very severe illness, and his death was expected day by day. A friend then visiting him asked him how he felt in his mind. He replied that the Lord had not specially blessed him,

nor withdrawn his gracious influences; that the remembrance of former mercies was such that he could say, If he had intended to destroy me, would he have shown me such things as these? This was a favourite text with him, and he added with emphasis:

“Our God, how firm his promise stands!” &c.

At another visit he was quite comfortable in his feelings; and when speaking of the Lord Jesus and of his finished salvation for poor sinners, he said he was glad it was a finished work; and repeated:

“That Christ is God I can avouch,” &c.

Upon one occasion he sang the whole of hymn 143, without a mistake, to the tune of “Eglon,” with closed eyes, as if he was singing the very feeling of his soul, which doubtless was the case.

He became extremely enfeebled in body, and his mind was sometimes vacant and wandering. At length a paralytic stroke came upon him, which rendered him insensible and speechless. In this state he remained for two weeks, and then was taken away from us, to be for ever with the Lord.

G. TURNER.

ROGER SPACKMAN.—On Dec. 28th, 1877, at West Kennett, Marlborough, aged 55, Roger Spackman, a deacon of the Baptist church at Avebury.

Our dear friend, like many of the Lord's people, was the subject from an early age of those occasional convictions that pass like the morning cloud and the early dew. He remained a stranger to vital truth, and an enemy to all save the form of godliness. But it pleased God to call him by his effectual grace in the beginning of 1847. The sovereignty of the Lord is remarkably visible in this call; the work was short, and the manner unusual. He was living at the time in the parish of Broughton Giffard; two sisters, both at the time unmarried, keeping the house. A few days before the events alluded to in the following extract occurred, he had been making strong resolutions against some besetment, when the younger sister said, “Not in your own strength will you be able to keep them.” We cannot describe the effect produced by these words better than by quoting from a letter written by the elder sister to a friend:—

“We began talking of his sincerity, when R. said, ‘You don't know what has been passing in my mind the last two or three days.’ I replied, ‘No, I don't; but I feel that something has.’ He said in a deep tone of voice, ‘Kate, it was you.’ She said, ‘I?’ He replied, with earnestness, ‘Yes, you: “*But not in your own strength.*” It came like a dart to me. And something said within, “Pray;” and keeps on: “Teach me to pray; teach me to pray.” We parted for the night; I had just knelt down when I heard a confused noise. I quickly jumped up, opened my door, and heard him in earnest prayer. The sense was: “Give me peace; give me peace. I believe thou art Christ, the Son of God. I do believe; help thou mine unbelief. Thou didst die for sinners. I am black. Twenty-five years of sin! O Lord, save me; give me peace. I know thou canst save. Jesus, plead for me. Thou only art the Way; give me peace; teach me to pray. Lord, save me! I will devote myself to thee. Lord, I do love thee.’ All this in the deepest and most restless manner, such as no tongue can express, till he was too spent to say more. Then he cried, ‘Ann! Ann!’ I quickly sprang into his room, when the poor fellow put his arms round my neck, and said, ‘I have found prayer!’ Think what our feelings were;—waiting in breathless anguish, hearing his petitions, and then to hear him say, ‘*I have found prayer!*’ What I said, I know not; but this we did,—we knelt around his bed. But was *mine* prayer? I felt I had never prayed. He drank a little water, which seemed to revive him;

he trembled like an aspen leaf. We then left him; but ere many minutes he was again in agony: 'Teach me to pray! Give me life; give me the Holy Ghost; give me the Holy Ghost.' I cannot tell you the length of time his cry was: 'Give me the Holy Ghost,' till he groaned for it; you could hardly hear the sound, his breath becoming shorter and shorter. My feelings then withheld me from moving to him; but in a few moments we heard him exclaim, 'Gracious God! Precious Redeemer! My sins are forgiven me; give me a life of holiness. Praise God!' He then said, 'Ann! Ann!' in a loud quick voice; and instantly I was with him. He said, 'My sins are forgiven me; they are forgiven me. He sprinkled me, and they are gone. I saw the entrance into heaven, and such a narrow path!' He then called on us to 'praise God from whom all blessings flow;' and repeated the whole verse through. And then again: 'My sins are forgiven me.' We were in the dark. I put my hand on his dear forehead; his hair was as wet as though dipped in water, and his hands like ice. To hear him praising God, and repeating passages of Scripture in praise and thanksgiving, astonished me. Was it not the Spirit alone, bringing them to his recollection? After a while, he broke out again: 'My dear mother! Won't she be glad to have a son? And why not the rest? Jesus, plead for them! Break their hearts, and the men's too.' Then he exclaimed, 'I must read my Bible. Teach me thy commandments. I must read.' I then heard him out of bed, and asked him what he was looking for. 'My candle. Where shall I read?' I said, 'The 53rd of Isaiah; there you will see what Jesus did for you.' He read it aloud, as if devouring it. 'But I can't understand all. O Lord, teach me to understand the Scriptures!' He then turned over and found the verse: 'They have blasphemed my Name.' Then he paused and said, 'Yes, I have blasphemed thy Name,' in such a tone that it now rings in my ears; but soon after said, 'But my sins are forgiven me.' When he came in to breakfast, all I could get was: 'I am so happy!'"

The living of Broughton was then held by Mr. Hyatt. His speech came with demonstration of the Spirit and with power; and his watchfulness over the people of his parish was that of one who felt his duty to be a solemn one. The first discourse that fell with any lasting weight on the heart of our brother came from his lips; the text being: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" According to the measure of grace that was in him, Mr. H. fed the flock of slaughter till he was removed to a distance; and his successor not being one of the same spirit, our friend, in company with others, wandered about from church to church in search of food that might satisfy a spiritual appetite. In the course of time he was married and removed to "Bezzles," a farm in the neighbourhood of Melksham, and sat for some time under the ministry of Mr. Hume, incumbent of that place. He in after days continued to speak of that gentleman as manifestly a partaker of grace, preaching the truth, so far as he had been led into it. But as our friend was often much tried about the beginning, middle, and end of his experience, buffeted by Satan, plagued with the evils of his own heart, and often ready to halt, tossed up and down, perplexed, and wondering where the scene would end, the preaching of the Establishment failed to satisfy him; and he came under the sound of the truth in the little Baptist chapel at Melksham. Then the longings of his soul for a fuller gospel and a purer sound were satisfied; his ear was nailed to the doorpost. "No man, having tasted old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

It is upwards of twenty years since his steps were directed to Melksham. Some who were then in fellowship there have, like him, passed

to their eternal rest; others yet remaining give evidence of the esteem in which he was held for his sincerity, simplicity, integrity, tenderness of conscience, and singleness of eye to the Lord. In March, 1861, he was added to the church, being baptized by Mr. H. Pooook. "It was a *good day*,"—such was the testimony of his soul long after; and such is the record of those who are left behind. We do not wonder that the voice of the church at Melksham is at this day: "We missed him when he left us." We can understand it well.

It was in Aug., 1862, that he came to reside at Kennett, in the parish of Avebury. The friends met then for worship in a building that had become hallowed ground to many, though literally a mud-walled cottage, that had been raised in 1828. Being small and close, and in winter almost inaccessible from some directions, a larger and more substantial chapel was built in the heart of the village, and opened for worship in Oct., 1873. Our dear friend ever had the interests of the cause at heart; his house was opened to all who loved the Lord in sincerity and truth. His words were few, but weighty, and breathed the spirit of one who had been with Jesus. His conduct, too, was a quiet rebuke to that of some professors whose sympathy with others lives only in words. Did space admit, we would mention many instances of his liberality, though he bore in mind the saying of Jesus: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

I remember a conversation with him a few months since, in which he dwelt, in his quaint sententious way, upon the words: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand." He told me how the Lord had taught him from the first that he held earthly goods and treasures only as a steward; and that closeness and covetousness would be followed by a curse rather than a blessing, the love of money eating as rust and canker into earthly treasures themselves, till they take to themselves the wings, so often spoken of, and sometimes seen; and, what is worse, bringing leanness into the soul. But the Lord had led Roger Spackman to choose a better part, and to lay up treasure in heaven, where no rust corrupteth, and where no thief breaks in and steals.

In July, 1875, he lost his beloved partner, after a lingering and painful illness; and in five weeks after, his only daughter. A notice of them appeared on the "G. S." wrapper towards the close of the year. Since then, there has been a yearning for the "country where thero entereth not a sin;" a yearning only to be understood by those journeying thitherward. Prospects that would have made other hearts glad and buoyant moved him not from a quiet feeling of the truth: "My times are in thy hand." I have heard him say that, when in the Church of England, he could never join in the prayer for deliverance from sudden death. He felt that, in the cases of the Lord's own children, it would only be a closing of the eyes upon a world cursed by sin, to open them anew upon the light of heaven; to be "absent from the body, present with the Lord." We stood together in the March of last year by the grave where slept the dear remains of his beloved wife and daughter; and his calm converse concerning the decaying dust laid in its low still home, the purity and peace of their spirits, and the morning without clouds when they shall rise at the voice of Jesus, changed and "fashioned like unto his glorious body," has left a lasting impression on my mind. It was like so much of his converse on things sacred,—actual, real, living.

In October last he complained of pains in the left side, and sometimes in the region of the heart. We deemed them the result of rheumatism. He treated himself for them with some good effect for a while; but towards the beginning of December, they had caused some anxiety in

many hearts. I saw him last on the 17th, being with him then between five and six hours, and can remember much of our converse; it was a fitting close to our short season of friendship, the memory of which must ever remain exceedingly precious. The extract following is from the last letter he wrote:

“The thought struck me before I began writing, This year was nearly out, and we might both be before the throne of God before another year is gone; and it seemed solemn to think of it. No worth, no worthiness in us; but the Lord is good and very merciful to us, seeing what daily and hourly sinners we are in his sight. Being clothed in his spotless robe, he sees us complete in him. I trust he will be our Guide through this wilderness, whether we remain in it a long or a short time.

“You think too much of me; but I feel I am ‘nothing at all; but Jesus Christ is my All in all.’ I am so changeable; nobody, I think, like me; but it is ‘by grace we are saved; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God.’

“I often think of you, and try in my poor way to ask our best Friend to comfort and uphold you in your great affliction, that patience may have her perfect work, that you may have a sweet nearness to your Beloved, that he may kiss you with the kisses of his mouth, and speak peace through his love.

“Your attached friend,

“Christmas, 1877.”

“R. SPACKMAN.

On Thursday, the 27th, he attended Devizes market, as usual, and sat up that night talking with friend Varder till eleven. His converse was animated with unusual trust in the goodness and the absolute wisdom of God; a sweet and solid confidence that he was in his dear hands, and that, living or dying, all things would be ordered for his good. It was, so far as words go, the winding up of a life of faith on earth; for that was to be the last conversation heard by any one. At a little past the usual time in the morning of the 28th, he called his three sons, severally and distinctly. It was, perhaps, about ten minutes after, when the eldest son heard him breathing with a strange heaviness, went into his room, and found him *dying*. He called friend Varder, who raised the dear form from the pillow; but, after two sighs—a deep, and then a gentle one—“he was not, for God took him.” I cannot paint the feelings of those who watched the earthly life ebb out. They knew he was with Jesus, in the land he had loved so long; but it almost made the heart stand still. The sorrowful news reached me at a distance; and, when I could lay aside selfish sorrow and look upon the “silver lining” of this cloud, it seemed that, during the two years I have been favoured with his fellowship, his life has been one quiet, sweet, and lasting lesson on the words: “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.”

Avebury, Feb. 19th, 1878.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

GEORGE BUCKWELL.—On June 15th, 1877, aged 54, George Buckwell, a member of the Particular Baptist church at Eastbourne.

When a youth, George Buckwell had some convictions of sin, and felt, at times, distressed, fearing he should be eternally lost. After a time, these guilty fears, to a great extent, wore off until 1861. In this year he was brought to feel himself the greatest sinner living, and he then feared the worst. He went to hear a certain preacher who had come into the neighbourhood where he lived, who read for his text: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” The Holy Spirit applied these words with such power to his heart that he felt himself condemned, and feared he should be lost, as the text declared. He left the place of meeting in a very distressed condition, and felt he knew not what to do. Truly his first cry was the same as that recorded in Acts ii. 37. He felt deeply that something

must be done. His feelings were the same as those expressed in these lines:

"What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me?"

He was made a real believer in the greatness, holiness, and justice of God, and feared and dreaded his just wrath; but knew nothing, even in his judgment, of the plan of salvation. In this dejected state of mind, he wandered from his village into Eastbourne, and for a few Lord's days heard that kind of preaching which set him a task to perform to obtain peace. This was like applying salt to a wound, and he certainly had a wounded spirit and a broken heart, which he feared were incurable. He ventured into Eastbourne once more, and found a few meeting in a room, and in this room he found, both in the preached word and the prayers of gracious souls, that which to his poor troubled heart was encouraging and soothing. He left the room with a "Who can tell?" and he felt convinced that these were the real people of God. With them he eagerly met, and was led on by the blessed Spirit to hope in the mercy of God, and to enjoy something of the preciousness of Christ as the Saviour of sinners. He loved the manifested people of God.

After a time he became tried about following his Lord in the ordinances, but was laid aside for a season on a bed of sickness. There he was blessed with the sweet enjoyment of Christ, and of his Word, the hymns, &c. He now clearly felt his way to be baptized, and had an earnest longing for it, and fully resolved to go through it if restored, that he might show forth the praises of him who died upon the cross for his sins. He was restored, and was baptized by Mr. D. Smith. He was comforted in soul, and felt very glad to be outwardly as well as inwardly one with those he loved in the Lord.

After a time, he lost much of his enjoyment, and learned more of the plague of his heart, and had his religion tried in the fire which the Lord has in Zion. He was tempted to think he must have been wrong after all, but was favoured afresh now and then at the house of God.

Several years transpired between his first love and peaceful end, during which time he was mercifully upheld through inward and outward trials. His widow tells me that once or twice he felt so much of the love of Christ as to quite unfit him for his work, though usually he was a very hard-working, industrious man. His death was rather sudden, as he was only ill about six days. His death-bed was one of light and peace. The Lord shone upon his path, and he could see that he had been led forth by a right way, that he might go to a city of habitation. On my entering his room, he was much overcome, and said his bodily sufferings were great; adding, "I am too ill to say much; so will you talk and read to me and pray?" But though he said he could not talk, owing to his weakness and sufferings, he could not refrain, and like a dying saint, with a gracious assurance, he spoke of how the Lord took him in hand, and comforted his heart, and had since preserved him. He said he felt *sure* he should land safe, and that the truths he had heard and received were now supporting him, and that they would do to die by. Though he was tried at the first part of his illness, his mind was soon relieved, and apparently kept in peace till he breathed his last.

It may be truthfully said of him that he was a quiet, humble, exercised, God-fearing, and praying man, as well as a loving husband and father, one who loved the truth and peace. Thus he who was brought in life to depend on the Lord alone for salvation, enjoyed a sweet sense of his own safety in death, which enabled his soul to triumph when nature failed. May those who now have as great sinkings and fears as he had find at the end of their race as much rest and peace as he did; then it will be feelingly well.

H. BRADFORD.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1878.

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

THE BLESSED COMFORTER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. COVELL, AT CROYDON, ON
SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 7TH, 1864.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—JNO. XIV. 26.

WHAT a blessed and glorious doctrine is that of the Trinity! The Three Persons are all spoken of in the words of my text. There is the Father sending, and the Comforter coming in the blessed Name of the Son of God. What could you and I do without this glorious Three-One God? What poor, miserable creatures we should live and die without the love, mercy, and power of the great Jehovah! In what a desperate and despicable condition we should die without pardon and blood, without realizing in our hearts that blood that cleanseth from all sin, enabling us to stand before a holy God without spot, blame, or any such thing, and being pronounced all fair! "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." And what should we do, how miserable should we be, what a dragging on life in fear and foreboding would ours be, without these things were revealed and brought into our hearts by God the Holy Ghost!

Have you been brought truly to feel your need of the Trinity? How glad I am if it is the case, and that you cannot do without realizing that love that is better than wine; if nothing can satisfy your heart but realizing that Christ is yours, and feeling you have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of your sins. Nothing short of the sealing of the truth in your hearts will satisfy your souls. If this is your religion, you are taught of God. It has been made known to you by the blessed Spirit. If this is your religion, it is one that will outlive this dying life of yours; and it will carry you into heaven. I can, indeed, by the Word of God, say, Blessed is that man that is thus taught.

Here the Son of God is speaking: "But the Comforter." What can poor sinners do without him? Though the cry of their hearts is, more or less, again and again, "The Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me." This is the sad state and case, too long and too often, in the experience of every living child of God; it is these comforts they want to realize. If

God has brought thee to need his comfort, this is part of his teaching.

Who is it wants this Comforter? The Son of God tells us, "Blessed are they that mourn;" and there are so many things the child of God feels in his heart to cause him trouble. Many things that none but God and his own conscience know make him sigh and grieve, and cast him down. In the midst of this casting down he cries out, "The Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me;" nor can this man or woman comfort him.

Now, one great trouble of God's people, again and again, is that when the Holy Ghost breathes a little in their hearts, comforts them with a word or look, revives their drooping souls, and under it their souls spring up in hope, love, faith, and joy; before another hour passes they lose these feelings. Then comes an Ah! It was not of God. O! It sprang from some other cause. If it had been of God, it would have been more lasting. So they sink down in fear and suspicion that it was of the flesh. But, my friends, though the man fears this is his state and case, and that what God speaks of the hypocrite belongs to him, it is no such thing; he will find his comfort and light are not those which the false-hearted professor delights in. When God says, "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow," Ah! says the man, I am afraid that that is my case. It was fire of my own lighting. But, man, what fire can you make? What kindling can you beget? You cannot kindle faith and hope, or your desires into a flame; then how can this scripture have anything to do with the comforts God has blessed you with? You cannot walk in these sparks; therefore, man, it has nothing to do with thee. Your fire is wrought in the heart by an invincible power and hand. What a liar is the devil, what an enemy to our peace and comfort! But, blessed be God, if he has comforted thy heart in any small measure, and I have no doubt there are some before God that in their castings down, at times, have been comforted of God, you cannot, you dare not, deny it. You believe you have realized a little of the love, the smiles, and encouragements of God. Then hear what the Son of God says: "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter."

Now, I do not ask you *how much* you have realized; but if ever you have realized the comforting power and heavenly influence of the blessed Spirit in your heart, it was from the intercession of the Son of God on your behalf. If you and I are interested in the prayer of the Son of God, it is better than having all the prayers of all the world on our side. Let the devil or unbelief say what they may, it will all fall to the ground. "The Father heareth me always," says Christ; and there is no voice heard against the Son of God. If the blessed Spirit has persuaded you that God has got a favour towards you, it has come through the

intercession and prayer of the Son of God. And you will find this to be true: "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." I am as persuaded as that I am a living man, he is in your heart; and he will never leave you till you bathe in eternal bliss in heaven. Your worldly-mindedness, and all that you feel, will never move the Comforter to depart. The Son of God says, "The Spirit of truth the world knoweth not; but ye know him" by his communications, by the joy that flows at his coming, and the kindling of your souls after God; "but ye know him, for he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you." Therefore, if you realized these comforts five, ten, or twenty years ago, he will come again. He will abide with you, go wherever you go, to reprove or to comfort, and to maintain his work in your soul. Though so many years may pass between one special visit and another, he abides.

"Not as the world the Saviour gives;

He is no fickle friend."

Now, we find, when the blessed Comforter comes, it is to comfort us in our trouble. What are the things the child of God is first troubled about? His sins; and whether it is God's work in his heart:

"Am I his, or am I not?"

O the anxiety to have that question answered, to have that matter made straight!

"Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace
If it be indeed begun."

O that tremendous *if*! Sinner, have there not been times in your soul's feelings when, if the world had lain at your feet, you would sooner have had that "*if*" moved out of the way than have had all the world?

"If it be indeed begun."

Have you been in such a state as that? When thus perplexed, distressed, and troubled about the matter, you have felt, How will it end? What are all these fears? What will they turn to? In the multitude of all these thoughts, has not the blessed Spirit come in, and with his comforts delighted your soul? Have you not felt hope springing up, and some little persuasion that if God had meant to destroy you he would not have taught you such things as these, and made you so earnest and sincere about the matter? Now you have found just what Lamech of old did. It is said, "Lamech begat a son, and called him Noah; for he said, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." For Noah signifies "rest" or "comfort."

Now you have felt in your heart a sense of your unworthiness, your lost and ruined state by sin, and whither it may carry you. Then the good Spirit has dropped his word into your heart, comforted your soul with something that has made you in your feelings rejoice in hope of the glory of God; he has comforted your

heart, so that you could say, Surely the Lord is on my side, and you could add, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Then you have found the truth of my text: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." They were the sweetest moments you ever felt. It made your heart rejoice, and made you willing to go through anything to have them more realized.

So there is nothing to be done without the Comforter; no reading, hearing, or praying without the Comforter. When his comforts delight our souls there is no room for any other comforts. How often, by his carnality and evil heart, does the child of God turn aside, or fall into things that bring the rod and rebuke of God upon him! Under this rod he will fret, murmur, kick, and think he does well to be angry. Though he may indeed say, Have I not procured this unto myself? For God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. There is no rod comes on your back or mine but what has got a voice. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name. Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." As this comes on our backs, we begin to cry out; and instead of comforts we find reproof and rebuke. As soon as the blessed Spirit (for without him we can do nothing) begins to move in our hearts, and our hearts begin to soften, we come here: "There is bread enough in my father's house, and to spare; and I perish with hunger. I will arise, and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." Just as David did when Nathan came to him, and brought home the truth with power to his heart: "Thou art the man." "I have sinned," says David. To this man says the Spirit of God by John, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Now, as soon as you and I have been brought to confess our sin, and have been made willing to forsake it, I have found, and I have no doubt you have too, notwithstanding our base doings, which have made us ready to acknowledge, if we were sent to hell, we deserved it, yet as soon as our hearts have begun to soften, melt, and confess, how we have found what Ephraim did! "Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still. Therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him." The good Spirit has come into our hearts, persuading and encouraging us that God has a favour towards us, that he is correcting us in measure, because he loves us with an everlasting love. So the Comforter has dropped a good word into our hearts, and brought us to feel: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him." We have told him our complaint, and felt the Lord was ready to pardon; and by the com-

munication of the blessed Spirit in our hearts have felt that there was no God like unto our God, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and retaining not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

You cannot know anything of the bowels of God's mercies towards you only as they are made known by the blessed Spirit. Therefore we read: "He revealeth the deep and secret things." "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."

If the blessed Spirit sometimes has given you to feel the love of God towards you by the sounding of your heart after him, as sure as you have felt this, the Comforter is in you; he will abide with you; and you know him by the power you feel, by the help that is communicated. You know him by the void he leaves when he has gone. There is nothing but this can comfort your hearts. Job said to his friends, "Why comfort ye me in vain, seeing in all your answers there remaineth falsehood?"

Have you realized sensible comfort? No lie, no cheat? It has been something real, so establishing that you have felt that he that comforted you was God. Then that proves that you are a child of God. He has comforted you when you have needed these things. Now, there has been no falsehood communicated to your heart, for it has made you rejoice and sing. If your trouble is from God, then there is nothing can comfort you but the comforts that come from heaven. Other folks comfort themselves, sometimes with the testimony of men; sometimes they comfort themselves by seeing troubles come upon their enemies. This will give no comfort to a child of God. I am persuaded he is not of the same spirit as Esau. How did he seek to comfort himself? He said, "The days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother Jacob." So his comforts sprang from revenge and murder. Now, if you are taught of God, your comfort does not spring from this; your eyes are up unto the hills, from whence cometh your help. If you were to see the destruction of your greatest enemy, it would not give you comfort; you would not rejoice and sing, and say, Now he is down. It would grieve you, if he was a man opposed to God and truth, to think that he died in his sin. It would give you more comfort and joy to hear of the salvation and help communicated to God's poor people than to see the blasting and withering hand of God on others. You are not of the spirit of Esau; you have got a better spirit. God Almighty be praised that your comfort springs from a nobler spirit. How your heart has rejoiced, at times, when you have heard that God has helped one and encouraged another! It has comforted your heart when you have been crying, "Lord, bless these; appear for those;" and you have heard that God has done so. Have you not found sweetness in that? So you could mourn with those that mourn, and rejoice with those that rejoice. You could not find comfort in this unless the blessed Spirit had communicated that comfort. I will tell you how it will work. Every good and perfect gift is

from above. Our flesh is so depraved that we cannot rejoice in the prosperity of another child of God, unless the blessed Spirit blows on our hearts.

If your soul has been longing, crying out through fear, or shut up in hardness of heart; if you have been in this place for months together, and you hear of one or another how God has blessed their souls, and heard their prayers, you have felt a nasty spirit working in your heart. You have said, I do not know so much about their comfort; they get it so easily. You have felt that you could give them a stab, pull them down from their excellency, and rob them of their comforts, because you have been debarred. If they have spoken to you when you were in that place, have you not said something spiteful to them? Has not your conscience pricked you for it? A man cannot rejoice in the goodness of God unless the Comforter comforts his heart. If you have been able to rejoice in the prosperity of God's people, then this proves that the Comforter is in you, whom the world knoweth not, neither can receive; but you know him by what he communicates.

Again. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." At times he comes with such special comfort, such sweet assurance, such divine satisfaction in the heart, spiritually, as Paul found it literally: "God, who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." At times, when you have been cast down, has not the good Spirit come like a heavenly dove with an olive branch; that is, with peace to your heart? Have you not felt, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me?" What comfort can a man get in his affliction, unless the good Spirit communicates something? "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." Now you have found comfort in your affliction; and you could feel, by what you realized, that if God had meant to destroy you he would not have shown you such things as he has. He has humbled you on account of what you are; and you would sooner have humility than false confidence or false faith. You would sooner have God's chastening and correction than the things I have just named, and you have sucked sweetness out of these bitters. I have thought sometimes, say you, when I have been in the company of high-talking professors, You may talk of the triumphs of your faith; but though I cannot reach this, I prefer my earnest hours and sorrowful times to all your joy and comfort:

"This is my comfort in my affliction." Then it must be the Holy Ghost; for no affliction, in itself and of itself, for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. When the Holy Ghost imparts somewhat of the love of God towards us in it, then this is our comfort in our affliction,—"Thy word hath quickened me." If you have felt it, you know something about the Comforter. The helps that he has given you are more than all the world calls good and great.

You have known what it is, at times, either when in secret before God, or in his house, for God to comfort your heart by dropping his word into your soul, and making it a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, and causing you to rejoice as much as Paul rejoiced at the coming of Titus. I have, say you; and I have felt, while I was sucking at the breast of it,

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

O the sweet moments, the heavenly bedewings, and divine feelings I had! They were joy to my heart. They removed all my fears, silenced all doubts, and made me rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and I forgot my misery for a time, and remembered my poverty no more for a while. Blessed be you that have got such a religion! You have got the love of the Father, and the Holy Ghost is sent to communicate it to you. And the soul finds that every good and perfect gift is from above.

“ But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.” We may indeed, in these days of light and understanding, ask, as Paul did when he came to Ephesus, “ Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed ? ” They said, “ We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.” I believe that is the condition of thousands. They may have heard of the Holy Ghost by the preaching of the word, and have read of him in the Bible; but have not received him in their hearts. Paul tells us that the souls that have received the Holy Ghost are those that are elected of God. “ Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God.” You have not read the Lamb’s book of life, Paul, they might say. I know it, he says, by what I can see manifested in you: “ For our gospel came not to you in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.”

If the Holy Ghost has come, there has been, in degree, the same power felt in your heart; as the Scripture speaks of: “ Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost comes upon you.” With others, it is as the prophet Ezekiel was told by God: “ They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people; and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness.”

When the Holy Ghost comes, there is power. There is such desire enkindled in the mind that the man cannot get away from; no man can talk him out of his faith. It is under this power that he seeks after God. If you know what this power is, to speak in the words of John Calvin, it is an omnipotent sweetness; it is an indescribable feeling; it is a divine power. It takes a man out of himself, and brings him to believe things he never could have believed; to make him feel the truth of this: “ Ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost has come upon you.” The gospel has come in the Holy Ghost, and the heart echoes to what it hears.

Have you received the Holy Ghost? What an unspeakable mercy if you have! Now, if you have received the Holy Ghost, the Scripture tells us what it will work in the heart. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink;" but this is what it consists in, and if men set up anything else, or want to delude your fancy by anything else, it is a cheat, it is a lie. The kingdom of God is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." If you have been an ungodly man, a cheating man, when the Holy Ghost comes, it is in righteousness; it will shave you, pare you, turn you inside out, so to speak. It will bring a peace in your soul that passeth all understanding. How is this peace communicated? He breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

If you have not come to that sweet settled peace which is assurance for ever, I have no doubt that you have found, at times, a peace that the world could not give. In the midst of trouble and affliction, you have found a peace that all the world's smiles could not have given you; this is from the breathing of the Holy Ghost. You have received power; so it has made you an upright man. It has brought peace into your heart; and this peace has flowed, at times, like a river; and you have found that peace that comes from the heart of God, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Sometimes you have been taken with the pleasures of this life, and have felt some joy in outward things. Now, that has been a joy, though from a different cause, like that of the wayside hearers; the seed sprang up, and then died away for want of root. But your true joy has sprung from a root, in seeing and feeling God's Word was on your side, that you were a child of God, and that your sins were pardoned. O the joy! It must be entered into for a soul to know the blessedness of it.

When the Holy Ghost seals home a sense of pardoning love and mercy in the heart, saying, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," and brings in the precious blood of the Son of God, and the soul feels and says, "God has loved me with an everlasting love," he also feels and says, "I love the Lord." O the joy in the heart! If you have not received the Holy Ghost in the abundance of peace, have you not had a little of it, when God has made his Word a lamp to your feet and a light to your path? And you have felt that God has set you in the way of his steps.

Have you received the Holy Ghost? Then there is divine hope begotten in the soul, and true desires after God and his Christ. Notwithstanding all the unbelief, the devilishness, and filth you feel, at times, in your poor soul, and though everything, at times, seems to make against you, if you have received the Holy Ghost, faith brings you up again:

"It lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies."

There is faith in your heart under all this death that looks to Christ, and brings you to cry out, "To whom shall we go?"

Thou hast the words of eternal life. Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great;" and your eyes are up to the hills whence cometh your help.

Have you received the Holy Ghost? Have you got such a faith as that? Have you got a hope that has been dashed and driven into corners? Has not fear followed you so hard that, like poor Bunyan's pilgrim, you have fallen into the slough, and then floundered about, until a helping hand has brought you out? Doubt and fear have thrust you down very low; but up has come this hope in your heart: "Hope thou in God." Amidst all the waters to quench your poor soul, the family cares, the business cares, and the thousands of cares that have burdened your mind, still you have come here. "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. I have been a base wretch. I have denied thee. I have shown forth in my life what a creature I am; but, Lord, amidst it all, thou *knowest* that I love thee."

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost." Here he is in your heart, abiding with you for ever; and here are the fruits and effects flowing out of your soul. This all proves your election of God; for the word has come to you in the Holy Ghost, so that you have received it with joy and with power.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." May you realize his comfort, feel much of his influence, and be able to rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and so be much in the power of the Holy Ghost, and the love of God.

A NARRATIVE OF MERCY.

In the providence of God, we were called upon to preach at a certain place where we heard of a young man in a neighbouring village, who was lying on a bed of sickness and of death. He was the son of godly parents, but had forsaken his home and enlisted in the army. There the hand of the Lord arrested him. He was seized with what proved a mortal sickness; but then it was that, like the prodigal, he came to himself, and began to cry for mercy. The Lord convinced him of sin, and also gave him some intimations of his goodness. His sickness continued, and he returned home; but it was to die. The friend at whose house we were staying told us of this interesting case, and also that the young man was rapidly drawing near to the gates of the grave. One morning as we were, according to our usual way, waiting upon the Lord, and seeking some visits of his face, and, indeed, much needing them through fresh-contracted guilt in our conscience, these words dropped into our heart with a divine power: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." O the sweetness of the application of sin-atoning blood to a guilty, filthy conscience! O the reviving, rejoicing power of it in the heart! Then our soul could say,

“Bless the Lord, O my soul; . . . who forgiveth all thine iniquities.”

“The mercy that heals us again
Is mercy transportingly sweet.”

But we hope our readers know what this sweet application of the atonement is; and if so, they well know that no words of ours can express what is then felt within. Blessed, indeed, is the man whose transgression is thus experimentally forgiven.

Well, we were thus rejoicing and eating our morsel, as the Scripture says: “Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s,” when all at once it came over our mind: “This is not only for you, but for that young man who is sick and dying.” At first we hesitated. We should sooner perhaps have continued at the feast of fat things ourselves, than have gone and given a portion to some one else. Besides, we were not quite unacquainted with Satan’s devices, and how he likes to spoil a meal by diverting the attention from the matter in hand. He will be as busy as Martha, if he can only get Mary away from the feet of Jesus. He would like to make us as lean as possible, and even starve our souls, by appearing as a serving devil, and urging upon us at inconvenient seasons to be up and doing. Well, we hesitated. Besides, the village was two miles away, and the morning was rainy. But still the impression continued; so, after looking to the Lord that we might not be obeying a false impression, but one really from himself, off we started to call upon the dying young man.

When we arrived at the house, we were struck, even before we entered, with his terrible groans. We went upstairs into the room where he was lying; and if ever we saw despair depicted upon any countenance, it was upon that of this poor young man. It seemed really as if Satan had got possession of him. His groans were terrible. His friends stood around his bed, horrified and appalled; and well they might, for truly Satan’s presence was almost sensible. At first, we shared to some extent in their feelings. But now came in the use and power of our blessing in the morning. We felt able to speak to the dying man of the power and efficacy of that blood which had thus freshly been applied to our own guilty, filthy conscience. Thus we spoke to him for awhile, and saw at once a degree of change come over his countenance. The blood of atonement preached to his conscience by the Holy Ghost was already too much for Satan.

Well, at length we knelt down by his bed side, and besought the Lord that he would be gracious to the dying youth, and would enable him to die shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb.

We returned home. The young man died soon after we left. But the work was done. His friends told us afterwards that his last words were these:

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.”

O the sweet victory of a dying sinner through the blood of the Lamb!

“O precious blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.

“We flourish as the water'd herb
With Jesu's blood in sight;
The blood that cleanses all our sins,
And makes our garments white.”

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN WARBURTON.

Dear Brother,—You will think that I have forgotten you; but I assure you it is a mistake; for I have not, and I hope never shall. I have no doubt you have heard that we all got safe to our habitation, which God, for a time, has fixed. How long it is to be is unknown to me; but for anything that I can see, it appears the Lord has designed it for good, and I pray that it may be for his glory. Mr. Gadsby preached for us the week but one after I got here, upon the subject of people and ministers uniting together, from two texts. One was: “Preach the word;” and the other: “See that ye refuse not him that speaketh;” and a very solemn time it was indeed. He had precious liberty, and I believe the power of God was felt in reality. He has several seals to his ministry in these parts. And I must not forget to tell you how he boasted of his church and people at Manchester when in the pulpit at Trowbridge. He told us he had the most honest, most honourable, and most liberal church in the world; and nothing should stop him from boasting of them through all the region of the west. He did set you forth in a very honourable light indeed, but said, I believe, no more than you deserve.

As it respects myself, I have been very much in the dark since I came here, in the pulpit; so that sometimes I have scarcely known whether I have spoken even common sense, and have come home very full of rebellion; and you need no information what I am in the pulpit without wind. It is miserable work for me to preach dry doctrine without unction. But what astonisheth me is, that God will own such bungling preaching; for it has been and is a blessing to many. I can only settle it in one way. It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe; and if it has pleased God, why should I be displeased because my pride is pulled down? And nature can never love that; but God will humble us and lay us low in the dust, that “no flesh shall glory in his presence.”

Dear brother, were it not for God's unchangeable love, his eternal purpose and decree, his immutable covenant, and his promises that are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, I should have no hope. And what a mercy it is that all our rebellion and hard-heartedness can never alter the covenant! That is safe; and I

am sure I never saw more need of firm things in my life than at present; for I have strange things within my heart, and have very much darkness indeed; but I verily believe God has brought me here for usefulness to his children. But I can assure you that poor John has no room to boast of his wonderful gifts and great preaching; but very often makes off out of the pulpit, and as soon as ever he can get out of the place, runs home just like a thief or a rogue, fretting and fuming, and raging like a wild beast let loose. I am just thinking of poor B. in the guard-house. How uncommonly well I should like to see him; for I verily believe we should agree to a hair's breadth.

But I must drop my pen; for I am such a fool that I cannot write. The place is well attended, as usual; but I expect it will be thin enough by and by. My family are all well in health, with myself. I hope you will not reward me evil for evil in being so long in writing to you, but hope you will send me a letter very soon,—by return of post if you will. My love to your wife, with all the friends I love in the Lord. I have now and then a spirit of prayer for you all.

Yours in Love,

Trowbridge, May 14th, 1815.

JNO. WARBURTON.

To Mr. Geo. Greenough.

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH.”

I PANT, I long, I thirst to see
 What my dear Lord did bear for me;
 By faith the solemn scene to trace,
 And view him in my wretched place.
 Gethsemane and Calvary
 My places of resort should be;
 I'd there my burden-Bearer view,
 And wash his feet, and kiss them too.
 I have been bless'd with glimpses sweet,
 And humbled oft at his dear feet,
 Believing in my heart that he
 Obey'd the law, and died for me.
 But I would more the wonders know
 That from his matchless love do flow;
 Till lost in the immense abyss,
 I cry,—“Was ever love like this?”
 Dear Lord, my heart's desire fulfil,
 If in accordance with thy will;
 And let me often favour'd be
 To hold communion sweet with thee.

Dec., 1877.

A. H.

WHEN God's quarrel against us for our sin is laid aside by him, it shall be taken up by us in judging and condemning ourselves. When our sins are forgotten by God's grace, they shall be remembered by us for our self-abasement.—*Trail*.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

[The subject of the following narrative, whose real name was Olaudah Equiano, after his conversion used to attend Mr. Huntington's ministry. His name appears in the list of subscribers to "Satan's Lawsuit" and another of Mr. H.'s works. He lived at 53, Baldwin's Gardens, Leather Lane, London.]

THAT part of Africa, known by the name of Guinea, in which the trade for slaves is carried on, extends along the coast above 3,400 miles, from Senegal to Angola, and includes a variety of kingdoms. Of these the most considerable is the kingdom of Benin, both as to extent and wealth, the richness and cultivation of the soil, the power of its king, and the number and warlike disposition of the inhabitants. It is situated nearly under the line, and extends along the coast about 170 miles, but runs back into the interior part of Africa to a distance hitherto, I believe, unexplored by any traveller; and seems only terminated at length by the empire of Abyssinia, near 1,500 miles from its beginning. This kingdom is divided into many provinces or districts, in one of the most remote and fertile of which, in 1745, I was born, situated in a charming fruitful vale named Essaka. The distance of this province from the capital of Benin and the sea coast must be very considerable; for I had never heard of white men or Europeans, nor of the sea; and our subjection to the king of Benin was little more than nominal; for every transaction of the government, as far as my slender observation extended, was conducted by the chiefs or elders of the place.

Our manner of living is entirely plain; for as yet the natives are unacquainted with those refinements in cookery which debase the taste. Bullocks, goats, and poultry, supply the greatest part of their food. These constitute likewise the principal wealth of the country, and the chief articles of its commerce. The flesh is usually stewed in a pan; to make it savoury, we sometimes use also pepper and other spices, and we have salt made of wood ashes. Our vegetables are mostly plantains, eadas, yams, beans, and Indian corn. The head of the family usually eats alone; his wives and slaves have also their separate tables. Before we taste food we always wash our hands; indeed, our cleanliness on all occasions is extreme; but on this it is an indispensable ceremony. After washing, libation is made by pouring out a small portion of the drink on the floor, and tossing a small quantity of the food in a certain place, for the spirits of departed relations, which the natives suppose to preside over their conduct, and guard them from evil.

Our tillage is exercised in a large plain or common, some hours' walk from our dwellings, and all the neighbours resort thither in a body. They use no beasts of husbandry; and their only instruments are hoes, axes, shovels, and beaks, or pointed

iron to dig with. Sometimes we are visited by locusts, which come in large clouds, so as to darken the air, and destroy our harvest. This, however, happens rarely; but when it does, a famine is produced by it. I remember an instance or two of this happening. This common is often the theatre of war; and, therefore, when our people go out to till their land, they not only go in a body, but generally take their arms with them for fear of a surprise; and when they apprehend an invasion, they guard the avenues to their dwellings, by driving sticks into the ground, which are so sharp at one end as to pierce the foot, and are generally dipped in poison.

We have fire-arms, bows and arrows, broad two-edged swords, and javelins; we have shields also which cover a man from head to foot. All are taught the use of these weapons; even our women are warriors, and march boldly out to fight along with the men. Our whole district is a kind of militia; on a certain signal given, such as the firing of a gun at night, they all rise in arms and rush upon their enemy. It is perhaps something remarkable that, when our people march to the field, a red flag or banner is borne before them. I was once a witness to a battle on our common. We had been all at work in it one day as usual, when our people were suddenly attacked. I climbed a tree at some distance, from which I beheld the fight. There were many women as well as men on both sides; among others my mother was there, and armed with a broad sword. After fighting for a considerable time with great fury, and many had been killed, our people obtained the victory, and took their enemy's chief a prisoner. He was carried off in great triumph; and, though he offered a large ransom for his life, he was put to death. A virgin of note among our enemies had been slain in the battle, and her arm was exposed in our market-place, where our trophies were always exhibited. The spoils were divided according to the merit of the warriors.

As to religion, the natives believe that there is one Creator of all things, and that he lives in the sun, and is girded round with a belt that he may never eat or drink; but, according to some, he smokes a pipe, which is our own favourite luxury. They believe he governs events, especially our deaths or captivity; but, as for the doctrine of eternity, I do not remember to have ever heard of it. Some, however, believe in the transmigration of souls, in a certain degree. Those spirits which are not transmigrated, such as their dear friends or relations, they believe always attend them, and guard them from the bad spirits or their foes. For this reason they always before eating, as I have observed, put some small portion of the meat, and pour some of their drink, upon the ground for them; and they often make libations of the blood of beasts or fowls at their graves. I was very fond of my mother, and almost constantly with her. When she went to make these oblations at her mother's tomb, which was a kind of small solitary thatched house, I sometimes

attended her. There she made her libations, and spent most of the night in cries and lamentations. I have been often extremely terrified on these occasions. The loneliness of the place, the darkness of the night, and the ceremony of libation, naturally awful and gloomy, were heightened by my mother's lamentations; and these concurring with the doleful cries of birds, by which these places were frequented, gave an inexpressible terror to the scene.

We practised circumcision like the Jews, and made offerings and feasts on that occasion in the same manner as they did. Like them also, our children were named from some event, some circumstance, or fancied forebodings at the time of their birth. I was named *Oludah*, which in our language signifies *vicissitude*, or *fortunate*; one favoured, and having a loud voice and well spoken.

I have already acquainted the reader with the time and place of my birth. My father, besides many slaves, had a numerous family, of which seven lived to grow up, including myself and a sister, who was the only daughter. As I was the youngest of the sons, I became, of course, the greatest favourite with my mother, and was always with her; and she used to take particular pains to form my mind. I was trained up from my earliest years in the art of war. My daily exercise was shooting and throwing javelins; and my mother adorned me with emblems, after the manner of our greatest warriors. In this way I grew up till I was turned the age of eleven, when an end was put to my happiness in the following manner: Generally, when the grown people in the neighbourhood were gone far in the fields to labour, the children assembled together in some of the neighbours' premises to play; and commonly some of us used to get up a tree to look out for any assailant, or kidnapper, that might come upon us; for they sometimes took those opportunities of our parents' absence to attack and carry off as many as they could seize. One day, as I was watching at the top of a tree in our yard, I saw one of those people come into the yard of our next neighbour but one, to kidnap, there being many stout young people in it. Immediately on this I gave the alarm as to the coming of the rogue, and he was surrounded by the stoutest of them, who entangled him with cords, so that he could not escape till some of the grown people came and secured him. But, alas! Ere long it was my fate to be thus attacked, and to be carried off, when none of the grown people were nigh. One day, when all our people were gone out to their works as usual, and only I and my dear sister were left to mind the house, two men and a woman got over our walls, and in a moment seized us both, and, without giving us time to cry out, or make resistance, they stopped our mouths, and ran off with us into the nearest wood. Here they tied our hands, and continued to carry us as far as they could, till night came on, when we reached a small house, where the robbers halted for refreshment and spent the

night. We were then unbound, but were unable to take any food; and, being quite overpowered by fatigue and grief, our only relief was some sleep, which allayed our misfortune for a short time.

The next morning we left the house, and continued travelling all the day. For a long time we had kept the woods, but at last we came into a road which I believed I knew. I had now some hopes of being delivered; for we had advanced but a little way before I discovered some people at a distance, on which I began to cry out for their assistance; but my cries had no other effect than to make them tie me faster and stop my mouth, and then they put me into a large sack. They also stopped my sister's mouth, and tied her hands; and in this manner we proceeded till we were out of the sight of these people. When we went to rest the following night, they offered us some victuals; but we refused it; and the only comfort we had was in being in one another's arms all that night, and bathing each other with our tears. But alas! we were soon deprived of even the small comfort of weeping together. The next day proved a day of greater sorrow than I had yet experienced; for my sister and I were then separated, while we lay clasped in each other's arms. It was in vain that we besought them not to part us; she was torn from me, and immediately carried away; while I was left in a state of distraction not to be described. I cried and grieved continually; and for several days did not eat anything but what they forced into my mouth. At length, after many days' travelling, during which I had often changed masters, I got into the hands of a chieftain, in a very pleasant country. This man had two wives and some children, who all used me extremely well, and did all they could to comfort me; particularly the first wife, who was something like my mother.

I was there, I suppose, about a month, and they at last used to trust me some little distance from the house. This liberty I used in embracing every opportunity to inquire the way to my own home; and I also sometimes, for the same purpose, went with the maidens, in the cool of the evenings, to bring pitchers of water from the springs for the use of the house. I had also remarked where the sun rose in the morning, and set in the evening, as I had travelled along; and I had observed that my father's house was towards the rising of the sun. I therefore determined to seize the first opportunity of making my escape, and to shape my course for that quarter; for I was quite oppressed and weighed down by grief after my mother and friends; and my love of liberty, ever great, was strengthened by the mortifying circumstance of not daring to eat with the free-born children, although I was mostly their companion. While I was projecting my escape, one day an unlucky event happened which quite disconcerted my plan, and put an end to my hopes. I used to be sometimes employed in assisting an elderly woman slave, to cook and take care of the poultry; and one morning,

while I was feeding some chickens, I happened to toss a small pebble at one of them, which hit it on the middle, and directly killed it. The old slave, having soon after missed the chicken, inquired after it; and on my relating the accident (for I told her the truth, because my mother would never suffer me to tell a lie) she flew into a violent passion, and threatened that I should suffer for it; and, my master being out, she immediately went and told her mistress what I had done. This alarmed me very much, and I expected an instant flogging, which to me was uncommonly dreadful; for I had seldom been beaten at home. I therefore resolved to fly; and accordingly ran into a thicket that was hard by, and hid myself in the bushes. Soon afterwards my mistress and the slave returned, and, not seeing me, they searched all the house, but not finding me, and I not making answer when they called to me, they thought I had run away, and the whole neighbourhood was raised in the pursuit of me. In that part of the country, as in ours, the houses and villages were skirted with woods, or shrubberies, and the bushes were so thick that a man could readily conceal himself in them, so as to elude the strictest search. The neighbours continued the whole day looking for me, and several times many of them came within a few yards of the place where I lay hid. I expected every moment, when I heard a rustling among the trees, to be found out, and punished by my master; but they never discovered me, though they were often so near that I even heard their conjectures as they were looking about for me; and I now learned from them, that any attempt to return home would be hopeless. Most of them supposed I had fled towards home; but the distance was so great, and the way so intricate, that they thought I could never reach it, and that I should be lost in the woods. When I heard this I was seized with a violent panic, and abandoned myself to despair. Night, too, began to approach, and aggravated all my fears. I had before entertained hopes of getting home, and had determined when it should be dark to make the attempt; but I was now convinced it was fruitless, and began to consider that, if possibly I could escape all other animals, I could not those of the human kind; and that, not knowing the way, I must perish in the woods. Thus was I like the hunted deer:

“Every leaf and every whisp’ring breath

“Convey’d a foe, and every foe a death.”

I heard frequent rustlings among the leaves; and being pretty sure they were snakes, I expected every instant to be stung by them. This increased my anguish, and the horror of my situation became now quite insupportable. I at length quitted the thicket, very faint and hungry, for I had not eaten or drunk anything all the day; and crept to my master’s kitchen, whence I set out at first, and which was an open shed, and laid myself down in the ashes, with an anxious wish for death to relieve me from all my pains. I was scarcely awake in the morning, when the old

woman slave, who was the first up, came to light the fire, and saw me in the fireplace. She was very much surprised to see me, and could scarcely believe her own eyes. She now promised to intercede for me, and went for her master, who soon after came, and, having slightly reprimanded me, ordered me to be taken care of, and not ill treated.

(To be continued.)

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My very dear Friend and Brother in a precious Christ,—It did me good to receive a few lines from you, but they appeared long in coming. I had almost concluded that my miserable scrawls had sickened you, and that you would not write again, which would much grieve me, as I do hope we are fellow-pilgrims in the path of tribulation, in that road that leads to everlasting life. Although it is a thorny one, at times, yet there are other seasons when we can say it is a right way, and, I trust, a way that leads to a city of habitation, whose Builder and Maker is God. You say that you are rather low and cast down. Well, my dear brother, I do think that the dear Lord so orders it, and brings your mind into trials and difficulties, that you may comfort—I should have said be the means of comforting—those that are full of doubts and fears lest they should be deceived. What poor changeable creatures we are! But what a mercy for us that the Lord changes not, nor knows the shadow of a turn!

Since I wrote to you last, I have been very poorly, and was confined to my bed for nearly a week; but I could bless the Lord for it. How good and kind he was to me in enabling me to go to chapel on the ordinance day, for I was very poorly in body, and very low in mind; but when in chapel I forgot all my pains. Mr. S. preached from the words: “This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem;” and when he spoke of Christ being the sinner’s Friend, O it did me good, and I enjoyed the ordinance very much. It was a different day to the last, for then if I could have got out of chapel any way, I would; for whilst Mr. J. was speaking, I got so wretched that I thought I had no business there, and I wondered that father would hand me the plate. I said,

“I eat the bread and drink the wine,
But O! My soul wants more than sign.”

But I was going to tell you a little about the week I was poorly. I felt so cast down in the morning, but I was like a new creature at night; I found him whom my soul loveth, and he was very precious to me. The sweetness remained with me the greater part of the week; so that, although I was confined to my bed, I could bless and praise the dear Lord for what he had done, and could thank him for afflicting me, because

I enjoyed so much of him whose Name is as ointment poured forth, and whose love, when it is shed abroad in the heart, will enable us to bear up under any trials, however great they may appear. This is the second illness I have had in six months, which makes my poor body very weak; and I have had a pain in the side about two years now, and at times it is very bad. I have had it impressed on my mind that it will be the means of shortening my days; but there are moments when it does not trouble me, but oftener it causes me to be sad. O that the dear Lord would keep me submissive at his feet. The doctor has ordered me to wear a blister upon it, and keep repeating it for a month, and, if the Lord should bless the means used, it may do good. We have had Mr. C. a Sunday; I heard him well, especially on Sunday evening, from these words: "But the redeemed shall walk there." I had such a feeling of darkness come over me about half an hour before I went to chapel that I thought I could not be a child of God. I began to question every thing, so that I fairly trembled as I walked to chapel. But before Mr. C. concluded, he spoke of the Christian's wants, and I found them so suitable, they were just what my soul was longing for at the time. O how good the dear Lord is to me, one of the unworthiest of his creatures, in sending his servants to speak a word of comfort from time to time! O how thankful I ought to be for the privileges which I enjoy above those that were living years gone by, when they had to meet in dens and caves of the earth to worship the only true God! But I think there was more spiritual communion with each other, and with the Lord, in those days than there is now. I do long for more of it; but I find even those that I trust are the Lord's people oftener speaking of those things that do not concern me than of those which are nearest to my heart. And when it is so I conclude to stay at home, for I feel so wretched, and think I am no company for them. I should like them to relate a little of what the Lord has done for their souls, and how they are going on now, whether they are anything like myself, a poor, hobbling creature; for I seem as though I could do nothing right; neither pray aright, read aright, nor thank God aright. I have to say with Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." I have a heart prone to wander from the God I love. O this self, this wretched self! It hinders me from serving the Lord aright; but it will not last for ever; that is a great mercy. And when we have done with it, O that you and I may be found amongst that number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb! I do desire to remember you in my poor prayers; and do you think of me when it is well with you. Mr. A. has arrived; he appears a lively old man. I do hope that the Lord will come with him, and make his visit a blessing to our souls. Now I must conclude, and hope that tomorrow may be a good day to your soul and mine.

I remain, as ever, Yours in Jesus, the sinner's Friend,

May 3rd, 1850.

MARY CRISPIN.

Dear Sister in the dear Lord Jesus, loved with an everlasting love, redeemed by precious blood, even the blood of the dear Lord Jesus, and called by the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit,—What love to be embraced in, that nothing can destroy! The Father's was from everlasting in making choice of you, and providing for you in the Person of his Son before time; and his love will ever remain the same. Jehovah the Son's was from everlasting, in accepting of you from the Father, and engaging with him on your behalf. And it was not only an engaging love, but it was a performing love; for though sin, curse, wrath, earth, death, and hell met him, yet his love remained firm and unquenchable. He met them all, and satisfied the holy law, drank up the wrath of his Father, which was poured out upon him, put away sin past, present, and to come, destroyed death, and robbed it of its sting, for he has taken it out, overcome every enemy, passed through the grave as the Forerunner of his people, and is gone home to glory. And he is Jesus now, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His love will never increase nor decrease, but be at all times the same. Jehovah the Spirit is a God of love, and his love was eternal. He engaged to quicken the beloved of the Father, and the redeemed of the Son; also to convince them of sin, cause them to cry for mercy, lead them to Jesus, bear them up under trouble, and at last take them home to glory.

I can say that it rejoiced my heart, when I read your letter, to find you had been thus taught by the same Spirit, who came from above to pick you up out of the ruins of the fall, and to show you your lost and undone condition. And sure I am that no power but that which is divine could break up and open to you such things as you speak of in your letter. When Satan kept the palace, his goods were in peace. There was no mourning for sin in the breast of my dear sister then, as sin committed against a pure and righteous God, no cry for mercy, no persecution, no trouble; but all appeared peaceable. But as soon as the great Eternal sent from heaven on purpose for you, then the sound of the war-whoop was heard, and earth and hell were up in arms against you, striving together for your final ruin. Some said of your crying, 'Tis too late. Others said, No need of crying in this way; and some said, You must amend your life, and attend to the moral law, and keep the whole of the commands in heart, lip, and life, before the Lord will show mercy. But 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. But notwithstanding all these criers without, and the cries of conscience within, together with unbelief, sin, and the devil, your heart cried, like the two blind men, louder and louder for mercy; till your dear Lord Jesus said, "Loose him, and let him go." What liberty this, what freedom this, what peace this, when the Lord spoke peace to your soul! Can you not, my dear sister, say you have reason to bless a covenant God, for those words spoken to the females in the water,

when baptized, and for such love in stooping to pick you up, and also for the sound of mercy reaching your heart? I cannot forget the knitting of soul and union I felt towards you when at Banbury the last time but one, before I knew of those words having been made useful to the laying you low in the dust. And I believe it is an indissoluble union. It may be by this time your faith has been shaken, and that you have almost come to the conclusion to give it up, feeling such deadness and darkness, so much of inbred corruption, and such strong temptations, that you have been led to think God could not dwell in such a heart as yours; and this has caused you to sigh and cry for fresh comfort and strength to help you on in your pilgrimage state. If this has been your experience, allow me to tell you that it is a family feature; for all are brought through great tribulation; and you will experience more or less of this in the wilderness below. But the time will come when you will be called home to your Father's house above; and then you will be for ever at rest.

Tender my Christian love to yours in the faith. I shall be happy to receive a letter from you, to tell me how you are getting on.

Yours in the best and most blessed of bonds, which bind Head and members together,

Oddington, June 11th, 1840.

G. GORTON.

My dear Brother and Companion in Tribulation, if I do not take too much upon me to say so,—I will first confess I am guilty for not thanking you before for your very kind and valuable letters. Were it not for wishing much to hear of your welfare, I feel I could not make an attempt to spoil paper, or waste time.

Yours of the 31st of July was indeed a "word in season" and of confirmation; though I would not have my dear brother be too confident about me; but never was my faith so keenly tried as on the day before that letter came. I intended and wished to have written you a line before you set out for Leicester, but was in that state I could not. I felt given into the hand of the enemy to such a degree that I felt gone for ever, and no way out. My mind wandered up and down the Word of God, but nothing could I see to suit my case. I tried to think of, and compare myself with the Israelites, as recorded in Ps. cvii.; also with Heb. xi.; but, alas! there was *no* comparison that I could discover, and what to do I knew not. In the evening I felt a little change come over me, with a little softness of heart and contrition of spirit; and that increased until I was enabled to say, with Micah, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." Now was my hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, for the hope I had in his mercy; for truly it is mercy, unspeakable and undeserved, that could ever

reach my case. The next morning your letter came. You said you did not know why you had thus written; but you will see how it suited my then state. I have not gone so low since, but have not been without many painful exercises.

The letter from L—— I could not read without tears. The exercise I had about that I cannot tell you with paper and ink. Not that I felt for a moment it was wrong, but that the dear Lord would go with you. My mind went first to Exod. xxxiii., where Moses pleads with the Lord to go with him and the children of Israel. So suited to me was that chapter, that it furnished me with language to plead with the Lord for days together, both for myself and for my brother; and I feel bound to acknowledge to the honour of God that my request was in measure granted. I found it in my heart twice in a special manner to beg of God to grant the L—— journey might be for his glory and his people's good; and before your letter came, I felt it was so. You are sure how thankful I was to have it confirmed. And it is not possible you can be more tormented with coveting all manner of forbidden things than your unworthy correspondent, if I may be called so.

I heard Mr. Smart on the 12th, about the "Vine and the branches," with the pruning process. It was much to the strengthening of my feeble hands. On my return home I found all the strength I had gathered was needed; and throughout the week was not so much in doubt about the end, as cast down with the sorrows of the way. I was, and am, much reminded of Bunyan's pilgrims, when they said, "We have need to cry to the Strong for strength." And the shepherds said, "Ay, and you will have need to use it, when you have it, too."

My mind was much with you yesterday; so I must beg the favour of a letter the first opportunity. And I think a much more safe and scriptural rule for thee to be guided by is, to decline writing when your spirit is bound in the attempt.

I often feel, were it in the ordering of Providence, I should be very, very glad to have a chat once more with my two brothers; but at present see not the least prospect of it; so must again beg the favour of a letter to let me know all you can about the Room, &c.

Tell Mrs. R——, with my best love, it is the greatest mistake she could make to apply that line of Hart's to me:

"They who are strong and seldom faint;"

as I am often ready to halt and faint both.

Please accept my best love and sincere thanks for the kindness of yourself and dear Mrs. W.

Yours in much Sincerity and Affection,

Framfield, Aug. 20th, 1871.

HANNAH BURTON.

My dear Friend,—Just a line to say I am, through continued mercy, well. I have been very low, though I have well succeeded in my mission; but on the 17th I had a powerful visit from the Lord to my soul while reflecting upon the Consular chaplain's

sermon at Marsoilles from the words: "Come up hither." "Ah!" I said, "I shall ere long hear a voice saying either, "Come up hither," or, "Get down thither." The voice sank into my very heart. Then came to my mind former visitations, and I was soon relieved by the powerful application of those precious words which were the means of my first deliverance, and which have many times been blessed to me since: "There is forgiveness with thee;" and I felt that forgiveness was still for me, though so many things in my life will not bear looking at as before a heart-searching and infinitely pure God. On the same day I was reading our friend Godwin's sermon in the "Gospel Standard," when I found he had been tried at Brighton as I had been at Gibraltar, and as I was in 1864 at Jerusalem.* No one can know what the feeling is but those who have experienced it. Other parts of his sermon were also peculiarly suitable for me.

The Protestant Schools here are wonderful. Last night, at our Trinitarian Bible Society's agent's, I was again refreshed in spirit on seeing in his room my dear father's last text: "When thou passest through the waters," &c. Yours, &c.,

Barcelona, Feb. 25th, 1878.

J. GADSBY.

When I wrote the above, I had not the most remote idea of its being published, or I should have written more lengthily; but as our good Editor has sent it to the printer, and as a proof has been kindly handed to me, I will, with the Editor's permission, add a few lines.

The part of our late friend Godwin's sermon to which I refer, marked *, was that in which he said, "Lord, do let me die at home, in my own house." When I read the words, I started back; for such was my earnest prayer when at Jerusalem confined to my bed in 1864, and again this year when at Gibraltar. I often fear I shall die from home, as I am so much away. The truth is that, on Jan. 24, 25, we encountered so violent a storm, that I was completely prostrated; so much so that the doctor on board ordered me champagne at once; but I was left so weak that I had violent action of the heart for many days, and I felt I must die unless it were subdued. This continued all the way to Algiers, and thence to Marseilles, Feb. 15.

On Feb. 17, I heard the sermon by our Consular chaplain, spoken of above; and on the back of this our friend Godwin's text: "Yea, I have loved *thee*," &c., was so blessed to me that, if ever I was truly happy in my life, I was on that day. I hardly liked the word "compelled," which I read in the next page; for I feel it to be sweet work, and so did our departed friend, as he says, "to love Him when we feel his love working."

I might say more, but space is valuable.—J. G.

My dearest Mother,—This will be, I suppose, the last letter you will receive from me before returning home. May the Lord bring me back to you in peace, and make the period of my sojourn amongst you at L. a time of profit to our souls. The great thing is to be aiming at keeping up secret intercourse between our souls and Jesus Christ. As the life of communion declines, so does all real religion; and, though we may walk in a round of religious observances, the life, the spirit is wanting;

and Christ says, "I have not found thy works perfect before God." (Rev. iii. 2.) There may indeed be a name to live before men, who are often taken with the outside of things; but the Lord looks deeper, and says there is wanting the life, the spirit, the power of godliness. There may be the bones and even, perhaps, flesh and sinews, but no breath in the midst of the performances. What a mercy it is that it is only for the Son of God, dear Jesus, to speak, and the dead shall hear the voice of him that speaketh with power, and shall live; dry bones begin to shake, to move; the flesh and sinews come up upon them; the skin covers them above, and the breath too enters into them. (Ezek. xxxvii.) The blessed Spirit breathes upon these slain, and that vital breath of the new creation makes us to live indeed, to stand upon our feet, and, as the army of the living God, to be terrible to Satan's troops as an army with banners. My soul, though, I trust, many years ago quickened into life, wants, as it were, constant new creatings. I become carnalized, return to my dust; but Jesus speaks, Jesus comes to my heart, Jesus whispers there, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Then

"My soul is in my ears;
My heart is all on flame;
My eyes are sweetly drown'd in tears,
And melted is my frame."

I sometimes say to my Lord, "O Lord Jesus, touch but this heart, and it must, if needs be, run through a thousand deaths to come to thee." "Through my God I can run through a troop." (Ps. xviii. 29.)

Who knows the power of the attracting love of Jesus? He is almighty; and so is his love. Here we are, grovelling upon earth, "bound down with twice ten thousand ties," feeling utterly unable to break through them, chained by a stubborn, rebellious, idolatrous nature, a guilty conscience, and a hard impenitent heart; but if Jesus speaks, O what a change!

"Bound down by twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all."

I was struck the other day with these words: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks." (Song iv. 1.) It was peculiarly the word "*Behold*" that arrested my attention. How am I to see this? If I look into myself, I am sure I can discover nothing of the kind." "Behold, I am vile," must be my language. In me, that is, in my flesh, all I am by nature and apart from Christ, dwells no good thing; but every evil, seven abominations are still in my heart. There must be, then, a spiritual mystery in this beholding, a way of looking that can make such a thing as this plain to me. "Behold, thou art fair, my love," [or, my companion, as in the margin (ch. i. 15)] "behold, thou art fair." Why, the whole mystery is in this: I must look out of myself, and see myself

as I am in Another, the One who loves me, the One who has washed me from *my* sins in *his own* blood (Rev. i. 5); the One who has clothed me in his righteousness; the One (to sum up all) who is himself my glorious beauty, my fairness unto God, my divine and eternal beauty. Now, when I thus by his Spirit's power look to Jesus, see myself in him, does not my heart begin to warm, to rejoice, to triumph? This sight sets my soul on fire; here I am holy as God is holy. O fathomless ocean of divine wisdom and divine love, setting that wisdom to work to devise such a way of making a loathsome sinner like me "all fair, all fair" to God in the comeliness that God himself in Christ has put upon me! (Ezek. xvi. 14.) The root of the fairness is found in the two words: "My love;" the fairness itself in the blood and obedience and beauty of him who hath loved me. Now, too, as my eye looks forth from my own wretched self and miserable works, and rests upon Jesus, the graces of his own Spirit begin to flourish within me (Song iv. 1-5), and these are comely things in themselves, being the pure work of the holy fingers of the Holy Spirit of Jesus. Thus, when looking as a poor conscious sinner, a poor polluted creature, away from my own works, bad and good, and my own self, unto Jesus, there are then doves' eyes within my locks. Yea, those very locks fall into order and comeliness (ver. 1). Fruitfulness takes the place of barrenness (ver. 2), and strength of weakness (ver. 4), and victory over sin, world, and Satan of bondage, wretchedness, and captivity.

Such are the sweet fruits of a spiritual beholding of the Lord Jesus. O, we go wrong ways to work in things. The root of our weakness, barrenness, captivity to worldly lusts, and vain things which do not profit, is really our neglect of Jesus. From him is our fruit found. (Hosea xiv.) "Abide in me," says Christ, "and I in you; so shall ye bring forth much fruit." (Jno. xv.) All our garments will smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, whereby God will make us glad out of his ivory palaces (Ps. xlv. 8), if we are only enabled to enter into the King's house (Ps. xlv. 14, 15) and chambers (Song i. 4), and hold sweet intercourse in our hearts with him. Why are our lips so little perfumed with the words of Jesus and the fragrance of his Name? Why have our actions so little of the sweetness of Jesus about them? How is it we answer so little to Paul's description: "Thanks be to God, . . . who maketh manifest the *savour* of his knowledge by us in every place; for we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ?" (2 Cor. ii. 14, 15.) O, it is because Christ is himself so little known by us; a neglected Christ, a Christ not lived upon, a Christ done without, a Christ kept in the background; this is the secret of the prostrate state of Zion. If we could but arise, if we could but thirst, long, pant for communion with him; and if, answering this thirst, he would break forth from his cloud, bow his heavens, and visit us with many a "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair," Zion should again become his glory

upon earth, instead of being, as now, in some degree and cases justly, a by-word to the nations.

I must conclude with best love to yourself and all friends; and believe me, your affectionately and anxiously attached Son,

May 27th, 1861.

G. H.

[In the little work, "Sweet Memories," published by us as a simple memorial of a beloved mother, frequent mention is made in her letters of the blessing which, from time to time, our own were made to her soul. This has led friends to express a great desire to see the latter in print. As a kind of limited compliance with that desire, we have just inserted the above, which may possibly prove useful. But, at the same time, we must remind our friends that letters written under such peculiar circumstances might do their appointed work, and yet not be calculated for general profit. We felt to owe this apology to our readers for inserting a private letter of our own in this periodical.]

NOTES ON ROM. VIII. 19-23.

BEFORE making a few remarks upon the above words, we wish to thank our correspondents, "W. F. M." and "H. C.," for their communications upon the subject, and to explain why we did not insert their letters. However much we may have coincided with them as to the truths advanced, independently considered, we could not see with them in their views upon the text, considered as interpretations. It would not, therefore, have been right to have inserted their letters without adding a sort of reply to them; and it seemed uncourteous to deal in such a manner with our correspondents.

We think that the best way of arriving at the apostle's meaning is to proceed to the consideration of the words in a methodical manner.

In the first place, then, we shall venture to make for a moment an alteration in the translation, and shall in the first four verses translate the same Greek word in the original (*κτίσις*) by the same English word,—“Creation.” This, mind, is not designed to throw any disparagement upon our own excellent translation, which, of course, we should feel utterly incompetent to improve; but as the above Greek word may be translated “creature” or “creation,” as our translators themselves show (vers. 19, 20, 21; comp. ver. 22), we want to give, in examining the text, the same English word “creation” in each case. Then it will read: “The earnest expectation of the creation” (ver. 19); “For the creation” (ver. 20); “Because the creation” (ver. 21); and “The whole creation” (ver. 22).

Next, we say that, unless the context and connections require a difference, the same word in such consecutive verses as these must be understood to mean the same thing. We are not, in a capricious fanciful way, to put one sense on the word in one place, another in another. Now, in the first three verses (19, 20, 21) there is nothing to lead us to suppose the word “creation” is to have one sense in one verse, and a different one in the next. But

when we come to ver. 22, we are at once led by the apostle's introduction of the word "whole"—"*whole creation*"—to conceive that something more is meant. And this supposition is confirmed by ver. 23, where he writes: "And not only they"—*i. e.*, not only the whole creation I have just mentioned—"but ourselves also." In which words we have a distinction made between the whole of this lower creation and the children of God. It was, we believe, the perception of this difference of meaning to be put upon the same word in ver. 22, to what was meant by it in the three former verses, which led our translators to render it in those three verses "creature," not "creation."

Now, then, turning to the 19th verse, what is meant by the word "creation" there? "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Is the word to be taken here in the fullest, or in some limited sense? The fullest sense, we must remember, is extremely vast. It comprehends angels, men, beasts, inanimate matter, all that Paul includes, in Col. i. 16, under the words: "For by him [the Lord Jesus] were all things created," &c. This can hardly be the apostle's meaning, especially when we consider the following verses. Well, then, we must reject this idea, and allow that the word is used in a limited sense. But what is the limitation? Does it mean this world, this lower creation, and all things pertaining to it; this world which, unquestionably, has been invaded by innumerable evils of all sorts and kinds by Adam's sin; this world, as it contains men, beasts, and inanimate matter, no doubt all affected by the curse: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake?" Or must we make a farther limitation? Some consider that the above is the real meaning of the words, and they expect a millennial period, when even the inferior parts of creation,—animals and inanimate things, will be freed from their present condition, and made to harmonize with the condition of the manifested sons of God. And, mind, these are not the views merely of rash-headed persons. An opinion that has such a man as Dr. Goodwin on its side, and counts a Toplady and a Newton as its advocates, is not to be lightly rejected. Still, it seems to us hardly satisfactory as a solution of the text. It certainly is an extremely bold personification to make the whole creation thus, as it were, like a man on the tip-toe of expectation, looking out with the most eager desire for the manifestation of the sons of God.

And, again, if the entire creation is thus personified, *i. e.*, represented as a person here, what is meant by ver. 22, and the expression "whole creation?" This, as we have said, seems clearly to express a difference between what there is meant by the creation, and what is intended before. If the whole of this creation was intended in the previous verses, why "the whole creation," especially mentioned in ver. 22? If, then, we reject this as not fully satisfactory, what remains? Why, we are reduced to making a further limitation, and to apply the words to the elect, redeemed, and regenerated part of the creation.

Let us, then, work out this idea, and see if it will hold throughout the verses under consideration. But, in the first place, we must not absolutely isolate or arbitrarily separate these verses from what goes before. Mind, the apostle had been writing about the sons of God and heirs of glory; but, then, he says these heirs were not in possession, but expectation of their inheritance. They were at present in a low, suffering, infirm, and even sinful condition; groaning, being burdened with sins and sorrows:

“ ‘Sold under sin’ was Paul’s complaint;
He felt its galling load;
Though he by calling was a saint,
And rightly taught of God.”

This life is to the children of God what Solomon styles it: “All the days of their vain life.” For, “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.”

Now, we do not see why the apostle should be imagined suddenly and abruptly, in ver. 19, to pass altogether away from his subject,—the children of God in their present suffering state, and to extend his views to the whole creation. We do not affirm that he did not; for we know ourselves to be poor shallow creatures, as it respects the consideration of the words of God. All we say is, We do not see why he should be supposed to have so done. We look for a reason. Does it not seem better to consider him still having the elect family of God in view, and saying that the earnest expectation of this elect part of the creation of God waiteth, &c.? We know that this elect part is often put for the whole, because it is all that God counts of any value. Thus, we call a diamond in the rough a diamond, not noticing its outer inferior coating. Thus the Lord Jesus speaks of the habitable parts of God’s earth; and the elect are those he dignifies by the name of men, and the sons of men. Now, we know that it is the very voice of God’s new creation upon earth to say, “Even so; come. Come, Lord Jesus.” Those who are called, and chosen, and faithful, undoubtedly, wait for the manifestation of the sons of God.

So far, it seems to us, so good. But will this view agree with what follows? We think it will. We know that the children of God were involved naturally in Adam’s fall, and thus, in and with him, became subject to vanity. Paul says they were all naturally servants of sin, and children of wrath, even as others. But, then, as it respects these elect sons of God, it was “not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same.” We humbly consider that these words, “not willingly,” &c., whilst of course showing that the creation spoken of is itself unwillingly subjected to vanity, point to the Lord’s ultimate purpose as concerns the elect. As Christ says of Lazarus: “This sickness is not unto death; but for the glory of God.” So we may say of the fall of the elect in Adam. It was not into misery and wretchedness they fell, as to God’s ultimate purpose; but they were permitted

to fall with a view to their final recovery and final infinite advantage in Christ Jesus. God willed not the misery of these objects of eternal love, but their ultimate greater blessedness through misery. Thus Paul says: "By reason of him who hath subjected the same." That is, as we understand it, on account of or with reference to him who hath subjected. It was all for the setting of Jesus on high, and exalting his people in and with him to the greatest glory, and all to the glory of God. And sooner or later, as in ver. 21, all God's designs in this matter shall be accomplished. "The creation also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." The time will come when there shall be no more sin, no more sickness, no more misery, no more death. Nothing, as to body and soul, but life, peace, blessedness, and immortality;—the glorious liberty of the sons of God. And this is accompanied with an "also," pointing, as we understand it, to the fact that Christ, the Forerunner, is already gone into heaven, to receive the kingdom and inheritance on behalf of his entire people, the whole family of God. But where he is they shall one day also be; the creation also shall be delivered.

This, then, its earnest expectation looks forward to; this it waits for with eager desire. Then, in ver. 22, Paul introduces the whole of this lower creation in the misery and wretchedness of which God's people were naturally involved, and with which, whilst in the present condition, they have to suffer. Now, this whole creation groans; but the elect part of it not *only* groans, but expects. The whole sin-and death-and misery-struck creation groans and travails in pain together until now. And not only they, but the elect and regenerated people of God share in that groan, waiting for the adoption, the full manifestation of that glorious condition of sons and heirs of God, which God in Christ has bestowed upon them, and which will be fully, completely discovered and enjoyed at the resurrection of the dead; when the body, now redeemed by Christ, shall share in the soul's felicity, being delivered fully and finally from sickness, death, and the grave.

We have thus attempted, to the best of our ability, to analyze and unfold the words of the apostle. If our views are not satisfactory to some, they may at any rate serve to help them, with the Lord's blessing, to the attainment of better. We would, if permitted, be helpers of their faith, and to this end their right understanding of God's Word, whilst never attempting to lord it over their judgments. We have rejected, as quite untenable to our minds, the idea that the creature in ver. 19 can mean merely the body, or that Paul in these verses refers to Gentiles as distinct from Jews. There are only two interpretations which appear to us competitors with any pretensions to our approbation. That before mentioned, as given by Dr. Goodwin and others, we feel, not without hesitation, must be given up. It is worthy of respect and consideration, but we think cannot finally be retained as the

apostle's meaning. Thus, by a sort of exhaustive process, we have arrived at the one we have given. This appears to us to do no violence to any part of these verses in which the word "creation" is used; and, therefore, we offer it at any rate for the spiritual consideration of our readers.

We conclude with a sort of paraphrase of the verses, in harmony with these remarks:

Ver. 19. For the earnest expectation of these children of God, this new creation which I have written about, this elect and redeemed part of the creation of God, which is indeed the substance of the creation generally, waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

Ver. 20. For this very creation, at the present time, is subject to vanity, oppressed with sin and misery in various forms; and to all this it was made subject permissively and effectually, not as if suffering and misery were God's ultimate design in this matter. No; he afflicts not willingly these children of men. But he has subjected them thereto with the design of in this way bringing them to greater glory in Christ. Thus there is hope in their sufferings. They are not for their grief, but the glory of God.

Ver. 21. For sooner or later these children of God shall, in conformity to that which already has been accomplished in their new-covenant Head, be delivered from all this state and condition of vanity, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. They shall be where Jesus the Forerunner is.

Ver. 22. For, indeed, the *whole creation* at the present time groans and travails together; and the Lord's people share in the present misery of this state of things.

Ver. 23. But soon, as to them, all their trials will be over, and their bodies, now subject to sickness and death, shall share in the soul's blessedness. This time of the resurrection they wait for and groan after; for then will be the fulness of the adoption, when the redemption of the body takes place; when it, too, as already redeemed, is delivered from all sickness, pain, and death, and, freed from every infirmity, shares with the soul in the glories prepared for God's people, even the sons of God.

No man can set his affections on things here below who hath any regard to the pattern of Christ, or is in any measure influenced with the power and efficacy of his cross. "My love is crucified," said a holy martyr of old. He whom his soul loved was so, and in him his love to all things here below. Do you therefore, O children of God, find your affections ready to be engaged unto, or too much entangled with the things of this world? Are you desirous of increasing them, your hopes of keeping them, your fears of losing them, your love unto them, your delight in them, operative in your minds, possessing your thoughts, and influencing your conversation? Turn aside a little; and may faith contemplate the life and death of the Son of God. A blessed glass will it be, where you may see what contemptible things they are which you perplex yourselves about. O that any of us should love or esteem the things of this world, the power, riches, goods, or reputation of it, who have had a spiritual view of them in the cross of Christ!—*Dr. Owen.*

JUSTIFICATION.

How shall I stand before the Lord,
 When that great day is come
 That all the earth shall from his word
 Receive their final doom?

When all the assembled worlds shall stand
 Before his awful throne,
 He'll in majestic glory sit,
 And smile upon his own.

And those he fix'd his love upon
 Ere seas or worlds were made,
 He bless'd and gave to Christ his Son,
 Their glorious covenant Head.

Minutely he foresaw their fall,
 With all of Adam's race,
 And made provision for them all;
 He saves by sovereign grace.

His holy law he knew they'd break,
 And well deserve to die;
 Yet saved them for his mercy's sake,
 While others he pass'd by.

But how shall man be just with God,
 May an enquirer say,
 Since Justice, with impartial sword,
 Stands in the sinner's way?

"Father, I come," the Saviour cries,
 "To do thy holy will;
 To bear their sins;" and, lo, he dies;
 Christ did the law fulfil.

Not only its requirements pay,
 But magnify it too;
 And God himself doth, in this way,
 His children spotless view.

He made his Son their sin to be,
 Though he no sin had known;
 His righteousness has made them free;
 With Jesus they are one.

Moreover, whom he did foreknow,
 He also did ordain
 In them his matchless grace to show;
 They shall be born again.

His Spirit has engaged to call
 All those whom he foreknew;
 By grace he justifies them all,
 And glorifies them too.

What shall we say to these things, then?

If God be on our side,

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?

'Tis Jesus for them died.

Yea, rather rose again, to plead

At God's right hand above.

He ever lives to intercede,

Nor shall his grace remove!

MRS. POWELL (died Sept. 7th, 1829).

REVIEW.

Thoughts on Regeneration. By J. K. Popham, Minister of the Gospel.

—To be had of the Author, 6, Jasmine Street, Everton, Liverpool.

THE author of the above pamphlet informs us that the two main reasons which induced him to set his hand to the work of publishing his "Thoughts on Regeneration" were, "First, because regeneration is the root of all true religion in the soul. If this be wanting, all else is of no value. Whatever profession of religion may be made, whatever knowledge may be possessed, whatever good works may be performed, all will leave a man a natural man, dead in trespasses and sin, if the new birth be wanting."

We subscribe to these statements in all good faith. We believe that when a sinner is quickened by the Holy Spirit into spiritual life, he is at that instant of time declared on God's part, however contrary to his own feelings, to be one of the saved in Christ Jesus—saved, *completely* saved, and for ever saved. The mysterious act of quickening being wholly and exclusively the Spirit's act, the sinner is as passive under such divine operation of God as is the natural child in its conception; and for this reason we agree with our author that regeneration is the root of faith, the principle of faith being implanted therein, and the after actings of faith being its fruit and effect, and the root of everything else that pertains to vital religion, as well as of all real vital religion itself. "It is," as one of our best writers says, "one and the same thing in all saints. It admits of no increase or decrease. All grace and holiness are then implanted in the soul. We hereby have eternal life abiding in us; and all that remains, from the first moment the new creature is wrought in the soul, to its actual entrance into a state of glory, is only for the eternal Spirit to breathe within us, and to shine on his own work wrought in us, and draw it forth into act and exercise. Regeneration is the foundation of every gracious, spiritual, and holy act performed by saints throughout the whole course of their lives. It is an act passed, and is so everlastingly complete, that all after quickenings are but the fruits and effects of it."

But where, and among whom, in the present day, is this particular view of the beginning of all real religion held and maintained? Certainly not in the majority of places, either churches or chapels, where worship is carried on; nor yet among the majority of professing people. So far from this being the case, we believe, with our author, that "few hear of it, except in name;" and that, "as to any scriptural insisting upon it, and gracious description of it, the probability is that, if it were inquired of the majority of professors, Understand ye the new birth? the answer would be, We have not so much as heard whether there be such a thing as the new birth." "This," says our author, "is my first reason for venturing again into print." We must confess that such reason alone

quite justifies his undertaking. The author's second reason is expressed in the following extract:

"That among the blind followers of, perhaps, still more blind leaders, there may be some of the 'blind people that have eyes' (Isa. xliii. 8) who, being 'ruled with force and cruelty,' and 'scattered,' are wandering through all the mountains, and upon every high hill, 'with none to search or seek after them' (Ezek. xxxiv. 4-6.) These are 'lost, driven away, broken, and sick;' if they eat at all, they must eat of pastures 'trodden down;' if they drink, it is of 'fouled waters.' Now for these, if it should please the Good Shepherd to direct this little book to them, I write. To them I would be useful. Then, in the churches with which it is my mercy and honour to be associated, there are many poor souls who, because they cannot give a striking and consecutive account of the good work of grace on their hearts, are much tempted to conclude that they have not passed through the great change through which all the election of grace pass at regeneration. To these, if the Lord will so honour me, I desire to be helpful. Before their eyes, oft wet with tears of sorrow because they judge themselves destitute of a work of grace, and ignorant of the secret of the Lord, and because they see and feel so much within themselves which they think is utterly incompatible with the existence of divine life in the soul, I would put the many things—good things towards the Lord—that are in their favour. This, if it have the blessing of God resting upon it, will strengthen weak hands, confirm feeble knees, and so encourage them that are of a fearful heart, as to enable them to hope that 'God will come with vengeance' to their adversary; 'even God with a recompense, that he will come and save them.' (Isa. xxxv. 3-4.)"

That there are some among the "blind followers" of "blind leaders" that have eyes, and many poor souls in our churches of truth that have eyes too, and are in their experience, as our author describes, cannot be doubted. Their spiritual condition is like that of the Philippian jailor. They are as lost sinners in their own feelings and experience, and need just such instruction in the things of God as Paul and Silas gave to the jailor; and the word which they spake to him was, as Dr. Gill says, "for his comfort, and the encouragement of his faith in Christ;" the principle of faith having been implanted in his soul at the moment that he was quickened into life. And when God by the earthquake shook his conscience with the legal terrors of the law, he needed that latent principle of faith to be drawn out, through the power of God, into exercise, that through believing on Christ he might have the comfort of knowing that he was saved by Christ alone, without his having to do aught himself. And how many poor-souls, we repeat, are to be found, at different times, in this condition! They have the Spirit of God working in them. In *character*, they are believers in Christ in God's account, and hence are saved by grace; but in their own experience they are labouring under a painful sense of their guilt and condemnation, and need of deliverance therefrom. They need, poor things, to be brought out of their experience, as under law, into an experience as under grace. The new birth has made them right for heaven; but they want another experience to that of law to make them right in their own sense and feelings.

After the reasons given for publishing the pamphlet, the following particulars are taken up separately:

The *Necessity* of Regeneration;

The *Cause* of it;

The *Nature* of it;

Its *Evidences*;

the working out of which covers over above thirty pages of printed matter. So that those among our readers who may be disposed to give orders for the book will have much more reading for their money than what they would have in most printed sermons at the same price.

Having shown how the author divides his subject, we shall endeavour,

with the Lord's help, and as far as our limited space will allow, to follow him in some few of his remarks on each head.

First, then, as it respects the *Necessity of Regeneration*, wherein does the necessity of it lie? Is it to be found in the "Eternal God?" Or in the elect but fallen sinner? Or in any way in both?

"The necessity of regeneration," says our author, "is first of all to be sought and found in the Eternal God. It is necessary, because God willed it. Nothing is done, nothing takes place, but what the Eternal Jehovah decreed to do, or permits to be done. 'My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.' . . . Regeneration has a place in the council, and is a part of the good pleasure of Jehovah's will. (Eph. i. 5.)"

Again :

"There is no necessity in a sinner, considered in himself, and apart from the gracious decree of Jehovah, why he should have a new and holy nature. Deny this, and the freedom of God, in his will, purpose, and goodness in salvation, is at once destroyed. Establish a necessity in man's own fallen nature, apart from the originating free purpose and decree of God for salvation, regeneration, and heaven, and at once God is a debtor, and does not, in what he bestows on sinners, act freely, but from a necessity outside himself."

Again :

"Viewed in themselves, the election of grace are as far from, as ignorant of, and as unlike God as others. In the Scriptures they are called 'strangers, foreigners, aliens, and enemies.' (Eph. ii. 12, 13; iv. 18; Col. i. 21.) They have a carnal mind which is enmity against God (Rom. viii. 7), which cannot receive the things of God, but rather esteems them foolishness. (1 Cor. ii. 14.) But the same blessed Word of truth also describes these 'strangers and foreigners' as 'chosen in Christ from before the foundation of the world, to be holy and without blame before him in love' (Eph. i. 4); as predestinated to be conformed to the image of Jesus (Rom. viii. 29), as being a people near to God (Ps. cxlviii. 14), as 'friends, fellow-citizens, and of the household of faith' (Jno. xv. 15; Eph. ii. 19), as sons and daughters and dear children. (Gal. iv. 6; Eph. v. 1.) How are all these sweet scriptures to be fulfilled? How are enemies to become friends? strangers, fellow-citizens? polluted persons, holy and without blame? Our blessed Lord's words to Nicodemus answer these questions as to their root and commencement: 'Ye must be born again.' (Jno. iii. 7.) The wonderful relative changes above mentioned are commenced when the great radical change is wrought in the soul in the new birth. It contains them all in their root and principle. The new birth, then, is necessary, because God has decreed it."

Thus the necessity of regeneration is traced to such a source as lies far away beyond the reach of human wisdom. It is not traced to the "Eternal God," as considered apart from his eternal purpose and good will concerning his elect. Neither is it traced to the sinner, as "considered in himself, apart from the gracious decree of Jehovah." Neither to the "will of the flesh, nor of the will of man;" but to God alone,—to his sovereign, eternal, and immutable will, to bring his elect out of their fallen, ruined state, through Christ's redeeming work; and by Christ to bring them, as the "many sons, unto glory." This is quite in accordance with our view of the matter. Therefore, we have only to commend this part of the pamphlet as being, according to our judgment, well supported by the Scriptures of truth.

The author, under his first general head, branches out into several subdivisions, and shows the necessity of regeneration. First, as we have already shown, "because decreed."

Second, *because of Christ's work*. The elect being "dead in their first Head, Adam (1 Cor. xv. 22), Christ, their second Head, came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Third, *because of Christ's offices*. "He is the federal Head of his

body, the church. . . . There is an eternal union with Christ; and this eternal union, and they who are members of his mystical body, the Lord makes manifest, in time, by vital union."

Fourth, *because of the Spirit's office*, "who is equal with the Father and the Son, and is a party to and in the covenant of grace."

Again, under the second general head, some pages are occupied in reference to the sinner's condition, as having a *sinful nature; a corrupt understanding; being full of enmity against God*; and as being "spiritually dead," dead in sin, dead in desires, dead in conscience, and dead in his affections; all of which particulars are taken up in such a way as will, no doubt, commend what is written to the spiritual judgment of those who read the pamphlet for themselves.

What the author advances in respect of man's natural enmity to God is set forth with all the honesty and outspokenness that is needed in a day like the present. His remarks in this part of the pamphlet are quite descriptive of the age, the latitudinarian age, we are living in, and in which there is so much implacable opposition manifested against discriminating truth, especially to truth as inwardly taught by the Spirit. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that there are very many churches of truth in this country, Baptist churches, and Huntingtonian churches, which are an exception to the rule of what the bulk of other so-called "churches" are in respect of sentiment.

Our friend, the writer of the pamphlet, after giving us the following quotation from Dr. Owen: "Men are almost ashamed to mention in the churches the doctrines of eternal predestination; free, full, and complete justification by the imputed righteousness of Jesus, particular redemption through the blood of the Lamb of God; efficacious grace in conversion by the Spirit of God; and the final perseverance of the saints, even to the end. We scarcely hear one word of them now. . . . And he that doth preach them will be sure to expose himself to obloquy and scorn," asks, "What would the Doctor say now?" Well, we confess that we have been a little puzzled to guess what the Doctor *would* say. That he would pronounce a sad verdict upon the present age, and say that it was gone bad indeed, we do not doubt for a moment. That he would likewise denounce an immense deal of the present day's religion, and write Ichabod on the doors of many of the so-called churches, we also believe. But it is a question in our mind, after all, whether the Doctor would not be obliged to confess that the state of things, in other respects, had wonderfully improved,—i. e., since his own day; that churches of truth had wonderfully multiplied; and that, so far from there being hardly any churches to be found where eternal predestination, complete justification by imputed righteousness, particular redemption, and efficacious grace are maintained in their purity, and as faithfully preached, we are of opinion that the Doctor would, with a pleasurable satisfaction, be bound to acknowledge that there are a very large number, of churches, taking great and small together, where nothing else is ever heard named. Neither do we think for a moment that our friend Popham has any worse opinion of the soundness of such churches in divine sentiment than our own.

The following extract is taken from that part of the pamphlet to which we were referring before making our remarks on Owen's quotation:

"Creature goodness cannot bear imputed righteousness. Free-will (so-called) despises divine sovereignty (Lu. iv. 25-30); while divine wisdom, in Christ crucified, and in the persons of believers, is esteemed foolishness by the wise men of this world. (1 Cor. i. 23-31; Isa. xxix. 14.) What is it that makes Baxterians and Fullerites, with their residuum of merit and grace in Christ, angry, and drives Arminians, with their plenitude of creature power

and faith, mad, but a gospel that is equally against both systems? What enrages the hard, dead Calvinist, with all his correct notions, but a religion in the heart, a tender conscience, and the fear of God? All men, the Arminian and the Papist, the wise man and the fool, the professor and the profane, set themselves against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, 'Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.' It may sound strange and harsh that we speak of enmity to God, to his Word, and to true religion, in a land of Bibles and profession; but the universal possession of God's Word, and a very general profession of religion, are not what we intend as being the objects of man's enmity. The law's glorious, but killing commandment (Rom. vii. 7-14; 2 Cor. iii. 7); the word in the heart (Ps. li. 6); poverty of spirit (Matt. v. 3); a broken heart (Ps. li. 17); the path which no fowl knoweth, the highway on which no unclean person is found (Job xxviii. 7-21; Isa. xxxv. 8-10); the exploits of faith (Heb. xi.); the secret of the Lord (Ps. xxv. 14); the inward mighty teachings, yea, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost (Jno. xiv. 17; 1 Cor. iii. 16), are the things intended. To these divine mysteries the natural man is opposed; against them, and the possessors of them, he manifests his enmity. What shooting out of arrows, even bitter words, there is against the perfect! The world hated the holy, harmless Son of God; and for his sake, his image, and his truth, it hates his followers. (Jno. xv. 18-21.) 'This is the heir, let us kill him.' Therefore saith the Scripture to all his fellow-heirs, 'Marvel not if the world hate you.' "

We next come to the *Cause* and the *Nature* of regeneration; in reference to both which it is only a remark or two that we dare venture to make, lest our Review should exceed all proper bounds.

"The Father's kindness and love are the eternal moving cause; the Person of Christ the medium or meritorious cause; the Spirit the immediate all-powerful cause."

Before any poor dead sinner, then, according to the author's sentiment, and ours as much as his, can become a real Christian, and be a real believer in Jesus Christ, there must be a concurrence of operation on the part of the glorious Trinity in Unity to bring about such sinner's regeneration. So that the source and cause of regeneration is, as our author rightly states, "wholly divine." Not but what, as he also says, the blessed Spirit uses the Word of truth (Jas. i. 18); and hence that Word, as some have called it, may be the "instrumental cause" of regeneration.

Again, as for the *Nature* of regeneration:

"It is a mighty change; a passing from death to life, from darkness to light." "In this work God is found of them that sought him not." "It is not the repairing of old nature, but the creation of the hidden man of the heart."

Perhaps there is nothing about which natural men have more delusive thoughts than about the way in which they think they can, if they will, become Christians. It is with such persons just as our author has expressed it:

"They think, they say, that that Divine Person, the Holy Ghost, will operate on their souls, guide them, influence them, and save them, if they will allow him. Imagine a grain of sand saying to the hurricane that had lashed the sea into foam, tossed about ships as feathers, and uprooted trees, 'I have permitted you to turn me over;' and then we may have a very faint idea of what a grasshopper, who is 'less than nothing and vanity,' is guilty of when he speaks of *permitting* the Holy Ghost to influence his judgment and his heart."

We have now to make as brief a reference as we can to the last part of the author's subject, viz., "the *Evidences* of Regeneration;" such as spiritual knowledge; spiritual honesty; a spirit of bondage; living desires; faith; prevailing prayer; love to the Lord, his truth, and his

people; which are the principal ones that are brought forward. We cannot give much in the form of extracts from the author's remarks on these evidences; but we will insert part of his remarks on two or three.

On spiritual knowledge, he says it is

"Knowledge not of Christ, of forgiveness of sin, of everlasting love, and a well-ordered covenant, but of a most holy, great, and dreadful God, and of sin committed against him. The hearing ear hears the law, the seeing eye sees its spirituality, and the numberless breaches which have been made in it; the quickened conscience receives the sentence of the law, and performs its office in the soul. The law accuses, conscience receives and confirms the accusation. The ministration of death reveals God's glorious majesty. (2 Cor. iii. 7.) The Spirit bears in upon the soul many cutting convictions of sin, and gives it many views of God's most righteous and awful character. This solemn work cuts off presumption; for how can, how dare a sinful worm approach, and call by the familiar name of Father, the dread I AM?"

Again. He says it is such knowledge of God as makes the sinner "tremble at his awful Majesty, his infinite holiness, his Omniscience, his power, his justice, his immutability." The understanding being illuminated, the "inhabitants of a wicked heart" are discovered, such as "enmity to God," which "shoots forth in rebellion," and all this "working against a holy, almighty God, who is now known and feared."

When we came to the end of what the author has written on this first evidence of regeneration, we had a wish that he had stated what might not have occurred to his mind at the time, viz., that whilst the sinner in his first experience may only know God in the way stated, yet as sure as such knowledge of God is the effect of the saving operations of the Holy Spirit on the sinner's heart, it will sooner or later extend to an apprehension of Christ as a Saviour, and of the forgiveness of sin, and of everlasting love; and that until this be the case, at least in some measure, the sinner's knowledge of God, merely in his justice and holiness, will not be a very strong evidence to the sinner himself, and not a very clear one to the spiritual discernment of others, concerning him.

So also with regard to what is said on the third evidence, viz., "*a spirit of bondage*," in which experience, "the law binds the soul;" "the heart is hard;" "divine rebukes cut the conscience;" "there are no sweet approaches to the throne of grace, but terrifying views of the throne of judgment." Such an experience as this, as the author himself admits, could be no evidence, in itself, of regeneration, or, to give his own words, "not absolutely, and standing by itself, but as connected with other evidences."

Poor Jenkins, in one of his "Epistles" to Mr. Huntington, says, "I feel my bondage, my native darkness, rebellion, and stubbornness, and the intolerable yoke of my own transgressions; but am not yet favoured with a broken, a humble, and a contrite spirit; nor am I sorrowful after a godly sort, such as worketh repentance unto salvation. The terrors of the law work nothing of this, nor doth the bondage and wrath which the law communicates melt the heart, but stir up the enmity of it, and rather harden it, even against God. . . . O that my neck was bowed to the dear Redeemer's yoke! Nothing stands in the way but a stubborn rebellious will, and that is bar enough; and nothing but a divine power can subdue this; and subdued it must be if I am ever saved." Mr. Jenkins found it very hard, when in such bondage as he describes, to see that he had any "other evidences" of his regeneration; and had he gone on to the end of his life without other evidences becoming more manifest, it strikes us that his bondage then would rather have puzzled Mr. Huntington than otherwise. So that it seems to us that such evidences as faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; love to the Lord, his people, and his ways; a good hope

through grace; prevalling prayer; and a godly filial fear, rather than bondage, are the evidences which are laid down in the Word as being the true Scriptural evidences of regeneration.

Still, we do not say but that indirectly, so far as in connection with a spirit of bondage we can trace other evidences, and which is what the author contends for, that such bondage may present itself to our judgment as being an evidence of regeneration. The concern which a poor sinner will manifest about his eternal welfare when under the cutting rebukes of the Almighty will invariably cause the children of God to hope well of him. We believe, moreover, that we have, at different times, spoken much in the same way as the author, in respect of trouble of soul, or bondage, being a sort of evidence; so that he must not take our remarks on this part of his pamphlet as if they were intended to expose some error in doctrine. We have meant nothing more by our remarks than that, both for him and ourselves, the more we are guided by the Scriptures of truth, the safer will be the ground we shall occupy. If "a spirit of bondage" be laid down in Scripture as a sure evidence of regeneration, then by all means let us maintain it; but if it be difficult to find it there, then let those evidences which are clearly revealed be the evidences chiefly contended for. As preceding liberty, bondage in the soul's experience should, of course, be spoken of and described, in order to help souls in their bondage; but may not this be done without making it too much an evidence, at any rate, apart from gracious actings of the soul in the midst of it?

The other evidences brought forward in the pamphlet are all, we believe, clearly traceable in the Word; and we can only express our sincere desire that the reading of the pamphlet may, with God's blessing, help many to see more clearly that they have, through divine grace, such blessed evidences in themselves of being "begotten of God."

We have, then, but with a feeble hand, touched a little on the whole fabric of the author's subject. We consider the pamphlet to be well written. The discriminating truth of God, which is contended for throughout will be certain to make our friend's publication distasteful to the natural mind, and as unacceptable to carnal professors; but as to the people of God, who know the truth in their own experience, and value it above gold and silver, we have no doubt that it will prove acceptable to many of them. It is to such that we commend a perusal of it, and wish it a good circulation among them.

Obituary.

RICHARD WHITING.—On June 22nd, 1877, aged 79, Richard Whiting, of Buckland, deacon of the church at Faringdon, Berks.

My dear father was born of poor parents. His father being a very drinking man, his education and home comforts were quite neglected, and he was obliged to work. At the age of 16, his father died, leaving him a widowed mother to support. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children, and the only one called by grace.

At the time of his father's death, a very solemn feeling came over him. Remembering he had heard that no drunkard should enter the kingdom of heaven, the state of his father's soul came into his mind. He thought the words were in the Bible, and asked his mother if they had one. She found one for him, and he searched until he found them in 1 Cor. vi. 10. The reading of this portion made him tremble, as it appeared to him to seal his father's doom. Bursting into tears, he went under a large apple tree in the garden, and, kneeling down, begged God

to have mercy on his father's soul, and take it out of hell. Such, he said, was his ignorance. At the same time, a sense of his own ways arrested him, and he felt he was not in a right way to go to heaven. Death became very terrible to him, and he resolved to lead a better life, to leave off Sabbath-breaking and go to church, and to give up his companions in sin; thinking by so doing to please God. He soon gained the favour of the parson and some of the church people, and became the talk of the village. He bought a book called the "New Week's Preparation," the instruction of which he endeavoured to follow, until he thought God was pleased with him.

He continued in this working way until 1818, when God sent the arrows of conviction deep into his soul. The commandment came, and he died to all hope in his legal performances; and his cry became, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He was thus under the law for twelve months. God was then pleased to give him a blessed deliverance. As he was reading a tract, these words came with much power and sweetness: "Return unto me, ye backsliding children; for I am married unto you." Also the verse: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Such love, joy, and peace flowed into his soul that tears streamed down his cheeks, and he sang aloud, "Christ is mine, and I am his." "He is become my salvation." He was at that time the only one in the village under any real concern of soul; but the Lord in his providence brought a person to live there who knew something of these things doctrinally, with whom becoming acquainted, he was led to attend upon and join an Independent cause of truth at Faringdon. Then his troubles began to abound from persecution in the village; and the keenest of all were from my dear mother. These things caused him many times to be on his knees in a cowshed until twelve o'clock at night, pouring out his complaints unto the Lord, who appeared for him in his judgments; one man in particular, whom he was afraid even to meet, being removed by sudden death.

I must now pass over a period of thirty-six years, during which he had experience of the gracious dealings of the Lord with him, both in providence and grace. These things have made us weep together and rejoice together; but my memory fails to retain them; and, therefore, I pass on to one of the greatest trials that befell him during his pilgrimage. I give the account as written by himself:

"In Dec., 1855, my wife was taken ill, and there was no hope of her recovery, nor the least ground to think that her soul, if she died in her present state, would ever be at rest. I cried to God day and night to hold up my poor soul from sinking. All the evils of my past life, staring me in the face, were like mountains ready to crush me in pieces. I was again entangled in a yoke of bondage. I worked, strived, toiled, and cried to God to keep down and subdue the horrid evils of my heart. I was tossed about like a ball, and still planning out a way for God to work by; yet it seemed that he was about to bring me to destruction, both in temporal and spiritual matters. At times, I felt some sweet pouring out of soul to God, and a confidence that he would appear for my help; then, again, I was plunged into the deep, and my soul melted because of trouble through the powerful workings of unbelief and sin. Then I thought it was all over with me, and that all I had ever known was a delusion. I still cried day and night, but no answer came; and I thought I would give it all up. I made a trial, but soon found I could not do as I would; for whilst walking about my house and shop, I found such a heaving up in my soul, with a cry bursting out: 'Lord, have mercy on my poor soul.' And he appeared and showed me that it was

not my cries or tears, but the blood of Christ, his dear Son, that cleanseth from all sin. My confidence was again raised up, and I could say with the psalmist, whose words were a great support to me: 'Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us.' I said, 'Surely God hath been a refuge for me, or I should not have been held up until now.' This hath been my path for the last four months; at one time crying unto God as though my very heart would burst, for him to hold me up and appear for me. Then at other times I felt no heart at all, only a sort of wish through weariness to lie down and die. Everything I attended to was a misery.

"But, one day, a ray of light shone on my path, and gave me fresh strength from those words: 'Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; my bowels are troubled for him. Surely I will have mercy on him, saith the Lord.' I was then greatly comforted. At other times, I was like one bound in misery and iron. My soul was full of trouble, and my life was apparently drawing nigh unto the grave. When in this state, I read Job v. 11, which had a blessed effect on my soul. It melted me down, and lifted me up. When I came to the verses 17-19, I was raised above all my fears. The mountains were levelled, and the valleys were exalted, and I blessed God for lifting a poor miserable captive soul out of prison, and breaking my bonds asunder. Alas! All this was to be tried by fire. My dear wife's disease increased, and her poor mind was only exercised with self-pity, wondering what she had done that the Lord should so afflict her. Just, too, at the time that I was starting to meet with the Lord's people one Sabbath morning, the postman brought me a letter containing two accounts to be paid, and I had not sufficient to meet them. Down again I went into the deep, and my soul was melted because of trouble. But the dear Lord was pleased to send me a little hope for my soul to hang upon, from the words of the prophet Micah: 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him; until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.' I felt I should see his righteousness in his righteous dealings with me. I was well satisfied in my judgment that God had done right in all that had befallen me; but to submit heartily unto it, and rest under it, I found was more than I of myself could do. My soul was still looking, longing, and crying to God to bring me through this calamity that lay before me. O how my poor soul did one day cry out, as though my heart would break, for God to appear for my help. I said, 'Lord, if I perish, I will hang upon thee.' Then the dear Lord was pleased to send those words sweetly into my mind: 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles.' I said, 'Lord, I am that poor man.' This gave me support at that time. Night after night did my poor soul groan out in agony, 'Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink; let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.' Many times I felt eased in pouring out my soul to God; hope and confidence revived that God would appear for me. I was cut off from every arm of flesh, and was like a stranger and pilgrim, as though there were only God and myself in the world. I could take no delight in anything. Death was stamped on all below, on all save him who is the Resurrection and the Life. I still cried out, 'My God, my God, my Refuge, my Upholder, my loving God, without thee I am ruined. Leave me not in a time of old age; for-

sake me not when my strength faileth.' With a broken heart I cried, 'O that I had wings like a dove! Then would I fly away and be at rest.' I felt comfort from those words: 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' 'Dear Lord,' I said, 'I am that thirsty soul. Grant me one more crumb of mercy to heal my poor disconsolate soul.' This also was sweet: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord,' &c. Redemption through blood, apprehended and laid hold of by faith, with a pleading the merits of a dear Redeemer, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, is blessed reasoning together. When a feeling sense of that was gone, my mind seemed stupefied and dead. I enjoyed no freedom at a throne of grace to plead or talk with God.

"With great calamities before me, and not knowing what God was about to do with me, this promise was sweet: 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not,' &c. I thought, if the Lord took away my wife, I would do such and such things; but the dear Lord threw all my plans into confusion: I had nothing but trouble upon trouble, wave rolling after wave. I said, 'O Lord, when will my sorrows end? Thy joys, when shall I see?' I felt my poor memory broken. I was continually making mistakes in my reckoning in the shop; and sometimes I thought myself fast going to my eternal home. But my cry was: 'Blessed be the Lord, my help and hope, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. O Lord, be not far from me. Hold me up, and carry me through this great trouble that is coming on me, for thy mercies' sake. Thou hast said to me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'" Here ends my father's own account of his trouble.

In Feb., 1856, my dear mother died, leaving no ground of hope for her eternal safety. At the same time, I was laid on a bed of affliction, suffering from an attack of small-pox, and my sister was ill and not able to travel. Thus he could take no counsel or advice from us. His temporal affairs were in a very unsatisfactory state, which added to the bitterness of his trouble. As soon as we were recovered, we settled matters for him; and, through the goodness of God towards us, the burdens were removed from his back, and the dear Lord blessed him with moderate temporal prosperity, and comforted his soul spiritually; so that his latter end was better than his beginning.

Writing to me in March, 1872, he says: "Through the tender mercy of our God, I am better. What God is about to do I cannot tell; but it appears to me a trying time for the churches is coming on; perhaps more so than ever was known; for God seems calling his ministers home from the evil to come. You tell me about the prosperity of the cause at — in money matters; but how goes on the work of God in the souls of the people? Do you find any crying out under a feeling sense of the condemning power of the law in their consciences, or any poor souls set at liberty through an application of the blood of Christ? I know there is a great looking to professors that have this world's goods; but it does not agree with what the apostle James says. I may never see you again; but if I die, God lives. And blessed be God for giving me a hope as an anchor that holds me up in the prospect of death."

In Oct., 1874, he wrote: "I was glad to hear from you, and that you are so well in this dying world. To me, what an empty vapour it is. I am glad to hear that you are often thinking of eternity, and your soul's interest in the blood of Christ. Moses said, 'O that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!' I have been confined to my bed for two weeks; but, blessed be his dear Name, I am a good deal better, and can get about again. Goodness and mercy have followed me all my

days to a great age. I am as well in bodily health as ever; only weak and stiff in my limbs, like an old man. The Word of God I find a great support to me. When on my bed, it appeared to me so full of precious promises, and he gave me faith to rest on them, so that I felt no terror in the thought of death and eternity. How precious was the blood of Christ, that cleanseth from all sin, to me! And blessed be God, he says, 'their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.' Farewell. God grant you, your wife, and family, all needed good; bless you, and hold you up; and at the last land us safe in that eternal rest, where sorrow will be no more known."

Again, in June, 1875, he writes: "I am poorly in my head, or would have written yesterday. Thank God, it is better to-day. I have been in the world seventy-seven years. Many, very many sorrows have I had during my pilgrimage. Now I am like an old tree falling to pieces; but blessed be my Redeemer, he ever liveth to make intercession for a poor crying sinner. As I get nearer my latter end, I find the truths of God more precious to my soul than ever. I find no hope in anything else save the Lord and his Word, as he gives me faith to rest upon it and credit it."

Writing to his grand-daughter in July following, he says: "I am looking for my latter end. I may never see you more in this world. I am very poorly, just able to get down the garden with my stick; but God, as a God of mercy, hath held me up, and brought me to a good old age, and hath given me a hope that keeps me from sinking, and makes me look to him that hath the keys of hell and of death in his hand. Give my love to your father, and tell him to remember me at a throne of grace. I shall soon come to an end, like a tale that is told."

In Nov., 1876, I went to see him, and found him alive in spiritual things, but very weak in body. I said to him, "Father, what a mercy you have not to seek a religion now you are on the brink of the grave, as thousands do." He burst into tears, and said, "No; the dear Lord told me years ago my sins were forgiven, and that he loved me with an everlasting love, and would not leave me at last. I have proved his faithfulness. He has been a good God to me." I said, "Not for your goodness, father." "No, no," he replied; "that is where his mercy shines." I said, "You have known but little of the life of the world in your quiet home here." He said, "I know enough to make me hate it, and long to be taken out of it. It is all a delusion." I stayed with him a few days. In parting, we both felt it would be the last time that we should see each other on earth. The parting was keen, and I was helped to comfort him by committing him into the Lord's hands, knowing that an eternity of bliss and glory awaited him, and that my loss would be his gain. At the last, his speech was taken away; but he nodded to a dear friend that used often to visit him and read and pray with him, signifying that all was well.

R. C. WHITING.

MARY ANN RICHARDS.—On Nov. 20th, 1877, aged 62, Mary Ann Richards, of Quenington, near Fairford, Glos.

She was born at Sherbourn, and brought up to the Established Church, which she strictly attended, even after her marriage, when she went to reside at Arlington. There she was convinced of her state as a sinner before God, and could no longer feel comfortable in going to church. She was soon after seized with a severe affliction, which, however, was a season of blessedness to her soul; for the Lord was pleased graciously to reveal himself to her, so that she was enabled to call him her Lord and her God. When she was sufficiently restored, through the providence of God, she was led to attend the little cause at Arlington,

under the late Mr. Tanner and Mr. Cowley, whose ministry was much blessed to her soul.

On one occasion, she went to Cirencester to hear Mr. Philpot, from these words: "Set thee up way-marks; make thee high heaps," &c., which sermon she could never forget. On another occasion, she heard Mr. Tiptaft. I have heard her many times allude to his remark about having a religion of the right sort,—one that would do to die by. She made another remove to Quenington, and attended the Strict Baptist church at Fairford, where she was brought to see that believers' baptism was the only scriptural way of admission into the outward church of Christ. She was, with myself and others, baptized by the late Mr. Cowley, which ordinance was much blessed to our souls. Here she continued to attend as long as her strength would allow. She was taken ill in the summer of last year. The last time she came to Fairford was when two new members were baptized and added to the church. She was very unwell at the time.

In her illness I visited her several times. On one occasion, she asked me to read a portion of the Word. I read Eph. ii., which she much enjoyed. Upon another of my visits, I asked her how her mind was. She said it had been very dark, but that hymn 917 (Gadsby's Selection) was very sweetly applied, especially the second verse. I asked her, on visiting her again, how she was. She replied, "Ah! I know whom I have believed." I replied, "Yes; and he is able to keep that which you have committed to him." She said, "Yes, yes;" but was not able at this time to converse much.

The night before she died, she was much in prayer for the Lord her God to be with her in the valley of the shadow of death. About a quarter of an hour before she died, she called her daughter, and said, "I am going home." Thus she peacefully passed away, without a groan or struggle. They scarcely could tell when she breathed her last. I must add that I have lost a most kind and faithful friend and companion in the path of tribulation; but my loss is her gain.

THOMAS MAUNDERS.

SARAH KING.—On Dec. 8th, 1877, aged 87, Sarah King, of Upavon.

Mrs. King was for many years a member of the church at Upavon, and a woman of good experience. She was one with whom I have felt my soul bound up for time and eternity. She was clearly and deeply taught her lost estate and utterly helpless condition through the fall, and felt a daily need of a personal interest in the Person, work, blood, and righteousness of the ever-blessed Saviour. Her soul for many years was knitted to the people of God. The welfare of Zion lay near her heart, so that she was often seen to rejoice with those that did rejoice, and to weep with those that wept. The servants of the Lord were received into her heart's affections. These she gladly entertained in her house; and though for many years the dear Lord in his wisdom saw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon her mortal tabernacle, and to deprive her of the outwardly hearing ear, and thus to cut her off from all the external means of grace, yet many times, during my visits to Upavon, I have gone and seen her after the morning service, and have felt my soul refreshed in sitting and hearing the blessed things that came forth from her heart and lips. She indeed felt but a weakling in Zion, a bruised reed and like smoking flax. She appeared to herself to come behind all the dear children of God, and often mourned over her barrenness and leanness before the Lord. Nevertheless, she was a favoured woman, divinely taught, and experimentally led right, and in the strait and narrow path. She longed and struggled earnestly for

special marks and favours, for manifest tokens of God's everlasting love in the Person of a dear Saviour. She felt the need of these things. Indeed, she wanted a daily religion, a known, felt, and handled Saviour, brought home to her own heart by the power and divine operation of the ever-blessed Spirit.

During her declining days, as her constitution gradually broke up, she often looked forward to her blissful home. She frequently said, "What the Lord has done in my precious soul is done for ever; and he will have a desire unto the work of his own hands. He gives unto his sheep eternal life; and they can never perish. 'Once in Christ, in Christ for ever.' All that the Father gave to him shall come to him; not a hoof can be left behind."

On Oct. 28th, which was the last time I saw her, on my entering her house she held up her weak trembling hand, with a smiling countenance, and said, "I am so glad to see you once more. I thought that I should have gone home before you came to Upavon; but here I am still. My time will not be long." I asked her how she felt in the prospect of eternity. She replied, "I have a hope that I cannot give up. His precious blood is all my hope. The finished work of my blessed Saviour will stand for ever. Nothing can be added unto it, and nothing taken from it. If this foundation could fail, I am lost for ever; but this foundation never can fail. Upon this rock he will build his church; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. Were it not so, I must for ever perish. I feel a need of his sovereign grace now, and as much as ever. My soul hangs on God's electing love, free grace, rich mercy. I shall go to heaven a sinner saved by grace alone. Satan tries me; but he is a conquered foe. My soul hangs on the dear Lord." On parting, she said, "I shall never see you again; but we hope to meet in heaven, and for ever crown the dear Saviour Lord of all."

Then we parted, never to see each other again on earth. The Bible and "Gospel Standard" were her chief companions for many years. The dear Lord blessed her during her last days on earth, so that she longed to depart to be with Christ, which she knew was far better than living here. And the happy moment at length came; and her redeemed soul has landed safe in heaven and glory.

Market Lavington, Jan. 17th, 1878.

JOSEPH TOPP.

BETSY CATTERALL.—On Dec. 29th, 1877, aged 76, Betsy Catterall, a member of Zoar Chapel, Preston. Our sister was a professor and, I believe, a possessor of true religion for a long time, having been baptized in the Ribble by Mr. M'Kenzie, in 1847. I have known her for eleven years, and can testify to the genuineness of her profession. Hers was a hard and laborious life. She had to endure much persecution on account of her godliness, and in her younger days had to work very hard indeed for the bread that perisheth. For some years back she had been an afflicted woman. I have talked with her many times on better things, and found her a sensible sinner, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation; yes, she was nothing, and Christ was everything. She was truly a mourner in Zion. One thing she peculiarly showed forth in her conversation,—a great amount of conscientiousness. How careful she used to be in telling her experience! She would neither make it more nor less. She wanted only to speak of what God had done for her soul. She was a lover of good things, and good men and women. O for more such characters in the churches of Christ! We don't find very many like her. What she was as a sinner she knew well; and that it was by the grace of God she was what she was as a Christian.

THOS. O'WERNLEY.

JAMES WEBSTER.—On Jan. 31st, aged 70, James Webster, of Glinton Northamptonshire.

In giving a short outline of his life and experience, I am sure it would be his desire, were he writing it himself, to unite with the words of the apostle Paul: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

He was married early to one who hopes that even at that time she knew something of the grace of God. Though he was surrounded by relations in comparative affluence, yet in his younger days he had to struggle with hardships and difficulties. It does not appear that there was anything that would be considered very remarkable in his call by grace. When he was about 30, his wife says, terror fell upon him while walking in the fields late at night. This had some effect upon him; and afterwards he was persuaded by a neighbour to go to hear the Methodists, when he was further impressed by a verse of a hymn which was given out. He was then persuaded by some who attended Mr. Tryon's ministry at Deeping to accompany them, which he did about 40 years ago; and perhaps the most that can be said by those who remember him is that the Lord opened his heart to attend to the things which were spoken. At first he was quite ignorant of the doctrines of grace; and has often since said that he used to wonder what Mr. T. would do for "election texts," when he had gone through all those which appeared to him to support that truth. In his young days he had not had the advantage of much education, but he had a great amount of good common sense, which rendered him a very practical and valuable man; and for years before his death he was very much looked up to as one of the best farmers in the neighbourhood, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew him, as a friend, neighbour, and parishioner. It was his character and conduct, evidently actuated by grace, which gave him the weight that he possessed. He was naturally silent, and was remarkable for punctuality; indeed, he used to say that no one could be trusted if he were not punctual; and this he carried out in all church matters. For years he walked a distance to chapel rather than drive, for fear of being too late.

He joined the church at Deeping in 1840; and in the autumn of 1852, when the deacon of the chapel, who had been very highly valued, died, he was chosen as senior deacon, and filled his office from that time, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps there may be few who could lead a prayer-meeting as he did. It was the result of deep exercise; and he was remarkable for choosing such hymns as were suitable for public worship, and also for bringing the subject before the people which was most on his mind. The chapters he read, upon which he would, at times, make a few weighty remarks, were also in accordance with these, and with the fresh exercises through which he had been passing. The harmony of the whole made them most interesting meetings. His prayer was always short and to the point, and it was a matter of deep regret to him when any who prayed did not speak up. He often would lament, too, how the mind was diverted by the number of subjects brought forward which did not seem to bear upon any one point. He often would lay stress on praying for "the powers that be." He would quote 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2, and say, "We need not then be at a loss what to pray for;" and he seldom prayed without feelingly expressing thankfulness for the "quiet in the land."

To those who did not know him, it would be impossible to convey the truly kind and gentle, yet firm manner he had of moving among the people. To those who did know him it gives pleasure to remember what they have felt from his kind notice of them or of their families. Among the young he was a particular favourite, and the Lord so enabled

him to act without partiality or hypocrisy, that I am not aware that he was accused in any way of setting up one above another. He was very humble, having a very low opinion of himself. He would often say, "These two lines are mine :

"Sure there never yet was one
That's hobbled on as I have done."

He had a very great love for the people of God. He often said that the words which enabled him to go before the church were: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." His union to the people of God was the means of bringing him into many outward troubles; for he became greatly involved through helping them when he was hardly able to meet his own difficulties. In the later years of his life, he would quite confess it as a sin, though a sin of ignorance, that he had attempted so much; but some years before his death he acknowledged with great thankfulness that the Lord had brought him through all in an honourable manner. On one occasion he had this promise powerfully applied to his mind in a season of very deep perplexity and trial: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The circumstances were these: Many years ago he had a relative married, who asked him to take the head of the table after the newly-married couple left for their little tour. At the close of the dinner, Mr. Webster had disappeared. Inquiries were made after him, when one present observed, "You will see no more of Mr. Webster; he would not be present to hear swearing." This had such an effect on the one who had offended, that, though he had been most thoughtless and profane, and an enemy to the truth, yet the next Lord's day he was at the chapel. And the Lord dealing with him, he soon after became a member, and but lately died. His end was peace. As a farmer, he was very inexperienced, and Mr. Webster undertook to manage for him; consequently, the state of his affairs soon turned in his favour. But after a time, through this person's want of judgment and prudence, Mr. Webster became involved for a very considerable sum; and under these overwhelming circumstances he had the above promise applied to his mind. And he gratefully acknowledged, a few years since, that he was clear of that debt which had burdened him for years. When speaking of this in the presence of a fellow-member, she said, "Did Mr. — pay you that sum?" He said, "The Lord has made that straight." Then she said, "I may give up praying about it; for I have never missed a day without praying that the Lord might deliver you out of that trouble."

His health began to give way in 1872, when he was very ill, and his breathing became difficult, from which he suffered till the time of his death. At that time, seeking first the kingdom of God was the great subject on his mind. Hymn 319, he said, especially expressed his experience; which hymn he would repeat with much feeling.

In 1876 he had a severe attack of illness, so that his case was very critical; but he said he believed he should abide longer, as being more needful for the people. Indeed, he said they prayed so for him that they would not let him die. Some remarks of his during this affliction were taken down at the time in shorthand, but without his knowledge. "I shall be at the final review. I could tell you a little bit. I do not think people would see anything in it. A remarkable scripture has been with me, but satisfactory to me. Well, it was that in Matt. xix. 27-30. O to see him who suffered such things, and to see one standing by, a chief disciple, and hear him saying, 'Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?' It seems to me such a dagger. It seems as if it would break the heart of the Lord for one to stand

there, and say, 'what shall we have therefore?' It was through ignorance; but what the Lord had to bear! Then to hear Christ's answer: 'There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.' I was sure I had had the first 'hundredfold.' I have been living on that hundredfold for 35 years, and I am sure of the rest (life eternal). I saw such beauty in it. I never had it so clear. I had begged for it a hundred times. I have come into the liberty of God's people. I shall be there at last. It has been as if the Lord were in this room. I had almost too much. I am sure I am a witness of the first hundredfold; the other is to come for certain. 'Gather not my soul with sinners.' He will keep them (the world and his people) separate. It would be a hell on earth to be one with the world. They begin separate, and then they will go on so."

A few days later, when able to get as far as his son-in-law's house at Glington, he said, "Since I have been ill, I have seen what I have not to the same degree seen before,—man's lost state. First, the Lord kills, and then quickens the soul; but the house must come down altogether; no changing it. Though the soul is quickened while here, a man is not fit as he is to go to heaven; but Christ will come and change this vile body, and make it like his glorious body. Man is not able to stir hand or foot. And this came:

"How wonderful, how grand the plan!
All Deity's engaged
To rescue rebel, ruin'd man,
From Satan's power and rage."

He goes about, seeking whom he may devour; but this is set up to overthrow all. Instead of Christ a part, and we a part, we are lost altogether. Not a rag to cover, but the Lord Jesus Christ alone. He does not say they are lost in this way or that way; nothing of the sort. If one good wish could purchase heaven, we have not that. Talk about works, indeed! O dear! Some have eyes and see not; some eyes, and do see; but to talk and look about on the religion of the day, it makes you shudder to think of it. We want to be very small. The needle's eye is a small place. I am sure the less we are, the easier we get on in the narrow way.

"Last Sunday week, when I was very ill in the night previous, and sickness very heavy, I thought it would have been the last. In the morning, I thought what a poor mortal I was in every sense; it so shocked me; what a poor creature in all ways. No one could help me. Then that came very nicely: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' I thought there was a scripture that came to the lowest case of all. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' I had been thinking I was the poorest; and in looking down the cluster of blessings, this seemed the greatest of all of them, the first word the Lord spake: 'Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' In all the rest it is as if there is something short of all that. It was as the first ripe fruit on the tree. We read in the other blessings: 'They shall see God;' 'They shall be called' so and so; but there is a *shall*, a little vacancy to be made up before the fruit is enjoyed entirely. All *sure*, for the Lord preached that sermon. So I had a sermon on these blessings. But I say, there are characters they are made to. They will stand for ever.

"The Old Testament finished with a curse; the New begins with a blessing. Very remarkable. Yes, after 'he was set, then there is a bit

for the persecuted disciples: 'Blessed are *ye* when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you *falsely*.'

"That night we were on the sea at Burlington, I had a very nice view of the harbour.

"I soon shall reach the harbour
To which I speed my way;
Shall cease from all my labour,
And there for ever stay.
Sweet Spirit, guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea.'

"Where is that scripture: 'Who shall change this vile body?' There is such a nice bit: 'I have fought a good fight, &c. 'And not to me only,' &c. I thought it seemed a very wonderful thing that, after a man has a quickened soul, he should be often so destitute and lost (in another sense) as he is. For nothing less than this can avail: 'Who shall change this vile body, that it may be fashioned'—that is the word on my mind—'*fashioned* like unto his glorious body.' We shall soon want to be well laid in the grave. I often think of Mr. Tiptaft."

In the beginning of this year, he was afflicted with bronchitis; but evidently in this affliction there was not the same spirit of prayer poured out on himself, or on his friends, for the continuance of his life. The danger was not apparent. He would, however, frequently say he should not be here long; and "I am packing up as quickly as I can."

On the day of his death, he had been better than usual, and went down stairs, and attended to some matters of business. He saw a friend who called on him, and said to her "that his religion would do to die by." She then mentioned Hymn 412 to him. Returning to his bed room, he said it was much more comfortable to be up stairs, as he could read without distraction; and he with his wife looked for this hymn and another. He spoke of Kent's hymns as feeling them so safe and right. He then had his tea, which he enjoyed as usual; but soon after complained of uneasiness, which continued till it amounted to the most distressing oppression, caused by spasms of the heart. About 11 p.m. he breathed his last. His desires, when expressed, during the last few hours, were for his family. About himself he had often said,

"If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same."

M. TRYON.

HERE is a field that would take a long eternity to travel through: "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." All happiness in time and for ever is imported in it. His being their God imports all the relations that he can be in to them, for making them holy and happy for ever in himself; that he is and will be their Sun, to enlighten them; their Portion, to enrich them; their Father, to pity them; their Righteousness, to clothe them; their Guide, to conduct them; their Glory, to crown them; and their All in all.—*R. Erskine*.

It is certain, whilst we are in the flesh, our duties will taste of the vessel whence they proceed. Weakness, defilements, treachery, hypocrisy will attend them. To this purpose, whatever some pretend to the contrary, is the complaint of the church. (Is. lxiv. 6). The chaff oftentimes is so mixed with the wheat that corn can scarce be discerned. And this know,—the more spiritual any man is, the more he sees of his want of spirituality, in his spiritual duties. An outside performance will satisfy an outside Christian. Job abhorred himself most when he knew himself best.—*Owen*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1878.

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

THE MANIFESTED SONS OF GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. J. C. PHILPOT, AT NORTH STREET CHAPEL,
STAMFORD, ON THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 2ND, 1858.

“He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his Name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”—JNO. I. 11-13.

You may sometimes, perhaps, have thought in your mind that, had you lived in the days when the Son of God appeared here below, you certainly would have believed in his Name. At any rate, you would not have been one of those who persecuted him, blasphemed him, spit upon him, and finally nailed him to the cross. Your mind revolts at the idea that you could have nailed him to the accursed tree. But if you think and say so, it evidently proves that you are at present a stranger to your own heart, and that you know not the depths of iniquity that work there. What is there in you more than there was in the people when the Lord Jesus Christ appeared in the flesh that should make you to follow him when others turned their backs on him; believe on him when others disbelieved; receive him as your Christ when others received him not? Has some important change taken place within the last 1800 years that you are not so sunk in sin and unbelief as those of old? The Holy Ghost is very plain upon this point. He does not open any way of escape for a self-righteous Pharisee to boast of. He declares in the most positive manner that when the Lord Jesus Christ came to his own, his own received him not. He tells us that those that did receive him did not receive him by any power or prerogative of their own, but because they were “born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

In opening up these words, therefore, I shall, with God's blessing, show

I. *How the Lord Jesus Christ came unto his own, and his own received him not;*

II. *That there were those who received him;*

III. *Why these received him when others rejected him: “Who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;” and*

IV. *What he gives to those who were enabled by grace divine to receive him:* "To them gave he power," or, the right, or privilege, "to become the sons of God, even to those that believe on his Name."

I. There is in the original a distinction which our translators have not, and, indeed, could not well observe between the first and second clauses of the 11th verse. "He came unto his own," in the first clause, is in the neuter gender; and "his own" in the second is in the masculine; thus: "He came unto his own" things or property, "and his own" persons "received him not." We have lost here the force of the original, which we may freely render: He came unto his own property, estate, to his own world, which he had created by his own hands; and his own men and women, whom he had created by the self-same hands by which he had created the world upon which they stood, received him not.

Now, what should we think if a nobleman were to go to his own estate, to present himself before his own mansion, and instead of receiving him with all courtesy and all obedience, the servants were to drive him out of the property with spades and pitchforks; and instead of acknowledging that he was the owner of the estate, sought his life, and nothing could satisfy them but it? Would this not fill all England with astonishment, and would it not be the theme of all the newspapers for a month? Yet, when the Lord of heaven and earth descended into this lower world and visited the creatures of his hand, he who had made their bodies and souls, instead of receiving him as their Lord, Head, and King, they rejected him, blasphemed him, and finally nailed him to the cross, putting him to the most ignominious death that man's heart could have ever devised. When we look at this, do we not wonder that the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ did not send his lightnings to set Jerusalem upon flames? What were all the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah, or all the sins of the Canaanites, to this? Yet their cities were burnt, and the Canaanites were cut off root and branch, and the command was to put them all to death. And yet, so great was the long-suffering and clemency of the Almighty towards the Jews, that it was not till more than forty years after the crucifixion of our Lord that Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus; when thousands of Jews, some of whom had crucified our Lord, were crucified. Josephus tells us that so many crosses were set up around the walls that they consumed all the wood round about Jerusalem for miles.

Then "he came unto his own," proved his mission by the most stupendous miracles, such as cleansing the leper, healing the paralytic, feeding thousands with a few loaves and fishes, thus carrying about with him the strongest evidence of his being the Son of God; and because he did not come as a conquering Messiah, because, instead of exalting them to earthly power and dignity, he bid men repent of their sins, and spoke of free grace,

the Jews were provoked to malice by the innocence of his life and purity and grace of his words, and they crucified the Lord of life and glory.

But was not all this according to the design of God? Was it not all according to his purpose planned before the world was; as Peter speaks so beautifully: "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." He was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. He came to be crucified; his mission was to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. His atoning blood could not have been shed by stoning, the Jewish mode of punishment. He was to die a death in which blood was to be shed, which took place by the nails piercing his hands and feet, and the spear piercing his side. So that "he came to his own," and they received him not, turned their backs upon him, blasphemed him, and crucified him. Do not let us think that God's purposes are frustrated, because men in sinning act voluntarily, not knowing the intention of God. Everything was carried out in the exact way that God had before designed it.

II. But I pass on to show that, though his own people after the flesh, his own people the Jews, not his own elect and quickened family, but his own people after the flesh, received him *not*, yet there were those that *did* receive him. There was a people prepared by grace; there was a family, an elect family, whom God had in his eternal purposes chosen before the foundation of the world to call, whom he had designed to be at that time upon earth, that they might receive his dear Son, that he might have witnesses, followers, and disciples, who would receive him as the Christ of God and Saviour of men.

It is the same now. The mass, the bulk of mankind, treat Christ, though not actually, yet virtually, as the Jews did. They crucify him by their ungodly deeds, despise him actually in their hearts, as those who blasphemed him openly. But he is out of their reach, above the clouds, at the right hand of God. Let us not think that human nature is changed. He might as well be crucified in Broad Street, Stamford, did the laws permit, now, as formerly he was crucified on Calvary outside the gates of Jerusalem.

But there was a people that did receive him, and how? They "beheld his glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father." They were taught by the Spirit to feel their need of him. They saw what a poor miserable world this is. They felt they were dying worms. They felt that life was short and eternity long; and feeling the weight and power of eternal things, they hailed the Redeemer, the promised Messiah, who could save them from the wrath to come. And the Holy Spirit was pleased to show them the glory, grace, beauty, and blessedness of the Messiah; and thus, though he walked among them like a man, like themselves, though he veiled his glory, and took upon himself the form of a

servant, yet their eyes being illuminated by a divine light, and their hearts touched by a divine unction, they saw the glory of God in the face of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And again. They received him in their understanding. They saw by the eye of faith that he was the Son of God, as Peter did when that blessed vision was given unto him; so that, when the Lord asked his disciples what they thought of him, he answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then the Lord told him that flesh and blood had not revealed that unto him, but his Father who was in heaven. So, again, when Peter and the other disciples were so tried to forsake him, the Lord said, "Will ye also go away?" Peter said, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" "Thou art that Christ; the Son of the living God." From this time they were held fast.

Well may I ask you who profess to fear the Name of the great and glorious Jehovah, whether you have received Christ. You know what the apostle said to the Colossians: "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Have you received him into your *understanding*? Has your mind been enlightened to see his blessedness as the God-Man? Have you seen by the eye of faith his glorious Sonship, what he is as the Son of God? Have you seen his suffering humanity? Have you seen these two natures in the Person of Immanuel, God with us, and have you felt him to be so? Because, also, where the understanding is illuminated by a ray of divine light, there is a ray in the heart.

Have you received him into your *heart*? The Holy Ghost still takes of the things of Christ, and reveals them to his people. Was, then, your heart ever softened by a sweet discovery of the Lord Jesus Christ? Was he seen to be so blessed and suitable that you could have wept tears because of his sufferings; yet were you thankful he did suffer, because by his stripes you are healed?

Again. Have you received him into your *conscience*, so that he lives, moves, and acts there, that you feel a desire to please him, and you would have your conscience more and more increasingly tender?

Again. Have you received him into your *affections*, so as to feel that you love him more than husband, wife, brother, sister, house, or lands, or friends, so that there is a spiritual love in your soul, of a different kind to all earthly love? Have you received him in these four ways,—into your *understanding*, into your *heart*, into your *conscience*, and into your *affections*?

III. But we pass on to show, *Why it was they were enabled to receive Christ when others rejected him.* Now you must be one or the other. You must either reject or receive Christ. How do you feel in hearing Christ set forth? For you may judge much by your feelings under the word. Do you feel an inward heaving up against the Word of God, so that there is a principle of pride and resentment against the truth of God, so that you feel that

nothing could make you receive it? If you do not receive the truth, you reject it, and reject him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Men little think what it is to reject the truth of God. They little think of the responsibility that is incurred by sitting under the gospel. If they reject it, they are tying damnation round their necks; and if they live and die with that rejecting spirit, they will sink to rise no more. But do you feel there is a heart in you to receive that which you hear? Is it commended to your conscience, so that your whole soul seems open to receive it? You must know the difference between a mind full of unbelief, infidelity, pride, and self-righteousness, and tender, contrite thoughts, open to receive God's Truth. If you reject the word, you reject him who is the Word. If you reject the truth, you reject him who is the Truth. If you receive the word, you receive Christ, the Incarnate Word. If you receive the truth, you receive him who is the Truth. People in this town little think what an awful spot they are in in rejecting God's truth. What a hell of wrath and indignation they are pulling down upon their heads! And those who receive it little think of the heaven of eternal bliss which shall one day receive their souls. As those who reject the truth know little of the gulf of gloom that is to devour them, so those who receive the truth know little of the heaven of bliss that is to receive them.

But how came they to receive it? They were "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The apostle here tells us what they were *not* born of, and then what they *were* born of. They were not born of blood; that is, they did not inherit their religion. They were not religious because sprung from the blood of religious parents, because the blood of religious parents, so to speak, circulates in their veins. It is a blessed thing where godly parents have a godly seed; and there are many instances of it; but it does not always happen so. I have not had godly parents; at least, before the time when God called me by his grace; for I hope my mother died in the Lord. Then you are not born of blood. Because your father was godly, that does not prove you are. There must be something more than having godly parents. Churches, the great mass of the churches, are formed out of Sunday schools. Though I do not mean to speak against Sunday schools, but against making them the fleshly nurseries of the church, and turning persons into believers because they go to the Sunday school, and making out that therefore they are on the road to heaven. In this day, Sunday schools are often made, in a mere fleshly and natural way, the recruiting places of churches. We may and should pray for our children, that God may have mercy upon them; but they will have no claim upon the grace of God because the Lord has been pleased to visit us. My children will have no claim upon the grace of God because the Lord has been pleased to visit me with it. We know that a spiritual birth is something better than this.

“Nor of the will of the flesh,” which is *free will*, nothing more or less. And the will of the flesh is anything but good or godly. It has led thousands to hell, and it is leading thousands every day to that place of eternal horror; but it never led a single soul in the way to heaven. The carnal mind is enmity against God. Can it, then, lead the soul to Jesus? You know that your flesh leads towards everything that is evil. There is lust, pride, and self-righteousness, and everything in the flesh that leads *from* God, not *to* God. Therefore, you are well satisfied, if you are a partaker of a spiritual birth, that you were not born of the will of the flesh. Have you felt the will of the flesh to be contrary to the will of God, for these are contrary the one to the other? So that, if born again, you are not born of the will of the flesh. O what an enemy is the flesh to grace and godliness! Every breath of the flesh, every movement, every thought, and every word, are all opposed to all godliness; so that, if you are partakers of grace, it is not *according to*, but exactly *opposite to*, the flesh.

“Nor of the will of man,” whether good or bad. Not of bad men, certainly; for what bad man would ever want you to be born again with a spiritual birth? Nor of good men; for they cannot carry their will into execution. How people are sending missionaries to all parts of the world! Not that I do not like Missionary Societies; for I believe that much civilization has sprung from the labours of missionaries, and they may have communicated an outward form of Christianity, and God may raise up a people by the knowledge of the word propagated by them, and in the midst of that natural Christianity. But, after all, the will of man never yet brought about a spiritual birth. It is a thing quite distinct from it,—as distinct as God is from man, or heaven is from earth.

Those who receive Christ receive him as being born of God. He implanted a divine principle, which begot them to a spiritual life. O how sovereign is this, wholly in the breast of God, to give it where and to whom he pleases! I may preach till my tongue cleaves to my jaws; yet all my preaching cannot communicate one breath of this life to the soul. It is all of the Holy Spirit, wherever souls are made alive. It is not my preaching, or any other man's preaching; it must be God working through the preached word, and raising up the new man of grace within.

Have you any reason to believe that you are born of God? You see, every other birth is a false conception, and will end in misery and shame. But a true birth is a birth of God, of which he is the Author. Can you see any mark of God's sovereign grace in your soul? Have you felt so far from God by wicked works, so ignorant and self-righteous, that you must be forced by the work of God to turn from sin to righteousness, and to the fear of his great Name? So far, you have an evidence of being born of God. If you can recognize any traces of this sovereign work, there will be an evidence of divine power, as com-

municating the breath of life. This is as distinct from natural religion as heaven from earth. It may be simulated, but it never can be executed, except by the sovereign power of God. If God is yours, if he has sealed you as heirs of Christ, he will never leave you nor forsake you, but will bring his work to a glorious perfection.

IV. But I pass on to our last point, which is to show that he gave to them that believed on his Name the power, the right, or privilege, to become the sons of God. We have a sweet explanation of receiving Christ in the words, "*They believe in his Name.*" It is by faith we receive him. It is by the eye of faith that we see him; by the ear of faith that we hear him; and by the arms of faith that we clasp him. So it is by faith we receive him; for it is by faith, or in a way of believing, that we have all those communications of the Holy Ghost to our hearts in which we receive him. To those that receive him he gives power, or the right, or privilege, to become the sons of God.

We will look first at the word "*power.*" We are all weakness. We cannot raise up in our hearts even a right desire, or any strength to believe. God gives the power; for, where the word of a King is, there is power; and the gospel is "the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." When God speaks in his word, then power is given to believe, and thus to become sons of God. There is no becoming a son of God except by the power of God. You must have a power in your soul to translate you from the power of the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son. But when you believe, you receive power, and as faith becomes clear and strong, you become manifestly a son of God. You are then stamped as an heir of immortality, and you become manifestly one of his family.

But again. Let us look at the word "*right*" or "*privilege.*" What a privilege to become a son or daughter of the Lord Almighty! How proud men are of worldly rank! There is nothing so much in the world esteemed as rank. At Oxford, there were three things admired, and they were stated in this order. First, being born of a good family. Next to this was property. And thirdly, being blessed with a good intellect. There rank and family stood first; then came riches; and then a good headpiece. If you had lived in the world as much as I, you would have seen what idols rank and family are. But how little they know of the only true rank, the only royal blood, the only good family! To be a child of God is better than being a son of a duke or a queen. None but those of this rank will be with God when time shall be no more. When dukes, marquises, bishops, and barons are in their graves, and when nothing will remain of them but a shovelful of bones, then the sons of God will shine forth as brethren of the Lord Jesus Christ, because he is their Brother. He being their Elder Brother, advances them to more than royal dignity. What a privilege in being a child

of God! The world may turn their faces from you, speak of you in the most contemptuous manner, and apply words to you of the greatest disgrace and ignominy, through the enmity and ignorance of their carnal minds; but if you are born of God, a child of your heavenly Father, you need not mind their infamy. When you go to heaven, God will wipe off all tears from your eyes. Therefore, you may say,

"If on my face, for thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me."

You see here what a broad line of distinction the Lord traces out between the righteous and the wicked. You must stand on one side or the other. You either reject Christ and receive your own condemnation, or receive Christ and manifest your interest in the heavenly crown.

But there may be some here who are doubting and questioning whether they stand on *this* side the line or the *other*. They say, "I cannot say that I reject Christ. It would cut me to the heart to reject him. God forbid that I should reject Jesus. But I hardly know whether I have received him." But your conduct will show on which side the line you are; your life will show it. Whose company do you prefer? Who are the excellent of the earth to you? Whom do you walk with? And with whom do you desire to be found in life or death? If you reject Christ's servants or people, it is the same thing as rejecting Christ. On the other hand, to receive Christ's servants and people is the same thing as receiving Christ. As the Lord said to his disciples, "He that receiveth you receiveth me." Lay these things to your heart; and the Lord shine upon those walking in darkness, and give them a testimony that they have received Christ, and are born of God; that they are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ; and that they will be with him when time shall be no more.

May God add his blessing. Amen.

OUR best praises on earth are little better than sweet and delightful groanings under the heavy yet dear-bought load of loving-kindness. David, the best artist at praise of any saint, how doth he praise? "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And is this the manner of man, O Lord God? And what can David say more unto thee?" (2 Sam. vii. 18-20.) He asks a question he cannot answer; he is silenced as soon as he begins to praise; and thus he praiseth rightly. Whoever thinks he has balances to weigh mercy in, never felt the load of mercy; and that man is farthest from right praising that thinks he can praise, and is the best pleased with his praising. But perfect praise is reserved for heaven, and none can learn that song but they that are with the Lamb on mount Zion. Perfect seeing of Christ's glory, perfect likeness to him by that sight, perfect happiness by that likeness, and a perfect expression of that happiness, are all within the veil; and all we have and know on earth are but faint and dark shadows of it.—*R. Trail.*

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA,
AN AFRICAN.

(Continued from p. 214.)

I HAD been travelling for a considerable time, when one evening, to my great surprise, whom should I see brought to the house where I was but my dear sister! As soon as she saw me, she gave a loud shriek, and ran into my arms. I was quite overpowered; neither of us could speak; but, for a considerable time, clung to each other in mutual embraces, unable to do anything but weep.

But even this small comfort was soon to have an end; for, scarcely had the fatal morning appeared, when she was again torn from me for ever! I was now more miserable, if possible, than before. The small relief which her presence gave me from pain was gone, and the wretchedness of my situation was redoubled by my anxiety after her fate, and my apprehensions lest her sufferings should be greater than mine, when I could not be with her to alleviate them.

I did not long remain after my sister. I was again sold, and carried through a number of places, till, after travelling a considerable time, I came to a town called Tinmah, in the most beautiful country I had yet seen in Africa.

In this resemblance to my former happy state, I passed about two months; and I now began to think I was to be adopted into the family, and was beginning to be reconciled to my situation, and to forget by degrees my misfortunes. But all at once the delusion vanished; for, without the least previous knowledge, one morning, early, while my dear master and companion was still asleep, I was awakened out of my reverie to fresh sorrow, and hurried away even amongst the uncircumcised.

Thus I continued to travel, sometimes by land, sometimes by water, through different countries and various nations, till, at the end of six or seven months after I had been kidnapped, I arrived at the sea coast. It would be tedious and uninteresting to relate all the incidents which befel me during this journey, and which I have not yet forgotten; of the various hands I passed through, and the manners and customs of all the different people among whom I lived.

The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave ship, which was then riding at anchor, and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror when I was carried on board. I was immediately handled, and tossed up to see if I were sound, by some of the crew, and I was now persuaded that I had got into a world of bad spirits, and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions, too, differing so much from ours, their long hair, and the language they spoke, which was very different from any I had ever heard, united to confirm me in this belief. Indeed, such were the horrors of my views

and fears at the moment that, if ten thousand worlds had been thrown down, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest slave in my own country. When I looked round the ship, too, and saw a large furnace or copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted of my fate; and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck, and fainted. When I recovered a little, I found some black people about me, who I believe were some of those who brought me on board, and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and long hair. They told me I was not.

I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country, or even the least glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly; and I even wished for my former slavery in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my nostrils as I had never experienced in my life; so that, with the loathsomeness of the stench and crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste anything. I now wished for the last friend, death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables; and, on my refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands, and laid me across, I think, the windlass, and tied my feet, while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced anything of this kind before; and although not being used to the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it, yet nevertheless, could I have got over the nettings, I would have jumped over the side, but I could not; and, besides, the crew used to watch us very closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water; and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This, indeed, was often the case with myself. In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men, I found some of my own nation, which in a small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of these what was to be done with us. They gave me to understand that we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them.

I asked them if these white people had no country, but lived in this hollow place (the ship). They told me they did not, but came from a distant one. "Then," said I, "how comes it in all our country we never heard of them?" They told me it was because they lived so very far off. I then asked where were their women. Had they any like themselves? I was told they had.

“And why,” said I, “do we not see them?” They answered, Because they were left behind. I asked how the vessel could go? They told me they could not tell; but that there was cloth put upon the masts by the help of the ropes I saw, and then the vessel went on; and the white men had some spell or magic they put in the water when they liked in order to stop the vessel. I was exceedingly amazed at this account, and really thought they were spirits. I therefore wished much to be from amongst them, for I expected they would sacrifice me; but my wishes were vain; for we were so quartered that it was impossible for any of us to make our escape.

At last we came in sight of the island of Barbadoes, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this; but as the vessel drew nearer, we plainly saw the harbour, and other ships of different kinds and sizes; and we soon anchored amongst them off Bridge Town. Many merchants and planters now came on board, though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels, and examined us attentively. They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there. We thought by this we should be eaten by these ugly men, as they appeared to us; and when, soon after, we were all put down under the deck again, there was much dread and trembling among us, and nothing but bitter cries to be heard all the night from these apprehensions, in so much that at last the white people got some old slaves from the land to pacify us. They told us we were not to be eaten, but to work, and were soon to go on land, where we should see many of our country people. This report eased us much; and sure enough, soon after we were landed, there came to us Africans of all languages. We were conducted immediately to the merchant's yard, where we were all pent up together like so many sheep in a fold, without regard to sex or age.

We were not many days in the merchant's custody before we were sold after their usual manner, which is this: On a signal given, as the beat of a drum, the buyers rush at once into the yard where the slaves are confined, and make choice of that parcel they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended, and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers, serve not a little to increase the apprehension of the terrified Africans, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment, there were several brothers, who, in the sale, were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting.

I stayed in this island for a few days. I believe it could not be above a fortnight before I and some few more slaves, that were

not saleable amongst the rest, from very much fretting, were shipped off in a sloop for North America.

I had been some time in this miserable, forlorn, and much dejected state, without having any one to talk to, which made my life a burden, when the kind and unknown hand of the Creator, who in very deed leads the blind in a way they knew not, now began to appear, to my comfort; for one day the captain of a merchant ship, called the "Industrious Bee," came on some business to my master's house. This gentleman, whose name was Michael Henry Pascal, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, but now commanded this trading ship, which was somewhere in the confines of the country, many miles off. While he was at my master's house it happened that he saw me, and liked me so well that he made a purchase of me. I think I have often heard him say he gave thirty or forty pounds sterling for me; but I do not now remember which. However, he meant me for a present to some of his friends in England; and I was sent accordingly from the house of my then master (one Mr. Campbell) to the place where the ship lay; I was conducted on horseback by an elderly black man, a mode of travelling which appeared very odd to me. When I arrived, I was carried on board a fine large ship, loaded with tobacco, &c., and just ready to sail for England. I now thought my condition much mended; I had sails to lie on, and plenty of good victuals to eat; and everybody on board used me very kindly, quite contrary to what I had seen of any white people before. I therefore began to think that they were not all of the same disposition. A few days after I was on board, we sailed for England. I was still at a loss to conjecture my destiny. By this time, however, I could smatter a little imperfect English; and I wanted to know as well as I could where we were going. Some of the people of the ship used to tell me they were going to carry me back to my own country, and this made me very happy. I was quite rejoiced at the idea of going back; and thought, if I should get home, what wonders I should have to tell. But I was reserved for another fate, and was soon undeceived when we came within sight of the English coast. While I was on board this ship, my captain and master named me Gustavus Vassa.

It was about the beginning of the spring, 1757, when I arrived in England, and I was near twelve years of age at that time. I was very much struck with the buildings and the pavement of the streets in Falmouth; and, indeed, every object I saw filled me with new surprise. One morning, when I got upon deck, I saw it covered all over with the snow that fell over-night. As I had never seen anything of the kind before, I thought it was salt; so I immediately ran down to the mate and desired him, as well as I could, to come and see how somebody in the night had thrown salt all over the deck. He, knowing what it was, desired me to bring some of it down to him; accordingly I took up a handful of it, which I found very cold indeed; and when I brought it

to him he desired me to taste it. I did so, and I was surprised beyond measure. I then asked him what it was. He told me it was snow; but I could not in any wise understand him. He asked me if we had no such thing in my country; and I told him, No. I then asked him the use of it, and who made it; he told me a great One in the heavens, called God. But here again I was to all intents and purposes at a loss to understand him; and the more so, when a little after I saw the air filled with it, in a heavy shower, which fell down on the same day. After this I went to church; and having never been at such a place before, I was again amazed at seeing and hearing the service. I asked all I could about it; and they gave me to understand it was worshipping God, who made us and all things. I was still at a great loss, and soon got into an endless field of inquiries as well as I was able to speak and ask about things.

At length, my master having been promoted to be first lieutenant of the Preston man-of-war, of fifty guns, then new at Deptford, Dick and I were sent on board her, and soon after we went to Holland to bring over the late Duke of — to England. While I was in this ship, an incident happened which, though trifling, I beg leave to relate, as I could not help taking particular notice of it, and considering it then as a judgment of God. One morning a young man was looking up to the fore-top, and in a wicked tone, common on shipboard, cursed his eyes about something. Just at the moment some small particles of dirt fell into his left eye, and by the evening it was very much inflamed. The next day it grew worse; and within six or seven days he lost it. From this ship, my master was appointed a lieutenant on board the Royal George.

I have often reflected, with surprise, that I never felt half the alarm at any of the numerous dangers I have been in, that I was filled with at the first sight of the Europeans, and at every act of theirs, even the most trifling, when I first came among them, and for some time afterwards. That fear, however, which was the effect of my ignorance, wore away as I began to know them. I could now speak English tolerably well, and I perfectly understood everything that was said. I not only felt myself quite easy with these new countrymen, but relished their society and manners. I no longer looked upon them as spirits, but as men superior to us; and therefore I had the stronger desire to resemble them, to imbibe their spirit, and imitate their manners. I therefore embraced every occasion of improvement; and every new thing that I observed I treasured up in my memory. I had long wished to be able to read and write; and for this purpose I took every opportunity to gain instruction, but had made, as yet, very little progress. However, when I went to London with my master, I had soon an opportunity of improving myself, which I gladly embraced. Shortly after my arrival, he sent me to wait upon the Misses Guerin, who treated me with much kindness, and sent me to school.

While I was attending these ladies, their servants told me I could not go to heaven unless I was baptized. This made me very uneasy; for I had now some faint idea of a future state. Accordingly I communicated my anxiety to the eldest Miss Guerin, with whom I was become a favourite, and pressed her to have me baptized; when, to my great joy, she told me I should. She had formerly asked my master to let me be baptized, but he had refused; however, she now insisted on it, and he, being under some obligation to her brother, complied with her request. So I was baptized in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, in February, 1759, by my present name. The clergyman, at the same time, gave me a book, called a "Guide to the Indians," written by the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

(To be continued.)

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak unto thee bad or good."—GEN. xxiv. 50.

How sweet the hand of God to trace,
Alike in providence and grace;
To say, with warrant from his Word,
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord!"

The Christian trusts Jehovah's care,
And seeks his face in earnest prayer;
Then can his answer'd faith record,—
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

Though trials dark hedge up his way,
And leave him scarcely strength to pray,
Those trials shall this song afford,—
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

And when the sun of gladness shines,
And manifests the Lord's design,
Each beam with this sweet truth is stored,—
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

Throughout his earthly pilgrimage
He has a goodly heritage,
While *faith* and *fact* join in the chord,—
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

When men of earth and sin unite
This fainting, feeble soul to smite,
The hand is God's, and they his sword;
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

When, by his providential gifts,
The Lord my heart in praise uplifts,
And gives me what my prayers implored,
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

And when, in sorrow's darker hour,
 Poor, needy, destitute of power,
 I faint beneath my wither'd gourd,
 "The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

Though clouds, at times, his face may hide,
 That grace may grow, and faith be tried,
 His goodness spreads those clouds abroad;
 "The thing proceedeth from the Lord."

But if in providence 'tis so,—
 If God thus dwells with men below,
 What must it be to view above
 The boundless treasures of His love?

How sweet the love of God to trace
 In matchless, free, eternal grace!
 For ever be His Name adored;—

"THE THING PROCEEDETH FROM THE LORD!"

April 16th, 1877.

W. WILEMAN.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON PHIL. I. PT. 27.

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

HERE we have a sweet and compendious rule of life for the true Christian. It contains a summary of gospel obedience. If he follows this rule, he will assuredly do well; and if he substitutes for it some other, he will find that in a fancied obedience he is disobeying and departing from the living God.

Paul had gone through a considerable conflict of mind. Death had made, apparently, a very near approach to him. Being in Nero's hands, he knew not whether he was to die or live; but this he felt,—that with him to live was Christ; that is to say, to serve Christ, to glorify Christ, to further Christ's interests upon earth, as his instrument, was the grand object of his life if he lived; but to die would be a personal gain to himself, being far better if he only had respect unto his own individual comfort and happiness. But upon a thorough consideration of the state of the case, Paul came at length to the conclusion that he should still live, his life being at the present time of use to the churches. And he knew he was not his own, but a part of the body of Christ,—the church; consequently, he felt persuaded that, as long as the real advantage of the church was bound up with his life, he could not die.

What a sweet view this gives us of a Christian, whether in a more private capacity or a minister! We are not our own; we belong to Christ,—form part of his body. We belong to one another; we are the Lord's gifts one to another. Why has one man more eminent gifts than another? Because the church and each part of it requires this to be the case. My brother's gifts are really mine; my gifts are properly his. He is for me; I am for him. Christ himself, the all-glorious Head, is for all. The

head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of you. There is a most blessed unity of the body. So that Peter can write, having respect to this mutual dependence of the members one upon another, "Yea, all of you be subject one to another." If this blessed truth was really and vitally recognized, it would tend to destroy those miserable envyings and strifes which injure the church of God, distress the hearts of the Lord's people, and often hold up the profession of Christianity to the reproach of the ungodly. O to be a member of the body of Christ; to understand and keep my place in the body, whatever it may be; and in that place to be for the advantage of my brethren, according to the measure of the grace of Christ; this were real blessedness. For to me, then, to live would be Christ, as well as to die gain.

Paul, having come to this conclusion as to his continuance in the body, expresses also some expectation of seeing the dear Philippian saints again; but, says he, whether this be so or not, whether I come to see you or else hear of your affairs, "only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." May I hear this of you, or see this in you; this is the grand thing; this will cheer you in adversities; this will glorify the Lord Jesus; this will give you a holy triumph over all your adversaries; and this—and I am sure it is not a matter of insignificance to you—this will gladden my own heart. "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

Now, in considering this word of exhortation, our subject naturally divides itself into two parts:

I. *The gospel of Christ; what it is; what is the peculiar nature of it?*

II. *Then, what is a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ?*

O may the Lord help us in meditating upon these two things, and make the thoughts useful to ourselves and others!

I. *The gospel of Christ.* Now, to understand the true nature of that gospel, let us consider some of the names by which it is called in Scripture; these names being faithful declarations of the real character of the gospel. God does not play with men. When Adam gave names to the various creatures, that name he gave to each, being a properly descriptive one, was the name of the said creature. So, when God gives a name to anything, it is a proper name, a truly reliable description of that thing. This, then, is the name thereof. So it is with the gospel. God says certain things of it; and thus we may discover its true nature.

1. It is called "*the gospel of God.*" When Paul wrote to the Galatians, he said, "Paul, an apostle, not of men;" that is to say, his doctrine was not a human doctrine, such as man's mind could have originated, or man's heart naturally given any real entertainment to. His doctrine, which, as an apostle of God, he was sent to preach, was a superhuman thing, originating entirely in the infinite wisdom and blessed will of God. Men think they believe the gospel; and yet how many in this matter are completely deceived. They have never learnt the opposition

of their own hearts to it, or had that opposition overcome by the almighty power of God, which worketh in those who truly believe. When Christ was on earth, he had not where to lay his head; and the gospel, full of Christ, has no resting-place in the heart of mere human nature. It is the gospel of God, comes from God, is full of God; and the real voice of nature is, We know not whence it is.

But, further, this shows us that in this blessed gospel there must be a glorifying of all the perfections of God. It cannot put any dishonour upon any of those perfections. God cannot deny himself. He must be himself in all he does or says. So, then, as is written in the Psalms, here, in this gospel of God, "Mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other." Every perfection of God is declared in the greatest glory; and all are in the most complete harmony. The cherubims of glory looked one towards the other on the mercy-seat. So here; the justice of God, the holiness of God, the wisdom of God, the truth of God, the majesty of God, all shine forth in the greatest splendour, and accord in the sweetest harmony. The light of the sun is as the light of seven days. God appears in all his works. He is a God in all, in nature, and in the law; but O! In the gospel, here he shines forth in the fullest glory.

"Angels that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb."

How mistaken, then, are those persons who think meanly of this gospel, and suppose that it countenances them in their low, mean, contemptible, immoral, disorderly conduct! It is the gospel of God, impressed with the brightest beams of his majesty and glory.

2. But some poor burdened sinner, who trembles at the majesty of God, may say, "Ah! this is true; but seems to give small comfort to a poor mourner's heart." Dear soul, we have only begun our description of the gospel. Observe another name; this may comfort you. It is *the gospel of the grace of God*. Paul so loved it in this sweet point of view that he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and testify the gospel of the grace of God.

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear."

Now, then, the gospel is full of the grace of God; rich grace, free grace, full grace, eternal grace. Yea, it is grace, grace itself, not merely a word containing it, but itself grace. Grace, we all know, in a way of verbal definition, means free favour; but O! Who knows the depths of the riches contained in those two words? Free favour in God; a favour that seeks no merits in its objects, but superabounds above the utmost demerits; here are depths for angels to be lost in wonderment in, and depths for the vilest sinners to lose their sins and their miseries in. Now, observe, the gospel is "the gospel of the grace of God." This is its true description; this is the proper definition of it. It is not the gospel

of the justice of God, or the wrath of God, or the natural goodness of God to the deserving, or of creature duties, doing, merits; but of the *grace* of God. Away, here, with creature merits, creature duties and doings altogether. Come and see the works of God. Who would dare to cast a barrow-full of vile earth into the river John saw, so pure, so clear, clear as crystal, proceeding forth from the throne of God and of the Lamb? But to mix anything with the free grace of God in the gospel is spiritually to do this very thing, and defile—O height of unholiness and abominable impudence—the river of the free full grace of God. Here, at this river, poor thirsty soul, thou art right welcome to drink; here thou mayest bathe, and wash away thy filth and sores; here the vilest, who feels his vileness, is welcome. It is a river open to all who feel their need of its most pure streams; but not a river for daring creature impudence to defile with its monstrous merits. Come, come, poor sinners; lost, filthy, guilty, ruined! But stand back, ye pharisaic, meritorious, worthy generation, who still remaining such in your own esteem, shall never be washed from your filthiness.

But how can God be just, and thus abound in grace to the vilest sinners? Listen, O man of a guilty exercised heart.

3. The gospel is *the gospel of Christ*. “Sing, O ye heavens; shout, ye lower parts of the earth.” Angels, at the mention of that Name, strike your golden harps with fresh ecstasy. Though a mere mortal worm, a sinner of the deepest dye, mentions that Name, it is enough to make you join in a concert of heavenly praise. Worthy is the Lamb! The gospel is full of Christ! O that we knew, then, more of the gospel! Let us hear Paul’s description of the gospel. He tells us that it is about God’s Son, who “was made of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared,”—not made, not constituted, but “declared to be the Son of God with power” to save the lost, and save them to the utmost, “according to the Spirit of holiness,” the very essence of holiness, “by the resurrection from the dead.” Here is a description of the gospel. This is worth attending to, and profoundly pondering upon.

The gospel is about Jesus Christ, essentially, eternally the Son of God; then humbled for the sake of sinners, and made a man; earth joined to heaven; man, in the Person of Jesus, taken into union with God in the Person of his Son. Then see this Son of God, who was, is, and ever will be, truly and properly and essentially the Son of the Father in truth and love, dying on the cross for sinners. Then see him rising again. And behold the sweet mystery of the gospel. He died to make an end of the believer’s, of his people’s sins; and he rose to prove that all was properly accomplished, and that there is now no more condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus. They have passed from death unto life; and that life is sinless, righteous, and eternal.

Yes, the gospel is full of Christ,—Christ the way to God and heaven, the only way, the living way, the sweet and precious

way; Christ the truth; Christ the life; Christ wisdom to teach; Christ righteousness to clothe; Christ All in all to the lost, the needy, and the naturally ruined and accursed.

Now, then, we have a ready test for pretended gospels, which Paul calls other gospels, yet not so; for another gospel is no gospel at all. Whatever comes to you, poor soul, saying, I am the gospel, if it looks like an angel of light, if it calls itself ever so holy, if it pretends to have come from God by express revelation, or to have been acquired by man, through his learning or wisdom; if it comes dressed in a garment of doctrines, or beautifully adorned with precepts, or naked, without any obedience at all, say to it, Art thou Christ? Art thou that blessed Jesus, the Son of God and Son of man, who died on the cross for the sins of the lost and ruined and utterly accursed,—the wisdom, the strength, the righteousness, the All in all? If thou art not this full, sweet, blessed Jesus, away from me; thou art but a deceiver and an antichrist, who, with thy holy appearance, wouldst rob me of the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, who loved, as I venture to believe he did, though I say it with some trembling, *me*, a vile, lost, ruined, undone, helpless sinner, and gave himself for me. The gospel is full of Christ Jesus.

4. The gospel is *the gospel of peace*. It speaks of God as the very God of peace, the Author and Creator of peace. He maketh peace in his high and heavenly places. The Father is the God of peace, sending forth his Only-begotten Son into the world to proclaim peace and establish peace between God and the sinner upon a sure foundation. The Son of God, the Lord Jesus, is the God of peace, coming into the world freely, as well as according to his Father's will, to be the Prince of peace; sealing by his precious blood the eternal covenant of peace, on which the sinner's hope must be built; for otherwise it is founded, not upon the immutable things of God, but some fleshly foundation. The Holy Spirit is the God of peace, revealing the Father's will and the Son's redemption, and sealing a peace with God upon the sinner's heart which passeth all understanding. Thus to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit belongs the Name which Gideon gave to God,—“Jehovah Shalom,” or, “The Lord send peace.”

What a sweet and blessed thing is peace! And how good for the poor child of God to have his feet shod with the preparation of this gospel of peace! Then how beautiful will his feet be with shoes, as is said in the Song of Solomon! He will walk upon his high places, tread upon the lion and the asp, and walk in paths of a blessed gospel obedience.

The gospel unfolds the covenant of peace, that grand provision of peace made and ratified by the Eternal Three before the world began: The Father's electing grace, and boundless love, and counselling wisdom; the Son's undertakings for the elect; and the Holy Spirit's agreement on their behalf to seal the peace of God in that covenant upon their consciences. All these things are unfolded in the gospel.

But, further; the gospel is the gospel of peace not only because, in a way of declaration, it sets forth these things, but because by means thereof the Holy Spirit actually applies these things to the heart, and in it and with it Christ really speaks peace to him that is far off and to him that is near. The gospel, in its true fulness, never was or can be merely words; but though there is the word of the truth of the gospel, there is the truth and essence of that word, which is the real voice of Jesus heard in his people's hearts; as Isaiah writes: "Speak ye comfortably to," that is, to the heart of, "Jerusalem." A mere word without a man, like the law written upon tables of stone, will never do the people of God, the flock of slaughter, any good; the word speaking into, and working in their very hearts, this is the needful thing. The word of Jesus is a work as well as a word. The voice of the Lord, his mercy, grace, Calvary-voice in the gospel, is full of power, and goes into the hearts of his people. These are blessed things said of the gospel, but we may go further.

5. The gospel is called *the word of righteousness*. And Paul characterizes some children of God as a kind of infants in divine things; requiring milk, and not strong meat, being unskilful in the word of righteousness. O what a mercy to have the eyes of the understanding opened, and enlightened, and the senses exercised to discern the blessed things of the Word of God, and especially to see it as the word of righteousness! But what righteousness is this? The giving and given righteousness of God. The Word indeed declares, in a subordinate way, the requiring righteousness or justice of God in the law, and the righteousness demanded therein of a man as God's rational creature, made upright in Adam. But the grand testimony of the Word is concerning the righteousness of God as in the gospel, which sets forth the obedience of the Son of God, wrought out for the sinner, as the gift of God to the ungodly and the sinners. This is the righteousness which adorns the sinner before the throne of God in a robe finer than that of angels,—the righteousness of God. This righteousness is for ever; so that Jesus in the gospel is revealed as The Lord our Righteousness. And one well sings:

"Without one thought that's good to plead,
O what could shield us from despair
But this,—though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our Righteousness is there."

This righteousness makes all the angels in heaven sing in higher strains to the glory of God. And this righteousness is the garment of praise to the poor lost sinner. God praises him as seen therein; the law declares him just, and vanishes away in the beams of its splendour; and the sinner wearing it by precious faith breaks forth into the high praises of God, who hath covered him with the robe of righteousness.

"His righteousness wearing, and cleansed by his blood,
Bold shall I appear in the presence of God,"

his delighted heart. There is music and dancing in the

Father's house; the best robe is put on; eternal love in providing it is beheld; the heart bounds with gladness before God, and the soul is sweetly filled with love, joy, and delight, all the sweet graces of the Spirit, when as revealed in the gospel, the word of righteousness, the obedience of Christ under the law in the sinner's place and stead, is brought into the conscience.

(To be continued.)

THE FOUNTAIN AND ITS STREAMS.

Honoured and dear Madam,—That the good Lord hath afforded any support and relief to your fainting spirit by anything he ever gave me to write is the matter of my joy and praise. But I beseech you, Madam, to have no expectation from such a nothing-worm. I know that our hearts are prone naturally to think too highly of any creature by whom the Lord has been pleased to send us any supply. And as our God is a jealous God, jealous of his own glory, when we insensibly slide into heart-idolatry, we take the direct way to provoke the Lord to leave that channel dry, that so from Him, the living Fountain, we may expect every comfort-stream. This I speak, Madam, from a fear lest you should expect anything from a creature that is and can communicate nothing. You know it is the voice of all the creatures concerning felicity: "It is not in me." This is always their voice, eventually, when we esteem any of them too highly. I beseech you, therefore, my dear Madam, let the whole of your expectation be from God alone. And then if he sends anything for your joy, to him you will give all the glory; and if you meet with disappointment, to his sovereign pleasure, as seeing his hand in it, you will more cheerfully submit.

I write thus with fear, lest hereby I should add a weight to your troubled heart. But I knew not how to forbear giving you a caution. God may make it a word in season to prevent your falling into danger. I have had sad experience in myself of heart-backsliding from God to creatures whom he hath made of use to me most eminently; and I think there is nothing that the godly slide into more easily. Take the hint given in love; it may do your soul good.

It is the part of a friend not only to comfort in sorrow, but also to warn in danger. We may lawfully value instruments the Lord makes use of in his hand for our comfort, as such. But such is our aptitude to creature confidence, that, ere we are aware, we are ready to expect supplies from them, as if they were in them; whereas, they are in God alone, and at his pleasure communicated by them. To expect from God solely through them is right; but to expect from them principally is wrong. And though our judgments are better informed, yet so weak are we that we often do this in our practice insensibly.

As to your sister, dear Madam, the Lord lays her on my heart as one of his own, and gives me to plead with him in the Name

of Jesus for her deliverance, and has done ever since I heard of her case, but with submission to his all-wise disposal. I am glad you had solemn prayers made to God on her account at first, and that the spirit of supplication was poured down. But, dear Madam, you must not think that those wrestling Jacobs were not prevailers with God, as Israel, because the very thing they prayed for was not given. For there are no prayers made to God in the Name of Jesus for blessings upon any of his own that shall be in vain. Jacob's God hath not said unto Jacob's seed, Seek me ye in vain. No; when the Lord defers or denies to grant that very thing which they ask, he always gives them that which is better, and more for his glory and their felicity. God's ways, both in providence and grace, are far beyond the reach of our shallow understanding's search. When he denies mercies, he grants mercies,—greater mercies than those would be which we wish; and these in answer to our request, according to the infinity of his wisdom and grace.

God's designs towards his church in general, and every living member of it in particular, are deep and vast,—wheels within wheels, revolutions within revolutions, and all subservient to God's great salvation. And things which seem to us to be the very worst shall at last appear to have been the very best, and most conducive to God's glory and our everlasting joy. The whole church is interested and shall be advantaged, some way or other, in and by the sufferings of every member. "I rejoice," says the apostle, "in my sufferings for you. And whether we be afflicted, or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation." And as this was eminently true with respect to the apostles, and is with regard to the ministers of the church, it will hold likewise as to every member, even the very least. Their sufferings in particular are for the advantage of the church in general. They are thereby more fitted to pray for, to sympathize with, and to speak a word in season to their suffering brethren. And when every one is delivered in particular, their deliverance will be the joy and praise of the whole triumphant church; and their notes of praise will be raised so much the higher, the deeper hath been the sufferings of every member. There will be no selfishness in heaven, no narrowness of spirit among all the blessed innumerable throng; but every one, in perfect love and joy unknown, will interest himself in the deliverance of the rest, and account it his own ineffable bliss to Jehovah's eternal praise.

Of all the sufferings of the members of Christ, that of the loss of reason's use appears to me to be the strongest. And how this can be most for God's praise and the saints' present bliss I can account for the least. But most certainly it is, or none of his would be plunged into that distress. And some traces of this we may already see. As you, Madam, and I, and, doubtless, all the saints that know your sister's case, by her loss of the use of reason, while they sympathize with her in that distress, are

excited thereby to prize the more and to praise for the use of their rational powers, and likewise put upon using them, while favoured with them, more entirely for God's glory,—as we are also put upon the exercise of grace in praying for her deliverance, to God's praise and her bliss, and also unto yours in hers. And these prayers God will answer, either in her present deliverance, or in some other way which he sees best, as is most for his praise, and all the saints' bliss. And when we are brought to heaven, we shall see clearly the glorious designs of God in this dark providence, and with all the saints give him praise eternally.

And now, dear Madam, what think you of your own sufferings? If not only your own soul, but also the whole church, is to receive advantage by them, and more advantage than could have been without them, and likewise God greater praise for his supporting and relieving you under them, and delivering you out of them, will not these considerations alleviate the weight of them? Will you not rather rejoice in than sink under sorrow? Exceedingly suitable, dear Madam, were those precious words which the Lord made a support to your spirit under trouble's pressing weight. I am grieved for your outward cruel oppressing enemies. But I trust, as your ways please the Lord, he will make your enemies to be at peace with you; at least, so far restrain their rage that they shall not hurt you by their malice. The case you hint at is difficult, so that I know not what to say, nor what you can best do. We may both say jointly, "O Lord, we know not what to do; but our eyes are upon thee." It rejoiceth me to hear you say, "He doth all things well." And there may I be enabled to leave this and every concern. To be one in will with God, Madam, is begun heaven. Nothing can much perplex that soul which enters into God's disposal as its complacent rest, while its mind is thus in exercise.

Yes, Madam, I love you, and long to minister to you as the Lord's child, given by infinite grace to poor me to nurse and to nourish up for him. And so strongly doth my heart seek his glory in your felicity, and so great is my joy in your being given unto me for usefulness to you, in the hand of Christ, that I am in as much danger of loving you too much as you can be of thinking too highly of me. May the Lord set and keep both our hearts right. O that we may love him in and for each other, and one another, in and for him alone! O that God may be *All* to us in his all-fulness of infinite grace, and we creatures ever keep our own place in self-nothingness, and desire no bliss but first and principally for his praise! And while we secondarily desire our own happiness, O that it might ever be in that subservience!

Great grace be with you. Permit me to be most affectionately and respectfully, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.,

ANNE DUTTON.

I FEEL my wounds healed every now and then by thee; but I feel not an exemption from them.—*Augustine*.

WEIGHT.

AH! Who knows the weight of adverse circumstances, those very circumstances which lie so very close to your heart that you cannot leave them behind, they are like a part of you? But you feel, at times, you can leave the case in the hand of the Lord. By the eye of faith you are given to see yourself an overcomer by the blood of the Lamb, and that you are more than conqueror through him who hath loved you and given himself for you. These are favoured moments, precious to a believer, and held very high in the estimation of the Lord's saints. Bless his dear Name, when in the night season I was thinking of Paul's words: "Laying aside every weight," and my poor soul was feeling heavily burdened, and knew that I could not do the things that I would, he showed me by his Spirit the weight, even love, which no believer wishes to be removed, but which the dear Lord will consummate.

Sometimes I feel a holy submission; at another time these words will come: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and I feel a turbulent spirit, and I mourn over my wretched state. I view, at times, what sin has done,—defiled the whole man in thought, word, and deed. I then am thankful for a crumb of mercy, love, and favour. How sweetly the Spirit of God's dear Son enables us to cry, Abba, Father. Yes, this morning he showed me and caused me to receive this truth in the Spirit: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.) Here was God the Holy Ghost taking a poor distressed soul into the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. ii. 2, 3.) My soul often says, and feels too, what our dear Lord spoke on earth to be verily true: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." And his blessed Spirit shows me how necessary the bread which came down from heaven is to sustain my soul. When I hear the words of his lips, "In me is thy strength found," O how I cry to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might! The righteous runneth in here, and is safe. He is a strong tower. He is our Daysman, our One Mediator. (1 Tim. ii. 5.) Yes, and bless his dear Name, he has finished transgression, and made an end of sin. "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God." "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble." Ah! Here is the voice of God's dear people. They do cleave to the Lord for want of a shelter. The poor soul says, in its right mind, "Having nothing, and yet possessing all things" in Christ, who is the Head, and we the members of his body.

The troubles of this life, our own evil hearts, the assaults of Satan, the conflicts within and without, cause the weights to be

so heavy that the souls of the redeemed go groaning and mourning, being burdened. Some will say one thing, some another; but unless the Lord enables a poor soul to walk at large, he will be shut up still.

Well, often, when the Lord has enabled me, I have praised God out of the fires of difficulties, and have felt it was good to be in them, and that when he had tried me I should come forth as gold. I have felt the trial had come that I should see and know more and more of my infirmities and weakness, and God's great power to deliver out of all distresses. I have seen by faith the bush on fire, but not consumed. Power belongs to God, who sits at the helm of all affairs. He is a purifier of silver, a refiner of gold. He removes all the dross from his dear sons and daughters in time; and the incorruptible seed liveth and abideth for ever. The fire cannot destroy that which God keeps alive. And in Prov. viii. he himself declares: "I was set up from everlasting," &c. This is the great and the holy One.

Ah! Blessed Jesus, thou art the hope of Israel still, and wilt be till the last vessel of mercy is gathered. Then those weights which Paul exhorted the people of God to lay aside will have gone with the earthly house of this our tabernacle. As each member of Christ's mystical body leaves this world, he will be present with the Lord. Then there will be a full fruition. Blessed be our dear Lord, who enables his dear God-taught children to glory in the Lord, and who gives them to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I heard last night Mr. Taylor, of Manchester. His text was Matt. v. 3, 4. He said that those who are poor in spirit and those who mourn are blessed already; not that they shall be; but "blessed *are* the poor in spirit; blessed *are* they that mourn." While he was setting forth whose word it was, by whom spoken, my heart responded, "Me, Lord, me!" I knew how the Lord in my poverty had allowed me to draw water out of the wells of salvation. Words cannot express what this drawing water really is; it is only known to the redeemed. Religion is a personal thing. "And the angel of his presence saved them." (Isa. lxiii. 9.) Each redeemed soul has his own peculiar case in the hands of his Advocate.

Yours in the Lord,

E. B. M.

As I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ, so I rejoice to perceive by your letter that you are going forward heavenward. It cannot be otherwise, from the account you give of yourself. You write of yourself as a poor sinner, as completely lost in your own nature, person, and state. This is really sound experience. The Holy Ghost is he who hath given you thus to know yourself. He will keep you at this lesson all your days; and that to this very intent,—that you may feel and know your want of Christ, and that you may go every moment, with the whole of your sin and disease, with all your emptiness and misery, to the Lord Jesus, whose blood is your everlasting purity, whose righteousness is your everlasting perfection.—*S. E. Pierce.*

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend,—In this day of awful departing from the truth in its simplicity, I see not why the mercy of God, as manifested to a poor young girl some years since, should be passed over in silence. Soon after, as I hope, the Lord opened my mouth to speak in his dear Name, she being very young, came with her parents to hear me at East Hoathley, when the Lord so sent the Word home to her soul that she felt, if she died in such a state, she should sink where hope could never come. The Lord continued thus to convince her, until it pleased him to raise her to a hope in his mercy, and afterwards to give her to “read her title clear to mansions in the skies.” But I should have said that, before this deliverance, the dear Lord saw fit to afflict her with spinal and other diseases, so that she has not been able to stand or walk for years; but has been brought, at times, to hear me at Mayfield. At length, the Lord laid on her mind the ordinance of baptism. But O the trial it was for a long time! She looked at the state of her body, and, in addition, the enemy tried her about her fitness for the ordinance. But the Lord decided it by those words: “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” This led her to make the matter known to us as a church, when she was received by the church, and baptized on Oct. 21st, 1877.

I felt a power in the letter I copy and send. Perhaps you would like to put it into the “Gospel Standard.” It shows, I think, the wonders of God, and his great goodness. I do not suppose you will publish this, but I thought I must say a few words respecting the dear afflicted friend.

Yours in the Bonds of Truth,

Edburton, April 3rd, 1878.

ELI PAGE.

My dear Pastor,—I feel as though I should like to send you a line to tell you how good the dear Lord is to such a poor unworthy worm of the earth. I hope the others felt the same love touch their hearts as I did mine; then they will not mind the trouble.* I felt before I was taken into the pool that, if I died there, I should land safe in glory. Yes, and if the Lord willed, I felt just ready to go. I could gladly have left all to follow Christ. I do not mind what any one has to say against that despised ordinance. I can say, indeed and of a truth, that the dear Lord honours it. O what a blessed privilege I felt it to be to follow, in that ordinance, in the dear Lord's steps! How long I was ashamed to own my Lord; but I am not now. I feel that I can suffer anything for his sake who has redeemed me from death and from the power of the enemy. O! My dear pastor, I cannot help weeping on account of the goodness of God to such a worth-

* Here she alludes to those friends who carried her into the pool, and brought her up again.

less worm, to such an ill- and hell-deserving sinner, who has merited nothing but his displeasure. O! Why was I made a guest? How I should like to lay down this clay tabernacle, that I might no more sin against him; but would be in submission to his will, whether for life or death. I can, indeed and of a truth, say that he is the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely to my poor soul. How I would bless and praise him for such undeserved love! But O! What poor praises mine are! He knows I would exalt his precious Name. To think that he should ever stoop so low as to cast a look of love upon such a guilty sinner, and to suffer in my law-place and stead. Yes, I can say that my Jesus has suffered for me. From my inmost soul I can say,

“O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now, and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more.”

I shall one day see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off. If I had ten thousand tongues, I would employ them all in praising the Lord. I can say that he hath done great things for my soul, whereof I am glad. O how it humbles the poor soul in the dust of self-abasement! What matchless condescension, to stoop so low as to pick up the vilest of the vile!

I feel as though I should like to write to the church, being able to tell them so little when before them of the dear Lord's loving-kindness to my poor soul. Never shall I forget that time when I first scribbled to you. O what cause for gratitude I have! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I am highly favoured indeed. I would not change places with a queen on the throne if I could.

I do not feel any worse for being baptized; indeed, I feel, if anything, stronger. When I came out of the water, I felt as though I could have walked. How I proved his promise true: “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” Sure I am that nothing but love to the dear Lord would have constrained me to follow through that ordinance; and though it is a despised ordinance, it is a blessed one.

May the dear Lord still go on to be gracious unto you, and give you many precious souls for your hire, and seals to your ministry. This is the sincere desire of a poor unworthy sinner, saved by sovereign grace.

Yours in the Bond of Covenant Love,

Blackboys Nursery, Hawkhurst.

HEPHZIBAH CLARK.

My dear Friend,—The grace of God the Father, the grace of God the Son, and the grace of God the Holy Ghost be with you and yours, whose faces are towards the better country.

Please accept my thanks for your very welcome epistle. When it is on your mind, write again; for a word in season, how good it is! How needful in speaking, as in writing, is the salt! “Let

your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." 'Tis the savour of his Name that is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love him. But we should never have cared for, sought after, desired, or longed for the precious Redeemer, had he not first cared for, sought after, desired, and longed for us. How marvellous it appears to me, and how marvellous it appears to you, at special times and seasons, that he should set his eyes, his heart, his affections, on such poor, vile, weak, worthless, guilty, hell-deserving wretches as we are and shall ever be, while we are here in these bodies; and that he should so deal with us, in wisdom, love, power, and goodness as to win our souls to himself, and make us willing and glad to be his, now, henceforth, and for ever! Blessings on his Name! We desire to glorify him, honour him, extol him, worship and adore him; yes, and "crown him Lord of all."

I began writing this in Somerset, and now would finish it in Hants. I hope my dear friend's heart will be kept alive by the sweet and most desirable visits of the Lord. "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" How dry we are without his waterings! How cold without his burning love! How hard without his softening grace! How dead without his life-giving influence! How dark without his inshinings who is our Sun! How black without his comeliness! How lonely without his presence! How shut up in prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, unless he opens! Blessed be his Name! He has taught us that all is a blank without him. All is darkness, death, curse, condemnation, and destruction without him. He is our peace, our rest, our health, our strength, our wisdom, and our righteousness. His death is our life; yea, his flesh is our meat, and his blood is our drink. Though poor, we are rich; though sick, we are well; though naked, we are clothed; though unworthy of the least of his mercies, he accounts us worthy. We are worthless and nothing, in and of ourselves; to him we are of more value than heaven and earth, being the purchase of his love, and the price of his blood.

"Dearly are we bought, for God
Bought us with his own heart's blood.
Boundless depths of love divine!
Jesus, what a love was thine!"

O for grace to love him more, and serve him better! O how little I love him compared to his loveliness, worth, and beauty! I know I believe that he is without compare; but shame and confusion of face belongeth unto me. Who in the heavens can be compared unto the adored and adorable God-Man Mediator? "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons."

"O! Had I grace to set him forth,
To tell his love, to speak his worth,
I'd spend my latest breath, and sing,
The praises of my God and King."

Remember me very kindly to any friends who may know one

who earnestly desires an interest in the prayers of the living children of the living and true God.

Aug. 80th and Sept. 1st, 1869.

ALFRED HAMMOND.

I should have answered my dear friend's letter before, but circumstances prevented. I attempted it yesterday, but was so ill with a sick headache that I could not write. I am pained with it now, but can refrain no longer, fearing to hurt your mind. I find you are still breathing for the best things, and longing for more spiritual freedom; blessed are such. God will satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry with his good things. And he saith, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Wherefore, "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Yet, should you find "days of darkness," and be in heaviness, consider there is a *needs-be* for it.

It appears you are not so near your end as I expected, so you must not look for all sunshine in future. It is precious when we enjoy the "days of the Son of man;" but profitable that we should experience the night, and what attends it. This I say because, if your end be not near, after the allurements and sweet frames you have enjoyed, you may be brought into a desert. "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness." Should this be the case, "the beasts of the forest may creep forth;" I mean, the corruptions of the heart,—deadness and barrenness may be found; no sensible comfort enjoyed; all destitute and desolate within; and you may be brought to mourn the Lord's absence, to seek him, and for a time find him not. I say not that this will be the case; but if it should be, remember I have told you of it in order that you may not faint. But consider it is the destitute whose prayer the Lord regards. It is the barren heart he will soften and make fruitful. It is in the wilderness he has promised to speak comfort. It is but "a little while," and he will return again. What I here write may seem out of season. O that it may! A sense of the plague of the heart, our emptiness and nothingness, our weakness in God's ways, humility, godly contrition, true self-abasement, we cannot know and have too much of. God dwelleth with the lowly. It is sweet when, like that godly woman, we experience and can say, "He regardeth the low estate of his handmaid." Therefore, whether with the Lord's presence or absence, consider all is working well. In his presence close with him, and rejoice in him. In his absence, "Wait on the Lord that hideth his face."

Through the sickness in my stomach, and headache, I cannot write.

Yours affectionately,

July 25th, 1822.

D. FENNER.

STEADFASTNESS in believing does not exclude all temptations from without, nor all doubting from within. Still, let not men from their doubting conclude they believe. He that satisfies himself that his field hath corn because it hath thistles, may come very short of a harvest.

—Owen.

TO MR. COVELL, ON COMPLETING THE THIRTIETH
YEAR OF HIS MINISTRY,

ON MARCH 10TH, 1878, IN PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, WEST ST., CROYDON.

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

REMEMBER! Yes, it were our sin and shame
Could we forget thy loved and honour'd name.
Among the dearest memories of our heart
Thy look, thy voice, must ever have a part.
That eye which oft, while we've unconscious slept,
In midnight glooms for us has waked and wept;
That voice which now for thirty rolling years
Ceaseless has warn'd us, night and day, with tears.
Careful for us with all this care, shall we
Render no tribute back again to thee?
O that while yet on earth thou art detain'd,
Thy long'd-for happiness not fully gain'd,
Thy words might enter with almighty power,
Mixing with faith in some auspicious hour,
Enabling many a trembling soul to cry,
“Jesus is mine, and I in peace can die.”
This were thy sweetest recompense; O this
Would (were it possible) enhance thy bliss
In that bright world where countless tongues record
The honours of thine ever-living Lord.

Immanuel has been thy glorious theme;
Not known by hearsay, as some fondly dream,
But shining into the benighted heart,
Darkness to scatter, light and life impart;
The serpent's head to bruise in that poor soul
Where once he tyrannized without control.
In tracing out this mighty change, how keen
Thy two-edged sword! How sharp its strokes have been!
Severing false faith, false penitence, from true,
The work of God from what mere man can do.
But when the real character was found,
And mercy was indeed a welcome sound,
Then, gladly cherishing life's feeblest sign,
No nurse's tenderness has equal'd thine.

Backsliders, too, have heard in melting tones,
That whom God once has loved he ne'er disowns.
With hopes revived have knock'd at mercy's door,
And found that grace the vilest can restore.

Nor yet in temporal trials have Zion's poor
Been left without a Refuge strong and sure;
Jehovah Jireh's Name, uplifted high,
Has often proved to faith the best supply;
Prayer has prevail'd, the hungry have been fed,
And unbelief been forced to hide its head.

And now, farewell; accept this feeble lay,
 Which means the thanks it cannot fully pay.
 Thy last days be thy best; and in that hour
 When earthly comforts shall have lost their power,
 Thy God be nigh to hush each rising fear,
 Thy pillow smoothe, and wipe away the tear;
 Then to thy ransom'd spirit sweetly say,
 "Arise, my love, my fair one, come away."

W. S.

[We were sorry not to insert the above verses in our May number; but were much pressed for room. They were sent us by our esteemed friend Mr. Covell for insertion, if we thought it desirable, and we can only say that the real merits of the composition, as well as our Christian love to Mr. Covell, make us glad to give them a place. We confess that this warm and truthful testimony to our friend made us feel our own ministerial deficiency. May it move to a proper emulation.]

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."

Dear Mr. Editor,—I send you the following account of the last days and sudden death of Alexander Adolphus Carter, aged 28, deacon at the Tabernacle, Norwich. He was suddenly killed on the Great Eastern Railway, on March 2nd, while in the execution of his duties as railway guard. It appears that he was in the act of coupling the waggons, when he fell across the rails, and three waggons went over his shoulder and neck.

As a short account written by him appeared in the "G. S." for last January, stating his call by grace and a deliverance under my ministry, I shall not say much about that. The account speaks for itself, and bears its own evidence; and I have reason to believe that it has been blessed to many. Yet I feel I must go back to the time when we became acquainted with him. I noticed him coming to the Tabernacle frequently, and observed his attentions under the word; and many times thought what an honest and upright appearance he had. I asked some of the friends who he was; and they told me they thought he was a railway guard. After a time, the friends had a little conversation with him; and he would stay outside to shake hands with me. From a few things that dropped from his lips I was led to hope he was a child of God; and many times asked the Lord to make my ministry a blessing to him, and bring him into our little church. I feel I can say truthfully that I never had a more marked evidence of the Lord's hearing my prayers, and of his having sent me to speak in his Name.

As he wrote in the piece in the "G. S.," so I found that for years he had been entangled by the Wesleyans; but the dear Lord brought him out, agreeably to his word: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." He soon manifested a love to the truth, and to me as a servant of God. The word took deep hold of him. After a time, he came when an opportunity afforded to the prayer-meetings, and I asked him to speak in prayer. And I must say that it was in such a sweet, humble, broken manner that I was blessed in my very soul while listening; and a union was formed from that night forward. Friends also felt at home with him.

The Lord now exercised him about baptism, and he expressed a wish to join the church. Accordingly, he was visited, and came before us. He had not a very long tale to tell. But I, with several others, was obliged to weep, especially when he told us of his deliverance from the

temptation to jump out of his brake into the river, and drown himself, and his blessing afterwards under my poor preaching from the very words that were brought to his mind when labouring under that temptation. We shall not forget the solemn day of his baptism.

I pass on now to say that, because of his Christian spirit and thorough business manners, we chose him, about 12 months back, to the office of deacon; which he filled greatly to the satisfaction of the church; and we all looked upon him as a very promising young man. There was one especial feature in him that I wish was more in all God's children; and that is a spiritual longing for the courts of the Lord's house. But being a railway guard, he was often detained from the means; but when he was there, as soon as he began to pray, he would bless the Lord for that blessed privilege; and often expressed his desire for some other employment, so that he might always attend. The Lord has now answered his prayer, though in a different way, for we do not for a moment question that he is ever beholding the beauty of the Lord in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

As I was engaged to supply at Witham on the 3rd of this month, I left Norwich about three o'clock on the 2nd, and returned on Monday, the 4th. So I did not know the sad news till I alighted on the platform at Norwich. The reader may judge of my feelings when I saw three of the chapel friends there to meet me, with mournful countenances. I knew there must be something wrong or amiss, as they must leave their business to be there. After asking how they did, I wanted to know why they came to meet me. One of them was my other deacon. He said that something of a very serious nature had taken place during my absence. I inquired if it was in my family, as my children were not very well when I left home. He said, "No. In fact, Mr. Dye, I can hardly tell you." I said, "O! Burton, out with it; for I shall—I must know it." "Well," he said, "Brother Carter is dead." I asked how or when. Pointing to the train, he said, "He was killed by one of them." O! I felt I must drop. They walked with me to my home, and left me. I could not rest at home. I made my way down to the bereaved wife; and while going the enemy set upon me, and told me a child of God would never come by his death so, and suggested that I had been deceived in him. He tried to make it appear to me that it was the wicked taken away in his wickedness. O! I thought, could I have spoken to him just before he was killed, I should not have felt it so. I am deceived, I am deceived! I thought, dear Lord, thou didst intend to raise him up to speak in thy Name; but thou hast taken him away. O! May I feel resigned to thy solemn will. These were some of my feelings going to his house; and when I entered there and saw the poor woman and children, I felt my heart would break. We wept for some time before either could speak. After a little conversation, she told me how he used to repeat verses of hymns for several weeks past upon death. And it came fresh to my mind that the last time I took tea with him, which was about a fortnight before he was killed, while at tea he repeated the whole of that hymn, commencing

"We've no abiding city here."

After repeating it, he mentioned the text out of the Hebrews: "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come;" adding that that hymn and text had been continually upon his mind for several days. I see now all about it. The Lord, instead of preparing him for the ministry, as many of us thought, was preparing him for glory. His brother deacon has also told me since his death that about a month before, one Sabbath afternoon, after the service, they walked into the cemetery. Mr. Burton showed him where his brother was laid, who had died some years back.

Carter said, "Well; here is where I should like to lie; and I should like Mr. Dye to bury me." His wife also showed me a sheet of paper on which he had written down all the addresses of his relatives and friends, so that she should know where to write to if anything happened. Also, the last time, or the last but one, that he gave out the hymns, he read one upon death; and I remember that a friend said to me, "How singular that Carter should give out such a hymn!" A friend was talking with him a few days before he was killed about the great danger he was in with that employment; and said, "Suppose anything occurred so that you were killed, what would become of your wife and children?" "Well," he said, "I don't really dislike my employment, and I should not earn so much money if I left it; but I have that faith that if it pleases the Lord to suffer me to lose my life in it, he will take care of my poor wife and children." But how blind was I to the Lord's will! I never thought I should have lost him so soon. But he is gone, and has left a sweet savour behind.

Now I feel as though I must add a few words to show how he was respected by his fellow-servants and all who knew him. We had arranged for six members of the church to carry him to the grave; but some railway guards spoke to Mrs. Carter, and expressed their earnest desire to carry him, as all esteemed him so much. They said they should feel hurt if they could not do this. As soon as I heard it I told those we wished to be bearers, and they submitted. So six guards carried him, and about 14 porters followed, with nearly all our congregation, besides many more friends. I was pleased also with the statement made in a place of worship, by a minister who is opposed to the principles our friend held, saying that he adorned and stuck to the doctrines he held. Also the superintendent spoke very highly of him before the coroner and jury, saying that he was one of the steadiest of men. These things show what grace did for him, and what a mercy it is to be kept upright before our fellow-creatures. Therefore he has left a testimony behind of the power, love, and mercy of God; and one which I hope will live; for "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

I am happy to say that we have gathered several pounds for the widow. She has three little children. A single sister is going to live with her, and they will struggle together at tailoring for a piece of bread. But I must not say more. May the Lord bless the solemn event to us as a church, and to the widow.

Norwich, March 15th, 1878.

ALFRED DYE.

Many of our readers will remember a nice letter written by a young man, and signed "A. A. C.," in our January No. This is the letter to which our friend Dye alludes. We little thought when inserting that letter, which appeared to us sound and good, we should so soon be called upon to give an account of the young man's death. Doubtless many, with ourselves, will feel much sympathy with the widow, and pity for the little ones thus deprived of him upon whom, under God, they depended. We feel also for Mr. Dye and the church; but God is far

"Too wise to err,

Too good to be unkind."

MOSES desired to see the glory of God. This God calls his face, *i.e.*, the glory of God in itself. This, saith God, thou canst not see. Thou canst not see my face and live, *i.e.*, my essential glory.—*Owen.*

THE more gifts and graces a minister hath, the better for those who attend on his ministry.—*Flavel.*

Obituary.

RUTH GAYTON.—On Jan. 11th, aged 72, Ruth Gayton, of West Hartlepool.

She was on a visit here four years ago, and found out our little place, and came several times. I saw by conversation with her that she loved the truth as it is in Jesus. She again left the town, and I saw her no more until a person called to tell me she was ill and wished to see me. I went on the first day of the present year, and found her very ill. As soon as she knew me, she took my hand, held it for about five minutes, and said, "How glad I am to see you!" She told me the nature of her disease, and that she could not get better. I said, "How do you feel in your soul?" She said, "I have a good hope. I am not afraid of the end; but I want to feel the Lord's presence." I asked her what portion of the Word of God she would like to have read. She said, "That in which David says, 'Lord, plead my cause.'" I also read Hymn 469 (Gadsby's Selection), which seemed to be much blessed to her soul. She wished it to be sung at her funeral.

I saw her again a few days after, and one of our friends had seen her in the interval. She again said how pleased she was to see me, adding that she had no one she could speak to but myself, and the friend above named. She was very dark in her mind, but her desire was, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour which thou bearest unto thy people;" and she wanted to know where the words were. I asked her of what church she was a member. She said, "At Hilperton, near Trowbridge." She told me she was in great distress of soul for a long time, and at length the Lord graciously delivered her by the application of these words: "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." She then asked to be admitted into the church, and was baptized and received into the church in the year 1849. After joining the church, she got into great darkness again, but the Lord delivered her again by these words: "The Lord will give grace and glory." And I believe she now has enjoyed both.

She suffered much, but without a murmur. Getting weaker and weaker, all she could be heard to say was, "Jesus, Jesus." She fell asleep in the Lord, Jan. 11th, 1878. She told me she often heard the ministers at the late Mr. Warburton's chapel, Trowbridge; and once Mr. Hemington with a great blessing to her poor soul. W. HALL.

[The following letter will show how she was esteemed at Hilperton. It was written to her son.]

My dear Friend,—I am pleased to hear the account of your late dear mother's last days. I should like to see it in the "Standard," but would rather your minister would send it, as he could bear testimony to the goodness of the Lord towards her when passing through the river Jordan. She was baptized by me, with four others, two of whom are now living, on Lord's day, Sept. 9th, 1849. Mr. Blake, now deceased, preached on that day to very crowded congregations. I was mentioning on Lord's day last from the pulpit that your dear mother was one of those who was enabled to live under the influence of divine truth, and that she never gave me nor the church of God any trouble. She loved a full gospel, in all its holy, sovereign, and saving influences; neither could she do without a personal, living, and vital experience. Well, she is now no more. O for grace to follow her, so far as she followed Jesus!

Yours, in haste, very truly,

Hilperton, Jan. 25th, 1878.

F. PEARCE.

GEORGE CORBALL.—On Feb. 25th, aged 61, George Corball, of Mansfield, Baptist minister at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

He was born at Lutterworth on April 28th, 1816, of godly parents, both of whom have long since entered into rest. When very young, he was much exercised upon eternal things. His Bible, the works of Mr. Huntington, and other good men's writings, were the books he delighted in reading. At that time, a few Christians met in a friend's house for worship. After some years, the late Mr. Creasey, of Leicester, formed them into a church; Mr. Corball being one, and the only survivor. He used to read the sermons; and, when they could, they would get a good man to come and preach to them. Though he felt his heart united in sweet fellowship to those few despised people, I have often heard him say how shame would sometimes make him wish there was a subterraneous passage through which he could go to meet with them, instead of passing through the streets to bear the insults and mocking of the other youths of the town; as they would point with the finger of scorn, and say, "There goes one of the elect," &c. Still, through the grace of God, he pressed on. In the year 1838, in the providence of God, I came and preached to them, and he, with the other members, was very anxious I should become their pastor; which, after some consideration, I did, and finally settled over them in Jan., 1839. From that time until his death we always walked in most cordial Christian love and fellowship.

After I was settled among them, he thought he could then be spared. Accordingly he took a situation in Abingdon as a jeweller and watch-maker. He then attended the late Mr. Tiptaft's ministry. On one occasion, in conversation, Mr. T. said to him, "I think, young man, you will not do for us, nor will you for the Generals." But he replied, "Whether I do for you or not, your preaching suits me, and such I must have." Mr. Tiptaft's manner soon changed towards him, and they became much attached to each other; and for some time he used to read the hymns in Mr. T.'s chapel.

He afterwards left Abingdon, and took a business at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire. He used to meet with a few poor people at Sutton-in-Ashfield, the place where Abraham Booth was minister. As they were then without a pastor, he used occasionally to help in reading the sermons of good men; but one of the old friends dying, he was requested to improve the occasion, which he did by preaching as the Lord enabled him. From this time, by the request of the friends, he continued to minister to them with the ability the Lord gave him until the last Lord's day but one before his death.

He was a most conscientious, humble Christian, and had very low views of himself; and with much trembling, many fears and sinkings of heart, he used to go into the pulpit. This kept him much in prayer and reading the Word of God, lest he should run usest, or be left to advance anything contrary to the truth, or wound any of God's living family. He was a dear lover of peace, and often used sorely to grieve when Christians showed a bitter and unchristian spirit one to another. His little church greatly prized his ministry, and often were they greatly refreshed and encouraged. He, too, was much attached to them, and used greatly to enjoy the ordinance days when he could meet with them, and have an opportunity for a few hours of godly conversation. To meet with the Lord's tried and exercised people was his delight, and to converse upon the things of God.

He had suffered for many years with disease of the heart, which often made his breathing most difficult; and his violent fits of coughing were

most distressing. On several occasions they caused him to quite lose consciousness. He had one of these severe attacks while supplying for me last May, and we feared then we might not see him at Lutterworth again. Yet he persevered, and frequently remarked that he had passed through the winter with much better health than he at all expected. He never had to relinquish any service or engagement during the present year until the Sunday preceding his death. On Feb. 17th, he preached at Lincoln; and though not at all well when he left home, he returned greatly refreshed, and seemed much better. He continued much the same until about Feb. 21st, when he found it very difficult to get about, and suffered much from shortness of breath. His medical man was sent for, who advised rest and the avoidance of any excitement, and earnestly begged him not to go from home again alone. He attended a prayer-meeting the same evening, and prayed so solemnly and earnestly that many remarked he might be almost in heaven. During Saturday he seemed very poorly, and was unable to rest long anywhere; but was very patient. On Sunday he did not leave his room until 11 o'clock in the morning. This was the first time he had missed morning service for over 40 years. His doctor called in the morning, and after a very careful examination, said, "Well, my friend, I am not afraid to tell you that your life is in a precarious condition. You must take great care; but I know you are all right; so that I am not afraid to tell you the end is drawing near." He replied very calmly, and resting his hand on the doctor's shoulder, "I am not afraid to know it."

"Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;

To love and serve thee is my share,

But thou the grace must give."

My chief desire is to live well, to die well, and to be well laid in the grave. I know this clay tabernacle must some day fall; and I desire to be quite ready." He enjoyed his dinner, and tried to rest after it, but could not remain in any position long. During the afternoon, three of the members of his little church called to see him. They had a pleasant meeting, with reading and prayer. It seemed to revive him much, and at tea-time he was quite cheerful. During the evening, his daughter remained with him, and they conversed about the marvellous power of the Bible writers, and the wonderful adaptation of its teachings. He quietly remarked,

"Better that man had ne'er been born,
Who reads to laugh, or reads to scorn."

In a few minutes he said, "It is a blessed thing to look eternity in the face without fear. I trust I can; I hope so. I do desire to be all right." After service, a friend came in and had a little conversation upon the Thessalonians, especially that portion: "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." (2 Thess. iii. 5.) When asked how he had passed the evening, he replied, "With the Best of books, and the Dearest of friends. 'Waiting for Christ.'" He seemed pleased to feel himself so well again, and remarked he had never felt so strange as he did in the afternoon.

The family had prayers, which he conducted with much vigour and energy, and then parted for the night, little thinking that was the last time he would meet his family together. He slept well until about two o'clock, when he became very restless. His dear wife said to him, about six, "It is poor relief you gain; you change the place, but keep the pain." He replied, "I am in no pain, love; no pain at all; only so very restless." Then he lay down and tried to sleep. He settled and slept for a long time, until his wife became alarmed; and at half-past eight

sent for the doctor, who, on seeing him sleeping quietly, told Mrs. Corral he would never awake again. In about twenty minutes he ceased to breathe. So quietly he passed away that his friends did not realize he was gone until the change became quite visible. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." A very favourite text of his was: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." (Ps. xvii. 15.)

"He's gone; the conflict's past;
His sufferings now are o'er;
He's won the victory at last,
And reach'd the peaceful shore."

He was interred in the cemetery at Mansfield, on March 1st, 1878.

R. DE FRAINE.

JAMES GARDNER.—On Jan. 3rd, aged 64, James Gardner, of Milton, Oxon.

The subject of this account was born at Marcham, near Abingdon, of poor parents, in 1813. When he was three years of age, his father, having a large family, was compelled to remove to his own parish at Churchill, Oxon. I have often heard James say what privations they had to endure in his early days; but he, through being always lame, was sent to school and received a tolerably good education, which would not have been the case had he not been a cripple. In this we see the Lord's hand in fitting him for his after life.

About the age of 19 the Lord was pleased to call him by his invincible grace, separating him from his former sinful practices and companions, and making him a wonder unto many. He then felt that he was a sinner in the sight of a heart-searching God, and that he wanted something more than what he heard in the parish church, where he had hitherto attended. But he strove on for awhile, hoping to obtain what he sought; but all in vain. Eternal realities were laid with such power on his mind that at length he felt obliged to leave, in search of something more suited to his case. His immortal soul had now become his all, for he felt that if that was lost, all was lost; and if that was saved, all was saved. But what a trial it was for him to leave! Until that time, he had been one of the singers in the church, and the lady who conducted the singing had been very kind to him in many ways. She wished him not to leave, and, with the minister, did all she could to retain him amongst them. But, no, he could not compromise; for he felt his precious soul was at stake. Here he was with an afflicted body, and nothing but poverty staring him in the face, made willing to give up everything and count it but loss, so that he might win Christ, and be found in him.

From this time his persecution began, as those who before had professed to be his friends now became his foes. But he was not to be daunted by either smiles or frowns from mortals, but went from place to place in search of spiritual food. At length he heard of the preaching of Mr. Roff and Mr. Gorton, and went to hear them, and found the truths those two men preached were what his soul had been thirsting after. He could now say with Ruth, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." I have heard him say what blessed seasons he had in those days; for the gospel did truly yield him honey, milk, and wine.

At length he was baptized by Mr. Roff, and joined the church at Stow. He now tried to get under the means of grace as often as weather and strength would permit; but to do this he had to travel many miles, and often got so weary with the journey that he wished he could lie down on the roadside and rest his poor afflicted body, thinking he should not be able to reach home, and that it must be the last time he

could walk so far. But the dear Lord so blessed him that he soon forgot his past toils, and would again wend his way to the house of God; feeling with the poet that saints,

“While they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.”

Thus he was kept on in the midst of both sorrows and joys for the space of 15 or 16 years, often faint, but still pursuing. During this time he put up many cries to the Lord, begging him to appear on his behalf and deliver him from his trying labour; and having to walk so far on the Sabbath day, the day of rest to him was by far the greatest toil of the week. But there seemed to be no way of escape for him from it. At length, through the kindness of a lady, he was sent to London, to try a situation he was considered competent to fill. But, as it affected his conscience in divine things, he could not accept it. I have heard him say that at that time he felt he could have parted with one of the limbs of his body rather than deny the truth of God. Thus the Lord kept him tender in his fear, and made him willing to return and suffer affliction with the people of God, and break stones, his early employment, till the end of his days, if it was the Lord's will he should do so.

Thus he continued to labour in this trying work for about 20 years; but in April, 1852, the Lord appeared on his behalf by opening the hearts of his people at Milton, who assisted him to come amongst them and open a school. Thus ended his long and tedious walks on the Sabbath, for now he was near a place of truth. He now began, as it were, a new life as a schoolmaster, and strove very hard in the work. For several years he not only kept a day-school, but one at night during the winter for young men; and I believe many have had great cause to be thankful that ever he came to Milton, and for the education received through his instrumentality. He also took part in the Sunday school, and we have had reason to believe that his labours were blessed in more than one instance; but to what extent eternity alone will unfold. He was anxious not only to give his young charge education for this life, but cried to the Lord for wisdom to be able to lay before them the solemn things of death, eternity, and their never-dying souls, being fully convinced that all power was of God.

The latter part of last summer, his health began to fail, which, at times, made his duties very trying. On Sunday, Nov. 4th, he was at chapel as usual, and gave out hymn 7 (Gadsby's Selection), which he afterwards said was the feeling of his inmost soul. Friend Clack also gave out hymn 1063; the last verse was laid very much on his mind, especially this line:

“Nothing should be left undone.”

He often referred to it in his illness. The same day he said to another friend at the school, “I prayed for the Lord to put me into the work, and now I have begun praying for the Lord to take me out of it; so that I think something will soon be done;” as it soon proved. His petitions had been very solemn the last few times in public. He seemed to be fast ripening for eternity. On the 10th, he began sweeping up his yard, as was his usual practice; but he felt so wearied and worn with fatigue that he looked up to the blue sky, and cried out, “Lord Jesus, take me from the work, or the work from me.” He then dropped the broom down, and never picked it up again. Thus his work was ended. His prayer was soon answered; for the next day he was taken very ill.

At first, he was rather dark and tried in his mind. His illness was very trying, as almost everything he took gave him great pain, so that he cried to the Lord to direct him what to have, telling him that, as he had made his body, he knew better than the doctor what it required to

sustain and relieve it. The Lord graciously answered this petition for him. A few days after this, the adversary of souls was permitted for a time to worry and annoy him; but the Lord so powerfully broke in upon his soul that it was truly blessed to be with him. It seemed almost too much for his poor body. He said, "Underneath are the everlasting arms. I feel them. Yes, the Lord is all-sufficient. He will work all his will in me, and then take me home to himself. Who would have thought the Lord would have shown such a poor, vile wretch as I such great and boundless mercy? O! It is worth passing through a thousand hells to enjoy such blessedness as I am now tasting, and shall soon enjoy for ever. Yes, I am justified; I shall be sanctified and glorified. I shall not stand with blushes on my face when I get there, for I shall be clothed in the righteousness of a dear Redeemer, and carried in the bosom of a precious Saviour." The glorious mysteries and solemn realities concerning his future state were the one theme on which he now delighted to dwell. In speaking of the love of God, he said, "I have been up to my ankles, and to my loins; but now I feel it is a boundless river to swim in. O! What fields I am led into of the incomprehensible, sovereign, eternal, electing love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost! O! What wonders do I see in the oneness of the blessed Trinity, all engaged in our eternal salvation and glorification!"

He would often say, "The Lord is taking down my frail body very gently; yes, very gently, with a velvet hand. O, what a poor, crooked, wandering, backsliding, worthless, weak, ill- and hell-deserving worm of the earth I have been! Yet the dear Lord does still condescend to bless me, notwithstanding all. O! Heaven must ring, yes, it must ring with everlasting praises to his matchless Name."

At another time, he said, "I have almost finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. Yes, Paul was right; for it was not for him only, but for all them that love his appearing."

One evening I was sent for to see him, and found him very prostrate. He could scarcely speak; but, in a whisper, at intervals, said, "The Lord has given me a taste of heaven this day. Yes, I soon

"Shall see his face,

And never, never sin;

There from the rivers of his grace

Drink endless pleasures in."

Yes, I shall drink full draughts of bliss; I shall drink and be satisfied."

At one time, he said, "I have been specially engaged in prayer on your behalf this day, that the Lord would bless you." He then went on to speak of how he had prayed for those connected with him by family ties, that the Lord would bless and have mercy upon them. He said, "I have also prayed for the village; and I have prayed for the cause of God in this place; for there are many that meet there that I dearly love for the truth's sake. I pray that the Lord may bless them and keep them together in his fear. I have prayed for Zion at large, that God would have mercy upon her in this solemn day of declension and error. I have also prayed for our dear country, that the Lord may spare it from those dark and threatening clouds that seem to be gathering over it, and which you may live to see come upon it. But I shall soon be taken from the evil to come."

On another visit, he said, "Don't be too anxious about the things of this poor dying world, for the Lord can reduce your needs down to a cup of tea when you come upon a dying bed, as he has mine. Don't let

the world have too much hold upon you, for you will find it like a thick plaster of clay all over you; and you would not be able to run very fast if you had that upon you; so hold it with a loose hand, and let the world take care of the things of the world."

He had earnestly contended for and firmly believed in the glorious doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of a precious Jesus. It was a theme on which he continually seemed to be dwelling. At times he would say, "How my soul does feast on God's Eternal Son. O yes! He is the Incomprehensible, Eternal Son of the Eternal Father."

On another occasion, he said, "I wanted to tell you how good the Lord was to me last night. I was so comfortable, and I had such sweet meditation upon eternal salvation. I was enabled to walk through the broad acres of God's solemn truth, and recount some of the blessed bulwarks that are round about Zion. I also tried to examine them, to see if they were sufficient for such a poor vile sinner to shelter in; and I found there was not one place where the enemy of souls could enter. I also considered her palaces, and found they were all encased with blood divine. Divinity never bled; but it was humanity and divinity in one glorious Person; so that blood divine was required to save our immortal souls. Yes, all her palaces were encased with love and blood. Hold fast this blessed truth, and never, never give it up."

On Dec. 23rd, he was a little revived, and said,

"The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

I read hymns 329 and 707 to him, which seemed to cheer him up. He said, "That precious volume of Gadsby's hymns contains the greatest treasure this country affords, next to the Bible. It is so adapted to the experiences of the living family of God."

The kindness of the friends in so often visiting him, and administering to his necessities, at times, quite overcame him; but they felt it a privilege to be with him, to hear him speak of the solemn things of God, and many felt greatly refreshed. He seemed to have a word for all, both saint and sinner; sometimes saying, "A dying bed is not the place to fear man." He said the enemy used to tell him that when he came to be laid aside, he would have neither friends nor comforts, and perhaps have to end his days in the workhouse; but he said, "See what my God has wrought for me, in providing everything I need. Were I a king or a prince, I could have no more attention."

From this time he was very ill, but said, "I don't wish the hours to go either slow or fast; neither do I want to hurry the Lord in his work with me. I know, if I can leave it all in his dear hands, and not interfere, but wait his time, that I shall die well; but if I put my puny hand to the matter, it will be all confusion. Lord, bend my will to thine."

Once he said, "The Lord keeps my mind stayed upon him." Again, he said, "He keeps me waiting.

"So let me wait upon this Friend,
And trust him till my troubles end."

At another time, he said, "I am on the Rock,—God's everlasting Son. O what a faithful God to poor unfaithful me!"

On Dec. 29th, he was in great pain, but said, "I have been meditating upon the awful end of those that know not God. What should I do now if despair stared me in the face?" I said, "I wish I could help you, or give you a little relief; for 'tis a heavy cross." He at once raised his arm and voice, saying, "But it is a glorious crown; for faith and prayer will soon

be changed to sight." He would frequently repeat the first verse of Hymn 484:

" Perfect holiness of spirit
Saints above, full of love,
With the Lamb inherit."

On Dec. 30th, he said he was not yet out of the reach of the enemy, for he had thrust sore at him; but the Lord had helped him. On the 31st, he said, "The enemy is as still as a stone." He suffered greatly, but said, "I should like a little respite from this pain, to praise the Lord and die. O that I could die and fall into the arms of everlasting love! Thank all the friends for me, and tell them 'tis all peace, peace."

On Jan. 1st, he was in great agony, and said,

" Let me not murmur nor repine
Under these trying strokes of thine."

He was now conscious that death was near, and said, "He is coming. Come, Lord Jesus." Not one murmur or expression of fear escaped his lips. On Jan. 2nd, his sufferings were intense. During the day, he often cried out, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, until these calamities be overpast. Lord, if it be thy holy will, give me a little ease in my chest; a little respite, that I may praise thee and die." He once cried out, "O God, I do not want to be rebellious; but, if it be thy will, do give me a little ease. I have waited for thy salvation, O God." About 3 p.m., he said, "I should like once more, in the triumph of faith, to be able to say, Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Very shortly after, he raised his arm, and said, in a loud clear voice, the whole portion; adding a hearty "Amen;" and, "Salvation is of the Lord. Nothing but grace, free grace, will do for me now."

As the evening came on, his pain abated. About six he quietly asked what psalm it was that began with the words: "Out of the depths," &c. Ps. cxxx. was then read to him; and we thought how very expressive it was of the state of his mind. During the evening, several friends called to see him; and he wished them to pray with him. About eight, his sight failed to all below. After that he spoke very little that we could understand; but once distinctly said, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee." From this time he lay very quiet, but, at intervals, tried to say, "Dear Jesus; dear Jesus." As we watched him, his breathing grew weaker and weaker, until 4 a.m., Jan. 3rd, when it ceased. For him to die was truly gain. As we left his room, we felt, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

G. BAUGHAN.

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FANNY CLARK.—On Jan. 4th, aged 76, Fanny Clark, of Bath.

She was born in a village near Trowbridge, in 1801. When she was very young, the family removed into Trowbridge, and some of them attended the ministry of the late John Warburton. Two of her sisters were members of the church meeting in Zion chapel until their deaths. My mother also sometimes heard Mr. Warburton, but without any concern about her soul.

When she was about 20 years of age, she left home, and went to Frome, to get work in the cloth mill. Though strictly moral in her conduct and character, she still had no concern about her soul, and very seldom entered a place of worship at that time. In 1828 she married a worldly, ungodly man of Buckland, near Frome; and still continued in the same careless state until 1840. I was then about 11 years of age. She took me with her to Trowbridge to visit her sisters before mentioned. This

was on a Sunday morning. We went to Zion chapel as soon as we got there, for my dear mother wanted to hear Mr. Warburton preach, as it was a long time since she had heard him. The period known to God, though unknown to us, was come when the word was to be preached with power to our souls through the effectual working of God the Holy Ghost. We went into the side gallery at the right hand of the pulpit. During his sermon, dear old Warburton looked up at my dear mother and me, as if he had meant us and no one else, and said, "Ye must meet the King with the fruits of the Spirit." These words proved to be the words of God to us through the Holy Ghost, and were as a nail fastened in a sure place in both our hearts,—mother and son. Although in the case of unworthy me, it was as the hymn says (76):

"When wisdom calls they stop their ear,
And headlong urge the mad career;
Judgments nor mercies e'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way."

It was not until 25 years after this that the work of grace in my poor soul was made manifest to others, yet it was begun then if ever it was begun, which I have a good hope through grace was the case.

But it is not about myself I intend to write, but my dear mother, who is, I believe, gone to her eternal rest, a poor sinner saved by grace. In her case there was from that time an entire change. We went to Trowbridge for the fair, but she could find no pleasure in it, as she had done before, and we soon went home. I can well remember how she sighed and groaned as we walked the ten miles, saying, "I am such a great sinner. I shall never be able to meet the King. He will turn away from me in wrath, and send me to hell; for I have not the fruits of the Spirit, but the fruits of sin. I am altogether vile. How shall I appear before the righteous Judge? He must condemn me, for I have broken all his holy laws. I have sinned against light and knowledge; for I have heard the truth preached by that dear man many times with no concern about my immortal soul; and now it is too late;" with much more to the same effect. The law-work in her poor soul was very deep. Day after day was she searching the Bible, which she had not read for years, to see if she could find a gleam of hope; but no, it all condemned her as a sinner against a holy God. All the curses of the law seemed to be for her; and all the promises of the gospel for God's people; but she felt she was not one of them, and never could be.

She began to go to all the places of worship in the village, but could not find any rest to her poor tried soul. They only told her what she had to do to make her peace with God; and she tried to do it, but failed; for if she did as they did—make the outside a little cleaner—she found that she had a wicked heart, and she could not alter that; but when she would do good, evil was present with her; so that she cried out, in bitter anguish of soul, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

She went again to hear Mr. Warburton several times; but all to no purpose; she came back worse than she went. His work was done. He had been the instrument in God's hand of sending the arrow of conviction into her soul; it was left for another—one whom she did not know as yet—instrumentally to bring peace to her troubled soul. God was bringing her, a poor blind worm, by a way she knew not, and never would have sought.

In the mercy of God, she was led to Nash's Street chapel, Frome, where the truth as it is in a precious Jesus was preached by Mr. Jeffery Moody. Mr. Warburton used to go there occasionally to preach on a week evening, but never came, I believe, after my mother went there.

It was in that place that a gracious God had designed, in his eternal purpose of love and mercy, to bring my dear mother out of bondage into the liberty of the gospel of Jesus Christ. There she heard those blessed truths her poor soul longed for, and hungered and thirsted after. This was in 1842. She went to the chapel one week evening, and was not at home as early as usual; so my father said to me, "Mother is late to-night. Go and meet her." I did so, and I shall never forget that night while I have memory. I had gone about half a mile, when I heard her a long way off singing. I stopped to listen to what she was singing, and found it was the 9th hymn, Gadsby's Selection. When she came near me, she was singing,

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!"

She sang that precious hymn through, and then I went to her, and said, "Mother, how can you sing so, while we have nothing to eat at home?" She said, "My dear child, I had forgotten your hunger, and almost forgotten that I had children. My soul has been swallowed up in the love of God. I have been feasting upon sweet and precious gospel promises. The mercy of God in a precious Jesus has been made known to me, a poor sinner. I have had all my sins forgiven; for they were all laid to his charge, and his precious blood has washed my guilty soul, and I am as sure of heaven as that he himself is there; for he has told me so." I said, "Mother, I wish I was going with you." She said, "My dear boy, I will pray for thee while I have breath to do so."

Thus my dear mother was brought into the sweet liberty of the gospel, and went on her way rejoicing in God her Saviour for many months. I can well remember these things, because my own poor soul was exercised under a conviction of sin, and I could not tell even my dear mother anything about it. I watched her the more earnestly, and noticed her actions, and hung upon her words when she did not know that I was taking any notice of her.

But she had to prove that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom; for the dear Lord was pleased to try that faith which he had given her. It seems to me the furnace was heated seven times more than it is wont to be. I cannot now enter into what she had to pass through, for it would take too much time and space; but this I can say, that her faith stood firm on the Rock of ages, and when she seemed ready to sink under her trials, a good hope through grace sustained her, with a "Who can tell if the Lord may yet be gracious?"

In 1844 she was baptized in the River Frome by Mr. J. Moody, and added to the church at Nash's Street chapel. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Moody was called to London to be the pastor of the church at East Street chapel, Walworth, and thus she lost the ministry of the man who had been the means, in the hands of God, of bringing her soul into gospel liberty; but she proved that the Lord is able to teach his children without human means if he thinks proper so to do.

In 1854 she removed, in the order of providence, to Bath, and there it pleased the dear Lord to call her youngest daughter by his grace, and to place her in such a position in providence as to enable her to supply the needs of her aged mother when the time came that she needed it. For many years that dear daughter did this with a willing hand and a loving heart, as in the sight of God, and verily she has her reward. Thus the dear Lord took care of my dear mother in a way she knew not, even in providence as well as grace. She had many heavy trials to endure in Bath, but the dear Lord gave her daily strength; and she

proved as she went on that the Eternal God was her Refuge, and that underneath were the everlasting arms. One of her heaviest trials was deafness, with which she was afflicted to such an extent that she did not hear a word of a sermon preached for many years, though she sat under the sound of many with a horn to her ear. But in this state she was led to bless the Lord that she was able to read, and had her Bible, hymn-book, and the "Gospel Standard;" for in these she could read the blessed truths her soul loved when no longer able to hear them preached. She did not join the church at Bath, but she loved the people. I believe her deafness was a great obstacle; for she could hear nothing in any conversation; and it was a great deal of trouble for persons to talk to her, as they had to shout through the horn. She kept aloof from many on that account, when she would have loved to have been with them. A dear brother, a member of the church at Providence chapel, occasionally visited her in her latter years, and she was very thankful for his visits. May the Lord reward him in his own soul.

I only saw her twice during the last 16 years of her life, as I lived so far away, and could not bear the expense of the journey. We corresponded very frequently, and I kept her supplied with "Gospel Standards" at her request. Thus I knew that He who had begun the good work in her soul was performing it day by day, until he called her home to her mansion of eternal rest.

I now come to my last visit to her, in 1876. My dear sister and I met and spent a day or two with her, and very thankful we were to have the opportunity of doing so. After my sister left for London, I had a last interview with my dear mother alone. We both felt it would be the last time we should see each other in the flesh. She told me much of the Lord's gracious dealings with her, in providence and grace, and many incidents of her life, some of which I never knew before, and some I had forgotten, and some I knew well. She said to me, "Can you remember when a boy we went to Trowbridge and heard John Warburton preach?" I said, "I can, mother." She said, "Can you remember anything he said?" "Yes, I can, mother." "Can you remember him looking at us, and saying, 'Ye must meet the King with the fruits of the Spirit?'" "Yes, mother." She said, "It was that word which sent the first conviction of sin into my poor soul." I said, "And so it was in mine, mother." She said, "Is that possible, my dear child?" I then told her some of my own experiences from that time, and she blessed the Lord for all his mercies, and could almost say, with old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." We had a sweet time, and commended each other to God and his grace, and parted, never to meet again till we meet in our Father's home, where there will be no more parting, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Her death was sudden, at last. She wrote me a note a few days before, in which she said, "I am weary. I long to be in heaven. Write to me once more." I soon did write, but when my letter got there she was too far gone to read it, and too deaf to hear it read; but she was sensible, and said, "Put it under the pillow." A short time after her ransomed soul took its flight to her eternal rest. Yes, beloved Warburton, she has joined thee now, to "meet the King with the fruits of the Spirit."

Haslingden, March, 1878.

AQUILA CLARK.

AMONG professors themselves, it is dreadful to think how many will be found light when they come to be weighed in the balance.—*Owen.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1878.

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

THE POOR AND THEIR PROVISION.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. D. SMITH, OF LOUGHBOROUGH, PREACHED AT THE BLACK HORSE ROOM, READING, ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, APRIL 18TH, 1869.

"I will abundantly bless her provision; I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxii. 15.

THAT the Lord has been mindful of his people in all generations as a Father is a sweet truth. For the encouragement of his children, too, he no doubt has left upon record a charge to such as have children that they are to take care of, and provide for them. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Will the Lord lay down a rule for his children to act upon, and will he not do the same himself? Bless his Name, he ever has done so; and what a good man is to his family, as a father, that God is in the highest degree to his own children. Therefore, he says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Why, surely, if a man is worthy of the name of a father, when his child is suffering pain, he puts on bowels of compassion for it; and so God has ever done, in all ages, and will continue to do, so long as he has a child here below standing in need of his mercy, pity, or compassion. He, as a Father, will ever be near, to succour, strengthen, deliver, and provide for his children, until he takes them where they shall need wilderness mercies and provision no more. "What," say you, "will the Lord ever bring them where they shall no longer need pardoning mercy and compassion as they do now? Where they will no longer need the same displays of his grace? No longer need his pity?" Well, friends, this *does* remain for all the family of God. And I tell thee, poor soul, that if God has ever quickened thee, and given thee communications of his grace, he will bring thee there too.

But my text speaks of Zion. What can we understand by Zion? Well, I know in a literal point of view, this was the place in Jerusalem where the Jews enjoyed their spiritual privileges; as we read in the prophet Isaiah: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." But Zion spiritually is his true church, that place

where God loves to meet his people, and in which he loves to dwell. "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell," &c. Well, friends, for my part, I do not want any other place to rest my soul in than where God dwells in his Trinity of Persons,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I shall need no other while I live, and I shall need no other when I come to die.

Zion, then, is the place where God's people are. They dwell in Zion, and God dwells there too. He says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." He dwelleth in the gardens. "Why," say some of you, "I think I can enter a little into the things contained in your text; for I do love to be where God's people are, and where God meets with them."

Zion, again, is a place where God displays the riches of his power, the fulness of his grace, and the wonders of his love. All his springs are there. And the living soul, who has known and tasted of these things, says, "I know that God dwells in Zion, in the midst of his Israel. There he displays his power and glory. The living church is his abode, and I am a member of this living family of God, and have by sweet experience felt that this is indeed the dwelling-place of God,—the place where his honour dwelleth."

But we have Zion's *poor* spoken of in our text. Some of you, perhaps, will say, I should not have thought, if God dwelt among them and thus blessed them, that they would have been poor. I should have supposed that they would all of them have been *rich*. Why, friends, they are all *poor* in themselves to a man,—as poor as poverty itself; and God undertakes to make them poor. I know that none of us naturally like poverty. We should all run away from it if we could. But God's design and will is to make his people poor, or, rather, make them feel their poverty; and I am sure that what God wills with regard to us is best. O that I could always be satisfied and contented with what he has allotted me! I know and feel, at times, that what he wills is best.

"Zion's *poor*." All Zionites by nature dislike poverty, and are "even as others," dead in sin and ignorant of their poverty. They dream not of destitution; they rather think they have need of nothing. What a state to be in! There are many in our day who think they are very rich in inward goodness and outward good works, and have got to such a state of perfection in the flesh that they think they have need of nothing. They are like the Pharisee in the temple, who had a long tale to tell, even to God, about his goodness, his fastings, and paying of tithes; but there was no sighing, no crying from the bottom of his heart for mercy. And if God had called him hence, he would have gathered together his good works, and tied them up, as Bunyan writes, like bundles of reeds, and ventured with them into the river. Bunyan says he watched such an one till he got into the middle of the river, and then he sank to rise no more. But these Zionites are, every one of them, like the poor publican, brought

to cry from the very bottom of their hearts, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

But I said that they were all, by nature, and in their own imaginations, *rich*. Now how does God begin to make one of these rich ones poor? Well, Paul is a pattern. He was one of these rich ones, as he tells us himself: "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." But God instructed him in such a way that he lost all he had. He was only three days stripping and emptying him; and afterwards Paul could write to the church: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." All of his keeping the law, all his zeal for God,— "doubtless" he counted *all* of it loss for Christ. No doubt upon the subject. So, friends, if ever God has stripped you, and emptied you, you know something of the same work, as Paul did, in thus being made poor. Paul said that he was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and he died. Gamaliel had given him many lessons; but when God began to teach him, he taught him very different things to what Gamaliel had done, and made him a little child, instead of a great man, a man of stature, as in Is. xlv., six feet high in a religious sense. God took that great man and emptied him, and stripped him, and laid him low; and then he came out a little child. "But," say you, "how was it that he could have such a knowledge of the law in so short a time?" God taught him more in those three days than Gamaliel taught him all his life; for Gamaliel could only teach him the letter of the law; but God taught him the spirit of it. "The law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin;" and "when the commandment came," in its spirituality to me, "sin revived, and I died." Down dropped all his zeal and all his good works. Down he dropped, with, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Depend upon it, if ever the Lord lets you look into the glass of his law, you will see first this lust, and then another, and then another, until there appears a whole swarm of them. Thus the enlightened sinner says the words of Christ are indeed true: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. These are the things which defile a man." I feel to have been thus defiled, friends; and I am constrained to bear testimony to the truth of his words. God's teaching alone shows us these things. All Solomon's wisdom never taught him this, nor brought him here. But when God leaves a man, as he left Hezekiah, and lets him know that all his own wisdom is foolishness, and his zeal not according to knowledge, then he is brought to feel that all his wisdom and everything is gone, and he cannot find an atom of it. But I will come to a close upon this point.

I have often thought upon the poor man whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple; and many a lesson and much instruction have I received therefrom. What do I see in this poor, lame man? First, I see the state the man is in. He is lame

upon his feet; and can neither run nor stand. He is entirely dependent upon another to carry him. So have I felt, in a spiritual point of view. "Here," have I said, "is a picture of my real state and condition. I can neither run to Christ with my troubles, nor stand up under them. I can neither walk nor run in God's ways, nor stand upright in them by myself. I am dependent entirely upon the Lord."

But, secondly, I see that he has no means of his own, no stock in hand, no power of providing for himself. He lives from day to day by begging. Thus all Zionites have to live by begging. All in this are alike. Such begging, too, is an honest trade. This poor man begged an alms of Peter and John; but what did Peter say to him? "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And the result was that he "leaped up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God." So it is with me and you, dear friends. When God's truth and power are felt in our souls, we can leap, and walk, and praise our God. The waters break out in the wilderness, and streams in the desert; the parched ground becomes a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

But let us have the testimony of others of the Lord's people. Let us take the testimony of Jacob, and say to him, "Art thou one of the poor people?" "I am," he would answer; for he says to the Lord, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant. I have no claim to either thy temporal mercies or thy spiritual blessings." Now, this is to be brought to a very solemn spot, to feel unworthy of either temporal mercies or spiritual blessings.

But let us hear another. Abraham, what sayest thou of these things? "O!" he says, "I am but dust and ashes." Poor indeed!

But let us hear some women speak as well as these men. Hannah was a very choice woman; and I know she had been in the school of Christ by her language. If I have been a little while in people's company, I soon begin to know whether they have been in the school of Christ or not. If they have they talk about the power of God, and their poverty. Now Hannah said, "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up; he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." But, Hannah, art thou poor? "I am," she would say. "I know what it is to be a beggar. I begged for a son, and the Lord heard me, and gave me my petition."

The psalmist writes in the same way as Hannah about these same poor and needy beggars, and prays for them. He says of them, "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." Underneath all these poor beggars are the everlasting arms of their heavenly Father. Yes, friends, and "everlasting arms" have lifted many a beggar up from the dunghill.

But let us have a testimony from the New Testament. Let us hear Paul, the dying saint of God. Ah, friends, if religion has any real standing in a man's soul, it will be seen when he comes to die. We may pass through life all very well; but will it stand when we come to Jordan's bank? Well, Paul says, "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." What! A dying saint the chief of sinners? Yes; Paul felt his poverty, as having nothing of his own, though rich in Christ; he was one of those spoken of in my text,—Zion's poor.

But not only are the poor spoken of in my text, but there is also provision made for them. Now, I know that every one of the poor has got an appetite. And as God is their everlasting Father, he has made provision for them to supply that appetite. Come, then, let us see from the solemn testimony of God's Word what that provision is. Were I to condense it into a few words, I should say it is a precious Christ. *A precious Christ.* He has ever been this to his people. And if you take away from me a precious Christ, I must remain in a perishing condition, and be starved to death. In him I have all things. I have food to eat, and a well of living water to drink out of. I have all I can need in time, and all I need to fit me for eternity:

"He's bread and the Bread of life too."

But, further, my text says, "I will abundantly bless her provision." He did it to the church of old, under the Levitical dispensation. All their sacrifices typified Christ crucified. So, when Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, Christ was lifted up in type and figure. Ah, friends, there is one solemn spot,—the cross. There *all* meet, out of every nation, and from every quarter under heaven. This is the rallying place where all God's children meet. There's first an emptying, and then there's a filling. All are brought to the same solemn spot,—*the cross of Christ.* We mean not the literal cross, but to a crucified Christ, to him in the Spirit who died thereon. All the sacrifices in the Jewish church pointed to Calvary; and all the prophecies pointed to him also. Read that one of David's in Ps. xxii. Then follow me into the prophet Isaiah, and hear him say, "But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

But I come to gospel times. And I cannot do better than bring you to the chapter we read about the poor prodigal. There I see an elect vessel of mercy brought into a poor and starving condition. Then he says, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention; and

so he says, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." "'Tis true," says the sensible sinner, "I have sinned against and abused Jehovah's goodness, and trampled it under foot; but I am now lost. I am now just upon the verge of eternity; and what shall I do? Well, I'll try, I'll try. I'll venture. Who can tell? It may be I shall get the bread of life; and if not, I must die. I will arise, and go to my Father. I'll try God's pity in Christ, and his compassion, and see whether he has a Father's heart or not." O! I love such a precious faith. To a natural parent it would be very painful to see a child dying of hunger, and not be able to give him anything to eat. But this cannot be so in a spiritual sense. Our heavenly Father has an abundant provision for *all* the needs of *all* his children, and has promised in our text to "abundantly bless" it likewise.

Well, let us see what becomes of the poor prodigal. He says, "Who can tell? He *may* show pity. I have trampled his goodness under foot. I am ashamed to look up. I fear he will never receive me again. But I will go." Thus he ventures forward. Friends, it is the Lord the Spirit who brings the sinner to such a spot. And if ever God has brought you here, you can go, in a spiritual sense, with this poor prodigal. But he goes to his father, and begins to tell him, "Father, I have sinned," &c. But the father would not let him name *one* thing,—“Make me as one of thy hired servants.” A servant? No, never! “Thou art my son.” So the Lord signifies to his children, his returning prodigals; and says, “I have loved thee from everlasting; and as thou hast a spiritual appetite, I have provided for thee the bread of spiritual life; and thou shalt have it, too.” “Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.”

“But,” says the poor prodigal, “I am not worthy to be called thy son.” Just the feelings of a living soul. Like Ephraim, when he was in trouble over his sins, the Father is troubled too, and says, “How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?” Thus there is a troubled Father and a troubled son. But the Father says, “Bring forth the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry. Thus you see there is a provision made by God the Father for his poor, needy children. Do they need food? There is the Bread of life for them. Do they need dress? There is the robe of righteousness. Do they need strength? There are the everlasting arms. Do they need shoes? There are shoes of iron and brass withal. Thus there is ample provision made; and his word is: “Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.” A ring! The token of his everlasting love. Shoes! Not the old ones of legality, but those made of a blessed preparation of the gospel of peace. Thus he feeds his children with the tokens of his love. What a feeding

many of his poor hungry children have had, as poor restored wanderers, under the preaching of his everlasting gospel of peace.

And now I have gone through my text, according to the ability which God has given me. Let me, then, ask you, my hearers, what says conscience about these things? Do you feel your poverty? "Well," say some of you, "I can go with you in what you have been saying. I am indeed poor, and God keeps me begging every day." Ah, poor soul, I hope God will keep thee begging all thy life long, and then, when thou comest to die, his everlasting arms will raise thee to himself in glory everlasting. There will be no mistake about that. But perhaps there is some one present who is ready to say, "Well, I do not believe what you have been saying is true, or that it is in accordance with the Word of God." Well, I will leave thee to thyself, in the hands of God; but, depend upon it, if ever thou gettest to heaven, thou wilt get there as a beggar. I add no more.

The Lord add his blessing, for his Name's sake. Amen.

CHRISTIAN HERO AND MARTYR.

Some of the last words of Captain John Paton, one of the valiant band of Scots worthies.

"Now I leave my testimony, as a dying man, against the horrid usurpation of our Lord's prerogative and crown rights; I mean that supremacy established by law in these lands, which is a manifest usurpation of his crown; for he is given by the Father to be Head of the church." (Col. i. 18.) He addressed a few words to two or three sorts of people, exhorting them to be diligent in the exercise of duty; then lastly saluted all his friends in Christ, whether prisoned, banished, widows, the fatherless, wandering, and cast out for Christ's sake and the gospel's. "Now as to my persecutors," he says, "I forgive all of them;—instigators, reproachers, soldiers, private councils, justiciaries, apprehenders, in what they have done to me; but in what they have done in despite against the image of God in me, who am a poor thing without that, it is not mine to forgive them; but I wish they may seek forgiveness of him who hath it to give, and would do no more wickedly." Then he leaves his wife and six small children on the Lord, takes his leave of worldly enjoyments, and concludes, saying, "Farewell, sweet Scriptures, preaching, praying, reading, singing, and all duties! Welcome Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! I desire to commit my soul unto thee in well doing. Lord, receive my spirit!"

The historian says of him, "He lived a hero, and died a martyr."

MEN may have speculative notions of the sublime truths of the Bible, and by head knowledge may even reason and argue upon them; but a true spiritual apprehension of the mysteries of our holy faith can only be received by supernatural revelation.—*Dr. Hawker.*

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON PHIL. I. PT. 21.

“Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.”

(Continued from p. 265.)

6. The gospel is *the word of faith*. And it has this name for two reasons. It sets forth all these blessed things concerning the Father's love, the Son's righteousness, the Spirit's grace, to be received only in a way of believing. The law sets forth its blessings to be received in a way of working; but in the gospel it is quite different. All here is received in a way of believing, which is not a work, but a gracious receiving. “To him that worketh not” for life and favour, “but believeth in him who justifies,” through his mere grace and Christ's work, “the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” And, therefore, gospel obedience is called “the obedience of faith.” We are justified by faith, stand by faith in all the grace of God; and the righteousness of Christ, called therefore the righteousness of faith, is unto all and upon all them that believe. Here working is altogether excluded. Grace is free, its gifts are free, all is free; and all this free grace and free gift and giving is set forth in the gospel,—the word of faith.

But the gospel is so called, not only because it sets forth all these things to be received purely in a way of believing, but because it produces that very believing. Properly, the gospel is a creative word. Therefore Paul writes that God's people are “created in Christ Jesus unto good works;” “and this,” says Christ himself, “is the work of God,” the work, as we may say, of works, “that we believe in the Son of God.” Here we see again that the gospel is no mere letter, but, in its proper nature, a living creating word, setting forth all new covenant blessings to be received by faith, and giving, in the power of God accompanying it, that very faith which itself speaks of,—a gospel believing.

7. The gospel is called *the word of truth*. It testifies of the God of truth, and sets forth Christ, who is the truth. In the gospel we have the full complete discovery of the perfections of God as they shine in the face of Christ, and may be known by men. So that Christ could say, and his gospel repeat it, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” God has magnified his word above all his Name; therein blazes forth his fullest glory. In the gospel we have the full discovery of God's will. The law says so much; but the gospel, whilst honouring the law, reverses some of its decisions. The law says, “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” The gospel cries, “The sinner that believeth shall live for ever.” The law says, “Cursed is the man that faileth in one point of perfect obedience.” The gospel again cries, “The man who has no righteousness, but believes in Jesus, is blessed for ever.”

Thus in the gospel we have the fulness of truth. Nature speaks of the wise, the mighty, the good God as Creator; the law speaks of the just and holy God but as an avenger; the gospel

acknowledges the truth of both these witnesses, but goes far beyond them, and speaks of God as loving sinners,—not their sins, but their persons, and doing good to miserable rebels; freely gracious, fully forgiving, finally glorifying in heaven the vile, the lost, and utterly ruined who are brought to Jesus.

This word of truth may be relied upon. Truth cannot deceive; and this word is the truth itself. Here is a firm foundation, then, for hope and joy and gladness in the word of truth in the gospel.

8. The gospel is *the word of salvation*. “To you,” says Paul, “is the word of this salvation sent;” and to those who believe it is the gospel of their salvation, being unto them the power of God, and the wisdom of God, to the saving of their souls. It sets forth Christ the Saviour; yea, more,—the Salvation of his people; as the church sings in Isaiah: “He is become my Salvation.” We are saved in him; therefore, in Zech. ix., it is said of Christ, “He is just, and having salvation;” or, as it might be rendered, “He is just, and saved.” This is sweeter, for it sets forth Christ the Saviour as the covenant-Head of his people, in whom they are all summed up and represented; so what he is they are. Did he die for their sins? They died. Did he rise again? So did they; as there was no more sin, and only eternal righteousness. Is he declaredly justified as their Head? They are justified; and his resurrection to glory shows this. Is he saved from all those depths he sank into for their sins to save them? They in him are saved. Yes, it is a sweet truth, and makes Zion sing aloud of her King, that he, as her King and Husband, “is just,” therefore justifying, “and saved.” This salvation the gospel sets forth, and pre-eminently directs the sinner to the cross of Christ, where the salvation of God’s people was virtually accomplished, and their deliverance from sin, Satan, death, and hell, as to title, wrought out.

9. The gospel is styled by Paul “*the ministration of righteousness*.” We have already seen it to be the word of righteousness, as setting forth the obedience of the Son of God, as the sinner’s righteousness before God; but this carries us further, and exalts the gospel to a higher degree. It is properly the ministration of that which it declares,—even the righteousness of Christ. It administers this righteousness to the sinner, brings it into his conscience, and thus imparts really to his heart the peace with God it testifies of. “Being justified by faith, we have peace.”

10. The gospel is *the ministry of the Spirit*. This is a further wonderful glory. The blessed Spirit communicates himself in all his life-giving, comforting power in and by the gospel. Thus it is “the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth;” and this believing itself comes with the gospel. The like spirit of faith comes where the gospel in its truth and fullness comes into the heart of the sinner. Thus the Lord himself said, when upon earth, “The word that I speak unto you, it is spirit.” He told the carnally-minded Jews that their fleshly con-

ceptions of his word profited nothing. "The flesh profiteth nothing." His words were not flesh, but they were spirit. Thus Paul also speaks of the gospel. Distinguishing it from the law, he says, "The letter killeth; but the spirit giveth life." The gospel is spirit; and he who truly receives it does not merely entertain some notions of divine things in his head, but he receives the Holy Spirit into his heart. The fact is, where the gospel really is, there God himself is. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath" (himself) shined into his people's hearts. Says the Lord, "I will come to you." The heart that shuts out the gospel shuts out God; and the heart that is opened by divine grace to receive it entertains God. "I will come in, and sup with him; and he with me."

11. The gospel, then, being the ministration of righteousness and the Spirit, must necessarily be also *the ministration of life*. "The word that I speak unto you, it is spirit, and it is life." Righteousness and life go together. God's people are justified unto life. This life, too, is eternal and indestructible. It is in accordance with the righteousness it is dependent upon. That is eternal; this must be the same. It is the image of the divine life in the soul. It depends upon the life of Christ: "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is a holy, pure, just, and glorious life. "Christ," says Paul, "liveth in me." This blessed, holy, eternal life is ministered unto the sinner by the gospel.

12. The gospel is *the Christian's armoury*. There he obtains the weapons of his warfare; he overcomes by the word of his testimony. The Bible is to him as "the tower of David, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of valiant men." Here he finds the whole armour of God, and thence goes forth, fully equipped for the spiritual war. Christ, in all his various respects, is his armour; and a full Christ is set forth to him in the gospel.

13. But what shall we say more? The gospel is a garden of delights, where blooms the Rose of Sharon, and all trees of spices.

"Breathe on this garden of delights,
And call the spices forth."

The gospel is a light shining in a dark place:

"It lends its light to every age;
It lends, but borrows none."

The gospel is the "more sure word of prophecy," for it sets before a believer even eternal ages, shows him amidst a dark world the Lamb of God gone forth conquering and to conquer, assures him of the final victory of that Lamb; and when it comes in its truth, sweetness, and power to his heart, assures him of his share in that eternal victory, and causes him even now in hope to wear his eternal crown.

The gospel is the great charter of his rights, the title deed of his immense and eternal inheritance. "All things are yours," says the gospel, in free gift and full title; "whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or life, or death; all are yours." The believer wants no new or additional title to anything: "All are yours, and

ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." His Elder Brother, yea, second Father, the Lord Jesus, holds all these possessions for him in his hands, and administers them to him as he stands in need of them. Therefore, necessarily all things work for his good; every wheel of God's providence turns in his favour, and all in harmony. No real evil can happen to him; no real good be withheld from him. He is a king to God, taking tribute of all creation; and a priest to God, to render in all the tribute of his praises. All this the gospel declares. It gives him this world and that to come; this life and that hereafter; crowns him conqueror over sin, Satan, death, and hell; seats him with Christ upon his throne; crowns him with glory, and puts a golden harp into his hands, whereon to sound the praises of the God of this most sweet gospel for ever and ever. Amen.

The gospel is James's perfect law of liberty. It is a law, and a divine law, too; but, then, it is not like the law of works,—a law of bondage, producing a spirit of bondage again to fear; but when it truly comes, it gives liberty, and perfect liberty, likewise. Liberty to the conscience, releasing it from the prison-house of guilt; liberty to the heart, delivering it from the servitude to Satan and sin; liberty to the mind, delivering it from harassing cares; liberty to the life, freeing it from the reign of worldliness, lust, and sin. This is liberty, not licentiousness, but a divine freedom, the very liberty the godly heart desires.

"The liberty thy saints implore
Is not to live in sin;
But humbly wait at wisdom's door,
Till mercy lets them in."

"Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." The tongue through this freedom is set at liberty to praise God, to talk of the power of his kingdom. This is what David declares. God took off his sackcloth, freed him from his chains, and girded him with gladness, to the end his glory should "sing praise to God, and not keep silence." And when God set his heart at liberty, he ran the way of God's commandments. Well spoke one when he said, "To serve God is to reign." So it is; and this kingship, this holy liberty, is found by those only who look into the gospel, the perfect law of liberty, and continue therein.

This is the law of love and kindness, which Solomon tells us is in the mouth of the virtuous woman. Of course, following the figurative style of Scripture, we may say the church of God is here in the Spirit spoken of, which will show us what the church's occupation is on earth and in heaven,—to proclaim God's blessed gospel, his sweet law of love; as Paul writes: "Holding forth the word of life." One of our poets blessedly describes the employment of a child of God, when under the influence of the gospel:

"How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are telling of Jesus's grace."

Now the best wine for the beloved goes down sweetly, causing the lips of those who are asleep to speak. Happy saint! Sweet gospel! Blessed tidings of love and mercy and grace and free finished salvation, of sin pardoned, righteousness bestowed, death and hell conquered, heaven opened, glory eternal secured, and all by God himself, the Three-One God, the sinner's Friend in Jesus!

The gospel thus is David's large room, Elihu's broad place, the Rock where Moses stood and David sheltered, not in the letter of it, but the spirit of it; as Jeremiah so well distinguishes: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Yes, he found the Word in the words, the essence and substance of what was written, the truth itself declared in the words of truth; and that was Jesus. He is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the valleys, the All in all of the word of God. Moses wrote of him; the prophets spake about him; the whole Bible, viewed in its true light, is one great gospel of God. We bind it by God's grace to our hearts, we drink of its streams, we bask in its sunshine. It is to us the Book of books, because therein we have found our God, who liveth for ever and ever, and loveth as long as he liveth,—from eternity to everlasting ages.

Yes, this is the sweet and true view of the Bible. He knows nothing properly of it who finds not Jesus in it. Does it speak of God's terrors in the law? It is to make room in rocky hearts for Jesus. Does it denounce woes by the prophets? It is all to set forth the need of, and prepare for, the coming of Jesus. Its histories are histories of God's dealings with men, as in everything he has a respect unto Jesus. All the doctrines, all the precepts, all the narratives, all the biographies, all the histories, and prophecies, which are fore-written history, all the promises, all the threatenings, all the words, and all the spirit of the Bible, centre in Jesus; and thus to the believer are the gospel.

Such is briefly the gospel; a life without any death, a blessing without any curse, a righteousness that fears no sin, a glory that cannot be darkened or diminished, a river full and clear and sweet, flowing forth from the throne of God and of the Lamb, refreshing eternal ages, yet always the same in its fulness. Here the thirsty may drink, the filthy and polluted bathe, the guilty wash away their deep-dyed sins, the leprous find a healing for their dreadful malady. The gospel is as Pisgah's top to the weary pilgrim, where he may stand

"And see, with a delighted eye,
The spacious promised land."

Yes, the gospel is light without darkness, an indescribable sweetness without any bitter; it is peace, it is purity, it is immortality, it is glory. It is the sunshine of the wearied heart, it is the Spirit, it is Christ, it is the Eternal God.

(To be continued.)

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb.”—REV. XII. 11.

THROUGH the blood of the Lamb,
I a conqueror am
Of the powers of sin, death, and hell;
And at length shall sit down
With a glorious crown,
In the heavens, with Jesus to dwell.

When corruption and sin
Struggle fiercely within,
And bind me in misery's chain,
I cry out to my Lord,
And his grace does afford
Deliverance again and again.

When, alas! overcome,
Into by-paths I roam,
My Shepherd will not leave me there;
No! He'll make me rejoice
At the sound of his voice:
“Return, wandering sheep, to my care.”

Many sins for awhile
Do my conscience defile,
But I look to the Advocate's blood,
Who in heaven will plead
How for me he did bleed,
And bore all the vengeance of God.

Thus the blood evermore
Solid peace can restore,
In my conscience as freed from all stain;
And my God ne'er remove
The sweet light of his love,
But return and revive me again.

Come, ye children, with me,
Learn the conquering plea
Which in heaven must always prevail,
Until Satan is bound,
And the victors are crown'd,
And sing to their harps the glad tale.

How, by God's Spirit taught,
Through the Lamb's blood they fought,
And the powers of darkness o'erthrew;
For their God was a shield
In the fierce battle-field,
To his promise so faithful and true.

Sing, ye ransom'd, his praise
Through eternity's days;
Ye angels of light, too, rejoice;

Let all worlds hear the strain,
 And re-echo again
 The sound, with harmonious voice.

To the Conqueror sing,
 Who the ransom'd did bring
 Through the depths into fulness of joy;
 And triumphantly tell
 How the powers of hell
 By his dying he lived to destroy.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

(Continued from p. 258.)

THE "Namur," to which my master had been transferred, being again got ready for sea, my master, with his gang, was ordered on board; and, to my no small grief, I was obliged to leave my schoolmaster, whom I liked very much, and always attended while I stayed in London, to repair on board with my master. Nor did I leave my kind patronesses, the Misses Guerin, without uneasiness and regret. They often used to teach me to read, and took great pains to instruct me in the principles of religion and the knowledge of God. I therefore parted from those amiable ladies with reluctance; after receiving from them many friendly cautions how to conduct myself, and some valuable presents.

When I came to Spithead, I found we were destined for the Mediterranean, with a large fleet, which was now ready to put to sea. We only waited for the arrival of the admiral, who soon came on board; and about the beginning of the spring, 1759, having weighed anchor and got under way, sailed for the Mediterranean; and in eleven days from the Land's End, we got to Gibraltar. While we were here I used to be often on shore, and got various fruits in great plenty, and very cheap.

After lying at Gibraltar for some time, we sailed up the Mediterranean a considerable way above the Gulf of Lyons; where we were one night overtaken with a terrible gale of wind, much greater than any I had ever yet experienced. The sea ran so high that, though all the guns were well housed, there was great reason to fear their getting loose, the ship rolled so much; and if they had it must have proved our destruction. After we had cruised here for a short time, we came to Barcelona, a Spanish seaport, remarkable for its silk manufactures. Here the ships were all to be watered.

After the ships were watered, we returned to our old station of cruising off Toulon, for the purpose of intercepting a fleet of French men-of-war that lay there. One Sunday, in our cruise, we came off a place where there were two small French frigates lying inshore; and our admiral, thinking to take or destroy them, sent two ships in after them,—the "Culloden" and the

“Conqueror.” They soon came up to the Frenchmen; and I saw a smart fight here, both by sea and land. The frigates were covered by batteries, and they played upon our ships most furiously, which they as furiously returned; and for a long time a constant firing was kept up on all sides at an amazing rate. At last one frigate sank; but the people escaped, though not without much difficulty. A little after, some of the people left the other frigate also, which was a mere wreck. However, our ships did not venture to bring her away, they were so much annoyed from the batteries, which raked them both in going and coming. Their topmasts were shot away, and they were otherwise so much shattered that the admiral was obliged to send in many boats to tow them back to the fleet. I afterwards sailed with a man who fought in one of the French batteries during the engagement, and he told me our ships did considerable mischief that day on shore and in the batteries.

After this, we sailed for Gibraltar, and arrived there about August, 1759. Here we remained with all our sails unbent, while the fleet was watering and doing other necessary things. While we were in this situation, one day the admiral being on shore, with most of the principal officers and many people of all stations, about seven o'clock in the evening we were alarmed by signals from the frigate stationed for that purpose; and in an instant there was a general cry that the French fleet was out, and just passing through the straits. The admiral immediately came on board with some other officers; and it is impossible to describe the noise, hurry, and confusion throughout the whole fleet, in bending their sails and slipping their cables. Many people and ships' boats were left on shore in the bustle. We had two captains on board of our ship who came away in the hurry, and left their ships to follow. We showed lights from the gunwales to the maintop masthead; and all our lieutenants were employed amongst the fleet to tell the ships not to wait for their captains, but to put the sails to the yard, slip their cables, and follow us; and in this confusion of making ready for fighting, we set out for sea in the dark after the French fleet. They had got the start of us so far that we were not able to come up with them during the night; but at daylight we saw seven sail of the line of battle some miles ahead. We immediately chased them till about four o'clock in the evening, when our ships came up with them; and, though we were about fifteen large ships, our gallant admiral only fought them with his own division, which consisted of seven; so that we were just ship for ship. We passed by the whole of the enemy's fleet in order to come at their commander, Mons. La Clue, who was in the “Ocean,” an 84-gun ship. As we passed they all fired on us; and at one time three of them fired together, continuing to do so for some time. Notwithstanding this, our admiral would not suffer a gun to be fired at any of them, to my astonishment; but made us lie on the deck till we came quite close to the “Ocean,” who was ahead of them

all; when we had orders to pour the whole three tiers into her at once.

The engagement now commenced with great fury on both sides. The "Ocean" immediately returned our fire, and we continued engaged with each other for some time; during which I was frequently stunned with the thundering of the great guns, whose dreadful contents hurried many of my companions into an awful eternity. At last the French line was entirely broken, and we obtained the victory, which was immediately proclaimed with loud huzzas and acclamations. We took three prizes,— "La Modeste," of 64 guns, and "Le Téméraire" and "Centaur," of 74 guns each. The rest of the French ships took to flight with all the sail they could crowd. Our ship being very much damaged and quite disabled from pursuing the enemy, the admiral immediately quitted her, and went in the broken and only boat we had left, on board the "Newark," with which, and some other ships, he went after the French. The "Ocean" and another large French ship, called the "Redoubtable," endeavouring to escape, ran ashore at Cape Logas, on the coast of Portugal; and the French admiral and some of the crew got ashore; but we, finding it impossible to get the ships off, set fire to them both. About midnight I saw the "Ocean" blow up, with a most dreadful explosion. I never beheld a more awful scene. In less than a minute the midnight for a certain space seemed turned into day by the blaze, which was attended with a noise louder and more terrible than thunder, that seemed to rend every element around us.

After these things, in pursuance of our orders, we sailed from Portsmouth for the Thames, and arrived at Deptford on the 10th of December, where we cast anchor just as it was high water. The ship was up about half an hour, when my master ordered the barge to be manned; and all in an instant, without having before given me the least reason to suspect anything of the matter, he forced me into the barge, saying I was going to leave him, but he would take care I should not. I was so struck with the unexpectedness of this proceeding, that for some time I did not make a reply, only I made an offer to go for my books and chest of clothes, but he swore I should not move out of his sight; and if I did he would cut my throat; at the same time taking his hanger. I began, however, to collect myself; and, plucking up courage, I told him I was free, and he could not by law serve me so. But this only enraged him the more; and he continued to swear, and said he would soon let me know whether he would or not, and in that instant sprung himself into the barge from the ship, to the astonishment and sorrow of all on board. The tide, rather unluckily for me, had just turned downward, so that we quickly fell down the river along with it, till we came among some outward bound West Indiamen; for he was resolved to put me on board the first vessel he could get to receive me. The boat's crew, who pulled against their will,

became quite faint several times, and would have gone ashore; but he would not let them. Some of them strove then to cheer me, and told me he could not sell me, and that they would stand by me, which revived me a little; and I still entertained hopes; for as they pulled along, he asked some vessels to receive me, but they would not. But, just as we had got a little below Gravesend, we came alongside of a ship which was going away the next tide for the West Indies. Her name was the "Charming Sally," Captain James Doran; and my master went on board and agreed with him for me; and in a little time I was sent for into the cabin. When I came there Captain Doran asked me if I knew him. I answered that I did not. "Then," said he, "you are now my slave." I told him that my master could not sell me to him, nor to any one else. "Why," said he, "did not your master buy you?" I confessed he did. "But I have served him," said I, "many years, and he has taken all my wages and prize-money, for I only got one sixpence during the war. Besides this, I have been baptized; and by the laws of the land no man has a right to sell me." And I added that I had heard a lawyer and others at different times tell my master so. They both then said that those who told me so were not my friends. But I replied that it was very extraordinary that other people did not know the law as well as they. Upon this Captain Doran said I talked too much English; and if I did not behave myself well and be quiet, he had a method on board to make me. I was too well convinced of his power over me to doubt what he said; and my former sufferings in the slave-ship presenting themselves to my mind, the recollection of them made me shudder. However, before I retired, I told them that, as I could not get any right among men here, I hoped I should hereafter in heaven; and I immediately left the cabin, filled with resentment and sorrow. The only coat I had with me my master took away with him, and said, "If your prize-money had been £10,000, I had a right to it all, and would have taken it." I had about nine guineas, which, during my long sea-faring life, I had scraped together from trifling perquisites and little ventures; and I hid it that instant, lest my master should take that from me likewise, still hoping that by some means or other I should make my escape to the shore; and indeed some of my old shipmates told me not to despair, for they would get me back again; and that, as soon as they could get their pay, they would immediately come to Portsmouth to me, where this ship was going. But alas! All my hopes were baffled, and the hour of my deliverance was as yet afar off. My master, having soon concluded his bargain with the captain, came out of the cabin, and he and his people got into the boat and put off. I followed them with aching eyes as long as I could; and when they were out of sight I threw myself on the deck, with a heart ready to burst with sorrow and anguish.

(To be continued.)

“THE SECRET OF THE LORD IS WITH THEM
THAT FEAR HIM.”

BEFORE my dear brother's letter came, for some few days I had been indulged in a very peculiar way. The King of kings humbled himself indeed, not only to behold the things done in heaven, but even to the greatest familiarity with the meanest on earth. I continually felt for him, and there he was. My gratitude flowed out as his love flowed in; he shined, and I saw his glory, faithfulness, and truth. Every thought went into sweet captivity to the obedience of him, and he met them, encouraged them, entertained them, and they sucked a sweetness from him, and returned with his thoughts towards me. When I lay down, there he was; if I awoke in the night, my heart fled to him, and he met it; a few sweet tears and silent blessings went up, and down I went again into beloved sleep; and in the morning early, when I awoke, he was still with me; and his language was: “Arise, my fair one, and come away;” and up I got, and longed for prayer to ease the bottle that wanted vent. Thus I continued for near a week, until no company suited me; the melting sense of his love, and a spirit of meekness, made me long for the hermit's cell.

I was rather surprised at these indulgences, knowing that my weaning-time has been over for some years, and the delightful bosom of the Great Shepherd hath been left by me to hold the younger lambs. I went from the bosom many years ago to the knee, where, after a little dandling and shaking, I lost some of my pleasing heat; from the knee I went lower, and was set down at his feet to receive of his words. This led my faith into green pastures, where I fed on knowledge and understanding, and every fresh discovery was a new walk. But, though this food was sweet, establishing, and satisfying, yet it was a long time before I could cease craving after the breasts of consolation. From the green pastures I was turned adrift among the sheep, to go behind, to hear his voice, and follow him. But this last visit so much resembling the first, I could not tell what the visitation could mean, whether I was to set my house in order, or to prepare for another attack of the enemy. But I soon found it to be the latter, and do expect worse is coming on. However, I was sweetly composed and becalmed through the little trial, notwithstanding a few blustering winds whirled through my mind to disquiet me. I am now in my old post again, which is holding fast what I have received, fighting against thieves that would rob me, and looking out for fresh attainments; but, above all, hoping for the glory that is to be revealed in us.

My eyesight gets very dim, my natural strength much abates, and many bodily infirmities creep on; nor do I expect to serve out my fourth apprenticeship; but I know whom I have believed.

I am persuaded that our glorious day of visitation is going away; the sun is setting; the power of godliness is cut at and

ridiculed by novices who are lifted up with pride, and full of hatred towards those who dare not say "A confederacy." When this day goes, the major part of the children of light will go with it, and a dark night will succeed; the hour of temptation will come on all the world to try them. And I am much mistaken if our present graceless professors, who hate the power and the preachers and lovers of it, are not left to sustain this shock, in which God will make them manifest.

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." This is the Lord's watchword to us. I believe these words to be spoken even to us, to the small remnant of this our Sardis, who have not defiled their garments with heresy, popery, Arminianism, or any open sin or scandal; who have not been left to go naked, so as for the enemies of truth to see their shame. "These," saith the Lord, "shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

These last tidings of my son have rejoiced my heart. A little of the sweetness of thy visit reached me. The savour of his Name will soon begin to spread itself; the power of the Spirit will go forth; the fame will go abroad, and the joyful sound be known and obeyed. Every love-token will raise thine expectations, inflame thy desires, and increase thy longings, until every thought will be busy, and every faculty of the soul in expectation; and the heart will be wide open to receive the King of kings; and every let, hindrance, or disappointment will be attended with jealousy, love-sickness, and fainting fits; for when once he begins to tell thee all that is in thine heart towards him, and to show thee his glory, there will be no more spirit left in thee; thou wilt be a dove without a heart, a creature without strength, a riddle without a meaning, a machine without a principle. He will so swallow thee up in his glorious light and love that nothing will be left thee but a blank or a dream.

Thus I am come beforehand to anoint thee to this mystical burial and resurrection, under the operation of the Holy Ghost; under which change, old things will pass away, and all things will become new; thou wilt return to the days of thy youth, and thy flesh will be fresher than a child's. Time will show thee whether I am a liar or not.

I wept over thine epistle with many tears, and blessed him for his mercy to thee, because he hath not cast off his kindness to the poor and needy; and because he hath confirmed the word of his servant, and performed the counsel of his unworthy messenger.

I have long stood alone, not daring to come into the secret, into the assembly which is so confused as to cry some one thing, some another; the greater part not knowing wherefore they are come together. But now I expect a companion in travail, a true yoke-fellow, speaking the same things, treading in the same steps; a fellow-helper unto the kingdom of God, which stands in power. None but these; none but these.

May the candle of God shine brightly on thy head, and the dew of heaven lie on thy branch. May his glory be fresh in thee, and his secret upon thy tabernacle. This is the prayer of

Ever thine,

To Mr. Jenkins. No date.

W. H., S.S.

GOD IS LOVE.

“But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us.”—Eph. II. 4.

MERCY in God is drawn out by his will; he pardoneth whom he will: “I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy.” The compassion itself doth not work necessarily in God, but it depends on an act of his will. If God had been merciful to no sinner, but had damned all men and angels that sinned, yet he had been as merciful in his nature as now he is. So that our salvation must be resolved into some other principle than simply his being merciful. For had he not set his heart to love, had not his will been set upon it, not a man that sinned had ever had a drop of mercy from him, though he is thus full and thus rich in mercy. So that though God is rich in mercy, yet there must be love as the foundation. That which moved him to be merciful to any, it was that his love pitched upon them; and then, seeing them in misery, love stirs up mercy. His love had first singled out certain persons whom he meant to show mercy to; and love did guide the channel which way mercy should run. And therefore you shall find in Scripture that the election obtains it. “Jacob have I loved.” And that is the reason why he shows mercy to any, “that the purpose of God according to election might stand.”

Then let the love of God be the greatest thing in your hearts, the nearest thing to your souls of all else. Of all things in God, value his love, and seek after that. God's love is the greatest thing of all; it is more than all his benefits. The love of God is more than all his gifts; and yet he hath given great things to us, and done great things for us. His love is the first gift, in the gift of which all things else are yours. The gift of his Son, it was a great gift to us; but it was founded in his love. He “so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son.” (Jno. iii. 16.) Though we, being sinners, need mercy; that is, indeed, the first thing we want; O mercy! mercy! because we apprehend ourselves to be in misery; but do you look beyond mercy; look to love, which is a greater thing to you than mercy. The reason why mercy ran into your hearts and washed you with the blood of Christ, is because love guided the channel. To seek after mercy, this self-love and the misery thou art in will make thee do. O, but there is something else, saith a good soul; it is the love of God and the favour of God that I would see; and it is not self-love will ever carry a man on to seek after that. And what is the reason that this chiefly is the pursuit of a soul spiri-

tualized? One, among others, is this,—because grace is always the image of God's heart. Now, this being the chief thing in God's heart, and the first and the highest thing, hence therefore the soul seeks that ultimately and chiefly.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

“O love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,—
 The love of Christ to me.
 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For this I sigh, for this I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine;
 Be mine this better part.”

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

[The following letter was written to the friend who had inserted in a periodical the subjoined extracts from T. Charles. They originally appeared in the “Gospel Standard,” and were inserted in the said periodical as an advertisement.]

Dear Brother E——,—I feel I must drop my work for a few moments, and run out to meet and welcome you down into this lowly yet sweet place, where, if I may judge by the extract you have chosen, I see you have entered this morning. I think the climate here will suit you. The Rose of Sharon is very fragrant in this valley. Here, occasionally, wafts of its perfume have revived my fainting spirit. I have been dwelling here, with all the variations peculiar to the place, for these eight or nine years. Now and then there is a passer-by; but there are very few who come to sojourn, and fewer still to settle. Let me entreat my dear brother not to make as if he would go further, but to turn in with us and abide with and refresh us awhile. We will very gladly make room for you; for this is the place where, if one has two coats, he will freely give to him that has none; and if one asks us to go a mile with him, we would go twain. It is here that we are favoured with the best wine of our Beloved, which goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of them that are asleep to speak. And none in these parts think to go gleanings in any other field. The handfuls of purpose are sufficient, and will always keep them in this valley satisfied with their quarters.

I feel that I could just run on in this strain till further orders, but I must draw in, that I may send this by post time. 'Tis thy voice, my son David, that has touched and stirred up my heart; for if you had been in my soul's stead, you could not have better expressed my feelings than you have done in the extract inserted this morning. I can only say that if I ever knew anything of religion, or if I do now, that is just the expression of it. And if there never was another like this, I should be quite content to remain alone and keep these things, and ponder over them in my

own heart. I am quite willing that every one shall have the same liberty, and go the way he is led; but if he is at variance with this, I could never walk with him. The least approach to it will draw me towards a man. But this entire extract, its whole breathing, makes my soul and the writer's just like two drops of water uniting into one. I feel no difficulty in calling that person brother or sister, and could live or die with such a one.

With thanks to you for the sweet cordial thus given this morning, I remain,

Your affectionate Brother in the Lord,
Albion Street, Sydney, Nov. 10th, 1877. F. BEEDEL.

Copy of the Advertisement.

FREE GRACE.

“When I look into the rock whence I was hewn, and into the hole of the pit whence I was digged, how distinguishing and astonishing does that free grace and mercy appear that observed and pitied a poor, vile, ignorant child, lying in his blood, and helpless! May a sense of my own nothingness ever keep me humble; and may a sense of the divine goodness, so undeservedly and graciously shown to me, constrain me ever to live to God!

“O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair.’

“T. CHARLES.”

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. I received your kind and welcome letter, and was glad to hear from you, and that you had reached home safely.

I feel dependent upon the God of heaven in writing anything profitable to my dear friend, or pleasing to the blessed Lord. I feel I am a great sinner; and hope I can say that it is my mercy to know that there is a great Saviour able to save to the uttermost. I desire to feel and say with Job, “I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

I cannot give you a good account of myself; for I have dreadful fits, unbelieving fits, calling in question all, or nearly all, that the Lord has done for my soul; even his blessed, merciful, and loving visits. When my poor soul has been overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and ready to perish, then the Lord has come in, and I have felt such a softness of heart, and such sweet pleasure, that the tears of holy gratitude have flowed forth.

What a blessed word “pardon” is to a guilty sinner! I hope I have felt it in my soul more than once. O the sweet and blessed effects it produces in the poor soul's feelings! How dead it makes to all things here below! But when the dear Lord withdraws his sensible presence, and all things seem crooked, and patience is not in exercise, I am very fretful, and discon-

tented with my cross, and tell the Lord it is a heavy one, saying with Jacob, "All these things are against me;" and with Zion, "The Lord hath forsaken me; and my Lord hath forgotten me."

I have for a long time been begging the dear Lord to hear my poor feeble prayer, and believe my cry is from a felt need. I have great opposition from within and without, and from Satan, who, you know, dear friend, is an enemy to a praying soul. He does not like to be exposed, or for such souls to go to the Lord and tell him how sin troubles, and distresses, and plagues them, and how they long to be free from it, and would be holy as the Lord is holy. But I feel that sin dwelleth in me; and it is my daily plague and distress. And I find within a nature that loves sin to this very hour. Thus I groan in my complaint, and make a noise. Often I wish I had never sinned, and that I had never been born, or that my mother's womb had been my grave. None but God's people know the bitterness of sin and the hidings of his lovely face, even for a sinful look or thought. O the many times I have been condemned for a look or word! What temptations to blaspheme, what workings of enmity, and hard thoughts against the God of all my mercies! Sometimes I am ready to say, "I will pray no more."

Where is free will? I can say of my own free will that it would take me down to hell. O the unspeakable mercy that God gives his dear children a new heart and a right spirit, and has said, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me!" Truly it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.

My dear friend, I must come to a close. I hope you will pass by all blunders, for they belong to me. I was not brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. May the God of all grace bless and honour you and your dear wife and family with every covenant blessing. This is the desire and prayer of poor unworthy me,

Cardiff, July 15th, 1876.

WILLIAM CREW.

[We insert in another part of this magazine the obituary of the good man who wrote this letter. He was a poor illiterate labouring man, but taught of God; and who teaches like him? We thank friend Alexander for sending us the letter which was written to him.]

My dear Sister,—I again sit down to write, but since I began this letter I have been almost ready to question the truth of the things that I have been writing about, that is, my own interest in them, and to fear that I have "no part nor lot in the matter." Indeed, I am often in this place, and sometimes much worse. But I have still a hope that I am in the right way; and can say,

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Sometimes unbelief comes in like a flood, and I have no strength to resist it; doubts and fears rise up, and I begin to doubt almost everything, thinking it foolish, vain, and unreasonable for me ever to hope in the mercy of God. And it seems at

such times quite impossible that the Lord could have loved such a worthless, hell-deserving wretch as I am. Still, in spite of this, I believe that the Lord maintains a lively hope in my soul that he will be with me to the end, and that I shall praise him for ever for his great salvation. I trust that "hitherto the Lord hath helped me;" and, therefore, "having obtained help of God, I continue to this day." Again:

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

Sometimes faith gets the upper hand, and doubts and fears fly away, and the Lord condescends to visit me with his presence. Then all is well; and he appears as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Then I can love and praise him, which is my chief delight; and then "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But these visits are very seldom and very short; nevertheless, they are very precious and unspeakably blessed, for "in his presence is fulness of joy." But when these short visits end, and the Lord withdraws his presence, doubts and fears come on again, and it all seems nothing but fancy; and, as you say,

"I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel," &c.

Thus you see that I have many changes, many ups and downs, many doubts and fears, and many mercies, with a hope that I shall one day obtain the victory over all my sins and corruptions, even through the precious blood of the Lamb, to whom be all dominion, power, and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Hoping that the Lord will bless what I have written to your comfort, and pardon all that is amiss, I remain, I hope, in the bonds of everlasting love,
Your unworthy Brother,
 Sept. 22nd, 1862. GEORGE FISHER.

Dear Nephew,—We received your warm-hearted epistle, and own we are indebted to you for the monthly books, &c. May the Lord graciously reward you for all your kindness towards us.

I feel glad the Lord keeps you so sensible of your sinful state, and of the value of Jesus Christ and his salvation, with an appetite for his holy truth, and a hearing ear and understanding heart; and that he gives you strength to seek the knowledge of your salvation by the sensible remission of your sins, and sometimes blesses you with strong hope of your interest in the love of God. You have been helped to seek, and also, in some measure, to find. And O! What there is before you! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." "But," the apostle saith, "God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit." And it is, in short,

"Safety on earth, and after death
The plenitude of heaven."

It is to have glimpses of the King in his beauty here below, and to triumph in and with him above for ever. O what unspeakable comfort and joy spring from the approbation of God through Christ Jesus! What cleansing, sanctifying, and justifying! What inward purity abounds under the shedding abroad of the love of God in the heart by the Holy Spirit! Then is made manifest to the sinner himself that he hath a pure heart, and that he is under the blessing of the pure in heart, for he already in a degree sees God, and feels his love.

I have still a warm and lively remembrance of what I saw and felt after the Lord brought me to the bar, and stopped my mouth, when the burden of sin and guilt went over my soul, too heavy for me to bear, and all my strength gave way. The Lord appeared upon the scene, and asked me as in my conscience, "Don't you deserve to be sent down to hell for your sins and transgressions?" He showed me at the same time that he had done me nothing but good from my birth till then, and that I had done him nothing but evil, and had done my utmost to provoke him to anger. He appeared so glorious to my soul that I durst not look upon him, but closed my face with my hands. But his question stopped my mouth, and brought me round on his side and against myself; and I acknowledged with all my heart that I did deserve it, and yielded to it, and accepted the punishment of my iniquity. Afterwards a voice sounded in my heart, "Cry for mercy once more." I cried out, "Lord, if thou canst save such a sinner as I, save me; if not, I cast myself into thy hands." I hated myself so for using the Lord so ill, that I took his part, and pitied him, and was really sorry, and grieved in my very soul for the Lord.

A few days after, he showed himself again, so gracious and merciful that it was marvellous, unexpected, and astonishing. It was whilst I was hearing a good man tell the length he had gone in sin. My eyes were opened all at once to see that the Lord saved sinners; and I said in my heart, "How wrong I am! I have been supposing that the Lord saved the righteous. Now I see that the Lord saves *sinners*;" and my hopes began to abound. I wanted to go to the throne with my heart full. I opened the door to go up stairs, and the room appeared as if enlightened with the glory of God. I looked up, and it appeared to me as if the Father spoke to the Son, and the Son consented and agreed with the Father, and the Father then smiled upon me, and filled me with the love of God. It astonished me so for God to love a sinner that I asked him how it was that he could love such a sinner as I. Then he gave another such a smile, and at the same time the Holy and blessed Spirit bore witness to his work in my heart. He showed me it was he that had brought the truth of the law to my conscience, and how he had held me up through all the sins, guilt, temptations, fears, troubles, despondency, snares, and sinkings I had passed through, and had brought me to that very place to receive salvation freely at

the hand of God. This witness of the Spirit to his own work showed me the lies of the devil; and I turned to Satan, as one defeated, and said to him, "Thou hast told me, times and times, that God had done nothing for me; but he has; he has; and thou canst not deny it." But O! What deliverance from sin and pureness of heart did I now feel! Sin and guilt were removed from my conscience. I felt I loved God with all my heart and soul, and all those graces which the apostle describes, such as repentance of a godly sort, meekness, &c., were working sensibly. O! I felt washed, justified, sanctified, and delivered, to the praise and glory of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Many days have passed since then;
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld till now;
 Who could hold me up but thou?"

The Lord has done great things for you, too, whereof I am glad.

What a good and unctuous Address in the "Gospel Standard" this year! I was rivetted to it, and endorsed it as I read along. I felt it with demonstration, and, I have no doubt, with power; for it sank deep into my soul. I said in my heart, "May the Lord bless and prosper such truth as that." The letter of mine in last May's "Gospel Standard" was the means of stirring up a gracious man in New Jersey to write to me; and so we are having union and communion by letter very often. Two others came from a distance to see us, that I hope are taught of God.

The Lord continue to save, teach, and establish you, to the honour of his own Name. Amen.

Accept of our united love.

Your well-wishing Uncle,

HENRY MILLS.

Strongsville, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, U.S., Feb. 17th, 1878.

My dear and much-esteemed Friend and Brother, if you will allow such a worthless worm to claim so sweet a relationship,—

"With desire have I desired" to try and write you a few lines, yet fear whether I shall thus trespass on your time and patience, knowing your hands to be very full; still such unexpected kind remembrance of such an unworthy one I would desire to acknowledge.

I thank you, my dear brother, for your short yet affectionate epistle; and I would desire to thank the dear Lord, who, I trust, put it into your heart thus to favour me. We are, I hope, knit together for time and for eternity. We are fellow-sufferers, brethren, and companions in tribulation and affliction and in hope. And O! How cheering it is sometimes that we have this sweet hope in our souls that soon we shall be amongst those "that came out of great tribulation." You and I, my dear brother, have nothing to look forward to or expect here but affliction, and still greater affliction. I have not known a day's

health near twenty years; and of late it has much more given way. You too, dear friend, "know what sore afflictions mean, for you have felt the same." You know what it is to "groan, being burdened." You have burdens that I have not, and trouble that I have escaped; yet we both have a share. How sweet it is sometimes to look beyond all this scene of trial and toil, to that rest that remaineth to the people of God, and to have this blessed hope in our souls, that ere long we too shall rest from our labours. It is, indeed, as you were saying at Calne, a blessed doctrine,—the resurrection and life everlasting. Take away this, and "we are of all men the most miserable." But, having this in prospect, we are sometimes, or should be, of all the most happy.

This word from your lips the other day fell sweet and salutary on my spirit: "Be patient, therefore, brethren." And, my dear friend, if you will suffer the word of exhortation from such a one, suffer me to say, "Be patient, therefore, brother, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." And, as one says, "He cometh not empty-handed." No, indeed, he does not. "His reward is with him." You get your reward now in measure, don't you, when he comes, as the poet sweetly sings, with

"The smile of mercy on his face,"

and whispers a little peace, a little cheer, into your poor troubled soul. And O! What a sweet and blessed recompense will you ere long have, and for ever and for ever enjoy, when you will hear from that mouth that "is most sweet," "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Be of good cheer, brother. Suffer on, toil on. A little more faith and patience, and then the end of it all. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love." Your reward is sure; you will have your penny.

I trust I can feel for you and sympathize with you in your afflictions, both of body and mind. I know something about that morbid, melancholy state of things you are often wont to speak of; and you have a listener then. I know these gloomy sinkings and misgivings, and such sad forebodings of what is coming upon me. Yet here I hang; here is all my hope; and I do cling, I am obliged to cling, to it, and 'tis sweet and precious to my soul; that "Jesus having loved his own, he loves them to the end." And if I am his, and I would bless his Name he has given me such comfortable persuasion of it, then I am safe; and lose what I may, I cannot lose my soul. I have lost my health and strength; I have lost in great measure the powers of thought and mind; and feel to be little else but a wreck. I may lose, as I fear I shall, every particle of mind, and sink into unconsciousness; yet what an unspeakable mercy I cannot lose my God. Shattered and enfeebled as I am, yet how blessed to have any hope I am an object of his care and pity.

Kindly forgive so much about my worthless self, and trespassing so far on your patience, &c. You very kindly say you should like to spend a few hours with us. I feel, my dear friend, I am

“not worthy thou shouldst come under my roof,” much less to have a place in your thoughts and affections. It often melts my heart to think I should ever find favour in the sight of any of the beloved family of heaven, and, above all, to hope I should be “in his eyes as one that hath found favour.” I do hope once more, ere long, my very dear brother, to see you under our homely roof. The pulpit is open to you; my house is open to you; and I am sure I can say my heart is open to you, and to all your brethren, and all saints. Your testimony amongst us has been received, and I know many of our dear friends are anxiously looking and waiting to hear the word of truth from your lips once more. I hope you will not keep us much longer in suspense. We have, I believe, your promise for an evening; when may we look for its fulfilment? Once more ere I close must I urge my suit, “Come over and help us.” And may the Lord come with you, and bless you, and bless your message to us; and may he, my dear brother, stand by you and strengthen you in all your labours, bless you, and make you a blessing to the dead and to the living, and help you still to labour on, “forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain.”

You very kindly inquire after my health. Since I saw you I have had one of the most distressing attacks I ever remember. From Sunday morning till Friday evening, hanging good part of the time, as it were, between life and death; and sometimes I really feared I must be strangled with the difficulty of breathing. The whole of that time I never left my chair, except to be lifted out of it, and held up between two for an hour or two sometimes, so as to help my breathing a little. You may well think I am low again through want of rest and sleep for so long a time, as I get scarcely any sleep while it lasts. I feel like one tottering on the brink of the eternal world. But I cannot complain. I have nothing to complain of, save of my own wretchedness. “God is good;” and my beloved friends are very kind, and a great help and comfort to me in my affliction. More especially the dear handmaids of the Lord, who many of them will come, night after night, and sit up with me through the midnight hours to relieve my dear mother and sister. I am surrounded with mercies, and sometimes the great goodness of God to such a vile wretch is too much for me. It overcomes the native wretched hardness of my unfeeling heart, and fills my eyes with tears, and my soul with love and gratitude; and it seems as though the Lord would kill me with his kindness.

Finally, dear brother, farewell. “The Lord of love and peace be with you.” When it is well with you, remember your poor brother in bonds, and entreat the Lord still to be gracious unto him, and still deal mercifully with him, though the chief of sinners.

I shall esteem it a great favour if amidst all your concerns you can spare a few moments for your poor unworthy brother at Clack, and let him know of your welfare. With the best love

such a poor cold heart can give, I close; and hope I am, dear Mr. Hemington,

Your unworthy Brother and Companion in Tribulation,
Clack, May 28th, 1877.

E. MORSE.

My beloved Brother,—I feel I must now write to you, for all my brothers are equally near and dear to my heart. All are, with their dear children, much on my mind. May the Lord be gracious unto them. May their children be his children, a seed to serve him, a generation that shall call him blessed, when, as our dear father used to pray, “our heads lie mouldering with the clods of the valleys.” I cannot expect to realize this blessing, although nothing on earth would give me so much joy; but some of you may live to see it. May the Lord grant it, if it be his will.

“Grant these requests; I ask no more;
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All will be well if they are thine.”

How are you getting along, my brother? Still carrying your burden, and often fearing your spot is not the spot of God's people, because you know the bitterness of your own heart? You look into your heart, and find that sin will still be there; you are afraid it reigns and rules; and yet you struggle against it, and cannot live in it as you once did, and enjoy it. It would be like hell to you now to go with your former companions, dancing, skittling, and cracking your jokes over your glass in the bar. What altered you? Why do you long to creep into the prayer-meeting? Why love to hear the Lord's dear people pour out their hearts before him? Why do you love those most in whom you most see their dear Master's image? Why esteem them the excellent of the earth? When the Lord's dear servants describe the marks of a living soul, one quickened into spiritual life, how is it your heart responds to it? You dare not lie against the Holy Spirit, and say, “I do not feel it. I am always dead, when they preach Christ.” Then, at other times, why do you long for him? Do you see no beauty in him, that you should desire him? Why do you long to feel the sprinkling of his precious blood upon your conscience? It is all because there is another spirit in you; even that spirit which the world cannot receive. The Word of God will bear me out. Christ says, “No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” He says also, “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” He will not cast you out for the first; it matters not how peculiar or desperate your case.

I thought in my early days that I should so grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ as to find sin less powerful; and never dreamed of any fresh discoveries of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my heart; and it is a mercy for us that the Lord does not show it us all at once. How true I have found that hymn, and so have you:

“I asked the Lord that I might grow,” &c.

Those precious words of the dear Saviour's used to encourage me: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." I knew, amidst all that was against me, that I hungered and thirsted after righteousness; and you know the same. It is a feeling sense of our own vileness which makes us long to be plunged into that precious fountain which is open to the house of David for sin and uncleanness. It is a loathing sight of our own deformity and nakedness which makes us long to be clothed in that glorious, spotless robe, even the righteousness of Christ. As sure, my brother, as ever the Lord has raised up those desires and breathings after him, so sure, in God's own time, will the Holy Spirit take of the things of Christ and show them unto you. "The vision is for an appointed time; in the end it will speak, and will not tarry." Wait thou for it.

That hymn has often been sweet to me:

"Why does your face, ye humble souls," &c.

It was greatly blessed to our dearly-beloved mother, all through, one or two years before her death, so much so that she thought the Lord was about to take her. Read it. Another hymn has often comforted me:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched."

Another:

"I hear a righteous man."

What a treasure Gadsby's selection of hymns, with the supplement, is! Next to the Bible, there seems to me not such another book in the world. All through my affliction, how precious the hymns have been. There seems something in them to suit poor needy sinners all their journey through; and I do not believe that either you or I shall ever be reckoned with that generation who are pure in their own eyes, or we should never have longed for cleansing. If we had had any righteousness of our own, we should never have wanted the righteousness of Christ. Ah! My brother, if Christ to-morrow were to manifest himself unto you, as he does not unto the world, you would soon want him to do something else. The more we know of him, the more we shall want to know; for we shall never be fully satisfied until we see him as he is, in all his beauty and in all his glory, without a veil between, and are made like him. Nothing else will do. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness." Cry on, hope on, my brother.

"Without cessation pray;

Your prayer will not prove vain."

I know that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."

"Hope long will wait, and wait again;

And ne'er can give it up,

Till the bless'd Lamb, who once was slain,

Appears the God of hope."

What an unspeakable mercy to have a humble hope that we shall one day enter into the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! What great things for

such worms to think of! It is worth weathering a few storms for. There will be no crosses nor losses, no frowns nor blows from sinner and from saint, no afflictions or separations; and, best of all, no sin to cast us down there.

I hope you are all well, enjoying your mercies with gratitude to the great Giver of all. My love to your wife and children. I do not expect you to reply to my letter, for I know letter-writing worries you; and I know, my dear brother, you have too much of that already. I would soothe you in your sorrows and exercises if I could; but it is your mercy that mortals cannot do it. Nothing but *power* will satisfy you; and that belongeth to God. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Excuse the scribble. I am obliged to do it with half-closed eyes; and my hand shakes. Your affectionate Sister,
Trowbridge, October, 1870. SUSAN TABOR.

Dear Friend and Brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,—

We are in the receipt of your letter, and of dear Wm. Leach's memorial card. Truly it is the bearer of solemn tidings. The writer has been in a solemn frame of mind, and the matter is solemn. I feel very much for Mr. Leach's people. Surely there is a cloud hanging over Zion; but it is the Lord's kingdom, and shall not be left to other people. He that is Zion's King is almighty; and he is her Lawgiver, and will come and save her. We cannot see the end from the beginning, as our precious Jesus can. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning." It must have been a dark cloud indeed to the church when her enemies were so far triumphant as to extinguish some of her truest stars by putting them to death. But even in these things the righteousness of God is manifested; as it is a righteous thing with him to recompense tribulation to them that trouble his people. (2 Thess. i. 6.) How strange it seems to us that, when the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory; and yet to us this building of Zion which is to be for his glory, seems to be so delayed. Still this is our humble petition: "Thy kingdom come."

Our friend and brother William Leach is enjoying a face to face view of our Elder Brother, and knows even as he is known. He is perfect where there is no need of the light of the sun nor of the moon, but where the Lord is the light and glory of the place. But we are still in the wilderness, where we have to look through a glass darkly. Yet, bless the Lord, although darkly, it is with open face, and we are changed into the same image by the blessed Spirit, God the Father having predestinated us to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren.

What a mercy to be one of these brethren! What a different religion this is from any other! These are sons, while the rest

are bastards; and the experience of every child of God proves the doctrine of election and predestination to be solemnly true. We cannot bear the image of the heavenly unless predestinated thereto, and the subjects of the work of the Holy Spirit; and these are things over which we have no control.

“O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.”

I feel that, had it not been for grace, I should have lived in sin, and died a guilty miserable wretch, and sunk into hell to all eternity. While I write, I feel what a wonderful deliverance the dear Lord has wrought for me. Bless his precious Name!

“How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.”

What glories we behold in the gospel of Christ, the perfect law of liberty! Although we see but in part, yet there is nothing on earth that produces the same effects in a poor sinner's heart.

My dear friend, we have been spared to see the commencement of another year; and while thousands are indulging every desire of the flesh, the language of my soul is, “Give me Christ, or else I die.” None but Jesus can do my helpless soul good. O that we may prove this year that we are trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, by the fruit that is brought forth. How searching the word: “Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.” But look at the soil in which the elect are planted. They are rooted and grounded in love. They are Jehovah's garden, enclosed and fenced with power divine.

I desire for you and yours every blessing from the God of Jacob throughout this year. Yours in Love,

West Hartlepool, Jan. 1st, 1877.

WM. HALL.

No words can speak the blessedness of being enlightened from the Word and by the Spirit into a saving, gospel, spiritual knowledge of Christ. It is life eternal. Most people have nothing more than a natural knowledge of Christ, and what they style heavenly things. I do not know what you find; but I very rarely find persons who have a spiritual discernment, and who really take into their minds a spiritual and supernatural knowledge of Christ.—*S. E. Pierce.*

Love, by its nature, when it seeth, cannot but cast out its spirit and strength upon amiable objects, and things love-worthy. And what fairer things than Christ? O fair sun, and fair moon, and fair stars, and fair flowers, and fair roses, and fair lilies, and fair creatures! But O ten thousand thousand times fairer Lord Jesus! Alas! I wronged him in making comparison this way. O black sun, black moon; but O fair Lord Jesus! O black flowers, and black lilies, and black roses; but O fair, fair, for ever fair Lord Jesus! O, all fair things, black, deformed, and without beauty, when ye are set beside the fairest Lord Jesus! O black heavens; but O fair Christ! O black angels, but O surpassingly fair Lord Jesus!—*Rutherford.*

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Would you give your thoughts upon these words: “Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me.” I heard one the other day firmly assert that a child of God could not grieve God. “For,” he said, “the new man could not sin; and the old man could do nothing else but sin. So then it was the old man grieved the old man.” But we read, “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.” A few thoughts would greatly oblige a sinner now 77 years old.

Yours,

J. A.

REPLY.

In answering your question, we will, for simplicity's sake, assume that the prayer of Jabez was of that purely spiritual nature which is generally supposed; though this may be, in some degree, a mistake, arising out of our forgetfulness of the character of the dispensation under which Jabez lived. We should remember that life in the land and various temporal blessings, with immunity from evils of an outward nature, were things promised by God, under certain conditions, to the seed of Abraham. The confounding different dispensations has been a fruitful source of most grievous mistakes and painful errors, even in the godly. The changing of times and seasons back from the new to the old dispensation, through this confounding of things, is one of the foundations of the papacy, supports worldly and national Church establishments, and even misled our good puritanical forefathers, as many of their writings and some of their actions declare. Could they have advocated taking the sword as they did if they had duly remembered that Christ had said, in founding his gospel kingdom, “My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight?”

Well, then, we are not quite sure that the prayer of Jabez was quite so purely spiritual or for merely spiritual things, as Mr. Hart's sweet poetic version of it implies. Still, for simplicity's sake, as we said, having given this caution, we will look upon it in such a purely spiritual point of view;—blessing, as meaning spiritual blessing; evil, the supreme evil of sin.

A living child of God, a regenerate man, has two natures,—flesh and spirit, an old man and a new. These two are entirely opposite the one to the other. Thus the flesh is said to lust against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and the law of sin in the members to make continual war against the law of grace in the mind, and at times to bring the believer into captivity to that law of sin which is in the members. Thus, then, as an abstract truth, it is perfectly correct to say that the new man in a child of God cannot sin, and that the old man can do nothing else; but, then, it is a monstrous error to draw from this abstract truth the inference at once so unscriptural and contrary to all the godly experience of the saints *that a child of God cannot grieve God*. If we had nothing but the plain positive word of God which you quote: “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,” we

should tremble, in the face of such an exhortation, to affirm anything of the kind; but when we come to look deeper into the matter, we soon see what a fallacy lies at the bottom of this daring assertion. It is true, as we have said, that in a believer are two natures,—flesh and spirit, entirely distinct from and in complete opposition one to the other; the one only evil, as before God; the other entirely pure. But, then, we must not make out the believer himself to be two individuals; he is *one* individual, with two natures. Just as a man naturally is one person, though that one person consists of a material body and an immaterial soul. So the believer is one person, but in him are two natures,—flesh and spirit. This being the case, as every child of God knows, sometimes one nature is uppermost, sometimes the other. Sometimes we are in the Spirit; our souls make us as the chariots of Amminadib; we blessedly yield ourselves unto God, and our members to be instruments of righteousness unto God. Not only is grace in us, but, if we may so speak, we are in grace, powerfully and prevailingly under the sweet influences thereof. We sow to the Spirit, and of the Spirit reap eternal life. We put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new in our life and conversation. We, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, that we may live. At such times, all goes well with us; the Holy Spirit is not grieved. But how different it may be, and, alas! is, at other seasons! The corrupt principle, through a variety of causes, may gain a great ascendancy. Iniquity may prevail in and over us. We may not only have an old man in us, but be too much in the old man, conforming ourselves to the lusts of the flesh, instead of diligently mortifying them. Sloth, worldliness, covetousness, anger, pride, may be too much governing us.

Now, then, when we are thus walking in any degree after the flesh, we grieve the Spirit. The whole drift of Paul's exhortation in Eph. iv. is to this end,—that, by warning God's people of the danger of grieving the Spirit, and stirring up their pure minds to a godly fear of so doing, they may be led to pray against this very thing, and by the words of God's mouth shun the paths of the destroyer. For men, therefore, to assert that no such thing can be done, and to attempt to prove so vain an assertion by crude statements about the old man and the new, is to counteract, as far as they can, the design of the Holy Ghost in giving these exhortations, and by great swelling words of vanity to corrupt the truth of God. Besides, such assertions show great ignorance of the way in which God condescends to speak to his people in his Word, and really darken the discoveries of his grace and love as displayed therein.

Of course, we well know that God cannot be grieved in the same way as we are. The God of bliss cannot be really pained or made unhappy. The expression is designed to show how great is his love to his people, how tender his care over that new principle of grace which he has himself implanted in their hearts.

Therefore, when that new nature which is our life is injured, wounded, grieved through our yielding to the solicitations of the flesh, the seductions of the world, the temptations of Satan, the Lord himself is said to be grieved. Thus again, when the new nature, being burdend within us, groans, the Holy Spirit is said to make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. As a tender loving parent grieves to see a most dear child injured, even if it is through its own frowardness and folly, so the blessed Spirit, whose love and tenderness are represented to us by figures taken from the love of a father or a mother, is said to be grieved with that which is in its tendency, however ultimately overruled for good, injurious to the blessed life of God in the hearts of his people.

Again. Such an expression as this about grieving the Holy Spirit is designed to show us what sad effects may result to us from a carelëss improper way of conducting ourselves. When the Holy Spirit is grieved, he will most probably withdraw the communications of his grace to such a degree as to leave us very dark and disconsolate. He will never withdraw as a Spirit of life; but he may withhold his communications as a Comforter, and as a Spirit of power. When God is grieved by our ways, it does not mean that the blessed God can be really pained; but he may be provoked to leave us to such an extent that we may not only be pained, but complain of our very bones being broken. Let us illustrate this. God is a Father to his people; they are his dear children. Christ is their Bridegroom, the Lover of their souls; a Friend sticking closer than a brother. The Holy Spirit is in them as a new-Creator, and loves them with tenderest love. Now, in natural things, suppose a child, a friend, an object of the tenderest love, acts in an unbecoming way, careless of our honour or our wishes, with a sort of cold indifference, or in a way to provoke our jealousy, how do we act? Does not all this, as grieving us, produce a shyness, a distance, a great degree of reserve? Do we continue to act in the same way as before? To manifest love, display tenderness, as we previously did? No! In natural things we see this would be folly. It may take much to so grieve us as to produce a change; but at length it will come. So here. When by our negligence, indulgence in evil, and various God-provoking ways, we grieve the Spirit, God acts accordingly. In vain then shall we look to receive from the Lord the same manifestations of his love and sweet admissions to a holy and familiar intercourse. There will be distance in God; and when he hides his face we shall be troubled. Of course, there is no change in God's heart towards his children, but a change of conduct. Thus he will bring us down and into our right minds again. With men and in natural things a breach may possibly be permanent. Between God and his people Christ always is present, the Repairer of the breach and our eternal Peace.

God will never disinherit his children, but he will chastise, yea,

scourge them. This is plainly shown in Ps. lxxxix. 80, &c.; and as Toplady writes:

“The Lord will scourge us if we stray,
And wound us with distress;
But he will never take away
His covenant of peace.”

There can be, then, no change in God's mind, for he is in one mind, and who can turn him? There can be no pain to God's heart, for he is infinitely blessed. His repentance is not a change of mind, but of action. His being grieved is a human form of expression, to show his tender care and love for his children, and how he delights in their true prosperity and not in their misery, or in having to chastise or stand as afar off from them. It becomes them, then, to walk tenderly in his fear, to pray that they may avoid those things which displease God and grieve the Holy Spirit. Let them also beware of all those persons who with vain words would contradict the testimonies of God's Word, and lead them to suppose that there is no such thing as, through God's grace, so walking as to please God (1 Thess. iv. 1); and, on the contrary, no danger or even possibility of grieving by sin that Holy Spirit of God whereby they are sealed unto the day of redemption.

REVIEW.

*Atheism and Infidelity Tested; and A Challenge to all who have
Challenged the Revealed Word. By Alfred Brandon, Central
House, Camera Square, Chelsea.*

KNOWING what an awful influence scepticism is swaying at the present time over the minds of thousands, both young and old, many of whom are employed from day to day in factories, in commercial houses, and in workshops, where God's Name is often blasphemed and divine revelation ridiculed; and knowing, moreover, that the God of power can, if it please him to do so, make the little publication bearing the above title a means of convincing any of the fearful delusions which the tract exposes, we are induced by such motives as these to give it a slight notice in these pages.

The author wrote to us, and wished us to inform him whether we knew of any persons in our own neighbourhood whose minds were led away with the wild scientific, atheistic, infidel theories which are so rife in our day; and if so, to forward him the addresses of such persons, in order that he might send them a copy of his tract. We have promised him to comply with his wish as far as we may be able. But as our town is small, and as, happily, we do not at present seem to know of such characters as the author requires to find out, we have thought that the editor of the “Gospel Standard” might not object to our conveying the author's want to his numerous readers. It may be that they will be better able to send Mr. Brandon a good many addresses. And, per-

haps, such readers of our magazine will, at the same time, be inclined to obtain copies of the tract direct from the author at their own expense, and distribute them as best they can among the most desirable parties. This will be one way of strengthening the hands of one whose object in publishing is the defence of God's pure truth, and the exposure of all such "strong delusions" and "doctrines of devils" as we know atheism and scepticism to be.

Beyond this sort of recommendation, it is little that we shall advance in the way of comment on the tract itself, and as little that we shall take from its pages in the way of extracts.

We have often been ready to question whether, after all, there really be such beings in the world as real *heart-believing* atheists; *i. e.*, persons who, as honestly, and as much in their very hearts, disbelieve the being of a God, as they honestly believe that they themselves are living, thinking, acting creatures. Paul the apostle, in referring, in his Epistle to the Romans, to the Gentiles sunk in heathen darkness, says, "For when the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." From this portion of Holy Writ we see, not only that the poor heathens have a conscience, but that conscience, as God's vicegerent, and as in the bosom of every living man, does its work. The mind, the natural understanding, being darkened, we know from Scripture that until the "light of life" shines into the heart, there can be no real, spiritual, saving knowledge "of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." But for all this, even natural conscience is such a mysterious faculty, and so wonderfully under the control of the God who formed it, that it is made to stand up, as it were, in the very darkest chambers of the understandings of natural men, and, at times especially, to bear such a witness, and to drop into men's thoughts such whispers about the Infinite, Eternal, Almighty God, that neither the heathen abroad, nor atheists and infidels at home, are able to resist. So that we very much question whether such characters are anything like as atheistical in their most secret thoughts and convictions as they profess to be, and as their scientific, atheistical theories might lead many to suppose they are.

The author, on the last page of his tract, appeals to the poor deluded characters he writes against in the following way:

"You have with great pleasure received the principles of infidelity. You have gloried in the thought of spreading those principles. You have also a strong determination in you never to yield to fear, but to repel every degree of light, and every evidence contrary to what you hold. But can you in truth and honesty say that you have not painful misgivings and forebodings, at times, a gloom when awaking or dressing, an uncalled-for and unwelcome reflection when alone, or a dart in the midst of jollity? And although these may last but a few minutes,

or even less, will not the feeling rise despite your effort, and with a frown on your brow you say within yourself, 'I wish I had never known, heard, or received those principles.'

For our part, we have not a doubt but what professed atheists and infidels *do*, at times, find just such painful misgivings, such forebodings, and unwelcome reflections to fill their unhappy minds. They may say they do not. They may, in a bravado spirit, stoutly deny that they are ever the subjects of such darts of conscience "in the midst of jollity." But their positive denials do not alter the fact which divine truth establishes; and divine truth assures us that conscience *does* bear its witness, and makes the secret thoughts of the mind to "*accuse*" men of their lies and their wickedness. Why God asserts his authority in this singular way in natural conscience Paul tells us. It is that men may be left "without excuse." "The invisible things" of God from the very creation of the world being "clearly seen" and "understood by the things that are made;" and natural conscience bearing its witness to the "eternal power and Godhead" from which all such things emanate; men who either say in their hearts, or with their lips, "There is no God," are left "without excuse." But beyond this natural conscience cannot go. Left to itself, it can neither take away the veil which sin has spread over the mind, nor so much as raise a real spiritual desire in the sinner's heart to have such veil removed. Nothing but the grace of God can accomplish this; and, therefore, nothing but the same invincible, almighty grace can ever really and truly recover men from such horrid sinks of iniquity as atheism, and infidelity, and other alarming evils of the day have plunged them into. Tracts and pamphlets containing arguments the most clear, and moral reasonings the most powerful, may be hurled by tens of thousands, even with battle force, against the theories which "Modern Science" invents, and against the propagators of error. But unless the righteous Lord work mightily himself, to check the advancing tide of infidelity which is sweeping over this and other nations, that tide will roll on, and prove by its impetuous rush how weak all human argument is to arrest it in its maddened career. And again. Unless God, according to his sovereign will, be pleased to convince, in a gracious way, the propagators of error, what deadly poison it is that they are swallowing down and pouring into the minds of others, such heretics will most assuredly remain unconvinced, and will wax worse and worse, until they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, and perish, like those who "perished in the gainsaying of Core."

We should be sorry to write a word to damp the well-meant efforts of any who, either by publishing suitable tracts, or by having recourse to any other proper methods, aim at unmasking the fallacies and lies of wicked heretics. So far from this, we have long deplored the marked apathy and inertness which too many of the real people of God seem to manifest towards the evil times which are passing over us. The tidal waves of the

most specious and seductive errors are washing around us. Riotous outbreaks, democratic demonstrations, machinations of atheists and sceptics, and almost every conceivable form of blasphemy, are the characteristic features of the day in which we live; and a cold, stolid indifference to the startling fact as characteristically marks the spirit and attitude of the bulk of religious professors. Surely a sifting time is coming on, just such a terribly sifting time, we believe, as will not only try in the severest way the faith of the godly, and make manifest their righteous integrity and faithful adherence to the pure unadulterated truth of God, but will test professors in general, and make manifest, in the case of thousands, the hypocrisy of their character, and the flimsy creeds they have embraced.

As the errors of the day develop and mature more and more, as we believe God has a purpose in permitting, so more and more will mere nominal Christians be carried away by them. Some will be suffered of God to be seduced with one form of error, and others with another. And thousands and thousands among the teeming mass, that will care for no religious profession whatever, will be left, no doubt, to plunge either into open atheism and infidelity, or anything else which Satan and his instruments may invent, as best suited to heighten the wickedness of these latter days of evil. Blessed is it for those in our day, and blessed will it be for those when the day becomes worse, who have, and shall have, the God of Jacob for their refuge. To faithfully warn poor deluded creatures of their awful peril in denying the God of Jacob, as the One True and Living Jehovah, and in contemning his revealed truth, was the one sole object, we believe, which the author of the tract we have recommended for distribution had in view in publishing it. He says on his 5th page:

“I do not write thus to pour contempt upon men as men, but upon men as deceivers of men, who daringly defy the God of Israel, who has been to me the God of my mercies five and forty years in a *living power*, which shall remain when all their restless rolling schemes shall die away like the foaming transient wave upon the shore of eternal truth.”

Again, on page 8, his object in taking such work in hand, and his desires for its usefulness, as being owned and blessed of God, are nicely expressed in the following lines:

“My heart is sorely pain'd to see
 Errors abound, and misery;
 Abominations so increase,
 And man so strive to mar man's peace.
 But where's the man who truth will scorn?
 He'll wish one day he'd not been born.
 O God, thy daring foes defeat,
 For truth is trampled in the street;
 Their weapons break,—but mercy show,
 And let them thy salvation know,
 Grieve o'er the past, and sheath their sword,
 And fight no more against the Lord.
 Ah! What my pains, my heart-felt care,
 If one escapes the fowler's snare.”

We can only say, in closing our remarks, that we shall rejoice to hear, at some future time, that the tract has been made a means of turning "one," and many more, from the error of their ways; and with this end in view, we shall be glad to find that our recommendation of the tract has proved a sufficient inducement with any of our readers to the carrying out the little mission we suggested at the beginning of our paper.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLENESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

How little can the saints conceive
 Of love that's infinite!
 In part they know, in part believe;
 But yet want fuller sight.

Our eye is weak, our object bright;
 Alas! Such babes are we,
 We cannot bear love's dazzling light,
 Nor its full glory see.

Transporting glances now and then
 The eye of faith takes in;
 But love's too bright for mortal men,
 And still remains unseen.

The saints, indeed, are vessels made
 To hold eternal love;
 But yet, while here, we scanty are,
 Not like the saints above.

They are enlarged, they are complete;
 They see, while we believe;
 But love, so infinitely great,
 The finite can't conceive.

They in the light of vision see,
 And still in raptures praise;
 But yet, unto eternity,
 There will be new displays.

Because the creature finite is,
 And can't at once take in
 The fulness of Jehovah's bliss,
 Where heirs of glory swim.

Thy love, O Lord, our souls adore,
 Though past created skill;
 We long to be enlargèd more,
 And then to drink our fill.

ANNE DUTTON, 1695-1765.

You may think that I know a great deal of Christ. I hope I do know a little; but really I see myself such a little child. I am but learning my A, B, C; and there is so much to learn in the gospel that I find I have but just begun my lesson.—*Romaine.*

Obituary.

JOHN FORSTER.—On January 25th, aged 67, John Forster, minister of the gospel, Witham, Essex, passed away “to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”

He has left a faithful and graphic record of his call by grace and his call to the ministry,—the utterances of a heart deeply sensible that what he was he was by the teachings of the Holy Ghost. It was thought best to give his own narrative of facts, in an abridged form :

“I first drew breath on Nov. 6th, 1810, as I have been told, near Carlisle. My parents were honest and respectable people, and greatly respected by all around. At the end of May, 1825, I was apprenticed to an uncle in Blackburn. On looking back, I have, with a heart of gratitude, thanked the Lord for his care, preservation, and blessing over me during my childhood and youthful years. My uncle attended the Independent chapel in Blackburn; and ultimately I became a teacher there for several years. When I was 17, it pleased God to quicken my soul. Up to that period I was careless, indifferent, and dead to divine things, and filled with unbelief and pride. Mr. Luke Foster, pastor, was the instrument, in the Lord’s hands, in producing the first convictions I ever felt for sin. I forget the text, but ‘death and judgment’ was the subject. Such was the solemn and vivid manner in which he spoke respecting those awful facts that I felt my inmost feelings deeply affected. I wept and sobbed, and could not forbear; so that the people and minister saw the state I was in.

“From that moment I felt a new creature. Friends talked to me; and the minister desired me to call on him, to relate what I felt and had done. I told him all I had passed through. He did not direct me to the Saviour of sinners, or pray with me, but gave me a book of the lives and deaths of pious young men, &c. I set to work to read this book and study the characters. They prayed, resolved, promised, and vowed what they would do and not do. I worked and imitated all I could, but could not arrive at that peace of mind, pardon of sins, and happiness of soul they did. I distributed tracts, true to missionary efforts, and visited the sick. I was nine years in this working school, determined to obtain peace, pardon, and salvation; yet all this time I knew nothing of receiving or enjoying these things through the Lord Jesus Christ, but through the work of the creature. I thought myself right in soul matters; and however gone back and fallen from grace in the week, I made matters straight on the Sunday, being occupied from seven in the morning till night as teacher or hearer, continually making hosts of resolutions, &c.

“In 1836, I was invited by Mr. Thomas Rogers, of the Baptist chapel, Town’s Moor, Blackburn, to go with him to hear Mr. Worrall, pastor of the Baptist chapel. On that and three following Sundays, Mr. W.’s text was: ‘By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.’ I heard all these discourses, which were strongly supported by the Word of God; and they were blessed to me. My Babel-building, which I had assiduously laboured to rear, fell like Dagon. All my free-will power and creature-righteousness fled before the power of truth. My supposed goodness and attainments were blasted, and carried, yea, swept away, as direct enemies to the work of grace. ‘He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.’ What a shock I had; what a blow was struck, when my false notions of progressive sanctification, &c., fled away, to show me my lost, ruined, undone state! Then I had new ears, new eyes, to hear and see God’s truth. What new desires, cries, and prayers I was then the subject of!

The Bible became a new Book, and God a new God. The Lord Jesus Christ, in all his offices, was as one unheard-of before. What I imagined I possessed previously, I found I was destitute of, and felt that without the operation of God's grace I must perish for ever. I still attended the Independent chapel; but O! What death appeared in everything there!"

Our brother proceeds in strains of thankfulness to the kind and distinguishing providence that helped him through many troubles, and blessed him in trade; so that, after paying every man, he had a little left to help to support the Lord's cause of truth and the poor of his family, wanting for nothing except a constantly-thankful heart.

"I remained for some time, after these operations of the Lord, with the general Dissenters, going first to one chapel, then another. My wife's relations, and many kind friends who were customers to me, with other circumstances, kept me from entirely coming out from their unclean doctrines. How could I leave my loving relations, friends, and persons of affluence, who had taken me by the hand, all being members of the place? I had married from there, and had buried two children there; how could I think of leaving? was their urgent question. How could I turn my back on the living and the dead? This was very trying to my natural will; but the Word of God decided the matter. 'Follow thou me; and let the dead bury their dead.' I resolved to leave, and paid my pew-rent. On being told it was not due, 'Never mind,' I replied, 'I am going to leave you. I am more and more convinced that in all such places living souls are in bondage and error.' The Lord brought me completely out. I solemnly chose 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God,' and attended the little, low, dark, mean-looking Baptist chapel, Town Moor, reckoned by the host of professors as the refuse and the off-scouring of the earth, and everywhere spoken against. Under the ministry there I became enlightened into the mystery of redemption and into the mystery of iniquity."

In travelling one dark night in 1836, his mind was deeply impressed with Rom. viii. 31-39. In his contemplation it seemed as though the last assize had come. He says: "I was arraigned at God's bar, the books were opened, and my sins appeared. I took my case upon myself; my sins were my witnesses. I thrice said, 'Guilty!' I saw and felt the justice, holiness, and purity of Jehovah's law, and myself such a sinner and vile person. I condemned myself, and justified God. What a fearful night I had! I felt hell to be my doom, and had no thought of a Saviour or salvation. From such sad experience I believe that wherever and whenever a sinner is brought feelingly to justify God, he will not be long before he praises God in his salvation. The first real hope revealed to me was by the application of the words: 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.' Here I found comfort, peace, and joy. I felt as I never did before. Previously it was work, work, work, but failing in all. Now it was sunshine, and the winter was over and gone. My feet were dipped in oil, my food was honey, my drink wine.

"I joined the church at Town Moor in December, 1836, and was baptized on the first Lord's day in 1837. From that time I was fully convinced of the unscriptural practice of sprinkling. My dear wife could not then see with me; but although she much differed, yet she attended the same ministry; and it was all made right to her in the end, and we were of one mind, and were in every sense one.

"After I was baptized, I was chosen deacon, conducted the prayer-meetings, read the Scriptures, and said a few words on them. In 1838, I informed the pastor that one of the members was preaching unknown to our church, contrary to the scriptural way, which is by the sanction of

the church. He said to me, 'Did you ever have any thoughts of preaching? Did any portion of God's Word ever speak to you in reference to that important work?' I said, 'No.' I had no thought that I should ever become a preacher. I had no abilities, was so ignorant, so unfit, that it was not possible I should ever be one. I related to him a blessed state of mind in the week previous, in which my affections were drawn up to the Lord for his great love, mercy, and grace, bestowed on me, a vile guilty sinner. My very affections ran with the words: 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' He said, 'The doorkeeper has reference to the ministry. The Holy Spirit is the essential Doorkeeper, and Christ the Door, whom the Holy Spirit opens to the poor sinner, and lets the sheep into the sheepfold. The minister is the instrument, in the power of the Spirit, in the ministry of the Word, in leading God's people into Christ for all spiritual blessings.' I said the words seemed applied in that direction. I felt constrained, from the love I felt, to desire to be anything for the use of the church. We parted; he saying, 'It has reference to the ministry.'

Our brother went home, exercised in a very deep and solemn manner on the matter. He confessed to the Lord how his mind was sunk, feeling everything in opposition to, and not one single point for, his becoming a minister. He goes on to say: "I begged the Lord to undeceive the minds of any who thought me suitable for such a work, and to make them desist from proposing me to speak; when, almost as plainly as an audible voice, the words came: 'Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' I felt the force and power thus revealed, and said, 'O Lord, if thou wilt be this, and all this to me, I shall do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. In the afternoon I went to chapel, like Abraham, having returned into my old place. After service, a church meeting was held. My name was proposed to exercise my gifts before the church on Lord's day. I attempted all I could to persuade the members not to urge their request; but nothing would do. The resolution was proposed, seconded, and unanimously carried. I still said I could not comply; but was told that if I did not I should come under the censure of the church.* After this, I returned home, went into my bedroom, and leaned on the footboard in dead silence, too full to speak. What a weighty, crushing load I felt! At last the dear Lord seemed to speak these words: 'Our sufficiency is of God.' I was set at liberty; and, finding its fulfilment, have for forty years proved their influence and fulness.

"In my first speaking, I was much exercised what to speak from. At last I spoke from these words: 'One thing I know; that, whereas I was blind, now I see.' I spoke nearly the whole time in tears, describing my experience of what I had been led to see of my blindness, and what led me to see. After several times speaking to the church, in much fear and trembling, I was sent for to Accrington, then to Rossendale, several of the friends at Accrington accompanying me.

"Next Lord's day, there being no supply at our chapel, I was re-

* We certainly think this a novelty in church order. We can understand a member coming properly under church censure for going forth in a disorderly way to preach without reference to or sanction from his church. If, too, a man wants such sanction, he may be required to exercise his gifts before the members; but we cannot think a church justified in holding the rod over a poor man's head, and thus forcing him to exercise his supposed gifts, and whipping him out into the ministry. We can understand the propriety, in many cases, of whipping in; we fail to see that of whipping out in the above manner.

quested to speak. Here it is impossible to convey the strait I was in,—no text, full of exercise, and ashamed to tell the people. At last, after being silent for some time, I read Isa. xlv. 17: 'But Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation;' I had confidence given me, and was enabled to speak morning and evening. I was surprised, and adored the grace, mercy, and deliverance with which I had been favoured. The Accrington friends came round me, expressing how well they had heard.

"For a long period I was deeply sensible of my darkness, ignorance, inability, unbelief, and had numberless vile suggestions, so that I was weighed down and in misery of mind; but found that, while speaking in bonds, souls were blessed, helped, and set at liberty, while I remained in prison still. This galled me. I could not make out the matter; but God so worked, and I was confounded. On one occasion, while I was speaking, and describing how the seeking soul thought there must be something done by it to obtain complete deliverance, I said, 'Well, poor soul, if there is one such present, what canst thou do? The very air you breathe is the Lord's temporally; then every influence, every power spiritually, is of and from the Lord.' Some time afterwards, a person came before the church, and stated the above words were the means of her soul being set at liberty."

The Lord in many instances blessed the word at Chorley, Bolton, Preston, and many other places in Lancashire. Besides preaching often at Blackburn, eventually our friend became a general supply in Leicestershire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire, besides many provincial places of truth, and also in London.

In 1856, he became pastor of the Old Baptist church at Witham, Essex. His ministry being blessed, the place became too small, and a larger one was built through his exertions and the help of friends in Lancashire and elsewhere. Also a building next the chapel was converted into a school-room, which, being his property, he gave to the trustees of the chapel as a free gift.

In 1866, through the ill-health of Mrs. Forster, he removed to Hastings; but as Mrs. F. did not obtain better health there, they returned to Witham in 1871.

Our dear friend was an uncompromising, unflinching, and warm advocate of the precious truths which he had learned by experience; and in his ministry seemed to be always looking out for the weaklings in faith. His spirit had no doubt drunk of that loving injunction: "Feed my lambs." He was of a very kind spirit, and would go miles to do good. His loss is much felt by the church and congregation by whom he was much beloved. Those who knew him could not fail to see the influence of the truths he declared carried out in his daily walk. He was known in the town of Witham to be a man of that rectitude of principle which no one could gainsay; but he would say, "It is all of grace. Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy Name be the praise." On one occasion, when preaching, he said, "I want no other inscription on my tombstone but this: 'John Forster, a sinner saved by grace.'"

The perusal of his letters reveals most vividly his love and affection for the heavenly truths he proclaimed and his heartfelt unity to his dear people, to whom when absent he would send an epistle. In one, he says, "I am at best a poor, fearing, timid creature still. I must cry to God for living and dying grace to help me; and O to be found right at last, to die in the Lord, and be glorified together with him! What a mercy to have an appetite, a craving, a hungering and thirsting for spiritual food,—Christ the bread and water of life! 'This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.

“ O Lord, thou bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.”

“ On last Lord’s day morning, at Tunbridge Wells, on awakening, one of the most blessed promises in the Bible came with sweet power: ‘ The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.’ I need not tell you I was braced up for the day, and both myself and the people had a good day indeed.”

Our brother had been declining in health for some time past, and while a friend was staying at his house, he said, “ Yesterday I had such a feeling of death. I have often had;” adding with emphasis, “ but this seems so personal.” The friend told him what a visit of Jesus to his soul he had experienced, and that it remained on his mind for several days. The dear man said, “ Ah! Dear me, you are a highly-favoured man indeed.”

A short time after this, he went to St. Ives to preach. On the Monday he was struck with paralysis, and was brought home by Mr. Mayall. After much careful treatment by his devoted daughter, with medical aid, he appeared to have made such improvement in his state that the friends were cheered with the thought that he might yet be spared to them, though unable to preach. But the dear Lord, whose ways are mysterious, had not ordained it so. He was out on the 24th of January, and called on friends, as was his usual kind and pastoral custom, for he always evinced to them a fatherly affection. The next day he had a return of the fits, and then said. “ This will be my last night with you.” He was got to bed, and asked his daughter to read to him. A friend said, “ Read the 16th of John.” “ No,” he said, partly weeping, partly rejoicing, “ the 14th.” On coming to the words: “ 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,” he pressed the hand of the friend, but could not speak; and then turned aside in apparent sleep, to awake no more in this corruptible life.

“ His race was run; he dropt the mortal load,
And took his flight to glory and to God.”

“ There seem’d a sacred radiance shed,
To cheer and bless his dying bed.”

Thus passed away our very esteemed friend and brother from this fleeting and transitory state.

The day of his funeral at Witham was a notable one, on account of the many persons of the town who evinced their esteem for their departed neighbour.

“ No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,
But all be light and peace;
With him ’tis ever, ever noon,
Nor can his joys decrease.”

He was interred at All Saints’ Churchyard, there being no cemetery. The friends experienced much kindness from the vicar, who much esteemed our departed brother. By his kind consent, the hymn beginning,

“ Why do we mourn departed friends?”

was sung at the open grave.

Peckham Rye.

W. H.

Mr. Gadsby wishes to add the following testimony to his friend:

Mr. Forster was, I believe, the oldest friend I had living. I knew him for upwards of 45 years, and always found him the same. He died the day after I left for Spain. I went to Witham to see him on two occasions after his attack. On the first occasion he seemed very low, and wept a good deal, but said he had no fear of death, and he felt firm on the Rock. The truths he had preached he felt would do to die by as

they had done to live by. On the second occasion he seemed stronger and more lively; but I saw his end was fast approaching. I recommended his daughter to have a doctor from Chelmsford or Colchester; "not," I said, "that he can do your father any good, but when he is taken away you will not have to reproach yourself, nor can others reproach you." She seemed thankful for the suggestion, and followed it. When the said doctor came, he ordered him to be kept up stairs, but said he might soon have another attack; which was the case. I certainly should have attended his funeral, had I been at home and able so to do.
—J. GADSBY.

WILLIAM CREW.—On Feb. 2nd, aged 51, William Crew, a member of the church at Zion, Cardiff.

Our departed friend was the child of godly parents, but early proved that, like the rest of mankind, he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity. Since his call by grace, he has often reflected upon and admired that amazing goodness of God which enabled him to sing,

"Preserved in Jesus when
My feet made haste to hell;"

and often quoted the words of Jude: "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called," as setting forth his own experience.

He was arrested and brought to feel the law's condemning power when about 16 years of age, under a sermon by Mr. Hemings, of Bristol, from the words: "Tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Dan. v. 27.) From this time he was the subject of solemn convictions, and would steal away into the fields and other secret places with the Bible, which became his companion; and would there search the Scriptures, and cry to God for mercy. Feeling his defilement and misery, and the burden upon his conscience, he loved retirement, and felt a secret pleasure in being alone, in order that he might reflect upon his position, and pour out his complaint to the most High. He was fully convinced of God's holiness, and felt the law's killing power, being brought to justify God in his own damnation. Thus as a guilty, condemned, conscience-smitten criminal, he stood before God's bar. But, as Mr. Hart says,

"I look'd for hell; he brought me heaven;"

so William Crew was sweetly delivered by a sermon from the words: "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (Song ii. 10-12.)

Before he came to Cardiff he was led, in the providence of God, to Dudley, where he worked as a miner for some years. He much enjoyed the ministry of the late Mr. Burns, to whom he felt greatly attached. After his deliverance he endured a great fight of affliction, by which he was taught in a still deeper way the malady of sin and the plague of his own heart. For a time, he walked much in darkness, and often expressed himself as looking forward to that glorious day when all tears shall be wiped away. He experienced much of the conflict between the two natures, the old man and the new; and in speaking would often distinguish between the flesh and the spirit; sometimes remarking, "What a solemn thing if my religion should end in the flesh!" He manifested great jealousy for the truth, but was equally scrupulous in his practice, which made him a marked and a persecuted man amongst his fellow-workmen.

During a part of his last illness, he was much blessed with the Lord's

presence, and enjoyed a sweet frame of mind. He spoke to the friends of God's great goodness to him, which made him desire to depart. Having been brought out of bondage into liberty, he exclaimed, "If I should die, saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? I shall be safe."

Upon one occasion, when I visited him, seeing him suffer, I observed, "What a mercy to fall into the hands of God!" He at once replied, "I am there, sink or swim." Again he said, "I am not afraid of death; but I am afraid of sin." He often declared sin was his worst enemy.

Now he has entered that heavenly rest, where sin can never mar the eternal felicity of those happy songsters before the throne, who have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

In him we have lost a praying man, one who loved the means of grace, and who feared God above many.

T. ROBBINS.

MARY CHANDLER.—On Feb. 7th, aged 64, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Chandler, of Barton-le-Clay, Beds.

She was attacked with paralysis on Monday morning, Jan. 14th, when consciousness left her through the day, but returned in the evening. She wondered what was the matter, when they told her they were expecting her two sons from London, whom they had telegraphed for, and also her nephew and Dr. Hicks, from Dunstable. The doctors gave strict orders for her to be kept very quiet, so that we had not much opportunity of conversing with her. The day that I saw her she seemed somewhat better, and talked very comfortably. She said the Lord had been very kind to her, and mentioned that Cowper's hymn, commencing

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

had been very sweet to her for some days. She also said that the dear Lord had again applied that portion of the Word to her powerfully, which he had given her when her dear husband died, about twelve years ago: "Thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name," and which had so comforted her mind at that time. "I thought," she said, "I had had a kind earthly husband, that did all he could for my comfort; and will not my heavenly Husband be good to me? O! He is so kind to me. I have so many kind friends. I feel I cannot be thankful enough to the Lord for the many mercies I have." She also said, "I have felt for some days quite resigned to the Lord's will, and that, whether he took me or restored me, I could lie passive in his hands. But since I have felt a little better, I fear I am getting rebellious, as I sometimes want to get better again for the sake of my dear boys." With tears on her cheeks, she said, "I fear I am rebellious." I told her that the enemy would be sure to bring some of his accusations against her. With tears again she said, "God is so good. I have so many mercies."

I left her then with the hope and expectation that I should see her again; but it was not to be, as she had another attack in the middle of the night of the 8th, and died at six o'clock on the morning of the 9th.

She was not a great talker, but a tender walker, a lover of peace, and one who desired the peace and prosperity of Zion. She was a lover of good men, and especially tender towards God's poor people, and an observant hearer of the word. Often have I seen tears running from her eyes whilst sitting under the word preached. She was a frequent attendant at our week-night prayer-meetings. When circumstances would permit, she would be present, which I think is a better sign of life than many give who are great critics of ministers in their preaching,

but cannot condescend to come to a prayer-meeting. I fear such neglect too often affords an evidence that there is not much praying at home.

March 13th, 1878.

THOS. BURBIDGE.

ANN DRAPER SHAW.—On Aug. 9th, 1877, aged 84, Mrs. A. D. Shaw, of Wilmington, Delaware, United States.

Ann Draper Shaw was born near Trowbridge, England, on Aug. 9th, 1793, being the eldest living daughter of Mr. Joseph Draper, of that place. She belonged to a family many members of which greatly loved the truth. All the near members of her family have gone before her.

In the early part of her life she became a member of the Baptist Chapel, Back Street, Trowbridge, under the ministry of Mr. McFarland, deceased. Her soul was more fully fed, however, by the precious truths so fearlessly and experimentally set forth by those faithful and God-honouring servants of Christ, the deeply-lamented and dearly-beloved William Gadsby and John Warburton.

The precious truths she heard with such delight in her favoured native isle were a continued source of joy and comfort to her in after years, as she was entirely deprived in America of church fellowship for over half a century, a free-will, time-serving, man-pleasing ministry prevailing. A few of God's poor tried precious ones, ministers and people, met at her house; and many were the precious seasons so enjoyed. Many felt the deep life-giving truths which in conversation dropped at times from her lips. For many years the "Gospel Standard" has been a never-failing source of comfort. The discriminating precious truths therein contained she found in no other periodical. She always welcomed it as a dear friend, and as a means of communication with her absent loved ones.

Mrs. Shaw came to America in 1819, where she shortly afterward married the late Mr. John Shaw, a Christian gentleman from Yorkshire, England.

After the death of her husband, in 1866, Mrs. Shaw visited England in 1867; but found few of her old friends, with whom she had associated in church fellowship, living. Her desire was to be buried with her husband in America; and the dear Lord favoured her desire. Fourteen months previous to her death, she was stricken with paralysis of the left side, rendering it necessary for her to be assisted in walking. Her health otherwise was quite good, with not a diseased bodily organ. Her mind was quite clear to the very last moment. Owing to the extremely warm weather, she became gradually prostrated, and passed away, rejoicing in the blessed assurance of a glorious immortality. Of so quiet and retired a life, yet one so truly Christian, it is difficult to write. Such a life of quiet adorning the doctrine of Christ is only fully known in the inner circle of the family. She was a loving mother and wife, and was enabled by God's grace to set before her family an excellent example. Her kindness and sympathies drew her strongly towards the weak and suffering of all classes, to whom she delighted to minister. In other relations of life she was kind and just; looking to the Giver of all life for guidance and strength.

"By grace ye are saved," says the apostle. Her friends can sincerely thank God for the grace bestowed upon her whilst on earth, but more earnestly for the glory in which it has now ended in heaven.

H. BRADBURY.

By the accidental breaking-off of a word during the printing of our last issue, it is feared that several copies are defective in the last line of p. 264. It should read: "Cries his delighted heart."

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1878.

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

LOVE.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another."—Jno. xv. pt. 12.

WE want to write a few words upon the subject at the head of this article,—Love. What is all our religion if destitute of this divine principle? Paul assures us that if a man speaks with the tongues of men and angels, and has not love, he is nothing better, in respect to divine things, than a tinkling cymbal or sounding brass. If he have the gift of prophecy, and have all knowledge, and a miracle-working faith, and the greatest liberality as to bestowing his goods to feed the poor, or even the fortitude to endure the flames of martyrdom, he still is nothing; and all these things shall not profit him the least unless he have the more excellent gift of love.

What solemn, what searching words are these! Have I love? Have I this divine grace Paul writes about? What shall all my profession profit if I am destitute of it? What will it avail that men have thought highly of me? To be praised of men, and condemned of God! To be applauded on earth, and rejected in heaven! To have a name to live, and yet be destitute of the essentials of godliness! Well might one pray, and all the saints join him,

"Descend, celestial Dove;

With Jesus' flock abide;

Give us that best of blessings, love,

Whate'er we want beside."

But now what love is this that we are writing about? Is it a sort of universal charity, a love to all men alike? Nothing of the kind. We believe that Christianity will invariably produce a general goodwill towards our fellow-men, which will act according to Paul's word: "Do good unto all men." It will not contradict what the law says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." No! It will lead a man to speak and act in a gentle, kind, forbearing, tender, just, and generous way towards his fellow-men generally. Christianity does not make men churls or pharisees, cynics or stoics, without sympathy, without tenderness. A Christian man will be a good citizen of his native country, whilst he counts himself a citizen of a better country out of sight. He will feel as a man for his fellow-man, whilst his feelings will be sanctified and governed by grace, and ennobled by

higher aims and views of more glorious things than pertain to this world and this lower creation.

Well, then, this general goodwill, this genial-heartedness to our fellow-men, the ready will and liberal hand to help them where help is requisite, though adorning Christianity, is not the love we are writing about. No! This is of a special kind; it has its peculiar objects; it is love of the brethren. Just as a man naturally has a special affection, love of a peculiar kind, for certain objects, such as near relations and dear children; so the Christian man has a special peculiar love to those and those only who belong to the living family of God: "We love the brethren." (1 Jno. iii. 14; v. 1, 2.)

This love is the new commandment of Christ. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." "These things I command you, that ye love one another." "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." (Jno. xiii. 34; xv. 17, 12.) Now, how plain it is from these words that the *one great relative* commandment of the Lord Jesus given to his people is that of loving one another! And here observe from these texts three things:

1. It is *love to one another*; not to all the world, but to those in Christ.

2. That this love is to be manifested *in all they do* in respect of each other: "*These things I command you, that ye love one another.*"

"And so we do all things in vain,
Unless we do all things in love."

"*These things I command*;" that is, as we understand, from the use of the plural, Christ does not merely bid his people do this thing or that, but what they do must be done in love, or it is done to no purpose, it is not Christian obedience.

3. Then observe *the model*, and *the degree* to be aimed at: "*As I have loved you.*" The pattern is a divine one. This, of course, we cannot attain to; but it is a copy to be aimed after. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Paul also writes: "Be ye therefore imitators of God, as dear children." But how imitators? O! "Walk in love." (Eph. v. 1, 2.)

Now, we must remember one grand gospel rule,—that Christ does not command, as Moses did, from God in the law. In the law we have the commands of God outside us, written on tables of stone; therefore Moses's laws were the handwriting of ordinances which was against us. The law shows what is right, and demands it, but does not give to a sinner what it commands. Therefore it finds him poor, and leaves him destitute; and is only the letter that killeth, being to sinners nothing but condemnation. But now, in the gospel, Christ not only commands, but gives what he commands. "This is my commandment,—love;" and he gives it. Not only commands it *from* us, but commands it *into* us. Christ's commands are not only words, but works, new-creating words; therefore effects necessarily follow them: "The words

that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Once lose sight of this, and we have lost the gospel. "They have taken away," by some legerdemain of legality, "my Lord; and I know not where they have laid him."

"He speaks; obedient to his voice
Our willing hearts must move.
Did he but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love."

But this he does not. He speaks to whom he will: "My sheep hear my voice," and shines on those he loves. John shows us well how the Lord Jesus works in us obedience to his new commandment, and thus fulfils it in us. "Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment, which ye had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which you have heard from the beginning." This evidently is love. But he goes on again: "A new commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you; because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." (1 Jno. ii. 7, 8.) These disciples now had the law of love written in their hearts. Christ loved them, and they loved the Lord Jesus, and all the family of God for Jesus' sake. They were renewed in love. They drank the old wine of love new in the kingdom of heaven.

Love of the brethren, then, is the new command and gift of Christ, wrought in the hearts of his people by his own almighty power. So that where this divine principle of love is not, the man has not yet been brought into subjection to the Lord Jesus.

Love of the brethren is the fruit of the Holy Spirit, a special grace of the Spirit bestowed upon the children of God. "Now the fruit of the Spirit," says Paul, "is love." But the blessed Spirit of God is the Spirit of truth. He is Truth itself, Essential Truth, and the Revealer of it. Thus John says: "And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is Truth." (1 Jno. v. 6.) Mr. Toplady very blessedly addresses the Spirit of God in these words:

"Spirit of light, thrice Holy Dove."

Never let us forget this,—that the Spirit of God is truth, is light. As John says: "God is light," and the Spirit is God; therefore the Spirit is light. Well, then, when the Spirit of God comes as a New-creator, he comes as light. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness" in the old creation, "hath shined," himself shined, "into our hearts."

Here, then, we see the connection between two things,—truth and love; gospel truth and brotherly love. The true love is love in the Spirit, and love in accordance with the truth. It is brotherly love founded upon a brotherly relationship. "Have we not all one Father?" We love as brethren because we are brethren. We love one another because all are united together in a new and eternal relationship. There is only one body, and one Spirit; and it is the members of that one body under the influence, inspiration, and teaching of that one Spirit who love one another.

Love is the Father's image in the children's hearts. "God is love." That is the Father; God the Father is love. Now this does not only mean that God the Father is of a most sweet gracious disposition, but that he is love, and nothing else but love to his own dear children in Christ. To them he is love. He loves them with an eternity of love. He knows not the shadow of a change in his love to them. He loves them in all his dealings with them. His rods and crosses, as well as the kisses of his mouth, are love. He loves if he frowns as well as if he smiles upon them. He rests in his love. His love to them is infinite, like his nature.

"Show us the Father's boundless love."

It is to the elect a river to swim in, deep, full, boundless, endless, never to be passed over. "God is love."

Now, then, his image in his children is the same. They are taught of God to love one another. His seed, which is the principle of the whole, the root of the entire matter, is in and remaineth in them. Their Father's Name is in their foreheads. They have a white stone given them, in which is written the Name of God. They must therefore love.

"Write thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love."

A man, be he ever so flaming a professor, ever so apparently bright a light, who has not a principle of love of this special peculiar nature in him, cannot have heard Christ's speech, be in subjection to him, have the Spirit of God as the Spirit of truth and a New-creator in his heart, or be manifested as one of the dear children of the heavenly Father.

From these things it plainly follows that love is, after all, the grand evidence of our being children of God, born again of the Spirit, and true disciples of Christ. If this evidence is lacking, all the rest are insufficient. Men may boast of their knowledge,

"And whilst they boast their light,
And seem to mount above the stars,
Be plunging into night;"

may trust in their gifts, supposed great experiences, church-membership, compliance with ordinances, various apparently good actions; but all these things, if love is wanting, do not by themselves prove them to be the real people of God.

Love is the grand evidence, both to ourselves and others, that we are of God. "Love is of God" (1 Jno. iv. 7.); and if we truly love we are of God; and if we are of God we must possess this principle of love.

1. Love is the grand evidence to *ourselves*. This John plainly declares. "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." But, then, let us remember it is not a mere passing emotion or temporary affection which he refers to. Not a mere liking, grounded upon natural relationships, or natural qualities of amiability, generosity, and such like in those loved; not an affection dependent upon temporal advan

tages to be derived from them. It is quite possible that a reprobate character may possess all these things. Esau wept over Jacob; Saul's heart entertained an affection for a time towards David; Laban had a great regard for Jacob, and his master for Joseph; but all this was natural affection, grounded upon self-interest and natural principles. It was veiled spiritual enmity.

Then, again, as in the Proverbs, persons may cover hatred with lying lips, profess love, yet hate in their hearts, or not love in truth. Therefore, says Paul, "Let love be without dissimulation." And John writes, "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." The love that alone can truly evidence us to ourselves as the children of God must be a special love to the brethren, acting itself in a special manner towards them, and having varied workings and outward manifestations.

We turn for proof of this to two portions of the Word of God. In the end of Matt. xxv. we have the actings of a true love in the children of God one towards another described. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came to me." They loved Christ, and loved him in his disciples; and this love diligently and continually acted itself in various ways towards them, as their necessities and cases required. When they were in prisons for his sake, these sincere lovers of the brethren were not ashamed of them. In wants they supplied their necessities; though naturally strangers, they readily owned and received them. They had hearts enlarged to love the brethren, and they displayed this love in a way of active sympathy and kindness; a readiness to receive and do them good.

Paul also shows us the character of the love we are writing about in 1 Cor. xiii. He points out how it influences the child of God, both negatively and positively. Its tendency is to keep him from envy, vaunting himself, being puffed up with self-conceit, acting in a forward froward manner, seeking his own things, and from other evil works which invariably arise from the prevalence of a principle of selfishness, the opposite to love. But love is not only negative in its tendencies; it leads to active displays of kindness, forbearance, tenderness, forgiveness, and many other sweet fruits of the Spirit, those fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God. Now, if a man has such a love in him as this, a love to the brethren acting itself in restraining him from ill, for "love worketh no ill to his neighbour," and in constraining him to diligently seek their good, he has indeed a satisfactory evidence of being a child of God.

"For he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love."

2. Love is the grand evidence of the truth of our discipleship to others. "By this," says Christ, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Love, then,

is not only the mark whereby we may know ourselves, but that whereby others may form a judgment concerning us.

By this the Lord's people may judge of us and our profession, as to whether we are evidenced to be sincere characters or not. Paul in this way came to a satisfactory conclusion concerning the good states of the Thessalonian saints. The love of every one of them towards each other abounded. Thus they were evidenced to him as the elect of God. But, mind, he did not see their love by any mere intuition, apart from the manifestations of it in their conduct. There was *the labour* of love; this displayed the love which laboured. Paul knew that the Philippian saints loved him, not because they said so, but because they manifested it in a generous, ready ministering to his wants. James says, "Show me your faith without works; and I will show you my faith by my works." The same may be said of love. By their fruits we are to know them. When persons not only profess love, but walk therein, they act as imitators of God, and prove themselves to be dear children.

"Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline."

"The Christian seeks his brother's good,
Sometimes beyond his own;
And though self-interest may intrude,
It will not work alone."

This is all true. A Christian man is manifested to be such, not by a mere profession, but a loving action becoming the gospel of Christ. When we put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, forbearing one another in love, then we are declared to be the elect of God, holy in Christ, and beloved. Bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, envyings, detractings, needless strifes, and such things, never evidence us to be the children of God to those who have a spiritual discernment. Even where there is the root of the matter, these things hide it; and too often they indicate pretty plainly that the root of the matter is wanting.

By this even others besides the saints of God may form some judgment of us as to whether we are true disciples or not. It has been remarked that, in the early days of the gospel, men said of the disciples of Christ, "See how these Christians love one another!" but that now it might be said, "See how these professing Christians hate one another!" With the introduction of the word *professing*, the sentence may indeed contain some sad truth in it. But Christians, true Christians, *cannot* hate one another. This is impossible. They are born and taught of God; and God does not beget hatred, but love; and we are taught of God, not to hate, but love one another. It is the mark of reprobacy, not grace, to hate the brethren, as such. Cain hated Abel; Abel did not even hate Cain; much less do God's Abels hate one another. No, the mark of discipleship to Christ is love to the brethren. This may be greatly hindered as to its manifestations

by a variety of temporary things, which, acting upon the flesh, cause the children of God even to act as carnal and not truly spiritual persons. But the love is there. Men who judge too superficially may not see it. Their readiness, too, through prejudice, to behold and dwell upon the infirmities of saints and what is contrary to the grace of God in the soul and real Christianity, may blind their eyes. But sooner or later all these hindrances will be removed, and it will be manifested in the face of the universe that the mark of the true children of God is love one to another. It is a false assertion and wrong judgment, even now, to say that Christians hate one another. Then they shall shine forth in love as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. O that now even we might be enabled more to resemble what we shall be then, so that all men might be constrained to recognize in us this grand mark of discipleship, when they see us, by divine grace, laying aside the works of the flesh, and walking in love, as God's dear children!

"CHOOSING RATHER."

HEB. XI. 25-27.

CHOOSING rather deep affliction with the suffering saints of old,
Than a life of ease and splendour, wealth, and luxury untold,
Than the glittering court of Egypt, all her goodly pleasant things,
Than a name renown'd and honour'd in the palace of her kings.

Choosing rather as a wanderer in the desert lands of earth,
To forego all promised greatness in the country of his birth;
Looking for a better country, an unfading heavenly crown;
Courted he no mortal's favour, fear'd no earthly monarch's frown.

Choosing rather, in his wisdom, Israel's God his Guide to be;
He endured as in his presence whom no mortal eye can see;
Greater wealth by far esteeming,—the reproach of Christ below,
Than the vast imperial treasures Pharaoh's lordly court could show.

Choosing rather tribulation; Jesus, may such choice be mine,
Knowing 'tis the only pathway which doth heavenward incline;
As a pilgrim and a stranger may I sojourn here below,
Craving earnestly thy favour, seeking thy deep love to know.

Help me by thy gracious Spirit still the narrow way to choose;
Give me strength in all temptation sin's sweet morsels to refuse;
Make me able at thy bidding to endure reproach and shame,
Willing to relinquish all things for the love of thy dear Name.

Choosing rather all thou wilt than my own rebellious way;
Knowing that my heart too often in forbidden paths would stray;
Trusting that the highest wisdom doth my portion here assign,
And will all life's bitter waters sweeten still with love divine.

Choosing rather thou should'st lead me than to walk in sin and pride;
Knowing thou abidest faithful to thine own, what'er betide; [fast
Knowing thou wilt never leave them; thy strong arm will hold them
Till thou bring them to thy presence,—all their toil and suffering past.

Brighton.

VERA.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON PHIL. I. PT. 27.

“Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.”

(Continued from p. 300.)

II. Now, if all this is true, what is a conversation becoming this gospel? Talk of rules of life, is this a mean, despicable, or imperfect one? Is the law of Moses a better? Let him that truly aims at this high standard say whether he requires a higher one; let him that comes up to it ask for something superior to satisfy his wondrous aspirations; shall those persons be called Antinomians whose rule this in truth is? Antinomians! Contrary to law! Those who have this as their law,—the gospel of Christ! A law that never can be lived up to whilst saints are clogged with a body of sin and death; a law in their spirits which after the new man they would fulfil; a law which they best fulfil when most under the influence of the Spirit of Christ; a law which shall be fulfilled in them and by them when in the everlasting glory; a law so pure, so high, that the angels desire to look into it; a law so glorious that Moses himself vanishes in the beams of it; a law so durable that it lasts to all eternity. This, then, is the believer's rule. Here, O ye children of God, in a few words, is the law of your new obedience: “Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.”

Let us, then, with our rule before us, endeavour to see what is a conversation answerable to such a gospel as that we have endeavoured to describe; a conversation, mind, which this gospel is designed and calculated to bring forth, and which, too, it actually does bring forth, in measure and degree, where it indeed comes, as Paul writes to the Colossians (i. pt. 5, 6): “The word of the truth of the gospel; which is come unto you, as it is in all the world, and bringeth forth fruit, as it doth also in you, since the day ye heard of it, and knew the grace of God in truth.”

1. Now the first thing required is to consider in whom such a conversation or course of life can be found, and, therefore, to whom properly such an exhortation is addressed. It is perfectly clear that, as this conversation is to be in harmony with the gospel, it can only exist where that gospel itself has a being in the heart, as the principle from which it arises. The foundation must be first laid, and this is the truth of the gospel; then the building must rise up in harmony with it. If there is not the proper foundation, the supposed superstructure of Christian conversation is based upon a quicksand; if there is no superstructure at all, then the foundation lies desolate. The gold, silver, and jewels of a Christian course of conduct must be based upon the sapphire or heavenly foundations of God's eternal truth.

We see, then, that the exhortation is to men and women born again of the Spirit of God, who have had fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now. Thus the exhortation harmonizes with the good work begun in them, and all is beautiful and in order. Nothing can be more preposterous, to our judg-

ment, than to address gospel exhortations to men dead in trespasses and sins; to bid them rise and perform that which utterly exceeded the power of Adam in innocence or angels in glory. No creature can rise above the law of its creation; the fish swim in the sea; the beasts rove upon the earth. Man, according to his first creation, was endued with an upright nature, making him capable of keeping the law; a new birth into a higher, holier nature is required to enable a man to entertain and obey the gospel. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." A spiritual being is, then, absolutely required, that a man may obey the gospel, and have a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. Things must be properly distinguished, or all falls into confusion. Heaven and earth will not mingle. The law is earth; the gospel heaven. Those only who are born from above can obey the gospel, and have a conversation in harmony with it.

This is the age of a fleshly kind of Christianity; but flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. A man to see or enter that kingdom must be born again. A system of morality may be stolen from the Bible, and grafted upon the stock of human nature; but it is no more a conversation becoming the gospel than a quantity of fragments carried away from Asia Minor, and heaped together in the British Museum, would be the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The law is for man, as man; he is naturally under it. When by divine teaching he sinks helpless and undone beneath the judgments of God therein, the gospel comes and raises him up to hope. "I raised thee up under the apple tree." Thus submitting to God's judgment in the law, and raised again by the gospel, he receives the sentence of death in himself, that he should not trust in himself, but in God who raises the dead; and then, as a new creature in a new creation, the gospel addresses him, and stirs him up to a sublimer, because spiritual morality, saying, "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

Fleshly views of Christianity work towards popery on the one hand; towards infidelity on the other. Creature-wisdom, strength, and righteousness, the religion of the flesh, is the essence of popery, as indeed of all false religion; and if Christianity was ordained to convert the world, it has most decidedly failed in what was intended. But it never was designed of God, this the Scriptures show us, to do anything of the kind; it was not ordained to save all men, or merely improve human nature. It does what God decreed it should do,—create anew in Christ Jesus as many as God ordained to eternal life. In these it is the power of God unto salvation; in these it produces a new creature. These truly from the heart obey it; these come to Jesus; these own his sceptre; these hear his voice; and to these he says, in the words of Paul, "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

Man's Christianity transgresses God's. His wisdom works

against the gospel. His fleshly Christianity still keeps alive the flesh, and upholds it in its deadly rebellion against God. Thus men, under the pretext of universal charity, and as in the garb of Christ, do against the gospel what the scribes did against the law. As far as in them lies, they make void God's counsels by their traditions. The work and will of God is to stain the pride of all human glory, to pour contempt upon man's wisdom, strength, and righteousness, to lay the sinner in the dust, hopeless and helpless in self, prostrate at the foot of God. Divinely taught, he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. Destitute of righteousness, he needs the righteousness of God; guilty, he needs the atoning work of Jesus; full of enmity in his feelings, he cannot choose God; and helpless, he requires the help of the Holy Spirit to even so much as utter the cry: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Here, in this place, God comes in with his abounding grace. The gospel, in the truth and fulness of it, is as rivers of water in a dry place; turns the wilderness into the garden of the Lord, builds the ruined places, and plants the desolate; makes the beggar rise from his dung-hill, and seats him in the heavenly places of eternal love, and then addresses him as a child of love: "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

2. A conversation becoming the gospel must be *both inwardly and outwardly agreeable thereto*. Man is said to believe with the heart, as well as confess with the mouth. The leper is first himself cleansed, and then the ear, the hand, the foot, are touched with blood and oil; there is an universal consecration to the Lord. In religion, not only the outward man with its actions has to be considered, but the inward man; not only the life, but the heart. The gospel influences, where it comes, the whole man; affections, will, conscience, understanding, the thoughts of the heart, the inward feelings, the words of the mouth, and the actions of the life. Thus Paul writes to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things*." Here is an inward conversation agreeable to the gospel: *think on these things*. But, Paul goes on, "Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, *do*." Here is an outward life, agreeable to the inward one. Thus, in the Song of Solomon, the spouse's teeth are compared to a fruitful flock of sheep. There is both an inward meditating upon and digesting the Word of God, and a fruitfulness proceeding from it. Now, surely, this is a full rule enough. Happy the man who is made conformable to it; for, notice, there is not only a positive declaration of what God's people should give their minds to, but evidently there is an exclusion of that which is contrary, a putting off the old man in these things, as well as putting on the new. Purity excludes impurity; virtue vice; and thus the children of God are also

compared to a flock shorn and coming up from the washing as well as ruminating and fruitful.

8. A conversation becoming the gospel must be a *new conversation*. Old things are here passed away; all things become new. Paul calls it a "newness of life." New principles, new motives, new ends, are all to be found in this new conversation. It is principled by the gospel, moved by love, and its end is the glory of God. A man may do a great many things seemingly very excellent, corresponding, indeed, in some outward respects, even to Christian actions; but these actions may all be principled by legality or false religious opinion. Natural and fleshly affections may be the motive power, and the end self and the creature, in some form or other. A certain fleshly knowing of the gospel, too, may have produced certain moralizing effects, so that all shall seem very Christianlike to those who judge according to the flesh; and yet there may be nothing of a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ in the whole matter. On the portal of all this conversation must be written: Christ did nothing here.

Observe, we are now pointing out the true nature of a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. We say nothing against human morality, benevolence, and social order, so far as this life goes; but this we are sure of, whatever is not really produced by the gospel, in the spirit of it coming into the heart, is not really of God. It is flesh, and not spirit; and, as to divine things and eternal glory, profits nothing. Moreover, we never wish for a moment to forget that in this life the child of God is part flesh and part spirit; therefore in the best will be something of the wood, hay, and stubble mixing in with the gold, silver, and jewels of a truly gospel conversation. But what we want to insist upon is the glory of the rule, the sufficiency, the excellency of it, and to stir up our own heart and that of others to aim at a greater conformity to it. The child of God, as after the Spirit and in his right mind, aims high; but indwelling sin, a tempting devil, and seducing world incessantly hinder and mar his obedience; so that the more he aims, the more he has to groan, being burdened, though amidst his groans he brings forth fruit with patience.

4. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ is a *spiritual conversation*, ruled by the Holy Spirit of God working in the new creature, produced by the almightiness of his power in the child of God's heart. That which is born of the flesh is flesh. The most eminent conversation merely proceeding from human nature is flesh, cannot rise above its origin, and, therefore, profits nothing as to the eternal kingdom, and indeed is corruption. That which is born of the Spirit is something entirely different in its nature;—it is spirit, something not to be found in any man unless born again, and not to be brought forth by any man except as a fruit of the Spirit of Christ dwelling in him. Paul rejects the most specious fleshly holiness worship and service of God in these words: "We are the circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit." And he says again of himself, "Whom I serve with my spirit in

the gospel of his Son." "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," animated by the like spirit of faith. And "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his," as to manifestation.

5. A conversation becoming the gospel is *an imitation of God*: a rule high enough, one should suppose, for anything. "Be ye followers," says Paul, "of God, as dear children." In the original it is, "Be ye *imitators* of God." The dear child has a divine pattern set before his eyes to copy after. And we read that every one who says he abides in Christ ought himself also so to walk as Christ walked. And this imitation extends not only to the outward man, for God is a Spirit, but to the inward also. And, therefore, John says, "Every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." What a rule! What a pattern! What a standard! Even a divine one. The God of truth, justice, holiness, love, sets himself before his children as the pattern for their imitation. And, besides, we may notice that here is no absurdity or mockery. This is not a pattern set before man in his natural state. It is written that the seed of God abideth in the child of God; he is born of God; and, therefore, God says, in harmony with this new birth and new standing in Christ, "Child, follow me."

6. A conversation becoming the gospel is *a heavenly conversation*. Thus Paul writes, contrasting the true child of God's course of life with that of the mere fleshly professor: "Our conversation is in heaven." The original reads: "Our *citizenship* is in heaven;" but our translators have given a perfectly correct sense, as the context shows; for evidently Paul is contrasting the course of life of the true believer with that of the false professor, and points out that the latter walks as a citizen of this world. His course of conduct harmonizes with such a citizenship, a name written in the earth; but the true believer is a citizen of no mean city, a heavenly; and his conversation is agreeable thereto, it is heavenly.

We must here again remind that we are describing what the Christian's conversation is, the more it is made agreeable to the rule of God's gospel; what in the spirit he aims at; but what he is perpetually lamenting his falling short of, through the opposition and infecting nature of indwelling sin. He would do good; but evil is present with him. And this very falling short produces one thing in his conversation peculiarly characteristic of the true child of God,—humility; so that we may say

7. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ is *a walking humbly with God, and lowly before men*. This Paul insists upon; and his words are very full as well as express. In the third of Hebrews he speaks of the Christian's calling as a heavenly one; he also calls it in another place a high calling. Now, this might be supposed to lead to pride, and might give the idea that a proud supercilious carriage would be becoming the gospel of Christ. But Paul, in the fourth of Ephesians, entirely destroys such an

idea. He writes: "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called; with all lowliness." Thus we see that a universal lowliness becomes the Christian; humility before God, lowliness before man. Nothing, in fact, can be more opposed to the gospel than pride. It invariably lays the sinner into the lowest place of self-abasement, whilst free love, mercy, and grace reign in him and over him for ever.

8. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ must be a *free conversation*. It cannot be influenced by a spirit of bondage or servile fear. The gospel, we have seen, is the perfect law of liberty. It begets a race of freed men, not of slaves; of sons, not mere servants. "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." And Paul writes: "We have not received the spirit of bondage,"—that is, the old servile spirit which we inherited from our first parent Adam, "again to fear; but we have received," as in Christ, "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" and we have seen that where the gospel in its truth and fulness is, there the Lord himself is; therefore, there is liberty. "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." (Ps. cxix. 32.) And this free conversation is really produced by love and true godly filial fear; which things are themselves produced by the gospel. The fear of the Lord is Christ's treasure; and Christ imparts it by his Spirit in the gospel; and thus the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes free from the law of sin and death; and the child of God serves God with a child's love and free obedience. The spirit we have naturally as men, in accordance with our first creation as mere servants of God, is a servant's spirit. When the law comes it gives life, as it were, to this legal and servile spirit, which becomes manifested and felt to be a spirit of bondage again to fear,—a very prison-house. Then faith in Christ comes, opening the prison-doors, and the prisoner goes forth in the spirit of liberty, and now serves God as a freedman, not a slave, and possesses that liberty wherewith Christ makes his children free.

9. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ is, therefore, *above the law*, but not contrary to it, as though it was a conversation in opposition to the holy morality contained therein. We have already seen that whatsoever things are pure, holy, just, and upright are in harmony with the gospel. It cannot, therefore, contradict anything that is pure, holy, just, and good in the law. On the contrary, it reinforces these things, but upon higher principles, and in a more eminent degree. Thus the law demands of the creature supreme love to God as the Creator and Benefactor of his creatures; but the gospel equally calls for love; but, then, it speaks about it quite in a different way. It is the new-creating voice of a God and Father in Christ Jesus, calling for the love of a dear child upon the ground of God's eternal love to that child, and producing that which it calls for by an

exceeding greatness of the divine power. Who, then, cannot see that there is an obligation to love in both cases? But the love of a child to a father is certainly different to that of a servant to a master; different in nature, and far higher in degree. So, again, the law says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But the gospel calls for and bestows a special and peculiar love of the brethren one to another, answerable to their new relationship in Jesus Christ, and corresponding to Christ's love to them; and of so high a degree that it becomes this love that one child of God should die for another.

Here, then, we insist, according to our judgment of the truth, that the law, *properly considered as a law of works*, is neither the rule of a believer nor a rule to him. Here some one may cry out, Then you *are* an Antinomian. But wait a minute, and hear us a little further.

We believe that it is of the utmost consequence to the peace of the believer, his acceptable obedience, and glory of God, to keep the law and the gospel distinct and separate, each in its proper place and office. On this account, and because it is the truth, we will face the hard word "Antinomian;" and assert again that the law, as such, and as given on Sinai, is neither the rule nor a rule of the believer. But we do not, therefore, assert that what is set forth in the law is no rule to the believer, and that the gospel gives him liberty to do what the law forbids; to commit idolatry, swear falsely and profanely, break the Sabbath, cheat, be impure, a slanderer and covetous, a drunkard, a glutton, and so on. Far from it. We believe, as we have asserted, that the gospel—but then it is a voice of power, love, and liberty from the lips of Jesus,—insists upon what is pure, and holy, and of good report in the law, and forbids what is forbidden thereby as contrary to God and godliness. It says, but with a different voice, "Children, obey your parents," adding, "in the Lord;" that is, as in Christ, and, therefore, as Christian obedience. It forbids impurity; but, then, it is as enforcing its words with a voice of purity. In fact, the gospel way of enforcing is well represented in Augustine's prayer: "Lord, give what thou commandest; and then command what thou wilt."

Now, then, we see how little the word "Antinomian" really describes the principles or conduct of those who believe that the gospel and not the law of Moses is the law of Christ's house. They, in fact, with Isaiah, look to Christ and receive their law from his mouth, and cry, "The Lord," *i.e.*, the Lord Jesus, "is our Judge; the Lord is our Lawgiver; the Lord is our King; he," King Christ, "will save us." They own Christ as their King; they obey in this the voice of the Father, who, as Moses and Elias vanish away, says, "Hear ye him." They believe that all authority is committed to him in heaven and in earth. They turn away from Sinai unto Zion; from Moses unto Jesus; and whatsoever is pure, holy, just, and of good report, they hear and do, as receiving their law at Christ's mouth. They take their

rules from the entire Bible of God; but it is as coming from the lips of Jesus; and full of grace are his lips. They turn away from the voice of strangers, let them come in ever such holy guise. They are not and do not want to be lawless, but under the law to Christ. The Bible is the man of their counsels; by it they are warned, instructed, governed. It is to them as a light shining in a dark place. They hear its reproofs, they love to be corrected by it, and walk according to it; and in this high sense are no Antinomians.

(To be concluded.)

“OUT OF WEAKNESS WERE MADE STRONG.”

My dear Sister in Jesus,—I fully purposed answering your very kind epistle last week, but suddenly a bad cold came upon me, and I have not yet got over it. Colds make me feel very feeble, and deprive me of energy, both in body and mind. I actually was dreading the services of yesterday, believing I should not be able to get through; and when I saw the people coming into the chapel, even many more than usual, it filled me with fear and trembling. “Ah,” said I to myself, “here they come, many more than usual; and how strange it should turn out so when I am the least able to preach!” O how nervous I got, and wished myself in some secret place right out of the way of the people! I felt I had no power; and even found a difficulty in breathing. However, I have a most wonderful Master, and a most indulgent Father; for, to my surprise, in all my weakness, the Lord brought the savoury meat so fast to my hand, that I hardly knew what to do with it. My soul was full of light, life, and energy; and the word was so sweet to me, that I forgot I was in the body, and became like a giant refreshed with new wine. Yes, I think I had a very striking proof of that sweet testimony: “They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine.”

I found, after the service, the Lord’s family had been much blessed as well as myself; and they said it was clear to them that when I was weak I was strong; and that the more I complained, the better I was enabled to speak out the precious truths of Jesus. My text was in the morning: “It behoved Christ to suffer.” I spoke of how glad the family are of the company of the Saviour, and when favoured with it, by no means want to get rid of him, but say, in unutterable feelings:

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

The two disciples constrained Christ to abide with them. This they never would have done, had not his love first constrained them. Christ had got hold of them, and they were enabled to get hold of him; and they felt sweetly like that dear saint of God who said, “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.” Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, constrained the apostles to

enter into her house and abide there. But though God had opened her heart, only think of how she looked upon herself. Says she, "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come in." She does not say, You can come in, for I am faithful to God, and so will be faithful to you. No, no; she knew too much about her own heart to say that. She knew there was no good thing in the flesh, and that old Adam is not to be trusted a moment.

Had not the Lord opened your heart, my dear sister, you would be a stranger to that wretched old man, rightly called a body of sin and death. You say, "Cold, dark, and dead; the old tale still." Concerning the first, let God be praised for the teaching of the Holy Ghost, to feel and know what cold is; for a dead body is cold enough, but has no sense or feeling of it.

As touching the second, there are thousands in the dark, as you well know; but never do you and I hear them say a word about it. The reason is, they are dead to holy things; a dead body is in darkness, but knows nothing about it. Now only quickened souls know what darkness is, as appears by God's own testimony: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?"

You also say, "*dead.*" It requires life to feel our deadness; and those who do feel their deadness are kept from trusting in anything of their own, or looking to themselves; for it is folly for the saints of God to seek the living among the dead. You will never find God's living child in Adam the first; for this is found only in the last Adam, who is a quickening spirit. The proof of our being alive in Christ is to feel that we are dead in ourselves; for when we have received the sentence of death in ourselves, it is that we should not trust in ourselves, but in the living God.

Your letter calls for much praise to God. Forty years have you been hobbling along in the wilderness; and have been kept from openly disgracing the cause of God and truth. Ah! My sister, with all your doubts and fears, and barren seasons, and heart departures from God, you have much to praise him for; and you cannot forget your debtorship to him. Many boast of their good life and good deeds; but the grace of God has kept you from this, and you give glory to the Lord, in saying with Peter that you have been *kept*. And your very words remind me of the words of the poet:

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

You ask for my poor prayers. Let me rather ask for yours, especially as you have, notwithstanding all your complaints concerning yourself, been favoured, almost directly after putting them to paper for my perusal, to hear the Bridegroom's voice, saying, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." To have these

words whispered in thine ear directly after asking me for my prayers, must have been sweet indeed to thy soul. Jesus knows how to nurse his babes better than the tenderest and best that can be found among his servants.

But, before I am aware of it, my sheet is full, and I have said nothing about the text I named. Well, my sister, I will leave you to preach from it. Read that precious chapter carefully through, and the Lord will make it sweet to thy soul. Why should he not make your heart burn as well as the hearts of the two disciples? Accept thanks for your sweet letter, and also for what the Lord put it into your heart to send me.

Yours in Him,

Pulham St. Mary, July 24th, 1871.

B. T.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

(Continued from p. 305.)

Thus, at the moment I expected all my toils to end, was I plunged, as I supposed, into a new slavery, in comparison of which all my service hitherto had been perfect freedom; and whose horrors, always present to my mind, now rushed on it with tenfold aggravation. I wept very bitterly for some time; and began to think that I must have done something to displease the Lord, that he thus punished me so severely. This filled me with painful reflections on my past conduct. I recollected that on the morning of our arrival at Deptford I had rashly sworn that as soon as we reached London I would spend the day in rambling and sport. My conscience smote me for this unguarded expression. I felt that the Lord was able to disappoint me in all things; and immediately considered my present situation as a judgment of heaven on account of my presumption in swearing. I, therefore, with contrition of heart, acknowledged my transgression to God, and poured out my soul before him with unfeigned repentance; and with earnest supplications I besought him not to abandon me in my distress, nor cast me from his mercy for ever. In a little time my grief, spent with its own violence, began to subside; and after the first confusion of my thoughts was over, I reflected with more calmness on my present condition. I considered that trials and disappointments are sometimes for our good; and I thought God might perhaps have permitted this in order to teach me wisdom and resignation; for he had hitherto shadowed me with the wings of his mercy, and by his invisible but powerful hand brought me the way I knew not. These reflections gave me a little comfort, and I rose at last from the deck with dejection and sorrow in my countenance, yet mixed with some faint hope that the Lord would appear for my deliverance.

Soon afterwards, as my new master was going on shore, he called me to him, and told me to behave myself well, and do the

business of the ship the same as any of the rest of the boys, and that I should fare the better for it; but I made him no answer. I was then asked if I could swim, and I said, "No." However, I was made to go under the deck, and was well watched. The next tide the ship got under way, and soon after arrived at the Mother Bank, Portsmouth; where she waited a few days for some of the West India convoy. While I was here I tried every means I could devise amongst the people of the ship to get me a boat from the shore, as there was none suffered to come alongside of the ship; and their own, whenever it was used, was hoisted in again immediately. A sailor on board took a guinea from me on pretence of getting me a boat; and promised me, time after time, that it was hourly to come off. When he had the watch upon deck I watched also, and looked long enough; but all in vain; I could never see either the boat or my guinea again. And what I thought was still the worst of all, the fellow gave information, as I afterwards found, all the while to the mates, of my intention to go off, if I could in any way do it; but, rogue like, he never told them he had got a guinea from me to procure my escape. However, after we had sailed, and his trick was made known to the ship's crew, I had some satisfaction in seeing him detested and despised by them all for his behaviour to me. I was still in hopes that my old shipmates would not forget their promise to come for me to Portsmouth; and, indeed, at last, but not till the day before we sailed, some of them did come there, and sent me off some oranges, and other tokens of their regard. They also sent me word they would come off to me themselves the next day, or the day after; and a lady also, who lived in Gosport, wrote to me that she would come and take me out of the ship at the same time.

However, the next morning, the 30th of December, the wind being brisk and easterly, the *Æolus* frigate, which was to escort the convoy, made a signal for sailing. All the ships then got up their anchors; and, before any of my friends had an opportunity to come off to my relief, to my inexpressible anguish our ship had got under way. What tumultuous emotions agitated my soul when the convoy got under sail, and I a prisoner on board, now without hope! I kept my swimming eyes upon the land in a state of unutterable grief; not knowing what to do, and despairing how to help myself. While my mind was in this situation, the fleet sailed on, and in one day's time I lost sight of the wished-for land. In the first expressions of my grief I reproached my fate, and wished I had never been born. I was ready to curse the tide that bore us, the gale that wafted my prison, and even the ship that conducted us; and I called on death to relieve me from the horrors I felt and dreaded.

But in the year 1763, kind Providence seemed to appear rather more favourable to me. One of my master's vessels, a Bermudas sloop, about sixty tons burden, was commanded by one Cap-

tain Thomas Farmer, an Englishman, a very alert and active man, who gained my master a great deal of money by his good management in carrying passengers from one island to another; but very often his sailors used to get drunk and run away from the vessel, which hindered him in his business very much. This man had taken a liking to me; and many different times begged of my master to let me go a trip with him as a sailor; but he would tell him that he could not spare me, though the vessel sometimes could not go for want of hands, for sailors were generally very scarce in the island. However, at last, from necessity or force, my master was prevailed on, though very reluctantly, to let me go with this captain; but he gave him great charge to take care that I did not run away, for if I did he would make him pay for me. This being the case, the captain had for some time a sharp eye upon me whenever the vessel anchored; and as soon as she returned, I was sent for on shore again. Thus was I slaving as it were for life, sometimes at one thing, and sometimes at another; so that the captain and I were nearly the most useful men in my master's employment. I also became so useful to the captain on shipboard that, many times, when he used to ask for me to go with him, though it should be but for twenty-four hours, to some of the islands near us, my master would answer that he could not spare me; at which the captain would swear, and would not go the trip, and tell my master I was better to him on board than any three white men he had. They used to behave ill in many respects, particularly in getting drunk; and then they frequently got the boat stove, so as to hinder the vessel from coming back as soon as she might have done. This my master knew very well; and at last, by the captain's constant entreaties, after I had been several times with him, one day to my great joy, told me the captain would not let him rest, and asked whether I would go aboard as a sailor, or stay on shore and mind the stores, for he could not bear any longer to be plagued in this manner. I was very happy at this proposal, for I immediately thought I might in time stand some chance by being on board to get a little money, or possibly make my escape if I should be used ill. I also expected to get better food, and in greater abundance; for I had oftentimes felt much hunger, though my master treated his slaves, as I have observed, uncommonly well. I therefore, without hesitation, answered him, that I would go and be a sailor if he pleased. Accordingly, I was ordered on board directly. Nevertheless, between the vessel and the shore, when she was in port, I had little or no rest, as my master always wished to have me along with him. Indeed, he was a very pleasant gentleman, and but for my expectations on shipboard I should not have thought of leaving him. But the captain liked me also very much, and I was entirely his right-hand man. I did all I could to deserve his favour, and in return I received better treatment from him than any other I believe ever met with in the West Indies in my situation.

After I had been sailing for some time with this captain, at length I endeavoured to try my luck and commence merchant. I had but a very small capital to begin with; for one single half bit, which is equal to threepence in England, made up my whole stock. However, I trusted to the Lord to be with me; and at one of our trips to St. Eustatia, a Dutch island, I bought a glass tumbler with my half bit, and when I came to Montserrat I sold it for a bit, or sixpence.

We made several successive trips to St. Eustatia, which was a general mart for the West Indies, some 20 leagues from Montserrat; and in our next, finding my tumbler so profitable, with this one bit I bought two tumblers more; and when I came back I sold them for two bits, equal to a shilling sterling. When we went again, I bought with these two bits four more of these glasses, which I sold for four bits on our return to Montserrat; and in our next voyage to St. Eustatia, I bought two glasses with one bit, and with the other three I bought a jug of Geneva, nearly about three pints in measure. When we came to Montserrat, I sold the gin for eight bits, and the tumblers for two, so that my capital now amounted in all to a dollar, well husbanded, and acquired in the space of a month or six weeks; when I blessed the Lord that I was so rich. As we sailed to different islands, I laid this money out in various things occasionally, and it used to turn to very good account, especially when we went to Guadaloupe, Grenada, and the rest of the French islands. Thus was I going all about the islands upwards of four years, and ever trading as I went, during which I experienced many instances of ill-usage, and have seen many injuries done to other negroes in our dealings with whites; and, amidst our recreations, when we have been dancing and merry-making, they, without cause, have molested and insulted us.

In process of time I became master of a few pounds, and in a fair way of making more, which my friendly captain knew very well. This occasioned him sometimes to take liberties with me; but whenever he treated me waspishly, I used plainly to tell him my mind, and that I would die before I would be imposed upon as other negroes were, and that to me life had lost its relish when liberty was gone. This I said, although I foresaw my then well-being or future hopes of freedom, humanly speaking, depended on this man. However, as he could not bear the thoughts of my not sailing with him, he always became mild on my threats. I therefore continued with him; and, from my great attention to his orders and his business, I gained him credit, and through his kindness to me I at last procured my liberty.

In the beginning of the year 1766, my master bought another sloop, named the "Nancy," the largest I had ever seen. She was partly laden, and was to proceed to Philadelphia. Our captain had his choice of three, and I was well pleased he chose this, which was the largest; for, from his having a large vessel, I had more room, and could carry a larger quantity of goods with me.

Accordingly, when we had delivered our old vessel, the *Prudence*, and completed the lading of the *Nancy*, having made near three hundred per cent. by four barrels of pork I brought from Charlestown, I laid in as large a cargo as I could, trusting to God's providence to prosper my undertaking. With these views I sailed for Philadelphia. On our passage, when we drew near the land, I was for the first time surprised at the sight of some whales, having never seen any such large sea monsters before. As we sailed by the land, one morning, I saw a puppy whale close by the vessel; it was about the length of a wherry boat, and it followed us all the day till we got within the Capes. We arrived safe and in good time at Philadelphia, and I sold my goods there, chiefly to the Quakers. They always appeared to be very honest and discreet sort of people, and never attempted to impose on me; I therefore liked them, and ever after chose to deal with them in preference to any others.

One Sunday morning, while I was here, as I was going to church, I chanced to pass a meeting-house. The doors being open, and the house full of people, it excited my curiosity to go in. When I entered the house, to my great surprise, I saw a very tall woman standing in the midst of them, speaking in an audible voice something which I could not understand. Having never seen anything of this kind before, I stood and stared about me for some time, wondering at this odd scene. As soon as it was over, I took an opportunity to make inquiry about the place and people, when I was informed they were called Quakers. I particularly asked what that woman I saw in the midst of them had said, but none of them were pleased to satisfy me; so I quitted them. Soon after, as I was returning, I came to a church crowded with people; the churchyard was full likewise, and a number of people were even mounted on ladders, looking in at the windows. I thought this a strange sight, as I had never seen churches, either in England or the West Indies, crowded in this manner before. I therefore made bold to ask some people the meaning of all this, and they told me that Mr. George Whitefield was preaching. I had often heard of this gentleman, and had wished to see and hear him; but I had never before had an opportunity. I now therefore resolved to gratify myself with the sight, and pressed in amidst the multitude.

When I got into the church I saw this godly man exhorting the people with the greatest fervour and earnestness, and sweating as much as I ever did while in slavery on Montserrat beach. I was very much struck and impressed with this; I thought it strange I had never seen divines exert themselves in this manner before, and was no longer at a loss to account for the thin congregations they preached to.

When we had discharged our cargo here and were loaded again, we left this fruitful land once more, and set sail for Montserrat.

My traffic had hitherto succeeded so well with me that I thought, by selling my goods when we arrived at Montserrat, I should have enough to purchase my freedom. But as soon as our vessel arrived there, my master came on board, and gave orders for us to go to St. Eustatia, and discharge our cargo there, and from thence proceed for Georgia. I was much disappointed at this; but thinking, as usual, it was of no use to encounter with the decrees of fate, I submitted without repining, and we went to St. Eustatia. After we had discharged our cargo there we took in a live cargo, as we call a cargo of slaves. Here I sold my goods tolerably well; but, not being able to lay out all my money in this small island to as much advantage as in many other places, I laid out only part, and the remainder I brought away with me neat. We sailed from hence for Georgia, and I was glad when we got there, though I had not much reason to like the place from my last adventure in Savannah; but I longed to get back to Montserrat and procure my freedom, which I expected to be able to purchase when I returned. As soon as we arrived here I waited on my careful doctor, Mr. Brady, to whom I made the most grateful acknowledgments in my power for his former kindness and attention during an illness.

(To be continued.)

BLESSED HIDING.

“It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; but the honour of kings is to search out a matter.”—PROV. XXV. 2.

IF I mistake not, this is clearly asserted. I told you before what is the glory of God. It is not the splendour and majesty of his infinite and excellent perfections, which arise not from anything he doth, but from what he is; but it is the exaltation, manifestation, *ad extra*, or without, of these excellencies. When God is received, believed, known to be such as he declares himself, therein is he glorified; that is his glory. This glory, saith the Holy Ghost, arises from covering a matter.

What matter is this? It is not the glory of God to cover every matter, all things whatever; yea, it is his glory to “bring to light the hidden things of darkness.” The manifestation of his own works declares his glory. (Ps. xix. 1.) So doth the manifestation of the good works of his people. (Matt. v. 16.) It is, then, things of some peculiar kind that are here intended. The following opposition discovers this: “It is the glory of kings to find out a matter.” What matter is it that is the glory of kings to find out? Is it not faults and offences against the law? Is it not the glory of magistrates to find out transgressions, that the transgressors may be punished? This is the glory of magistrates, to inquire, find out, and punish offences and transgressions of the law. It is, then, in answer hereunto, a sinful thing, sin itself, that is the matter or thing which it is the glory of God to cover.

But what is it to cover a sinful matter? It is that which is opposed to the magistrates finding it out; what that is we have a full description of in Job xxix. 16, 17: "The cause I knew not I searched out, and brake the jaws of the wicked." It is to make judicial inquisition after, to find out hidden transgression, that the offenders may be brought to condign punishment. So that God's concealing a matter is his not searching, with an intention of punishment, into sins and sinners, to make the latter naked to the stroke of the law. It is his hiding of sin as it exposes sinners to the condemning power of the law.

The word here used is the same with that of David in Ps. xxxii. 1: "Blessed is the man whose sin is covered." And in sundry other places is it used to the same purpose; which is expressed in Micah vii. 17, by "casting all our sins into the bottom of the sea." Hence are our sins in the New Testament said to be forgiven. The word signifies properly "to remove," or "dismiss," to send or remove our sins out of sight; the same in substance with that which is here called "to cover." And so is the word used in another business in Matt. xxiii. 23: "You have omitted the weightier things of the law;" that is, you have laid them aside, as it were, out of sight, taking no care of them.

Now, the bottom of all these expressions of removing, hiding, covering, and concealing sin, which gives life and significancy to them, making them import forgiveness of sin, is the allusion that is in them to the mercy-seat under the law. The making and use of it we have in Ex. xxv. 17, 18. It was a plate of pure gold lying on the ark, called a "covering." In the ark was the law written on tables of stone. Over the mercy-seat, between the cherubims, was the oracle, representing the presence of God; by which the Holy Ghost does signify that the mercy-seat was to cover the law and the condemning power of it, as it were, from the eye of God's justice, that we be not consumed. Hence is God said to cover sin, because by the mercy-seat he hides that which is the strength and power of sin, as to its guilt and tendency unto punishment. Christ alone is that Mercy-seat, by whom sin and the law, from whence sin hath its rigour, are hidden.

PRAYER is not a smooth expression or a well-contrived form of words; not the product of a ready memory, or of a rich invention, exerting itself in the performance. These may draw a neat picture of it, but still the life is wanting.—*Leighton.*

To entertain spiritual truths in the spirit, and to be subjected to their law, and formed over to their mould, complexion, and constitution, this, I think, were religion indeed. But, for my own part, I view these things at such a distance, that sometimes I even doubt whether there be any more than notion left; or if more, what it is that holds up any connection betwixt my confused heart and that spiritual interest. I am carried up and down by him as a lighted candle in a windy place, and its flame even ready almost to flee from the wick, were it not preserved by the hollow of his hand.—*Dorney.*

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

(Continued from p. 537, 1877.)

ix. I now come to consider the blessed consequences of Christ's coming, which are three:

1. The resurrection of the saints which are fallen asleep: "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

2. The triumphal ascent of both (the living and sleeping saints together) into the clouds: "We which are alive shall be caught up together with them in the clouds."

3. The blessed meeting of all the saints together with Jesus Christ, their Lord and Bridegroom, who comes from the seat of the blessed, the third heaven, to meet them. "To meet the Lord in the air."

The first consequence is the resurrection of the saints: "The dead in Christ shall rise first." The apostle supposes the query, "Some man will say, How are the dead raised? And with what body do they come?" (1 Cor. xv. 35.) A query neither frivolous nor impertinent; and therefore himself, by the Spirit, thinks it worth solving. He gives us to understand that the saints shall rise with the very same bodies they lie down with in the graves. It is expressed under the metaphor of seed; God giveth it a body, &c., and to every seed his own body; his own body not specifically only, but radically; *i. e.*, not merely a like body, but the same body, its own proper body, no ways alienated, or another substituted for it. Holy Job, even in the depth of distress, believed and preached the very same doctrine long before: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body," that is, after worms have digged through my skin to consume my flesh; "yet in my flesh I shall see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," &c. (Job xix. 26, 27.)

To this if it be objected that in 1 Cor. xv. 37, under the metaphor of seed, he tells the incredulous fool that cannot believe this article of faith, the resurrection, "Thou sowest not that body which shall be;" not that body which shall be. It seems, then, the body shall be another thing from that which is now sown. Yea, and indeed so it shall be, in respect of quality, though not of kind. There is diversity in one and the selfsame body; as it is in the metaphorical, so it shall be with the natural; the grain is sown mean and bare, but it springs after another manner, beautiful and green; yet the same grain. The body likewise is the same, when it riseth as it was sown, for substance, parts, members, and organs; but not the same for beauty and excellent properties. The infant shall rise a man of perfect age; the lame shall rise sound; the blind seeing; the deaf shall hear; the dumb able to speak. The resurrection shall take away all defects and excesses of nature. The deformities of the saints shall not be raised together with their bodies. Yea, deformities shall be turned into comelinesses and beauties; yet all these alterations

do no more change or destroy the individuality of person than youth makes the person individually different from what it was in infancy, or old age from what it was in youth. Or, as it was with those persons which Christ healed in the days of his flesh here; they were the same persons after cure as they were before; cure makes not another individual man of a cripple, nor health of the sick. So shall it be in the resurrection. The bodies of the saints (for of them only I speak, not at all of the wicked) shall be the same for substance and matter, but wonderfully changed for form and supernatural endowments and qualities.

This brings me to the particular description of the resurrection in respect of admirable and transcendent properties, of which our apostle hath instanced four.

First, it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. "It is sown in corruption." Behold, the body is corruptible, while it liveth; a nursery of such seeds and principles as will inevitably destroy itself; an hospital of all manner of diseases; but when it is dead, it is corruption itself. The fondest relation who laid it in the bosom cannot now endure it in the sight. "Give me a burying-place," said Abraham of his beloved Sarah, "that I may bury my dead out of my sight." (Gen. xxiii. 4.) It is now the picture of ghastly loathsomeness. But O how unlike itself shall it be in the resurrection! "It is raised in incorruption." When Christ hath fetched the body out of the grave, and set it upon its feet again, there shall not be the least savour of mortality upon it; as there was no smell of fire upon the three children's raiment when they came forth from the fiery furnace. (Dan. iii. 27.) All the principles of corruption and mortality shall be put off, and left with the grave-clothes in the sepulchre. It shall be a spiritual body, flesh immortalized, subject to no more corruption than the soul itself. There shall be no more death, nor fear of death, nor possibility of death for ever.

"It is sown in dishonour." As soon as the soul is enlarged from its imprisonment, the body is presently stripped of all its robes and honourable attire, and wrapped up in a poor shroud of no other use than to hide deformity; and as a mean contemptible thing, it is buried underground. But, be the burial never so ignoble, the resurrection of it shall be glorious. (Ps. lxxix. 2.) "It is raised in glory." We may truly say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these children of the resurrection. There shall be a glory put upon the body which shall outshine the sun in its brightest effulgency.

The soul, which is the candle of the Lord, is here for a time put into a dark lantern of the body; but then the glorified soul being returned into its ancient habitation, and become a vessel replenished with immortal and unmixed light, will transmit such beams of glory into the refined body that it shall shine like an angel of light. The body of the poorest Lazarus that ever lay on the dunghill shall be clothed with such rays of beauty as will transcend the most absolute beauty ever mortal eye beheld. The

soul shall possess an external irradiation. As Jesus Christ is the brightness of the Father's glory, so shall the saints at his coming (in their proportion) be the brightness of Christ's glory. The beams of that glory which shall shine forth from the glorified person of their Redeemer shall reflect such a glittering splendour upon the saints in the resurrection that they shall be glorious even to admiration. They shall be admired by the very angels, by one another, by themselves also; they shall wonder to behold this strange change wrought upon themselves.

UNION AND COMMUNION.

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand."—2 KI. x. 15.

DEAR saint of God, in Jesus fair,
 Although no words thy sin can tell,
 Come, let my heart with thine compare,
 That we in unity may dwell.

Art thou a sinner, plagued with sin,
 Tormented sore by unbelief?
 And are the things that rage within
 A fruitful source of daily grief?

Dost thou thy righteousness abhor,
 And for a spotless covering flee
 To Him who magnified the law,
 That he might set the sinner free?

Dost thou, though faintly, love the Lamb,
 And prize the wonders of his cross?
 And, for thy love to his sweet Name,
 Esteem all else as worthless dross?

Art thou, by free and sovereign grace,
 Willing to hang on Christ alone?
 Dost thou in earnest seek his face,
 Yet mourn a heart as hard as stone?

Art thou by tribulation toss'd,
 Faint, yet pursuing, day by day?
 Often afraid thy hope is lost,
 Though safely holding on thy way?

Dost thou my joy with joy partake?
 Dost thou my grief and sorrow share?
 And dost thou love, for Jesus' sake,
 Each soul that does his image bear?

Dear saint of God, 'tis love imparts
 The glad return which love demands;
 A union sweet cements our *hearts*;
 Now let communion join our *hands*.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

My dear Brother,—I engaged when last with you to preach at Five Ash Down on Thursday week; but an event took place last night after I had finished at chapel which renders it absolutely necessary for me to be at my church meeting on the night I intended to preach to you. The only thing I can think of as a remedy is for me to come from Lewes on the Wednesday morning, that is Oct. 3rd, and endeavour to preach at Five Ash the same night, and come to town on the Thursday morning. How I shall be able to preach on four days running I know not; but the Lord, whom I wish to serve, can strengthen me in body and in mind. I am exceedingly low and harassed, and sometimes think my rugged path will kill me outright. O for more faith and patience!

Reading this morning Ps. xvii., and not knowing how to pray, I found some little assistance in several passages, such as ver. 5: “Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;” and ver. 8: “Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.” I thought David and myself were travellers together. He wanted to be held up, feeling his weakness; so do I. He wanted to walk in God’s paths; so do I. He knew his feet would slip unless he was held up by omnipotent arms; so do I. The eye is preserved with great care; and does the Lord care for me? Does he exercise his power, wisdom, love, and grace continually over and towards me? Then I am safe anchored, though in a stormy sea. Men and devils are the Lord’s tools; he works with them and by them as he pleases. As gold is purified by fire, so I shall *eventually* be no loser by the hot fires I am now passing through. Now we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; therefore we may boldly say, “I will not fear.”

The delay in sending my letter, which was forgotten to be posted yesterday, affords time for an extract which may be useful to my friend:

“Isa. lvii. 16. God allegeth the reason why he contended with a poor soul of his. He gives an account of it in ver. 17. You will see where the quarrel began. ‘For the iniquity of his covetousness I was wroth;’ that is, for some inordinate affection, which we call concupiscence. He mentions not a gross act of sin committed, so much as some lust harboured, for which he began to be angry; and to show the effects of his anger in smiting him, haply with some outward cross first: ‘I was wroth, and smote him.’ And when that did no good, God began to be more angry, and to hide himself: ‘I hid my face.’ And this he speaks of inward affliction, which he calleth, ver. 16, contending with the soul, and so far leaving it as that the spirit was ready to fail. It came to inward affliction in the end; and he further intimates the cause of all this: ‘He went on frowardly in the way of his

heart.' When lighter and outward strokes will not take us off, God leaves and deserts our spirits and wounds them. And the reason is, for what course else should God take in this case? For either he must give him up to hardness of heart, and leave him to his stubbornness, and so he should have lost his child; but that God is resolved he will not do: 'I will heal him,' saith he, ver. 18. When, therefore, the heart remains stubborn under other strokes, he hath no way left in his ordinary course and progress but to lay strokes upon his spirit, and wound that. And this yoke is like to break and tame him, if any; for this he cannot bear."—*Goodwin's "Child of Light."*

I took a dose of these strong bitters this morning, and found them to do me good; therefore send a dose to my friend Mannington. Mrs. M. may like a little also. The rest when I come.

Ever yours,

HENRY FOWLER.

London, Sept. 25th and 26th, 1832.

My very dear Friend in the Lord,—I once more attempt to write, in answer to your kind letter. It was truly consoling to my mind to hear from you in our dearest Lord. I do trust his Name is sweeter, at times, to my soul than honey or the honeycomb.

"O! What is honour, wealth, or mirth,"

compared to having our souls established in some sweet hope of seeing his blessed face in peace?

I am very much taken up with reading the psalms. I see so much in them of my soul's feelings and prayers, and of God's delivering mercies. These are the very things which I trust the blessed Spirit still makes my soul to crave and long after. I have my trials, both in body and mind, and sometimes much darkness and many fears; but, blessed be his dear Name, I trust I can say, "Having obtained help of God, I continue to this moment." I cannot but weep sometimes over the Lord's goodness and mercy, in ever snatching my poor soul from hell. He might have left me to perish in my sins, and to glory in my shame, and that which would have led to my own destruction; but everlasting is his love to poor sinners.

My dear friend, your person and name will ever be dear to me, while I remain in this earthly tabernacle, as I received the sweet truth from your lips; and when I saw that the Lord had enabled you to decide to become the editor of the "Gospel Standard," my soul rejoiced within me. I do trust the dear Lord will pour out a spirit of prayer and supplication on the hearts of his own people for you, for I am quite sure that nothing can be carried on aright without his power and blessing. I named you to Mr. and Mrs. P., who wished me in return to kindly remember them to you. I asked Mr. P. if he would drop you a line, but he was afraid the task would be too much for him, as he suffers so much. I am sure the church, one and all, would be very thankful to see and hear you, should you come into these parts in the summer.

You will be happy to hear that our little cause at Ludgershall is much better attended than it used to be. The Lord has been good in bringing some of his dear people to reside there. Mr. Y. and Miss V., who appear truly gracious persons, are there, and manifest much interest in the cause.

I fear, my dear friend, that I shall tire you with my poor writing; but I must just mention how the Lord lately preserved my life, when exposed to danger. A few weeks ago I was on duty in the next parish, about 11 p.m. on a dark night. I had my night lamp, when all of a sudden some miscreant aimed a stone very violently at my head. Had I been struck, probably I should have been killed; but the stone passed near my head, and spent itself against a barn. I could not help weeping before God, on my return home, for his goodness and mercy.

My love to dear Mrs. H. and family, while I remain,
Yours in the Bonds of Love,

C. SMITH.

Collingbourn Ducis, Marlborough, April 18th, 1878.

My dear Friend,—I find from Mr. Foster that you express a desire to hear from me; and I am sure, if it is any gratification to you, I am pleased you should do so. But I am a very poor letter writer, and have so little to say upon the best things, that I have long felt it a great burden, I may say trial, to take a pen in my hand. I have often in my *mind* written letters to dear Christian friends, when I have had a little softness of heart from the Lord; but, alas! the dew is soon dried up in my soul, and wretchedness and barrenness succeed before I can commit a word to paper. Added to this, I am afflicted with a stiffness in my right shoulder and hand, so that I cannot at all times hold a pen.

I was sorry to hear from Mr. Foster that you had kept your bed from indisposition. I need not say to you, my dear Mrs. P., that the Lord no doubt is loosening the pins of your tabernacle, as well as mine, in order that we may consider how very near our end may be. I trust, to both of us, it is in much love and mercy, and that he will prepare our hearts to see so great, so merciful a High Priest and glorious a Saviour face to face, and that we may hear his blessed voice saying, "Come up higher, friend." But, alas! The longer I am in the way, and the older I become, the more sin, backslidings, and shortcomings seem to gain in strength and amount; and I can only say, "Wretched creature that I am! I would do good, but evil is ever present with me."

I had, a little time since, a sweet view of the doctrine of the resurrection, and felt it would not be to me only in word, but that I should taste of its inestimable benefits. How sweetly Newton speaks of it, under the emblem of a grain of corn! I have, at times, a great horror of the body undergoing the change in the tomb, but I hope I had such a blessed feeling when on my knees the other morning that my mind was at rest, satisfied that, with-

out its undergoing the corruption like the grain, it would not rise a glorious body fit for the mansions prepared by the Lord for those who were to be his acknowledged heritage. I have often felt astonished I had not been left in my sins, and can in truth say I am as "a brand plucked from the burning."

O! My dear friend, in this time state we cannot expect to meet again, but may we have our loins girded, and lamps burning, and not be ashamed at his appearing. What a day it will be! And how we shall, I trust, rejoice to see "the Man of sorrows" on his throne, all glorious! And to feel he had been to us a Brother born for adversity. I think you and I know something of this blessed Brother (so given) in our many troubles and trials, when all other refuges failed us. Our trials may have been different; but I believe each has known deep ones, and has been enabled to say, from the very depth of the heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth I desire so much as thee."

I have had a dark cloud hanging over me lately. I am obliged to leave my present abode, and had the promise of the adjoining small house, which would have been very convenient; and I thought the Lord was dealing very sweetly with me. However, a neighbour over-reached me. I then took another, and went into the country for five weeks; and found on my return the man had had a good offer, and he sold it. However, after much searching, I found another, into which I move on Wednesday. No doubt I shall see God's hand in it yet, because I had so much prayer to be directed in this step, and had felt the Lord had undertaken for me. I was, I am ashamed to say, very rebellious. I thought the Lord was hard upon me, to permit an ungodly person to go into the adjoining house, and not to think upon me; but I submit, knowing he doeth all things well. My address will be 21, Park Street, Stoke.

Will you tell Mr. Foster, if he calls, that I received his letter, and hope to reply to it ere long.

I hope the friends call to see you. Conversation on the things of God between Christian friends is very desirable; and we are told that "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard; and a book of remembrance was written before him." How much I admire the dear Lord's conversation with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and their observation to each other: "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" And do not our hearts occasionally burn within us when he condescends to warm our hearts, and when he drops into them a word of consolation, loving-kindness, and mercy. Sweet lovely communications! How I long for one of those days of the Son of man! Then all other things are as dung and dross compared to being favoured with a smile.

My hand forbids my writing more. Christian love to those I love in the Lord. And now, my dear friend, I will close, trusting

you will find the Lord nigh at hand in the needed times, and the everlasting arms underneath.

Ever your affectionate Friend,
1, Portland Buildings, Stoke, Devonport. F. M. ISBELL.

My dear Brother,—Your welcome letter came safely to hand, and very thankful I was to see your writing once more. I did indeed think it a long time since I heard from my dear elder brother; but well understood the cause. Brother Thomas told me in his letter how it had pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon you; but I am so rejoiced to hear that through tender mercy it has pleased him thus far to restore you to health again, and that he has blessed the affliction to the good of your precious immortal soul. He was pleased to sit as a Refiner. He knew exactly the heat required, and how to sustain and support under every pain. Jesus softens all the sorrows and griefs of his poor tried tempest-tossed children, and drops in the balm of Gilead just at the time most needed. He gives the earnest cry, then satisfies in his own good time the longing, panting, groaning desires of his needy ones.

O! My dear brother, I have known something about sorrow of heart since I last heard from or wrote to you; but I can say, with you in your letter, I shall have cause to bless and praise the dear Lord for all his sparing and delivering mercies as long as life shall last. Satan was permitted to harass and distress me, and almost to devour, had not everlasting love been made manifest, and the blessed Saviour's words that he spake unto Peter been fulfilled: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Never can I bless and praise his dear Name enough for all his boundless love to me.

"I look'd for hell; he brought me *heaven*;"
as dear Hart writes.

And now, my dear brother, I can truly say it is above everything else my earnest desire to love him and serve him, and to spend and be spent to the honour and glory of his dear Name. Everything has mercy, undeserved mercy in it to me, when I can but creep to the blessed feet of Jesus, and see there, by faith, my dear Saviour in all. Nothing here below is a trouble when the eye of faith is directed heavenward, and the blessed Sun of righteousness shines into my poor dark cold heart. Then I can sing loudly,

"My Jesus has done all things well."

One day in his courts, when he is present to heal, is better than a thousand spent elsewhere.

O for that blest hour when we shall be permitted to bow before him in a better and far happier world! There will be no sorrow or sin there. Here we are so much cumbered and distressed with such an evil heart, full of all uncleannesses and sinful thoughts and vain desires. However much we strive against them, we cannot quell or drive them out. But we do hate and abhor

them, and would do anything rather than sin against him who suffered in our room and stead.

I must come to a conclusion, hoping my dear brother is now quite well, and rejoicing in the Lord; walking humbly and meekly before him. Seeing how great mercy he has bestowed upon you in your latter days, you will no doubt say, with one of old, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

My dear brother, accept the very best love of us all, and our kind sympathies with you in all your affliction.

Your affectionate Sister, E. B.
Clifton Villa, Coburg, Australia, Nov. 5th, 1878.

When I received your former epistle, I was daily expecting to reach my heavenly Father's home, there being an accumulation of water on the chest, which the doctor thought, as I did myself, would terminate in my dissolution. But it has taken a different course, and fallen into the lower part of my legs; so that my days are a little prolonged beyond what I thought. But all is ordered well. The Lord is very gracious to a poor worm, and keeps my mind stayed on himself in perfect peace.

Well might the prophet exclaim, "Who is a God like unto thee?" &c. O! Friend Rosling, there is none to be compared to the God of Israel, who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother. This God is my God, and I will praise him in time; and to all eternity hope to do the same.

Our sister Willy is gone home a little before us; but all the Lord's family are gathered according to the wise appointment of a covenant God into the heavenly garner at the appointed time. It is nearly fifty years since our acquaintance began, when she came into Herts to keep her uncle's house. In fact, when I look around, where are all my former companions? Most are numbered with the dead; and my time cannot be long. O happy period! since, as the poet saith,

"Death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin."

And that is not all; for it is the entrance to eternal life to the immortal spirits of all who believe on the Son of God.

I must now draw to a conclusion, for my sight begins to fail. Give my Christian love and regards to Mr. and Mrs. B. Cort, likewise to Mr. James Cort, who was always kind when I came to Leicester; likewise to Mr. Chamberlain. I cannot say, with the patriarch, "Joseph is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die;" for I have not been out of the house for these nine months. I sometimes go round my little garden.

And now may the blessing of Abraham be my friend's portion in life or death, and to all eternity. So prays

Thy Brother,
THOS. OXENHAM.

Guildford, July 23rd, 1847.

Dear Sir,—The Lord was pleased to take to himself my dear kind husband on the 13th of August. I know you will rejoice

to hear of his peaceful dismissal from a world of sin and sorrow. He was taken ill on the 25th of March with a complaint in the kidneys, and never was able to get down stairs after that day. But he only kept his bed a fortnight.

During the first two months his mind was kept in solid peace; after which he had, as is common to many of the Lord's family, a short conflict to pass through. His great desire to depart brought a fear that he should rebel, which our never-tiring foe took advantage of, as far as he was permitted.

The last 18 hours was glory begun below. He said his communion with Jesus was so great that he scarcely knew if he was in the body or not. He was sensible to the last moment. Almost his last words were, "Jesus says, Depart in peace;" and "The Lord, he is God. I will bless him; I will thank him; I will adore him; I will praise him;" and so fell asleep in Jesus.

Having perused some of your letters to my kind partner with interest, this has induced me to give you a few particulars of your esteemed friend, though I almost despair of its reaching you, as I have so much forgotten your address. I am out of health, though thankful to say I had strength to attend the dear invalid to the last moment.

Yours respectfully,

Sept. 8th, 1848.

E. OXENHAM.

My beloved Son,—Mercy and peace from God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, One God in covenant love, bonds that can never be severed, be with thee.

When I last parted with you, it was somewhat doubtful whether I should be able on next Lord's day to attend to those duties in the house of prayer which I have from time to time been engaged in. I say it seemed doubtful, on account of the state of my health, but now, through mercy, I trust I shall be able to hold the morning service, as has been the case on other occasions when you have been absent. Therefore, by this you will feel at liberty to go your journey to hear the gospel.

The preaching of the glorious gospel of the Son of God is intended to gather in the elect of God; to them only it comes with power, in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance, and is an evidence that such souls are not appointed to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who laid down his life for his sheep. This was the redemption price, paid to redeem them, and ransom their souls out of the hands of law, divine wrath, the justice of God, and from everlasting burnings. O the joys of salvation! O the wisdom that shines in such a stupendous contrivance! Well may we wonder, and admire the love that devised such a work, a work which will be the admiration of men and angels to all eternity; who will join in singing praises to the King immortal, invisible, the only wise God, and our Saviour; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

How great, too, is the mercy that you and I should share in so great a benefit, who are so undeserving! 'Tis all of grace.

“The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it.”

“Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.”

Great grace be with you. So prays

Your affectionate Father,

9, Leicester Road, Loughborough,

HENRY HACK.

Jan. 4th, 1878.

[The writer of the above letter was a hearer of that respected minister of God, the late Mr. Jos. Chamberlain. For many years, in connection with his son Richard, a member of Zion Chapel, Leicester, he has conducted the services at the little place of truth in Loughborough. The letter was written in his 82nd year. We esteem both father and son as spiritual, sober-minded, God-fearing men.

My dear Friend,—It will be 25 years ago next month since I first preached in this very large city. What changes have taken place! And what great changes may take place in the next 25! How many are numbered with the dead, who never lived to see the years we have. This world cannot afford much real happiness. Sin in ourselves, and sin in those connected with us, is sure to bring trouble.

I spoke at Maidstone on Thursday evening, and on Friday morning I met with Mr. and Mrs. Lepine, who told me that they had heard me the previous evening, which I was not aware of. He said that he was born near Maidstone, and had come to try the effects of his native air. He did not try to prove that free will was right, and free grace wrong. If death stares a man in the face, it is enough to make him think whether his religion will really stand the fire. How very important that religion appears to me, that will do to die by! We must die, when our time comes, fit or unfit. Those who wish to be careless about their evidences of grace seem to be in a most awful state; but they cannot quicken nor keep alive their own souls, nor can they lay eternal things with weight upon their minds. How we know from experience that God must begin the work in our souls, and must carry it on. I would desire to bless God for the testimonies that I have had that I have another spirit; but I have doubts and questionings from various causes, and feel grateful to have the work renewed. Christ has been precious to me, at times; and O that I could love him more, and exalt his Name more highly! I find so very much opposed to everything good. It is a conflict, and must be so. Paul had to groan through sin, with all his love, and faith, and blessed fruits of the Spirit. And he had to say respecting preaching, “Who is sufficient for these things?” If he said so, what may I say, so vile, sinful, and unworthy as I am? In my right mind, I wish to have that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, whatever it may cost me; but I know that we do not like to part from right-hand sins and right-eye sins. I

wish to be blessed with godly sincerity; and I like to find those who profess to love and fear God saying, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

We have a great enemy in Satan; and the heart is very deceitful. What a mercy that the Lord keeps the feet of his saints! And ministers need keeping, particularly from errors in doctrine and in practice. If Paul said, "Pray for us," we may say indeed the same words, and desire those persons to be answered who do really pray for us; for we continually need wisdom to teach us what to say and what to do.

I preached four times in Kent last week, and I hope not in vain. I am going to Croydon and Bromley, if the Lord will, this week. I have been encouraged with hearers. Yesterday was fine, and we had two large congregations. Some spoke of hearing in the morning with savour and power. Ministers meet with encouragements as well as castings down. I have had many invitations. If I were to accept all, I should not be much at Abingdon. I feel very thankful to find life and power in my own soul, and to find life and power attending the Word to the souls of others. Good wives make good husbands; good servants good masters; and good hearers draw out things profitable from ministers; for the dead children cannot draw out the breast.

Friend Philpot wants me to baptize for him at Stamford and Oakham in August. He hopes to supply at Gower Street in July. J. K. came on Saturday afternoon. He was hearing me twice yesterday. Many shook hands with him, who had read so many of his pieces in the "G. S.," but had never seen him. I shall be glad to know how the friends are. I hope that Mr. Doe was blessed yesterday, and that Mr. Tanner will be next Lord's day. I shall be glad to hear that Mrs. Horn is better. I hope that her affliction is sanctified. Mr. Henry Birch, of Cranbrook, who left the Church of England in 1805, preached on May 10th, and died on the 31st. He died a very happy death. The Lord much favoured him. If he had lived a few days longer he would have been 77. He was curate to Cecil, who wrote the Life of Newton; and afterwards he was a very intimate friend of Huntington. His last text was on wisdom,—Job xxviii. 12, &c. He was at Oxford with the bishop of Exeter.

Give my love to Friend Doe, and any inquiring friends. Remember me kindly to your wife.

Yours affectionately,

WM. TIPTAFT.

26, Cardington Street, Hampstead Road, June 15th, 1857.

My dear Ernest,—Since your return home I have many times thought of writing to you; but, after much consideration, I concluded to give up all idea of doing so. When, however, aunt said you would like a letter, I determined at once to comply with your request. To write to you on worldly matters would be a

mockery, and when I think of the solemn position you are in, I feel so entirely unfit to write anything to you upon soul matters, fearing sometimes I may be a castaway. God knows I have no wish to deceive any one; and though I have at times a hope in the mercy of the Lord, yet I am afraid to express it, for fear it should not be real.

I am very glad to hear you are not in a calm unconcerned state, like those whom the Lord never designs to save. He has put a cry into your soul, which is what he does for all his children; and, in his own time, he will answer your prayers, but perhaps not until you are about to die. Many of God's people are in great darkness, and have many fears, but before they depart out of this world the Lord so blesses them, and gives them such an assurance of their interest, that they are enabled to say,

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

You are now, dear Ernest, in that very solemn spot where none can help you but the Lord; and I believe he will. He never said to the seed of Jacob, “Seek ye me in vain.” The Bible is full of promises to encourage such as you. Think of that one which says, “The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.” It comes down so very low. If we have only a good hope through grace, we are as safe as those who are already in glory. And do you not know the hymn which says:

“Ye lambs of Christ's fold, ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold on life by his death;
Who fain would believe him, and in your best room
Would gladly receive him; but fear to presume.

“Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave;
You never shall perish if Jesus can save.

“Blest soul that can say, Christ only I seek;
Wait for him alway; be constant, though weak;
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long;
And to him the weakest is dear as the strong.”

I hope the Lord will give you much nearness in prayer to him. “The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers.” May you be enabled to pour out your wants before him, and may you prove what David did when he says, “I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.”

There is no likelihood of my ever seeing you again in this world; *but ere long I may be called to die. Life is so uncertain, and only as a vapour, which soon vanisheth away. Of how little importance is an earthly separation, compared with an eternal one! God grant we may meet with those around the throne in glory, and be of that happy number to whom it will be said, “Come,*

ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." Then

"Loudest of the crowd we'll sing,
Whilst heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

I must now conclude, hoping the Lord will soon appear for you, and when death comes, give you a glorious entrance into his heavenly kingdom. There is another promise I must tell you of: "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them."

With much Love, believe me,

Your affectionate Cousin,

Upavon, Dec., 1875.

K. SMITH.

[The young man to whom this letter was written was at the time on the borders of eternity, and departed this life a month after its receipt. The writer was a godly gracious female, well known to friend Topp, who sent us the letter. According to his testimony, she was a sincere lover of Zion and good men. Since writing it she too has passed within the veil.]

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

W. P. PARKER.—On December 26th, 1871, aged 20, W. P. Parker, at Eriswell, Suffolk.

Before making any remarks of my own, I will give what Mrs. Parker has written respecting her dear child. It is as follows:

"I have had much exercise of mind respecting writing some account of the Lord's dealings with my dear son, and have wished that some other pen than that of a mother could have written it. I hope to be preserved from the influence of natural affection; and my desire is that what I write may be for the glory of God. I feel,

'Why should the wonders God hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?'

"My dear boy was a twin, and was born on April 27th, 1851. He grew up an affectionate, thoughtful, dutiful child. His stature of body was remarkable, but his mental capacity more so. He preferred learning to business, and consequently spent most of his time at school, until he entered the establishment of Mr. C., at Hoddesdon, as tutor. In early life an event occurred which, more or less, embittered the rest of his days, and which I believe was, in the Lord's hands, the means of weaning him from this world, and of ultimately bringing him to the Lord's feet, as a poor, ruined sinner. His health had not been very good, but this we attributed to his overgrowth and close application to study. When he had been at Hoddesdon nine months we received a letter from Mr. C., stating how alarmingly ill he had been through the rupture of a vessel of the lungs. When able, he went with his medical adviser to London to consult an eminent physician, who prescribed entire rest and a warmer climate. He ultimately went to Gibraltar, where his health

improved very much; and having letters of introduction to individuals of position there, he was soon taken by the hand by them, and was requested to take a post, which would have been attended with great pecuniary advantages. But he was obliged to decline it, in consequence of its requiring an amount of talking, which, to use his own words, 'might again bring on the bleeding, and perhaps speedily silence me for ever.' He at the same time said, 'I won't go into what my prospects might be, because their very brilliancy makes it all the more bitter for me that I must relinquish them.'

"We had observed a change in him some time before he went to Gibraltar. He was unhappy, and maintained a painful reservedness, which it was difficult to break through. I took the opportunity when he was away of asking him what it was that lay so heavily on his mind, and entreated him to keep nothing from me. In reply, he said: 'True, I have a secret which seems to be wearing my life out of me, but I cannot tell it you now. You shall know all some day. You could not possibly have lessened the burden of bearing it, though I might have been advised. I have borne my burden alone. But I won't go on. The more I say, the more fool I make myself, and the more I hate myself for it. I am like a vessel without either ballast or rudder. I feel I don't know how,—like a wreck.'

"In another letter he said, 'Between me and the society in which I move there is a great gulf fixed, which I cannot pass over.'

"When he returned from Gibraltar, he thought of resuming his duties at Hoddesdon; but before the cold of another winter approached we saw that his health gradually declined. His cough was more troublesome, and we felt sure that our dear boy had gloomy forebodings for the future, though he seldom alluded to it. He became very low-spirited and desponding, and we sometimes feared the consequence. He had the advice of several medical men, both in England and abroad, but none of them could do him any good. He felt his position very keenly, and often wished for a change. When out on his last visit, he unbosomed his trouble to a friend, who tried to comfort him, and felt a sweet union with him, and an assurance that all would be well with him at the end.

"On Dec. 10th, 1871, he went out for a walk. When only a few paces from the door, the bleeding returned, and he coughed up a considerable quantity of blood, which quite exhausted him and greatly alarmed us. He followed the advice given him by the doctor at the previous bleeding, and did not attempt to speak or move until he went upstairs, when the bleeding returned again. He came down the next day, but had scarcely strength enough to return to his room. The bleeding came on every day till the 20th. He was reduced to such a state of weakness that he could scarcely move or speak, and when he attempted to do so, breathed with great difficulty. All was done that could be done to help him.

“ He seemed to be solemnly affected by his position, and asked for a book that was in his coat-pocket, which was a well-worn New Testament, that I had never before seen. He was a great reader, and perhaps had read all the good books in our possession, but he did not like to be noticed doing it. Some of them bear traces that they have been read carefully, being significantly marked when the subject especially suited his case.

“ The last time the bleeding came on, we thought he could not survive it, but that he would be choked. O that heartrending scene! How can I describe it? To see our dear child struggling for breath, the blood gushing from his mouth and nose. In the midst of it he gave us such a look, as though he wanted to tell us something. I said, ‘ O that look! What does it mean? Does it say, Pray for me?’ He bowed his dear head, and after a short time, he said, ‘ ’Tis all over now; but what are my sufferings compared to *His*?’ He had to make great effort to give utterance to this; but if we may judge by the serenity of his countenance, he had been sensibly supported in this extremity. He asked me to read the chapter containing the words: ‘ I have loved you, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us?’ I said, ‘ Mr. Hazlerigg has a sermon on those words in the “ Sower.”’ He said, ‘ I have read it. It will bear reading again.’ I also read Mr. Philpot’s sermon on ‘ Light Afflictions,’ but we dared not ask him anything, as the doctor had requested him not to attempt to speak.

“ After this last attack, he wished his twin-sister to be sent for, yet feared the interview. But when he saw her, he said, ‘ Thank God for giving me strength to see her.’ He often asked if I could pray for him, and whether the friends who met at the chapel prayed for him, naming two of them. I had been told that he had been especially laid upon the minds of those two friends, and that each of them had a portion of Scripture brought to him with reference to him. He seemed much attached to Mr. M., and when Mr. M. arrived, he wanted to ask him to pray for him. When Mr. M. asked him where he should read, he preferred leaving it to him, saying to me, ‘ I try to ask God to direct him.’ But his weakness was so great, we trembled at any attempt he made to speak, fearing the consequence. He scarcely ever closed his eyes for sleep, and laboured hard for breath. Feeling very bad, and taking his father’s hand in one of his own, and mine in the other, with much solemnity, he said, ‘ Let us unitedly ask God to ease my breathing.’ Being favoured with a little relief, taking our hands as before, he said, ‘ Now let us thank God for hearing and answering our petitions.’ He referred to the man afflicted with the palsy, and said he received a double blessing, and with much earnestness remarked, ‘ Hath he not said, “ Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my Name, he will give it you?” Can he be worse than his word? Is he less compassionate? Is he not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?’ He seemed to take comfort from these words, but had to make great effort to give utterance to them.

“He soon sank again, and with earnestness said, ‘Can you pray for me, mother?’ We told him we were continually trying to ask the Lord to appear for him. His great sorrow and concern were depicted in his countenance, although he said he was afraid he never had any *right* concern. We tried to comfort him, but he said, ‘None but God can help me.’ Then putting his arm round his father’s neck, and kissing him, he said, ‘Can you forgive me, father?’ His father was touched with the question, and said, ‘What have I to forgive you, my dear boy? You were always a dear good boy;’ and was proceeding further, when he said, ‘O! Father, you don’t know what I have been. I have tried to disbelieve the Bible, and make myself an infidel, and anticipated suicide.’

“Here he seemed quite overcome; but after he recovered, he put his arm round my neck, and kissed me, and said, ‘Can you forgive me, mother? O that I had set a better example before my brothers and sisters! Have them in every morning and evening. Read and pray with them.’ He loved them all tenderly, and knew how much they were influenced by his being their eldest brother.

“He expressed a wish to see Mr. Sargeant, and to be remembered in his prayers. It being Lord’s day, he could not see Mr. S. till the evening. When his father came into the room in the morning, he said, ‘How are you, my dear boy?’ ‘No better, father,’ was the reply. ‘But how is the poor soul?’ his father asked. He replied, ‘O! Father, I can, with the publican, say, “God be merciful to me, a sinner.”’ A short time after, he with much solemnity said, ‘O that I knew where I might find him!’ And in the course of the morning he asked me to read the psalm in which are the words: ‘I shall yet praise him.’ I said, ‘My dear boy, such words, if applied, must afford you some comfort.’ He replied, ‘I am not without hope. I once thought I had found him.’ We longed to hear more particularly about the time here alluded to, but dare not ask him.

“As the time drew near for Mr. S. to arrive, he manifested an earnest longing to see him, frequently looking at his watch, and seeming almost impatient for his arrival. What his expectations were I must leave; but when he heard his footsteps on the stairs, he said, ‘Throw back the curtain,’ being eager to catch the first glimpse of him as he entered the room. They were soon engaged in such conversation as made me feel it to be a solemn, sacred place.

“He sank very low after Mr. S. left him. Disappointment and despair were depicted on his countenance, and in agony he exclaimed, ‘None but God can help me, and he won’t.’ I cannot describe my feelings at seeing my dear boy in such deep distress. My soul was indeed cast down within me. A sleepless, restless night followed, with increased difficulty of breathing, irritating cough, pained chest, with but a glimmering hope.

“We felt that this scene could not last long, but how would it end? In the morning he said, ‘I wonder whether I shall have this cough after to-day. This is Christmas morning, the day on

which the Saviour was born in Bethlehem, the God-Man, Christ Jesus.' He said something of the object of Christ's coming, and also said, 'Mr. S. is coming. Well, I cannot see him.' I said, 'Why not, my dear boy?' He replied, 'See what a fool I made of myself last night.' He requested his father to pray with him. His dear countenance expressed more than his words, and more than my pen can describe. Several friends came to see him, and Mr. S. came, but he was too low and weak to talk. The crisis was near. Every moment was precious. Would he die without any marked deliverance, without a manifestation of pardoning mercy? O how hard to bear was the suspense! We tried to hope against hope, and to rest upon the promises.

"His father asked him if he might go down to tea. He nodded assent, and said, 'Don't be long, father.' His brother and myself were left alone with him. He began praying aloud, with great solemnity and earnestness, using such language as I had never heard before. I cannot remember all he said, but some of his petitions were these: 'O Lord, show thyself.—O Lord Jesus Christ, come quickly.—I cannot, dare not die without thee.—Lord, for Christ's sake, appear for my help and deliverance.' And he seemed as if he would take no denial. It was the kingdom of heaven suffering violence, and the violent taking it by force. Then looking at me, he said, 'Do you pray, and I'll pray;' and with a loving look, as if to remind and encourage me, for he felt deeply for me, he said, 'Unjust judge.—Importunity.' He then closed his eyes.

"I still watched every breath, with a heart overcharged with sorrow that is better felt than described; and in the anguish of my spirit I entreated the Lord on the behalf of my precious boy, making use of such language as I afterwards trembled to give utterance to, until I remembered that a wrestling Jacob was not rebuked for saying, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' A smile passed over his face. He opened his eyes, looked round the room, and with a strong clear voice, said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has broken through all my sins, and doubts, and fears. I am happy, perfectly happy,—infinitely so. I cannot tell you how happy I am.'

"His voice was heard in the room below. His father, sisters, and brothers were quickly by his bedside. We all wept for joy to see the blessed change. His face shone with an indescribable lustre. Taking his twin-sister by the hand, he said, 'Don't weep; you ought rather to rejoice and be glad. I don't know that I am going to die to-night. I have had no intimation of it. Suppose the queen had sent for me to confer some great honour upon me, to exalt me to some high station, to adopt me as her son, you would all be glad. The King of heaven has sent for me, which is infinitely and incomprehensibly better than what any earthly king or queen could do for me. I cannot tell you how happy I am.' Then turning to his brother, he said, 'O Ephraim, may you find the Saviour!' Ephraim replied,

'Have you found him?' He said, 'Yes, I have. I pray God for every one of you, that you may be brought to the Saviour. The way to heaven is a strait and narrow way, a rough and thorny road. Till God stops us, we are going blindly and madly to hell, and don't know it, and cannot stop ourselves. May you be disappointed in your expectations, thwarted in your plans, crossed in your undertakings, that every hope of your life may be blighted to bring you where I am.'

"We were all astonished to hear him talk so loudly, and with such apparent ease. That look of pain and anguish had given place to an expression of indescribable rapture. Our sorrow and our prayers were all turned to praise. His father said, 'Surely we can sing

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

My dear boy replied, 'I hope you will all sing it in heaven.' He then bid them all good night, saying, 'If I am alive in the morning, I will talk to you again; but if not, I hope we shall all meet in heaven.' He then began to take freely, and enjoyed what he took, which was the more remarkable, as he had taken so little, and that through a quill. He was perfectly happy. Not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast after this. He was inclined to sleep, and did not want me to hold his hand now. His father suggested that I might leave him now, for the purpose of having a little rest, and he would take my place, but he replied, 'You are my father, but not my mother.' I said, 'My dear boy, I'll never leave you.' His father said, 'Surely you are satisfied now?' He replied, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake up in his likeness.'

"He then said, 'Mother, can you give me up now?' I hesitated. He seemed so much better, and took so freely, I vainly hoped he might remain with us for some time to come, and was looking forward for his kind friends to see him in the morning. He seemed to be quite absorbed in something that was delightful to him. Then, occasionally opening his eyes, and looking lovingly at me, he asked me to sing. As I did not begin, he asked again, and for his sister to help me. He said, 'I am better off than the Prince of Wales.'

"I inquired if he did not want anything, or if he felt any pain. He said, 'O no! I am so comfortable.' He had complained of his feet being cold before; but now he did not require them warmer, as they retained a life-like heat until some time after he had breathed his last. He asked for water. On receiving it, he said, 'Pure water! Beautiful water! "I will be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."' "

"He had refused taking medicine for the last week, telling the doctor what it was, and how it made him feel. I had to leave the bed to make him some arrowroot, and when I turned to him, I found a change, and exclaimed, 'O! My precious boy, he is going fast!' The sound of my voice aroused him. He opened his eyes, looked quite himself again, smiled, and asked, 'What

did you say, mother?' I hesitated, not liking him to know what I said; therefore only repeated, 'O! My precious boy!' He then said, 'But what did you say last? You said, "He's going fast." What made you say so?' I was too much affected to reply. His father said, 'Would you not mind leaving us, my dear boy?' He replied, 'O no! I can leave all for a precious Christ.' I feel sure he was glad that I had some intimation that he was going. I took the opportunity to ask him of some things before alluded to. He said, 'I have a great deal to tell you, mother.'

"Some little time after, he aroused himself, and said, 'Let me lay my head on your bosom, and kiss me, mother.' I think he felt that his end was near, and that was the position in which he wished to die. It was his last kiss. Judging from his animated, happy countenance, and the expressions which occasionally fell from his lips, he was enjoying a blessed foretaste of that glory he was so soon to enter into. He several times repeated the words: 'The God-Man, Christ Jesus.' Then, as his breathing became fainter, and his voice weaker, with his eyes closed, we could hear him say, 'Praise, praise Him,—Father,—Son,—Holy Ghost. Blessed and praised be his holy Name! Can this be dying? Blessed dying!'

"Not a word was spoken to him until we thought we should like to know if he were quite conscious. His father, taking his hand, said, 'My dear boy, if you are sensible, and still feel Jesus near and precious to your soul, nip mine and your mother's hand.' The smiling features of his face moved. He opened his eyes, pressed our hands, and said something; and then said, 'Beautiful!' and he was gone."

W. P. Parker was a young man of great promise; and most likely his parents' expectations respecting his attainments in this life were pleasing ones; but they were doomed to disappointment. Job speaks of God as destroying the hope of man. (xiv. 19.) And this he oftentimes does. It is one of his frequent dealings with his people so to do. The worldling is often allowed the gratification of pleasing worldly hopes, which the Lord denies to his own dear people. He has in reserve for them some better thing than that which he disappoints them of. So in this case. Whatever high hopes W. P. Parker's parents might have of his future attainments in this world, though they were blighted, yet were they unspeakably surpassed by the blessing which the Lord bestowed on his soul, and through him on his parents also.

When I visited him in his dying illness, I found him to be a poor, sensible sinner, quite conscious that he had no goodness of his own, that he was quite unable to do anything for his own salvation, and that, unless saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, he must inevitably perish for ever. I put various close questions to him. He was greatly concerned to be neither deceived himself, nor to be a deceiver of others, by leading them to think him to be what he was not. He evidently preferred to be viewed as not knowing anything in a gracious way, fearing, as he did, that this

was really his case. When speaking to him of the gospel being very encouraging to poor sinners, he said it was so, *if it were for him*. He lamented being too much taken up with his bodily affliction, though to others it was evident that his great and chief concern was about his soul, and that he was willing to suffer in body if he could but be assured of his soul's salvation. My visits to him afforded him no relief. I believe he was looking much to my first visit, hoping that would be the means through which the Lord would impart a blessing to his soul. But that was not the Lord's way. And how often, when a gracious soul has heard a minister of Christ very blessedly, he has gone to hear him again with the expectation of being certain to hear him again in the same way; but how grievously he has been disappointed! Under the same gospel preached by the same servant of God, he has been miserable. Our God is a jealous God. He knows our proneness to put the creature in his place, and to make too much of man. He detects in us this proneness, when we perceive it not in ourselves; and to prevent our doing what we are so ready to do, he allows the ministry of his own servants to be, at times, a dry breast to his people, to teach them that the minister is but an instrument, and that when his preaching is with power, the power resides not in the instrument, but in him who is pleased to work by it.

The blessed deliverance from fear, bondage, and distress, of the subject of this notice has been already related. The Lord was pleased to effect it without the use of any means whatever, and thus in an especial manner to secure to himself all the glory. And a true minister rejoices in the deliverance of a poor, burdened sinner, though his preaching, or any other means used by him, may not have been made the instrument of it.

Lakenheath.

S. SARGEANT.

Obituary.

GEORGE HALLAM.—On Jan. 24th, aged 83, George Hallam, of Sheepshed, Leicestershire.

Having been requested to write a few lines respecting our departed friend, and also feeling a desire that some memorial of him might appear in the "Gospel Standard," which he so highly prized, I have complied with the above request. My aim has been not to exalt the dear man, but to extol and magnify the riches of that free and discriminating grace which sustained and enabled him to hold fast the profession of his faith during a life of troubles, trials, temptations, and afflictions. There has also been a hope that some poor trembling tried one, into whose hands this may come, and who has to travel much in the dark, may in a measure be comforted and edified in reading of one who had to travel the same chequered path of much tribulation, and in this way entered the kingdom.

Much that I have written is from his own lips. He has told me that in his younger days he used to go with others on the Sabbath ranging the fields, throwing at birds, &c. But one Sabbath, in the midst of the sport, he was suddenly arrested by the words: "The Sabbath-breaker

shall not go unpunished." The weight of which words he felt, and wondered what it meant. Conscience pricked him, and he made up his mind not to go again. But on the next Sabbath his companions called for him, and he thought, "Well, I will go just this once;" so off he went. But when they got into the fields, the words, "shall not go unpunished," rang in his ears, so that he was compelled to leave his companions, and, having confessed to them, ran off home. They called him a sneaking coward, and this broke his acquaintance with them.

Under the lashes of a guilty conscience he began to attend the parish church, hoping by so doing to make things right again; but it pleased the Lord to lay trouble on his loins, and to make him feel that he was a guilty sinner by nature and practice in the sight of a heart-searching God. This made him tremble, and caused something like prayer to come out of his heart to the Lord for mercy. Finding nothing among that people to meet his case, he left them, and attended first one chapel and then another. Getting no relief, he has said, "I determined to give it up, but could not get away from my trouble. The burden of my sins and guilt pressed hard upon me, and I was led to see that, except the Lord were pleased by a sovereign act of mercy to save me, down I must go to the regions of black despair. And, depend upon it, these things made me cry earnestly for deliverance."

After being thus held in bondage for some years, the set time arrived to favour Zion, and he was sweetly set at liberty under a sermon preached by the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, from Jer. xxxi. 3: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This never-to-be-forgotten season was in 1825. The things which Mr. C. preached became very savoury to him. However, some years afterwards, the ordinance of believers' baptism was laid powerfully upon his mind, and after committing his way to the Lord in prayer, and asking him to direct his steps, he was constrained to fall under it, and was baptized by Mr. Isbell, at Alfred Street Chapel, Leicester, in 1846. He then cast in his lot with the church, worshipping in that place, and remained a respected member, walking in the fear of God up to his death.

As long as bodily strength permitted, it was his delight to attend as often as possible at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, though he had to travel from Sheepshed to Leicester, a distance of 15 miles. He would often say on his return how much his spirit had been refreshed, though his poor weakly body was overtaxed with the journey.

Though he was enabled by grace to maintain his hold of what God had taught him, yet his was a path of sore exercises and trials, temporal as well as spiritual. He knew the straits of pinching poverty. He sometimes has had to leave the workshop at dinner-time and go to his house, and divide the scanty meal amongst his growing family without tasting food himself; for he being a stocking-weaver, his means were too limited to get sufficient to supply all nature's demands. Having done this, he has returned to the shop and taken his Bible, out of which he, at times, enjoyed a good repast, so that the feeling of hunger seemed taken away. He laboured hard and long, his desire being to keep out of debt. He would often say, "O to grace how great a debtor!" He was the chief standard-bearer of the little cause at Bethesda Chapel many years. He was very solemn in prayer; but would often complain how dark and barren he felt spiritually. He would say,

"I prize the privilege of prayer;

But O! What backwardness to pray."

He was not a talkative man, but rather shy and retiring; and in company would rather be a listener than a speaker. But when occasion

required, he would speak out boldly in defence of the doctrines of grace. He would not say to any, A confederacy. His was not a compromising religion, but his unflinching aim was to hold up a precious Christ to view as the sum and substance of the sinner's salvation. He would say,

“True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt.”

I could write a volume about the Lord's dealings with this old disciple, but space forbids it. He has several times stated how he felt moved with gratitude to the Lord, for inclining the heart of the late dear Mr. Philpot to get him placed on the list of pensioners in the A. P. F. Society, and in his old age to get him raised to a higher rate of pension. This was indeed a great blessing in his declining days. He used to say, were it not for this, he could see nothing before him but the workhouse; but by this means, and the kindness of his friends and children, he was well cared for, when, through age and infirmity, he could labour no longer. Though it was stated in the newspapers that he died in the Union, this was erroneous; for he died in the same house that he had lived in many years. His married daughter, Ruth, lived in the same house with him, and was very attentive to him. He had been a widower 21 years, and was a poor ailing man, having many attacks of illness, which we thought had come for his end. He would say, “The last will come. I must wait a little while;” and would pray for dying grace to be given in a dying hour.

In his last illness, which was of short duration, he said to a friend, who noticed the drops of perspiration on him, “Yes, but not great drops of blood. O what did my dear Jesus suffer for me!” He was much in prayer, and the day before his death he prayed very earnestly for his children, for the church, and for all faithful ministers; and concluded by saying, “Now, Lord, I am ready to depart. Do come at thine appointed time, and take me to thyself.” He expressed a desire that hymn 664 should be sung at his burial.

The next day, which was his last, he was praying and praising the Lord. He was quite sensible. He said, “My religion is not of the flesh, but is what the Lord has engrafted in my soul, and will do to die by.” A friend who had called to see him stood by his bedside, when he asked his daughter Ruth to feed him with a little broth. She did so, and he said, “My dear, this is the last I shall require. I am going home;” and gently breathed his last, without a struggle; thus coming to his end as a shock of corn fully ripe cometh in in his season.

He was interred in the Bethesda Chapel graveyard by Mr. Hazlerigg, of Leicester, who delivered an appropriate address to a large congregation, which had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to our departed friend and brother.

J. BLOOD.

WILLIAM BELL.—On April 8th, aged 74, William Bell, of Market Overton, Rutland.

He was baptized by the late Mr. Tiptaft, at Providence Chapel, Oakham, on Aug. 20th, 1813, and was received into church fellowship by the late Mr. Philpot on Lord's day, Sept. 3rd.

He was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, sober-minded, and prayerful. His loss is much felt at the little meeting at Barrow. It was on his return home from attending the meeting that he was seized with a fit. On his partial recovery, he remarked that he felt “on the Rock.” On his reaching home, he was favoured with a sweet spirit of prayer for his friends who had gathered round him, and for the welfare of the meeting.

When the writer saw him on the Sabbath following, he said he was so favoured with the Lord's presence that he longed to depart. But

hopes were entertained of his recovery, for we felt he could not well be spared. At another time, he said the Lord had supported him through his affliction; and he seemed overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for the kind attentive friends the Lord had given him. On a friend reading him hymn 469, and asking if he could say,

“And long to see it fall;”

he replied, “I can. I can.” He felt the last verse of hymn 474 sweet to his soul. He was greatly favoured in soul in the former part of the affliction, and had much support throughout. Yet he could sympathize with the poet in hymn 729. He felt he needed great and renewing grace.

A few days before his death, it was painful for him to make himself understood. The day previous, being Lord’s day, he inquired how they had got on at the meeting. His heart was made willing to obey the exhortation: “Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together;” and he could not but think of his brethren and companions to the last.

M. E. BAINES.

THOMAS SMITH.—On June 27th, 1877, at Thomas Street, Cirencester, aged 82, Thomas Smith, for many years resident at the Packhorse Farm, Purton, Wilts.

He was born at Cricklade in 1795. The Lord was pleased, when he was yet young, to awaken in him a deep feeling of his state as a sinner; and his concern was not the less real and truthful and sincere because knowledge was with him then “only in part.” There was little of the pure preached gospel around, so that, to quote the words of Berridge, “Human wisdom and strength, perfection and merit, gave Zion’s bells a Levitical twang.” But he was made from necessity to search the Scriptures, and they became to him more than his necessary food. Also he had the works of one who had then recently entered into the joy of his Lord,—the “immortal Coalheaver;” and ultimately such men as Robbins were led into the locality. He thought little of distance if he could only hear the pure truth. He knew the truth, and those who knew him well were persuaded that the truth had made him free.

Many years ago he was led to follow the Lord in the ordinance of believers’ baptism; and because his conviction of its propriety in his case was wholly the work of the Spirit of the Lord, he remained firm to the last. “As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.” He was a reader of the “Gospel Standard” from its commencement, and a lover of the truths therein maintained. With regard to the errors and heresies that have crept in among some who once supported it, I well remember a conversation I was once favoured to have with him upon the words: “Mark them which cause divisions and strifes among you, and avoid them.”

There are yet living among the men whom God hath anointed to preach glad tidings many who knew Thomas Smith, not only as one sound in truth, but also as a man of upright conversation and consistent walk. It is about 15 years since I was first privileged to know him; and I may fairly say that I have never once met with him from that time till our last meeting without feeling that on his part there was ample evidence of the transforming power of divine grace; and often I have found his house a Bethel. I do not seek to imply that it was all light and life, and peace and joy; but there was a constant evidence that the religion of Jesus was the one thing needful with him,—the “principal thing.”

He passed thus through more than half a century of conflict, and relief when ready to perish; of toil upon the desert road, and then of rest under the “shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.” And yet in his own eyes he was but as a little child, who knew “not how to go out or to come in;” and his cry was constantly for a “wise and understanding

heart." His judgment was well informed as to gospel doctrines, and his heart well exercised in the feeling of their power; so it was with him no mere hearing of the ear, but a spiritual beholding, and a self-abhorring because of the sight. And his feet were, at times, made willing to run the way of the just from a love unto the precepts of the Word of God.

His last days were his best days. There was a manifest difference between his conversation and that of many who are called believers; and with him it was "not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power."

The last few years of his life he had resigned the business of his farm, and resided in Cirencester, his often infirmities rendering rest and retirement necessary. When health admitted, however, he was constant in his attendance at the little chapel where the late Mr. Tanner held forth the word of life.

He was wholly confined to his house, and finally to his room, for some time before his death. Only a few days previous to his falling asleep, he said to his dear wife, on her return to his room, "Since you left me, I have been reading Ps. ciii., which contains the very breathings of my soul in every way. I feel my breath getting short, so difficult that I can say, with the poet:

"I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake;'
and I have a good hope that it will be well with me." At another time he said,

"'Tis all of grace, free grace alone,
That he hath chosen me.

O! Found in him at his right hand,
For he hath chosen me.'

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. O to be found in him a safe refuge,

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

I know in whom I trust. No other refuge have I; nor do I want another."

At another time, when some of his family stood by, he said, "May you all look on me when I am gone, and say,

"He's gone in endless bliss to dwell.'

O, dearest Lord, do keep me from repining." His breathing grew painful and short; but after a little revival, he said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father. O! In a short time to enter into rest! Nothing too hard for the Lord.

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end."

The day before he died, he spoke with much sweetness on the believer's safety in the Ark, Christ Jesus; and repeated with great emphasis the lines:

"Why is it he so safe abides?
The Lord has shut him in."

Several who came in to see him felt the savour of his words.

During the night, his last night on earth, he spoke of the river of death, and of the home that lay beyond. In the morning he repeated:

"His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail."

Also:

"Christ is the eternal Rock
On which his church is built."

On being asked how he felt, he said, "Very quiet—in the Lord's hands. No quiet resting but in his blessed hands."

About eight in the morning of the 27th, he recognized several members of his family, and then, with a smile, said, "Abba, Father. Everlasting love!" These were his last words; for through the day he lay without heeding the watchers by his bed; and about half past six in the evening, without a struggle, breathed out his spirit into his hands who is "able to keep it against that day."

Avebury, April 2nd, 1878.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

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

THE GOOD SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A SERMON BY MR. W. DOE, PREACHED AT COVENTRY, ON THURSDAY,
JULY 11TH, 1861.

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.”—
JNO X. 27.

It is a solemn thing to be born for eternity. We may, as it respects the affairs of this life, pass through time tolerably well, and escape some of the difficulties that attend others, and yet perish for ever. To have, then, a right understanding of our position, that we have a soul that is immortal, and to be brought under a real concern how it will be with us in another world, is the great blessing. For, rest assured, if we are never brought to book here, we must never expect to be found in that place of blessedness hereafter.

I hope the Lord will be with me, and will help a poor instrument to speak, bringing to my mind such things that I may be able to speak for his glory and your edification.

When we come to consider, we must acknowledge what a wonderful thing it was that ever God should send his Son down from heaven to lie in a manger. “Great is the mystery of godliness.” He by whom and for whom all things were made was looked upon by a few mortals in a stable, lying in a manger;—enough to astonish angels. Yet, so hard is the heart of man, and hard it will be while he is left in his natural state, that he remains indifferent to that which so nearly concerns his soul, or at any rate, is only slightly affected by it. If the Son of God had not lain in a manger, we should all have reaped the reward of our sins after we had left this present world, under the frowns of a sin-aven-
ging God, beyond a remedy. We should, my friends, indeed.

We are strange creatures; and if we have been made by the grace of God to know that we are his sheep, we shall feel it is our mercy that the Lord took into consideration, and into his account, all the strange things we should do; with all our state and condition, as born in the first Adam. He measured out the height, the breadth, the depth, and length of the land through which his Son should travel, to obtain redemption for guilty sinners, by his blood-shedding, in order that we might, in harmony with his divine perfections, be partakers of that grace

which would cause us to inherit glory, and behold the face of God in righteousness, through the countless ages of eternity.

My friends, this is no small thing; and the more it is laid on our minds, the more we shall adore that God who remembered us in our low estate, because his mercy towards us endureth for ever. We read in the Scriptures, which were written for our learning and instruction, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and that when he came he was discarded by the generality of the people. He would have been so by all, had not the Lord prepared some to receive him.

From what we read of the people around him, it is evident they did not admire or receive him. They treated him with contempt; and all would have done the same had not some been changed by grace. The state of their minds must have undergone a change before they could or would believe that it was he who had come to redeem Israel. He calls these his sheep; and he says, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring." By this he signified the Gentiles, of whom we form a part.

These sheep all experience an inward change, and all the powers and faculties of the soul are influenced by it. Wherever it takes place, there will be in the heart a turning to the Lord. We hear many people talk of turning to the Lord. The heart must be first turned by the Lord. The old heart must be taken away, the stony heart taken out of the flesh, and a heart of flesh given. The stony heart is the insensible one;—insensible as to its own guilt, insensible as to its need of the pardon of sin, and insensible of the desire to worship God as he ought to be worshipped. For God is a Spirit; and those that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The Lord's sheep are a people who have got a new heart, and they follow him. His sheep hear his voice; that is, he speaks to them. It is a peculiar voice, known only by his own sheep. All others will not, cannot hear it.

He instructs his sheep by his own voice. Men may read or hear the letter of the Word; but to make it effectual the power of the Spirit is required. However plainly I may speak to your outward ear, it will be of no avail without the power of God making application of the Word to your consciences. The Bible is the Word of God; and this Word declares his people are to inherit glory. Though they are poor, indigent, insignificant in their own eyes, and have a bad opinion of themselves, yet they are his people, and God intends them to inherit glory. And in order that this might be brought about, he sent his own Son into the world to perform that work which justice required, that they might be released from the curse under which they were naturally holden. Their salvation was effected by the Son of God, manifested in the flesh, and made a curse for them. It was no small thing for God in his justice to make his Son a curse for sin, that we should be redeemed from it, and made heirs

of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, to live and be with him for ever and ever.

What an exceeding great mercy it is for mortal worms to have this great salvation made known to them! This is indeed a great thing. "The Lord hath done great things for us;" may we be enabled to love him better, and cleave closer to him, and be kept from dishonouring him. He is dishonoured in many things by some who profess his Name.

Ministers who are rightly taught, when they stand up in the pulpit, will press the great things of Christ's salvation on the people, in order to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance. They will speak of what the Lord has said, and what he has done for us. That he who spread forth the heavens as a curtain; who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast; who by his word brought all creation into existence, and made the world a fit place for man and beast to inhabit; who ever since the time of creation has provided for man and beast their food;—that he should come down from heaven, and assume our nature, be laid in a manger, and be a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, to travail with it till he had finished the work the Father gave him to do,—was wonderful condescension.

I was thinking of what our Lord said in Jno. xvii.: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do; I come to thee;" and also of the way he was to come. It was through the garden of Gethsemane. He must go from thence to Pilate's hall, have a false sentence passed upon him, a false sentence—*i.e.*, so far as man's judgment went, in order that he might be convicted. With the sins of his people upon him, he went thence to Calvary; that was the way Christ went to the Father.

Salvation was not obtained as easily as some suppose. Eternal life did not come as the grass grows up from the ground. It came through the Son of God coming down into the world. He trod the winepress alone. He travelled in the greatness of his strength. He was made a curse for those who richly deserved it at the hands of justice, because they were transgressors, wilful transgressors against God.

How kind it was for God to act in this way, in order that sinners might be saved with an everlasting salvation, never to be confounded, world without end. Wondrous grace indeed that this should be the way! All that he went through was for sinners, not for himself.

Solemn thought,— "He poured out his soul unto death." What a death! And what results from it! When he said, "It is finished," the veil of the temple, the place where the Jews met to worship, was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, without the interference of man. What were the thoughts of God towards poor sinners at that time, when such a death as that took place? Thoughts of love and mercy. Wondrous grace!

Herein lies all the consolation for the Lord's sheep. What

a victory! He overcame death, and him that had the power of death, even the devil. Not a single weapon was used in all this war. Peter indeed cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest; but Jesus Christ immediately put it on again. How have we been made to triumph over all our enemies! So that the feeblest saint made alive by the grace of God shall go safely through this perilous wilderness from one year's end to another, supported by the power and Spirit of God.

They are called his sheep; therefore they shall not perish. In the next verse to the text he says, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." He also tells us that he came only to the lost sheep of Israel.

Similitudes are used in the Scriptures, especially in the Old Testament, and in the New by the Lord Jesus, when he spoke in parables to set forth various things. Here he calls his people his sheep, to set them forth as the objects of his regard and affection, in whom he will be glorified. They were wandering in the wilderness, afar off, in the first Adam nature, led captive by the devil. No one would or could have released them but the Son of God, who came into the world to make reconciliation, to free them from the curse, by shedding his own blood. In this condition are all mankind naturally. No one but the Lord Jesus knows who are sheep. He says, "I am the Good Shepherd. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." He knew you and me to be his sheep in all the secret places where we have committed iniquity. He knew all the purposes of our minds while we were enemies by wicked works. There is nothing hid from him. His eye followed us; and according to his own eternal purpose he brought us at the appointed time to the destined spot where redemption should be made known by calling.

Therefore, when the Lord's blessed time is come, the Lord begins to awaken up out of that deathly sleep in which they were all who are partakers of his grace. Being made alive by his Spirit, we then feel sin in a manner different to what we once did. We find it in our inmost parts, and that it will be destruction to our souls. A sense of eternity lies with weight on our minds. Our hearts are disquieted. We may try to stifle it, but the Lord will not have it stifled.

I mention, to my shame, and I smarted for it, and that bitterly, that my natural disposition was enmity against all sorts of religion. It was a fearful thing; and I wish to adore that God whose wondrous grace reached so far as to pluck me as a brand from the fire. I remember, when these convictions came into my mind, that my heart grew harder, so that I even went beyond the bounds of morality. I was in such a state that, to my shame, grief, and sorrow, I tried to stifle conscience by drinking spirits;—a fearful thing. How good the Lord was to have mercy on such a wretch as I am! When in this state,

condemnation so worked in my mind, and guilt afflicted my soul to that degree, that I felt as if the ground and grass would be scorched under my feet as I walked over it. Such were my feelings of God's wrath against sin that I knew sin to be a fearful thing.

But the Lord will, as he hath promised, bring back his sheep. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." I believe they are all brought back and made as willing to serve him, obey him, and love him, as ever they were willing to rebel against him whilst in a state of nature.

I remember, after the Lord had been pleased to make me know the dreadful nature of sin, could I but have been assured of God's love, I should have been willing to live so poor, as only to have had a sack to cover me. I could have lodged in any place, however mean; and could I have been assured that God would pardon my sin, I should have thought I was the happiest man in existence.

When we have been brought to know what sin is, the direful contagion, and its awful consequences, anything consistent with the mind and will of God that can give us peace we would willingly have. But though we want peace, it is not a false peace. We do not want any one to tell us this or that thing is right, while we know and feel it to be wrong. These things prove us. For by the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, in these divine convictions in the soul, we see that there is no salvation out of God's Christ; though in the midst of them we sometimes say and fear our convictions are not deep enough, and think that we have never experienced such a law-work as some have, and such as the poet describes:

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone."

The Lord makes manifest what his power can do, when he brings forth his own sheep from an ungodly world. When they are called out of the spots and places in which they have been scattered in their unregeneracy, then he displays the power of his divine grace in separating them from an ungodly world.

Christ's sheep, after they are quickened by his Spirit, and the worldly cannot go together. Though they may have to work together, and live in the same house, yet they have different pursuits. One goes after his carnal will, the other is seeking to obtain the pardon of his sin and a manifestation of God's love and presence. Though these two dwell in one house, they are separate in heart,—a separate people all their days.

I remember the people with whom I associated, and the pleasure I took in their company; but when the Lord called me, and separated me by his grace, what before calling was pleasant to

hear was then heaviness to me. I longed to search the Word of God, to see if I could find anything that would be good for my soul.

Thus the Lord separates his sheep from an ungodly world. He separates them for himself. In their cases, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger does not intermeddle with its joy."

Where the Lord has begun this good work, the man makes many efforts to try what he can do towards pleasing God; but all these efforts prove abortive. He finds God's Word is exceeding broad; and feels in his heart that his obedience should be as broad as the requirements of the law of God. The heart being made honest and upright under these convictions, he is willing to be anything or do anything, so that he may but get a knowledge of the friendship of God.

The Lord does not leave him; but brings forth his own sheep from this dark state, mysteriously guiding them into all truth by his blessed Spirit.

When our Lord was speaking to the Pharisees, he alluded to this in the parable of the lost sheep. He describes the man who has a hundred sheep as losing one of them, and of his going to seek after it; and when he had found it taking it on his shoulders, bringing it home, and calling his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him, in that he had found the sheep that was lost. What a mercy it is that the sheep are not left without any one to look after them! What a mercy, when he has found them, he does not drive them back! No; he carries them back upon his shoulders.

Thus the Lord leads his people. They get along, though they do not know how. This is the way the Lord leads us, in order to bring us to his own fold. The Lord's people thus become a separate people. They may for a long time be mixed up with professors, so that some persons may come to this conclusion,—that all are alike sheep. But the Lord in his own time separates his own people. They follow him; they hear his voice, and know it. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." They are not led away very often; they will not follow a stranger, for they know not the voice of strangers. He calls them, and they follow him. All his sheep follow him.

As all the mercies we possess come through him, he is to be set forth as giving them. Repentance and remission of sins are to be preached through his Name. Repentance makes sin hateful. Remission of sins is a thing to be desired. Where repentance is given remission of sin comes through Jesus Christ. Where the soul who, in truly and diligently searching the Word of God, finds some threatenings and displeasure against sin, sooner or later he meets with a proclamation of abundant mercies by faith in Christ.

"They hear my voice." There is a secret something in the heart of these people that they cannot always tell out to others.

I remember it was so with me. I found that salvation and mercy came through Jesus Christ, who had come down from heaven, and done what justice required, and then gone back into heaven again. I found the word spoken brought some degree of consolation. The first words that ever came to me with power, in a way of consolation, were: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." My soul heard the voice; that is, it had an inward feeling; not an audible voice, but an inward feeling, a divine testimony to the mind. Hereby the soul feels some degree of encouragement that it is in the right path. The effect of this is here called *hearing him*.

"My sheep hear my voice." They hear the voice of Christ proclaiming mercy and pardon, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Something similar is said by the prophet in the Old Testament. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

When the Lord begins to bring back his sheep, there is something doing in the soul, in the inward part, the mind; and the Spirit operates in that way, separating the Lord's sheep from them that know not his voice. Now as soon as this is evidenced, they are often evil spoken of by others, not for their bad works. They were not evil spoken of when they could curse, swear, drink, and go about in all public amusements with worldly companions. No! Having now come out by the power of divine grace, for this they are evil spoken of.

After the Lord brought me out from the world, the people considered I was going out of my mind. They said I had taken to a strange religion, because I met with those who held the doctrine of election. This was quite enough. It was evil spoken of. One instance I will relate that will be quite sufficient to show you the feeling these people had against the truth. I was in the house, one time, with the Bible before me; a woman, a professor of religion, came in, patted me on the back, saying, "Well done, William; I be glad to see it." Some time after, she came again, having heard I had been amongst the people who were everywhere spoken against. She raged against me, even till she foamed at the mouth. I was the same man; I was not altered; but I held the doctrine that salvation was entirely of grace. Thus, my friends, the sheep are separated from the world, and worldly companions.

"My sheep hear my voice." These poor sheep, when under convictions, are in a low place, and are almost ready to conclude they shall come short of the kingdom. They wonder whether there is any real good in them,—whether they can really belong to God; and though he loves them, they cannot well believe it. The news is too good to be true. They wonder how it can be that ever he should take notice of them, they are so corrupt. Though they would not sin wilfully, yet they find the power of

indwelling sin. That sin is still within. Though kept down by the grace of God, yet, at times, it terribly raises its head. They cut such a poor figure, they are astonished at the Lord's goodness, in his taking notice of them. But the Good Shepherd says, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." So the Lord will bring forth his sheep.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." I would here remark that the state of these sheep is such that they are marked and known thereby. We have not to go far to prove it. They are known by their upright walk and conversation. Having been brought from the world into Christ's fold, they must be singular for his honour and glory. I hope I have not any present who can talk of election, and the doctrines of grace, and yet live in vanity and sin; who can make a profession, go to chapel, acknowledge the gospel to be the grace of God, and yet join the world. That is not following Christ.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." The grace of God teaches us to live godly, soberly, and righteously; that is, honestly and uprightly towards men, in this present evil world, and to strive all we can not to mix up with the world; though we have our daily occupation in the world, yet not to mix with it.

I would have you take this matter into your consideration. "Let every one that nameth the Name of Christ depart from iniquity." For the word says, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." Thus it may be seen of men that we have been with Jesus. This is a mark of a sheep,—the effect of the grace of God upon us, in separating us from the world.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." All shall know him, from the least to the greatest. Though some may backslide, how far it is not for me to say, yet the Lord has promised to heal their backslidings. We are not in a good place when we have not a feeling sense of our sins, and a desire for the presence of God with us. If we go to pray, callous, hard, without feeling, the Lord knows all about it. If we go to the prayer-meeting or preaching for the sake of form, the psalmist says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." If we regard iniquity in any shape or form, it is a proof that we are not then following Christ. It is no proof that we know him. The more we have of his grace, the nearer it will bring us into conformity to the mark of Christ's sheep. If we are of his sheep, we shall observe his statutes, his ordinances, and walk in them, whereby it shall be known we are his disciples. "If ye love one another, and do the things I command you," said the Lord Jesus, "then shall it be known ye are my disciples."

I do not know what to say of those people who do not follow out the commands of the Lord Jesus. Practical things are much

slipped over by many, I fear, even by some of the Lord's ministers. You may think me too strict and too particular; but depend upon this, the more a person is brought to find and feel what the Lord has done for him, the more he will feel in his own soul the necessity of conformity to those things which are set forth in the Word of God. If these things cannot be separated, how can they fulfil Christ's commands, who put some on one side?

"And they follow me." How can we be said to follow Christ in his ordinances, if we pass some by? According to the gospel, we are to assemble ourselves together, endeavouring to maintain the communion of the saints, and observe the ordinances of God's house. These things, when seriously attended to, never leave guilt on the conscience. No, my friends. Though we may not always enjoy them, they are good and right. Though there is no merit, yet it is always good to be found in these things. God says in his Word that they shall hear his voice. "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." In duly attending these ordinances, laid down for us in his Word, we are made manifest to the world as his disciples. We are also made manifest to one another. Where there are a people in sweet gospel union and communion, there will be sometimes a foretaste of heaven. O! It is a blessed and happy thing for brethren to dwell together in unity.

"I know my sheep, and they follow me." We follow him by his grace, in our difficulties, and under our various trials and conflicts. We may, at times, struggle to get those things straight which by the world, or our own acts, have become crooked; but it is labour in vain. I have been at this work. I have striven many hours, when upon my bed, nights together, pondering over these things, how I could ever get them straight. I have had such trouble that I could not sleep; and wherever I went I could not get rid of it. The world could not give me relief; and it was never intended it should.

By these things the Lord brings us to himself. We are ready to think, when darkness of mind is upon us, that we have no faith in Jesus Christ. If we have faith, it will be tried. The Lord tries the faith of his sheep. This has staggered me many times under these circumstances. I have wanted to get near the Lord in that way which is acceptable. I have had a conviction in my judgment which would be the right way. But sometimes faith seems so weak I have hardly dared to mention the Name of Christ in my prayers. We are tried in various ways. It may be in conflicts with the enemy or the world, or by cross providences. I have had much of this in my own soul's experience. I have, at times, been brought to my wit's end, when the Lord has tried my faith, so that I have not been able to see one step farther that I could go. I have had to ponder over what I thought would be my doom,—that I should fall in the trial, and bring an open reproach on God's cause.

Yet we are not left alone. We find, at times, the Lord gives

us lively faith in himself, and then we feel assured we have a living Friend in heaven. Our faith lays hold on the Lord Jesus Christ in his promises, and we feel them in our hearts and souls. Does not the Lord say, "Is anything too hard for me?" Hence we follow him in trouble, in calamities, and under various dispensations, as they of old did.

When many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him, he said to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" The answer was, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" Where can we go? Where can these sheep go when beset on every hand? When they are convinced in their own souls that without his guidance they can never go right? Feeling their own weakness, lamenting their barrenness, looking at their condition, their cry is, "My leanness! My leanness! Woe is me!"

These are the exercises of the sheep. Where can they go? Go! Nowhere but to God; to him for life, to him who ever liveth for them in the presence of God, in the midst of the throne, he who ever liveth to make intercession for us. He is a living, loving Friend. The more you and I know him, the more we shall love and admire him, and be in everything conformed to the obedience of faith.

The fruits of the doctrines which we have received and professed will be visible in the sight of the world. An ornament to the church to which we belong. These things are the effects of grace in the soul. Where this is wanting, we may justly conclude there is not much communion with God. What a blessed thing is communion! We follow him therein. He therefore opens our understandings. Hence come union and communion.

Remember the disciples who after Christ's death went to Emmaus. They were separated from their brethren. It is said that they were sad and melancholy. They doubted as though they had been deceived altogether. They talked by the way; and as they communed with each other, Jesus came by, and said, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one with another, and are sad?" They told him about Jesus being crucified; that they trusted it had been he that should have redeemed Israel. They did not know him. But when he opened up the Scriptures to them, and their understandings to receive them, their hearts burned within them. When after this he was made known to them in the breaking of bread, and vanished out of their sight, what did they do? Went back to the brethren. So when the Lord opens the understanding, and puts his love and fear into the heart, a new and living friendship springs up, and brings the brethren together. "Herein shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

I am an old man, and have not many years to live. I find it a solemn thing to stand up before the people. As far as the Lord has given me ability, and I hope he has given me grace also, the desire of my soul is so to let my light shine that I may be an instrument in the Lord's hand of stirring up in his ways those who

are the purchase of his blood. I hope the Lord will commend these things to your consciences, that you may be strengthened with the Spirit's might in the inner man, that you may have grace to weigh matters over with a watchful, prayerful spirit, and that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of his grace, for his Name and mercy's sake. Amen.

WAY AND FARE OF A WAYFARING MAN.

Dear Brother and Sister in Christ Jesus,—After several storms, contrary winds, boisterous waves, turbulent seas, dangerous shoals, encounters with formidable enemies of the ghostly kind, and many entanglements among the Caribbee Islands, I am once more come to an anchor at the Cape of Good Hope. The wind is at south-west; the dog-star is now out of sight; I am looking to Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning.

It has been a day of adversity with me, in which I have had many things to consider; and now the day of prosperity is arrived, in which I hope to be joyful. I have of late had various temptations and trials to cope with, and acted in my voyage as Paul did in his;—I cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day. I tried to anchor in the Spirit's former work; in former promises applied; in former evidences and former visits; but, alas! alas! the vessel drove; I was obliged to cast anchor out of the foreship (our refuge is a hope set before us); but still she drove; until a little of that threefold cord that is not soon broken was let out; and then she came to her anchor, and rode sweetly.

I am now ashore; and, having gained the summit of an adjacent rock, I have been, with the help of my glass, making what discoveries I could, while the eddy was visible. I left the group of Candour Islands about a league from the larboard side; I fell on the quicksands on the coasts of Universal Charity; but the wind veered and brought the ship off. Nevertheless, some of the crew were infected from the shore, and we performed quarantine. The old shattered weather-beaten vessel has sprung several leaks; her timbers are impaired; her planking is much decayed; and ere long she will undoubtedly go to pieces. But nothing will be lost but the mortal infection of the timbers, and the lading; for she will be weighed up again, refitted, and numbered among the first-rates, as soon as the Master-builder appears; for he has sworn that no vessel of mercy shall suffer eternal wreck, or be deluged in wrath.

The storm is now forgotten. That part of the voyage is to be performed no more. The Captain is with me; the sun shines warm, and the good old wine is going about. O how sweet are the visits of Christ after faith and patience have been tried! He stands behind the wall in times of trouble, and shows himself through the lattice when the proud heart is humbled. He sits

as a refiner by the side of the furnace, regulates the heat, and brings us out when self is denied; affords supporting grace, stirs up and discovers the base metal at the bottom, purges away the dross and the tin, and makes the trial of faith more precious than gold, and the believer like the golden wedge of Ophir.

Thus we go through fire and water; but he brings us out into a wealthy place. The ransom of a man's life are his riches. Christ is our ransom, wealthy place, hiding-place, resting-place, and dwelling-place.

Having enjoyed my Lord, soon after I made the land I went to survey the little hills, and attempted to water the ridges thereof, in hopes of the blessing of increase. We had some little appearance of the days of the Son of man; the perfection of beauty shone forth; the fire was scattered from the altar; reviving sparks and living coals went forth at his feet; while his inflaming purifying influences warmed the heart, and brightened the countenance of those that are of the true circumcision. With delight I looked upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; but with more delight to see the Master of assemblies there. O to stand in Christ's strength, begirt with his truth, enrobed with his righteousness, cheered with his inward testimony, illuminated with the light of his countenance, free in his liberty, and wise in his wisdom! When the eye of faith pursues his mysterious steps, which he makes glorious, while he displays his power and majesty as our King and our God in the sanctuary, wherewith upon the thirsty soul he comes down as rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth; which makes love, joy, peace, praise, and gratitude to spring forth; while himself delights in his own fruits. He unstops the ears of the deaf, opens them to pleasing discipline; causes a joyful sound to be heard behind, while the still small voice informs the wondering listener, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

With the hammer of his Word he smites the inflexible heart of another; opens the everlasting doors, and makes the careless, senseless, stupid mortal attend to his voice, and reply, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

He takes the bane of guilt from the envenomed conscience of another, and sets the rescued sinner to banter the King of terrors, and the house appointed for all living. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" He couches the eyes of the blind, draws the veil from the understanding, lets a healing beam into the heart, and makes him that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death show himself. The soul peeps out of obscurity and out of darkness, views his past life as a dream, supposes himself in a new world, and shines forth in the sun that shall never go down.

He takes another, struggling in the horrible pit and miry clay, pulls him out of the deep waters, and shows him the way of life and path of peace; fixes his wavering heart, puts a new song in his mouth, and afterwards orders his goings.

He takes another, that has been long struggling against sin in his own strength, by which he has only burdened his soul with additional fetters, and proclaims his enlargement, sets his soul at liberty, and tells him to run the race set before him, looking to his great Deliverer.

He pours a little of the oil of myrrh on the handle of the weak believer's lock, and makes the bolt of infidelity fly back, while loving-kindness and tender mercy take possession, and display their banner there; thus turning the den of dragons into a silver palace, while all the powers of the soul proclaim their Sovereign come, kiss the Heir Apparent, acknowledge his hereditary right to government, and crown him King at large.

He lets the enthralled sinner, that has been long cooped up in the stronghold of flesh and blood, out of his cell; unfolds the door of hope in the valley of Achor; when slavish fear, with her train of terrors and the discovered tormentor, skulk off; while the happy soul feels its plumage, spreads its wings, and escapes like a bird from the hand of the fowler, where it hopes to hear no more of the stormy wind or tempest.

He whispers peace to another; bids the waiting soul be patient, and quietly hope: "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." He discovers and lays open the heart of the secure sinner, and spreads all his crimson crimes and carnal hopes before his face; saying, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." He restores the wanderer, binds up the broken-hearted, informs the misled, fixes the wavering, confirms the unstable, relieves the distressed, succours the tempted, suckles the weakling, smites the froward, disappoints the self-willed, feeds the hungry, satiates the thirsty, replenishes the sorrowful, and settles the marriage-treaty with the suspicious soul, that burns in the raging flames of cruel jealousy; and suffers himself to be held in the galleries.

Thus goes the King in the sanctuary, and spreads the savour of his Name and the bounties of his hand, until every broken heart be warm, every evidence bright, and the smiles of his face proclaim him the health of their countenance, and their God. Surely these are some of his ways; but how little of him is understood!

John saw him walking among the golden candlesticks; and no wonder, when it was the office of our High Priest to trim the lamps, supply the vessels, and keep the lights burning; and who so fit as our Sanctifier, our Unction, and our true light? What a wonderful mystery is the soul-ravishing and soul-dignifying religion of Jesus Christ, when really felt and enjoyed in the divine power thereof!

These thoughts were hovering about my heart and head at the time you were in the north; but my cruse began to fail, the tide ebbed, and my pen dragged heavily; therefore, like the man that began to build, I left off, not being able to finish. If any part appears too rapturous, let it be remembered they are some of the springs that arose after my recovery from a fit of the ague and

fever, in which I left some dregs of the old cask behind; and, as Job says, "My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch, and my glory was fresh in me."

At present the Lord has left communing with me in that comfortable familiar way; and, like Abraham, I am returned to my place, where I hang in an even balance, poising between self and Christ. I know he has gone up, but instead of going up after him, I am looking within, though I am certain I must look out before I can fetch him in.

The spouse acted a wiser part; she went out to seek him, and she found him, and held him fast, nor would she let him go until she brought him to her mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived her. However, bless his Name, he is a constant visitor. He visits our sins with the rod, and our souls with salvation. The former is to make us appear less than nothing; and the latter that himself may be All in all.

The old man must be put off, mortified, yea, crucified; but there is no putting the old man off apart from putting the new man on; no mortifying of him but through the Spirit; no crucifying him but by fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and a conformity to his death. The new man may be known by his penetrating eye, seeing things that are invisible to bodily eyesight; by his nice ear, which tries the word, as the mouth tastes meat; by his delicate habit: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them;" by his activity: "My spirit made diligent search;" by his affections: "I delight in the law of God after the inward man;" by the image that he bears: "Created in righteousness and true holiness;" by his delight in worship: "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand;" by his heavenly-mindedness: "He shall dwell on high; and see the King in his beauty;" by the things that he enjoys,—life and peace; by his tenderness and warm adherence to the cause of God: "And of the rest durst no man join himself to them;" by the company that he keeps: "My delights are with the excellent of the earth;" by his divine origin,—"born of God;" by the matter of his conception,—the "incorruptible seed, that liveth and abideth for ever;" by the relationship that he claims to God, crying, "Abba, Father;" by his attachment to sovereign grace: "Of his own will begat he us, by the word of truth;" by his superlative love to his Father: "Being born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" by his glorifying his Creator: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise;" by the fortitude he is equipped with: "Strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;" by his spiritual fruits: "Created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

The old Adam, or old man, may be known by his evil motions: "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing;" by his attachment to the worst cause: "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of

men;" by his cursed loyalty to the old usurper, adhering to the law in the members; by his infernal rebellion,—the flesh lusting against the Spirit; by his unjustifiable war: "Abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul;" by his false candour and Antinomian principles; he would have us cleave to the letter of the law, but wars against the law in the mind, to bring us into captivity to the law of sin; by his assiduity in mischief: "When I would do good, evil is present with me;" by the assistance that he gets from the devil to oppose the Spirit: "The things that I would not, that I do;" by doing despite to everything that is good: "And these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would;" by his delight in wickedness: "With my flesh the law of sin;" . . . by his desperate hatred to God: "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;" by his incredulity: "What sign showest thou?" by his endeavouring to put us to shame in the Lord's work: "And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" by his struggling to get from the cross, and his hatred to the mystery of it, by which he lost his life and power as leader and ruler: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Christ;" by his incapability of enjoying any covenant blessing: "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption;" by the image that he bears,—a fallen countenance, and a hatred to the light: "Adam, where art thou?" by his loving to make a covering of every web, as Adam did of leaves; by his hypocrisy: "The old man is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;" by his indefatigable labours in opposing the new man: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

These things make the Shulamite appear as it were the company of two armies; black, but comely; as the tents of Kedar; as the curtains of Solomon; as earthen vessels with spiritual treasure; as broken pitchers with burning lamps; as a flock of sheep spotted and spangled; as poor, yet having great riches; as foolish, and yet made wise; as the off-scouring of the earth, and yet the excellent of it; as base, and yet honourable; as unknown, and yet well known; as illiterate, yet taught of God; as dying, and behold we live; as persecuted, but not forsaken; as having nothing, yet possessing all things; as troublers of the people, yet the chariots and horsemen of the nations; as turners of the world upside down, yet the pillars of it; as pests to society, yet the salt of the earth; as troublesome inmates, and yet more excellent than their enemies; as lilies among the thorns; as lambs in the midst of wolves; as a chaste spouse in a posse of concubines; as shining lights in a crooked and perverse generation; as pilgrims in a strange country; as vessels of mercy in seas of affliction; blessed with grace, and burdened with corruption; endowed with faith, and plagued with unbelief; with joyful hope,

and slavish fear; with love to God, and a lusting to envy; with patience and peevishness; with submission and opposition; resignation and strong rebellion; meekness and hardness; fortitude and cowardice; a willing mind, and reluctant flesh; real obedience, and strong resistance.

Persons who answer this complex character must expect their path to be as great a paradox as their persons. The way lies through crooked places made straight; rough places made plain; through darkness, and through light; through fire and through water; through tribulation and ways of pleasantness; in deaths often, and alive always; by evil report, and by good report; by the shadow of death, and by the path of life; through days of prosperity, and days of adversity; with much sweetness, and a deal of bitterness; heavy crosses, and strong consolation; flourishing like a branch, withering like an herb; often refreshed, and often parched; boasting of fatness, complaining of weakness; leaping for joy, and sinking in grief; triumphing in victory, complaining of captivity; days of laughing and weeks of mourning; by the valley of vision, and the valley of Baca; by the Mount of transfiguration, and by the Mount of corruption; with the wings of a dove, and the body of death.

I must, dear friend, conclude, wishing you and yours the comfortable possession of the upper and nether springs, while I remain, in the cause of our sovereign Lord,

Your ready and dutiful Servitor to command,

Winchester Row, 1788.

W. H.

To Mr. K., Red Hill, Kingsbury.

[Friend Player, who sent us this excellent piece of Mr. Huntington's, points out that it was written nearly a hundred years ago; and though it was published amongst other writings of that good man in 1811, our friend thinks, and we agree with him, that many of our readers, not having it in their power to see his published works, will be glad to peruse the foregoing in the pages of our periodical. We have the less scruple as to inserting it as we feel sure that by so doing we shall enhance, not detract from, the value of his publications.]

IN reading books, regard not so much the *science* as the *savour*.
—*Bernard*.

IF you have many trials, do not be greatly amazed on that account, even although you feel such frailty in yourself that you are almost ready to be shaken. Rather learn that it is by such means that God would humble you, that his help should be the better recognized by your need of it.—*Calvin*.

To be sure *it is well*; we think so when all goes according to our wish, when there is nothing in providence that crosses our desires, that thwarts our designs, that sinks our hopes or awakens our fears; submission is easy work then; but to have all things seemingly against us, to have God smiting in the tenderest part, unravelling all our schemes, contradicting our desires, and standing aloof from our very prayers; how do our souls behave then? This is the true touchstone of our sincerity and submission. Here (Rev. xiii. 10) is the patience and faith of the saints.—*J. Hill*.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON PHIL. I. PT. 27.

“Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.”

(Concluded from p. 351.)

10. A conversation such as becometh the gospel of Christ will be one *in harmony with, or according to, the precepts and exhortations of the gospel.* This must be so. The same Holy Spirit of God who inspired those precepts and exhortations dwells in the children of God, and leads them. Now, it is very plain that that blessed Spirit will never speak one way in his Word, and lead in a different way by his inward work upon the hearts of God's people. He indicates and casts up the way of gospel obedience and righteousness in the Word; he leads in the very midst of these paths of judgment by his work.

Here we see at once how all the vain pretences of being led by the Spirit in paths which are contrary to the divine words in the Bible are cut off. Persons will sometimes declare that God leads them to do or not do such and such things. But how are we to test these declarations? Why, by going to the law and to the testimony; to the gospel-word and precept of God. If they answer to that, well and good; but if not, we are bound to reject them; we know for certainty they are not of God. Thus the Lord admonished Israel in days of old. If a prophet or dreamer of dreams rose up amongst them, testifying something, or leading to something not in accordance with the written Word of God, he was to be at once rejected. Yea, if he backed up what he said with a sign; still to be rejected. The Lord had only suffered all this to try the faithfulness of the people, and whether they adhered to his word or no. So now; if a person comes and says anything contrary to the Word, or if he declares that God is leading him in paths contrary to that Word, and backs it up by pretences of special revelations, wonderful visitations of divine love, great blessings, rapturous delights, extraordinary signs following, and we know not what else; it is all nothing; all to be rejected still. It is to the word and to the testimony; if they speak and act not according to that word, it is because there is no light in them.

These things are of the utmost consequence to God's people. In the last days, strong delusions will certainly seize men. We know not to what extent of folly and madness, to what pitch of impiety, they will run. We know not with what wonders all this may be accompanied. Those then will alone be safe from strong delusion who divinely adhere to God's Word in the truth and spirit of it, and reject everything, doctrinal, experimental, and practical, which will not agree therewith.

Now, if we duly consider what the precept of the gospel really is, and what it says, and then call to mind what has been written, we hope truthfully, concerning the gospel of Christ, we shall see in a moment how a conversation becoming the latter cannot be out of harmony, but must be in agreement with the former. For

example, the precept says, "Love not the world," &c. But the gospel is the gospel of God's love, brought into the heart and conforming it to that which is revealed to it, and thus shed abroad in it. Now, this love, as John shows, casts out, according to its prevalence, the love of the world. Here, then, the gospel of God's love says, "Love not the world;" and the precept says, "Love not the world;" in perfect harmony with it. Thus John, before he gives the exhortation, carefully points out to whom he gives it. "I write unto you, little children; you young men; you fathers;" "love not the world." The doctrine and the precept say in the hearts of God's people just exactly the same thing; their voices are in the strictest, sweetest harmony. Love God; love not the world, nor the things in it.

Again. The gospel is the gospel of God's full and free forgiveness of all sorts of sins for Christ's sake. All manner of sins and blasphemies are forgiven therein to the sons of men, however great, however numberless. Now, the sense of this forgiveness brought into the heart makes a man forgiving. To know God as ready to forgive, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin in Christ Jesus, makes a man conformably (2 Cor. iii. 18) thereto ready to forgive, and forgiving also. Now, then, what says the precept? "If thy brother trespass against thee seventy times seven" times, that is, in innumerable instances, and to the greatest extent, "and come to thee, saying, I repent," that is, manifests a true sorrow for doing thee wrong, "thou shalt forgive him." Here, then, the gospel of forgiveness produces a forgiving spirit, and thus says, Forgive; and the precept of the gospel says just the same. The doctrine and the precept are in perfect harmony.

So, again, the precept of the gospel says, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." And again: "Let your conversation be without covetousness." Now, covetousness has two great roots,—distrust of God as to the supply of our necessities, our real wants, and desires of an inordinate nature, arising out of an undue regard for and love to the creature. Well, the gospel, coming into the heart, produces faith in God, both as to his will and power to supply all our need out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. It also moderates our desires as to the things of this world, by causing the affections to be set on better things, even those which are above. Thus, then, it strikes at the very roots of covetousness.

Here, then, we see how the gospel in its doctrine and in its precept speaks just the same thing in and to the heart of the Christian. "Let your moderation be known unto all men; the Lord is at hand. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Let, then, your conversation be without covetousness."

These are only a few examples; but will show plainly to our readers how impossible it is to separate the gospel from its preceptive words. If the precept says, Forgive one another; love one another; bear with one another's infirmities; forbear to give

one another offences; pity one another; pray for one another; weep with those who weep, rejoice with those who rejoice; do good unto all men, specially to the household of faith; be bountiful, ready to communicate; do to others as you would have them do to you; all this is founded upon the very nature of the gospel which, revealing God's free love, produces love and its fruits in his people.

But not only will a conversation becoming the gospel be in harmony with the precept of the gospel, it will be animated by it. The blessed Spirit of God has not given these precepts and exhortations in vain. He so accompanies them to the hearts of God's children that they see the beauty and taste the sweetness of them; and this stirs up their pure minds with a vehement desire to be made conformable to them. They do not take offence at the pure Word of God in its practical form. Far from it, they desire the sincere milk of the Word as it flows into their hearts from both the breasts of Zion. As it is written: "Thy breasts are as two young roes, which are twins; which feed amongst the lilies." They find Christ in the precept as well as the promise. Thus the precept is their delight, for thereby God quickens and nourishes them up in the life of God; and they want God's word to dwell in them richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing them in respect to all the ways of God. They love his preceptive word because it is very pure, and stirs up their hearts in the way of purity.

But, further than this; their conversation is also ruled and regulated by the gospel precept. They are given by the gracious work of God upon their souls a desire to do God's will. They know that will is contained in his Word. Hence they come to that Word to inquire what God's will is, that by his all-sufficient grace they may be conformed to it. As obedient children, they bow down in spirit to the oracles of God. The gospel words of Christ are his sceptre, which he sways over their souls, not in the mere letter of them, but in the spirit and truth, as he himself says, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." The mind of Christ in the saints must be agreeable to the mind of Christ in the Scriptures; and, therefore, if they were all spirit, their conversation would be in the sweetest, freest agreement with all that is set forth in the precept. But in this life there is the old nature, and this is continually more or less influencing and causing some inward or outward disagreement between the saints and the Word. But here comes in the great use of the precept; it abides as a standing rule, whereby the children of God are continually rectified; and with the psalmist they many times bless God for his written Word, which admonishes, instructs, and regulates them as to their hearts and lives. By the words of his mouth they shun the paths of the destroyer.

But let us illustrate this by a case or two, which will make the matter still more clear. Suppose a child of God to have received

some injury from one of his brethren. Now, as it respects the old nature which is in him, he will find what has been done will rouse up angry feelings, and produce malice and revenge. But, further than this; he may, perhaps, misled by his own heart, think he does well to be angry. He may call his vindictiveness a proper spiritedness. "What! Am I to be trampled upon like a worm? No! I will repay the wrong-doer to his teeth." Like David, he girds on, so to speak, his sword, to avenge himself of a foolish Nabal. But now, perhaps, he takes up his Bible, or a word out of that Bible is suggested to his mind by the Holy Spirit. "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies," &c. Or, "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called, with all lowliness and meekness." The sword is laid aside; the true nature of the gospel is perceived; the old man is rebuked, and the new brought sweetly into the ascendant; and thus by the words of God's mouth the man has been admonished, and kept from a conversation not becoming the gospel of Christ.

When the Lord Jesus was upon earth, the apostles, on one occasion, were inclined to call down fire upon those who would not entertain them; but Christ's word showed them the inconsistency of all this. They knew not what spirit they were of. So children of God now may be indulging in an angry, vindictive, covetous, or worldly spirit, and hardly see where they are. Grey hairs may be here and there upon them, and not discovered. Then the preceptive words: "Be ye angry and sin not;" "Lay aside all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour;" "Love not the world;" or, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," may come in with a divine power, showing them their sin, revealing the right ways of God, producing godly sorrow for their wanderings, and earnest desires to be led out of every evil way into the paths of gospel obedience; and thus, rectified by the precept in the spirit of it, we are restored to a conversation which becometh the gospel of Christ.

In this way, the precept of the gospel, in the spirit, and not merely letter of it, as indicating the way in which a child of God should walk and please God, and as brought into the heart and conscience by the Holy Spirit, is of great use in regulating the conversation of a Christian. He reads it, sees its beauty, prays over it, and longs to be conformed thereto; and beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, in the preceptive word, properly understood, he is changed into the image of what he beholds, and is conformed thereto in heart, and mind, and life, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

11. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ is one of a *universal obedience* to Christ. We do not mean for a moment that a child of God in this life perfectly obeys. It is reserved for the life to come for his people thus to serve him. But what we mean is that, so far as the conversation becomes the gospel, it will have about it a universal respect to God's will and God's expression of it in his Word. The child of God, under the influence of

the gospel, will not continue in any known sin or way offensive to God; but he will be seeking in all things to do what is right in his sight, and to have thus a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. In little things, as well as great, he will want to serve and please God. Some of the Levites bore the ark; some only the pins of the tabernacle; each in his own appointed sphere of service worked for God. It was the serving God, not the particular thing done, which put a dignity upon all. So Christians, in their right minds, whether in little or great things, in the affairs of this life or those more expressly of eternity, want to serve God. "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all the glory of God." They seek to have their inward states of mind and outward actions agreeable to the will of God. In the family, in the world, in the church, in private, and in public, they seek to please him. Of course in all this they are sorely hindered. They cannot do the things they would; the good that they would they do not; the evil which they would not, that they do. Their best, they know, is all defiled with sin; their all is nothing worth. They aim high, but lament incessant shortcomings. They groan, being burdened, hindered, infested with sin, subject to vanity; but still, they, as after the Spirit, aim in little things and great to do what is right and serve the Lord Christ.

12. A conversation becoming the gospel of Christ is *in the world, but not of it*. God's people are not called by the grace of God and his gospel to come actually out of the world. The gospel does not make them into monks and hermits. Their singularity is not like that of the monstrous saints of popery and the dark ages, the pillar-saints and will-worshippers of false religion. No; God's people are called upon to attend to the affairs of this life, to mix with their fellow-men, to labour with their hands the thing that is good, to serve with mind and body their generation. But then, they are to be separate in spirit from the world round about them, influenced by different motives, governed by different principles. They are not to act according to the world's maxims, or in the world's spirit. They are in this sense to "come out and be separate," as saith the Lord. But, then, they are to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. They should do good to all men, specially to the household of faith. They ought to display towards their fellow-men a genial goodwill, and do unto others as they would others should do unto them. They should be patterns of all good works in love. They should have a bountiful eye and a liberal hand; they should have a pitying heart and a benevolent action. In fact, their conversation, so far as it becomes the gospel, will be one of self-denial as to themselves, and usefulness as to others; not seeking their own things, but the advantage of those with whom they have to do; giving no unnecessary offence, either by word or act; but, as much as is possible, living in peace with all, though never for peace sacrificing a good conscience; and studying to so let their light shine

before men that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven. Thus Paul says, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared [in the gospel] unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly [as to ourselves], righteously [as to our neighbours], and godly [as towards God] in this present world;" looking for a better, that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

This is but a feeble description of a conversation such as becometh the gospel of Christ; but it may be sufficient to show what Christians are called to aim at, and how they ought to walk. The gospel they profess is a glorious gospel. Could they walk according to their rule, their conversation would indeed be high, holy, upright, and heavenly. In the gospel and the new creation, Christ is all in all. But, alas! A child of God is part flesh and part spirit. World, flesh, and Satan sorely oppose him. He wrestles not against flesh and blood, weak things, but principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world. No wonder, then, that he cannot run the race as he would run it; or fight the good fight as he would fight it. According to the new nature, he is and would be conformed to the gospel of Christ; every thought even brought into captivity to him. But, then, all the desires and workings of the new nature are opposed by indwelling sin; therefore, though he longs, sighs, prays, and aims after it, he is humbled into the dust when he compares his life with a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ.

Thus we repeat, because of its importance, that a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ must, on many accounts, be one of humility. "Put on," says Paul, "as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind." And Peter says, "Be clothed with humility." Nothing can be more out of harmony with the gospel and Christ than pride. It is the gospel of God's free grace to the vilest sinners; surely, then, it must produce the deepest humility. If the grace of God which brings salvation will do anything, it will assuredly humble a man; and the more a child of God is under the influence of that gospel, the humbler he will be; and thus, as the poet writes,

"The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The lower I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high."

But not only will the gospel, from the very nature of the case, under divine teaching produce humility, but, as we have already hinted, the incessant deficiency and contradiction to that gospel which the child of God perceives in his heart and life will tend to increase that humility. O how humbling to see what a glorious gospel we profess, what a glorious Master we serve, what a Father we have in heaven, what a blessed Spirit dwells within us! What a holy conversation these things call for! What manner of persons we ought, therefore, to be in all holy conversation

and godliness! And then to feel how weak, how infirm, how sinful we are, how inconsistent with our rule,—the gospel, how little we adorn it, how often we grieve the Spirit, and act unbecoming the children of God; how little, in fact, our conversation is as becometh the gospel of Christ! O! These things tend to humble us; they lay us low in the dust, and make us cry out, “Unclean, unclean; my leanness, my leanness!” But here we may take one comfort; by thus laying us low and bringing us into the dust, they mortify our pride, and humble our souls; and thus in one grand particular make our conversation more “as it becometh the gospel of Christ.”

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

(Continued from p. 358.)

WE set sail once more for Montserrat, and arrived there safe. When we had unladen the vessel, and I had sold my venture, finding myself master of about £47, I consulted my true friend, the captain, how I should proceed in offering my master the money for my freedom. He told me to come on a certain morning, when he and my master would be at breakfast together. Accordingly, on that morning I went, and met the captain there, as he had appointed. When I went in I made my obeisance to my master; and with money in my hand, and many fears in my heart, I prayed him to be as good as his offer to me, when he was pleased to promise me my freedom as soon as I could purchase it. This speech seemed to confound him; he began to recoil; and my heart that instant sank within me. “What,” said he, “give you your freedom? Why, where did you get the money? Have you got forty pounds sterling?” “Yes, Sir,” I answered. “How did you get it?” replied he. I told him, Very honestly. The captain then said he knew I got the money very honestly, and with much industry, and that I was particularly careful. On which my master replied, I got money much faster than he did; and said he would not have made me the promise he did if he had thought I should have got money so soon. “Come, come,” said my worthy captain, clapping my master on the back; “come, Robert (which was his name), I think you must let him have his freedom. You have laid your money out very well; you have received good interest for it all this time, and here is now the principal at last. I know Gustavus has earned you more than a hundred a year, and he will still save you money, as he will not leave you. Come, Robert, take the money.” My master then said he would not be worse than his promise; and, taking the money, told me to go to the secretary at the Register Office, and get my manumission drawn up. These words of my master were like a voice from heaven to me. In an instant all my trepidation was turned into unutterable bliss; and I most reverently bowed myself with gratitude, unable to express my feelings, but by the

overflowing of my eyes, and a heart replete with thanks to God; while my true and worthy friend the captain congratulated us both with a peculiar degree of heartfelt pleasure. As soon as the first transports of my joy were over, and I had expressed my thanks to these my worthy friends in the best manner I was able, I rose with a heart full of affection and reverence, and left the room, in order to obey my master's joyful mandate of going to the Register Office. As I was leaving the house I called to mind the words of the psalmist, in Ps. cxxvi., and like him I glorified God in my heart, in whom I trusted. These words had been impressed on my mind from the very day I was forced from Deptford to the present hour, and I now saw them, as I thought, fulfilled and verified. My imagination was all rapture as I flew to the Register Office; and, in this respect, like the apostle Peter (whose deliverance from prison was so sudden and extraordinary that he thought he was in a vision) I could scarcely believe I was awake.

Who could do justice to my feelings at this moment? All within my breast was tumult, wildness, and delirium! My feet scarcely touched the ground, for they were winged with joy. Every one I met I told of my happiness, and blazed about the virtue of my amiable master and captain.

When I got to the office and acquainted the Registrar with my errand, he congratulated me on the occasion, and told me he would draw up my manumission for half price, which was a guinea. I thanked him for his kindness; and, having received it and paid him, I hastened to my master to get him to sign it, that I might be fully released. Accordingly, he signed the manumission that day; so that, before night, I who had been a slave in the morning, trembling at the will of another, was become my own master, and completely free. I thought this was the happiest day I had ever experienced; and my joy was still heightened by the blessings and prayers of many of the sable race, particularly the aged, to whom my heart had ever been attached with reverence.

As the form of my manumission has something peculiar in it, and expresses the absolute power and dominion one man claims over his fellow, I shall beg leave to present it before my readers at full length:—

“*Montserrat*.—To all men unto whom these presents shall come: I, Robert King, of the parish of St. Anthony, in the said island, merchant, send greeting: Know ye, that I, the aforesaid Robert King, for and in consideration of the sum of £70 current money of the said island to me in hand paid, and to the intent that a negro man-slave, named Gustavus Vasa, shall and may become free, have manumitted, emancipated, enfranchised, and set free, and by these presents do manumit, emancipate, enfranchise, and set free, the aforesaid negro man-slave, named Gustavus Vasa, for ever; hereby giving, granting, and releasing unto him, the said Gustavus Vasa, all right, title, dominion, sovereignty, and pro-

perty, which, as lord and master over the aforesaid Gustavus Vasa, I had, or now have, or by any means whatsoever I may or can hereafter possibly have over him the aforesaid negro; for ever. In witness whereof I, the above said Robert King, have unto these presents set my hand and seal, this tenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six.

“ROBERT KING.

“Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of Terry Legay, Montserrat.”

Now, the fair as well as black people immediately styled me by a new appellation, to me the most desirable in the world, which was Freeman. But my heart was still fixed on London, where I hoped to be ere long. So that my worthy captain and his owner, my late master, finding that the bent of my mind was towards London, said to me, “We hope you won't leave us, but that you will still be with the vessels.” Here gratitude bowed me down; and none but the generous mind can judge of my feelings, struggling between inclination and duty. However, notwithstanding my wish to be in London, I obediently answered my benefactors that I would go in the vessel, and not leave them; and from that day I was entered on board as an able-bodied sailor at 36s. per month, besides what perquisites I could make. And now, being as in my original free African state, I embarked on board the “Nancy,” after having got all things ready for our voyage. In this state of serenity we sailed for St. Eustatia; and having smooth seas and calm weather, we soon arrived there. After taking our cargo on board, we proceeded to Savannah, in Georgia, in August, 1766.

We were in haste to complete our lading, and were to carry 20 head of cattle with us to the West Indies, where they are a very profitable article. In order to encourage me in working, and to make up for the time I had lost, my captain promised me the privilege of carrying two bullocks of my own with me; and this made me work with redoubled ardour. As soon as I had got the vessel loaded, in doing which I was obliged to perform the duty of the mate as well as my own work, and that the bullocks were near coming on board, I asked the captain's leave to bring my two, according to his promise; but, to my great surprise, he told me there was no room for them. I then asked him to permit me to take one; but he said he could not. I was a good deal mortified at this usage, and told him I had no notion that he intended thus to impose upon me; nor could I think well of any man that was so much worse than his word. He hoped that I would not be offended at what had passed between us, and swore he would make up all matters when we arrived at the West Indies; so I consented to slave on as before. Soon after this, as the bullocks were coming on board, one of them ran at the captain, and ran at him so furiously in the breast, that he never recovered of the blow.

We set sail for Montserrat. The captain and mate had been

both complaining of sickness when we sailed, and as we proceeded on our voyage they grew worse. This was about November, and we had not been long at sea before we began to meet with strong northerly gales and rough seas; and in about seven or eight days all the bullocks were near being drowned, and four or five of them died. Our vessel, which had not been tight at first, was much less so now; and, though we were but nine in the whole, including five sailors and myself, yet we were obliged to attend to the pumps every half or three-quarters of an hour. The captain and mate came on deck as often as they were able, which was now but seldom; for they declined so fast that they were not well enough to make observations above four or five times the whole voyage. The whole care of the vessel rested therefore upon me, and I was obliged to direct her by mere dint of reason, not being able to work a traverse. The captain was now very sorry he had not taught me navigation, and protested, if ever he should get well again, he would not fail to do so; but in about seventeen days his illness increased so much that he was obliged to keep his bed, continuing sensible, however, till the last, constantly having the owner's interest at heart; for this just and benevolent man ever appeared much concerned about the welfare of what he was entrusted with. When this dear friend found the symptoms of death approaching, he called me by my name; and, when I came to him, he asked (with almost his last breath) if he had ever done me any harm? "God forbid I should think so," I replied; "I should then be the most ungrateful of wretches to the best of benefactors." While I was thus expressing my affection and sorrow by his bedside, he expired without saying another word; and the day following we committed his body to the deep. Every man on board loved him, and regretted his death; but I was exceedingly affected at it, and found that I did not know till he was gone the strength of my regard for him. Indeed, I had every reason in the world to be attached to him; for, besides that he was in general mild, affable, generous, faithful, benevolent, and just, he was to me a friend and father; and had it pleased Providence that he had died but five months before, I verily believe I should not have obtained my freedom when I did; and it is not improbable that I might not have been able to get it at any rate afterwards.

(To be continued.)

THE Lord needs not the tongue to be an interpreter between him and the hearts of his children. He that hears without ears can interpret prayers, though not uttered by the tongue. Our desires are cries in the ears of the Lord of hosts.—*Manton.*

IN the best estate there will be suffering one way or other. Sometimes God's children are troubled more with corruption than affliction; at other times, their peace is troubled both with corruption within and affliction without; at the best, they have sufferings of sympathy. 'We must be conformable to our Head before we can come to heaven.—*Sibbes.*

“SOUND SPEECH, WHICH CANNOT BE CONDEMNED.”

My dear Brother in the sweet and precious Lamb of God,—I duly received your kind and welcome letter, and truly felt in reading it that, “as in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man.” It is very encouraging to meet or to communicate with one who is spiritually exercised like oneself; and especially when we are led to see that our religion is founded upon God’s Word, and is the effect of the application of that Word by the Eternal Spirit to the heart; for, unless this is the case, it is worthless. Nothing but the Spirit and the Word, or divine light and truth, will regenerate, quicken, pardon, justify, sanctify, comfort, sustain, and bring the soul to eternal glory.

I hope I have had some sweet meditation on the portion of God’s Word your letter was founded upon. It is truly a very solemn, important, blessed, and comprehensive one. It seems to comprise all my religion, trials, conflicts, encouragements, and prospects. I have been so led into it, I hope by the Lord, that I have preached from it on the two past Wednesday evenings at our room. You may perhaps wonder how it was opened up to me, or how I laid it before the people. Well; I may now inform you. My first head was *our faith*; the second, the *profession* of our faith; the third, the *exhortation* to “hold it fast without wavering;” and the fourth, the *encouraging truth* on which the exhortation is based: “For he is faithful that promised.”

I first laid before them our faith in the Trinity in Unity, and that glorious salvation designed, accomplished, and applied by the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; which is the faith once delivered unto the saints, and is still the faith of God’s elect, who sit at his feet, and are instructed in the mysteries of his kingdom. This served for one evening.

I resumed the subject with the profession of our faith, which signifies, first, a *declaration* of it before the church of God; and secondly, the *practice* of it in the ordinances of the gospel; thus showing by our works our faith in the Lord and in that salvation which was the design of the Father, and accomplished by Christ’s baptism of blood, his overwhelming sufferings, death, burial, and triumphant resurrection; and applied or revealed by the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, in causing our death unto sin and resurrection unto newness of life.

Then, thirdly, the *effects* of faith; which are—1, separation from the world; 2, union and communion with the people of God; and 3, seeking the honour and glory of the Lord.

I afterwards spoke of the exhortation: “Let us hold fast,” as with a strong tenacious grasp, because it is a matter of vital and eternal importance. And there is such a mighty current of evil and error opposing it. Unbelief, infidelity, the fear of man, Satan’s power and temptations, fresh contracted guilt, and darkness of mind, make us waver, reel, and stagger like a drunken man. Hence the importance of holding fast.

But how can we hold fast the profession of our faith amidst such opposition? "He is faithful that promised." He has promised life: "Eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began." He gives this life, and sustains it, by which we hold fast our profession. If he for a moment withholds the feeling sense of it, how slack our hands and feeble our knees become! But he is faithful; and so we are kept alive, and though often faint, yet pursuing.

He has also promised strength equal to our day; and he is faithful that hath promised to renew our strength, to give power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength, so that we hold on our way, and go from strength to strength. By the strength of faith unbelief is again and again subdued; Satan is steadfastly resisted (1 Pet. v. 9); an ungodly world is overcome (1 Jno. v. 4); and the heart is purified. (Acts xv. 9.) So that we are helped to hold fast our profession, fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life.

He has also promised a robe of righteousness, a crown of glory, a palm of victory, an eternal inheritance, a heavenly kingdom; and he displays his faithfulness in giving us a faith's view of these precious things, and sweet foretastes of them, which gives us a greater longing and thirsting for more, and causes us to cleave unto him and press forward. And though we are sometimes very dry, barren, and dark, feeling no softness, enjoying no sweetness, favoured with no clear manifestations, blessed with no signal visitations from the Lord, yet we cannot go into the world nor amongst empty professors. We are spoiled for both; and so we go along, bowed down in spirit, with guilt upon our conscience, darkness in our mind, and our heart, at times, overflowing with grief, sighing and begging of the Lord for a crumb of mercy. And what a mercy that the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon those that hope in his mercy, to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Well, my friend, I have written you the few thoughts which flowed into my mind through your letter and the blessing of the Lord. And now may the God of peace be with you and yours, and grant you according to the riches of his grace treasured up in Jesus. With Christian love, I remain,

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

Chester.

J. OLDFIELD.

THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.—*Cowper*.

SAVING discoveries do not elevate and puff up with pride, but impress the soul with holy dread. The sweet pleasure and joy that attend the discovery are tempered with holy fear and awe, insomuch that men fear the Lord and his goodness, and rejoice with trembling. The place where God manifests himself is both a joyful and a dreadful place.—*Erskine*, on Gen. xxviii. 17.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“ Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

Dear Friend,—I was informed by Mrs. Ager, when she was in London, that you had been very ill, but were then a little better. Her sister, Mrs. Draper, sent word by her that she would be glad to hear from you, if you could get a letter written; but not hearing from you since, she wished me to write a few lines to you.

I should be glad to know how you fare this cold weather, and how you felt your mind during your illness; whether you found, at times, the sensible presence of the Lord with you, and your soul comforted; for he is a very present help in the time of trouble. I dare say you will say, “I know that.” And if he hides himself, at times, because of our sins, and suffers Satan to tempt and harass us, yet he will turn again and have compassion upon us. For it is said in the 103rd psalm, “The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.” I have no doubt that you will say, as well as I, this is true; for if he had dealt with you and me according to our sins, we should have been cut off in wrath long ago.

I hope you can say that, though you have had many trials since you knew the Lord, many temptations, many battles with Satan, and have taken many wrong steps, having within you a sinful nature which has brought you into many troubles, yet the Lord has not, to this day, quite forsaken you, but has given you repentance, forgiven you all your iniquities, and healed all your backslidings, from time to time; so that you find those words true that came into your mind many years ago: “I will give you the sure mercies of David.” Yes, they are indeed sure mercies. Every promise that the Lord applies to his people, and every promise he has made, is sure to be fulfilled. David found it so. He had many troubles. God visited his sins with the rod. He often complained of the Lord’s hiding his face, and of his enemies persecuting him; and he said in his haste, “I am cut off from before thine eyes.” Yet he says in the 31st psalm, “Nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee.” Then he endeavours to encourage others under their troubles, saying, “Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.”

In the 34th psalm it is said, “Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.” Many afflictions befall them as they pass through life. Some are much afflicted in body, in their families, and in their circumstances; but all are afflicted, more or less, in soul. Some are long and sorely exercised with a sense of sin; their convictions are deep; the terrors of God in the law are great; and the temptations of Satan lie heavy upon them, so that they are brought almost to desperation; and they often conclude that there is no hope of

mercy for them. You found a great deal of this in your first trouble; but you were delivered out of it. And no doubt you have had since that many sore conflicts, and have sometimes thought you should sink under them; but have you not been delivered again and again?

The whole of a Christian's life in this world is a scene of changes. Some meet with more trouble, perhaps, than others; but it is said that "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." Yet, though this is the case, the promise is sure: "Out of them all the Lord delivereth them."

But we must not expect a full and final deliverance till death. Then we hope to get rid of a body of sin, which is the cause of all trouble; and then we shall enter into everlasting joy and happiness. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are for ever at rest.

It is not likely that you and I shall ever see one another again in the flesh; but may the Lord grant of his infinite mercy that we may meet there, to join with all the redeemed in that song of praise to him who loved us, and washed us from our sins, and saved us with an everlasting salvation. So prays

Your sincere Friend,

Hoxton, Jan. 14th, 1841.

JAMES ABBOTT.

My very dear Friend,—I can truly say, Grace, mercy, and peace be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.

Your very kind and cheering letter was brought to me in my bed-room this morning, and truly I was glad to see it, feeling that sweet unity and love of the Spirit that is only known and felt by those who have had their hearts blessedly overcome with God's matchless love and mercy, when there was no eye to pity nor any arm to save. This, my dear friend, has been my comfort now for many years, and this sweet and sacred love of his

"Forbids me to think

"He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

The sweet and sacred Ebenezers I have in review

"Confirm his good pleasure to help me quite through."

O what wonders I can indeed say to God belong, for preserving me when my feet made haste to hell! And there should I have gone; but was *preserved*, and then *called*. O how sacred and true are the dear Lord's blessed words to his dear chosen and beloved sons and daughters: "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee these *forty* years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee;" "that thou mayest never open thy mouth" in pride or vain glory, or ascribe anything to self or the creature for such amazing love, and so powerfully made known in times of the deepest distress of soul. O! I do indeed remember these sacred times of love and grief, which can only be known by manifestation, and through the power and love of the Spirit. This I can well witness; and must just tell you, my dear friend, I am blessed to feel it in this my affliction.

O the unspeakable greatness of such sacred and blessed testimonies of God's sweet and everlasting love to such a sinful, weak, guilty sinner as I am and have been all the days of my life! Well might dear Paul shout out, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." And I can truly say it is and has been this sacred mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, and revealed to my heart the Hope of glory, which is all my salvation. But O! What sacred inward teaching to make us sensibly know and feel these things to the praise and glory of his sweet, rich, overcoming love and grace; and all, my dear friend, for the lifting of Jesus on high in the heart's affections; that we may know sweetly and sensibly for ourselves what it is to crown him Lord of all.

But I must forbear, being so very weak. We both join in kind Christian love to you, and cannot help believing that you and many of our dear friends in Jesus do pray for us.

"Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford."

Yours in the Love of the Spirit,

9, South End, Croydon, Aug. 30th, 1876.

HENRY GLOVER.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to receive your kind letter, and very glad to read its contents. I believe I know something of the things you name in it,—the castings down, the perplexities, the bondage, the fear, the guilt, the condemnation. I may add, too, that many times I am ready to halt from the mystery of iniquity I feel within, the working of a depraved nature, the lust of the world, the pride of life, the temptations of the devil, the accusations of conscience, the fightings without, the fears within, the hard speeches of foes, the frowns and cold looks of friends, the care of the church, and many other things which come upon me, which weigh down my spirit, and make me to sadly groan and grieve. I once thought there would be a little cessation from these things; but I now know that, as long as we are in this world, possessing, as we do, a deceitful and desperately-wicked heart, there will be a daily cross to carry, a heavy burden to sustain, and a conflict to endure. I see more and more plainly it is what the Lord has appointed for us, and the lot of his elect, and, therefore, it must be so. And far be it from me to quarrel with Him who knows what is best for me, who hitherto hath helped me, and to the present moment has made all things to work together for the good of my soul, though it has been contrary to the carnal mind and the desires of the flesh.

I hope I may in all sincerity say that the Lord sometimes appears for me, gives me tokens of his love, puts strength into me, so that I am able to bear what he sees fit to lay upon me, to endure his chastenings, not despise them, to hear his voice in the rod when he lays it upon me, and bless and praise him when I can see and feel he is dealing with me as a son, and not as a

bastard. I know the Lord does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. There is a needs-be for it; and O what a needs-be for it he must see there is in me! I often think there cannot be another just such as I am,—so full of sin, so prone to wander and backslide in heart, so forgetful of the Lord's past mercies to me, so full of unbelief, and so ready to doubt of his faithfulness, and whether he will perform the things he has promised me he will. Well is it for such a wretch as I am, and really feel myself to be, that the JEHOVAH is of one mind, that he is immutable and unchangeable in his love. And for my consolation he has declared in his Word, "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." O! My friend, what forbearance does the Lord manifest to his children! How gently he deals with them! How kindly he teaches them! How tenderly he guides, how lightly he afflicts, and how mercifully does he appear for them when sunk in distress, and afraid they may be left a prey for the devil!

I know you like to speak well of the Lord, and delight to tell poor distressed, *sensibly* distressed, and smitten sinners of his love and faithfulness. You cannot too highly exalt the Father for his mercy, the Son for his redeeming love, and the Holy Ghost for the sweet consolation which he administers to the troubled, poor, and needy. I would pray that your valuable life may be spared for the good of the church of God for years to come. And I would also supplicate at the throne of grace, when admitted there, that others like-minded may be sent forth to labour in the gospel vineyard. I see faithful labourers are greatly needed in the present day to tell the people what of the night. For it seems to me it is night, or mostly so, with the church. How gloomy things appear at the present time! It may be the rod of God may fall heavily on the church for her coldness, lukewarmness, departures, and backslidings from the Lord, and for the errors that abound in her; and on the nation also, for the iniquity there is in the land. I humbly entreat the Lord to arouse us out of the sleepy state we are sunk into, and speak to his people individually, that they may arise and "shake themselves from the dust;" for it appears that most of the saints are, in one way or another, cleaving to it. I have to confess I am guilty. I hope I mourn and grieve before the Lord on account of it. I wish I could live more to the honour and praise of a Triune God.

Mrs. Parry is still suffering from rheumatism, and our much-esteemed friend is not so well as we could wish him to be. The steward has been, but did not come to any conclusion as regards rebuilding the Retreat. He sent an architect last Saturday to look over the ruins, and to give in an estimate of the cost of again putting up the house. As you may imagine, we are all anxiety to know what will be done. I do not think All Cannings will agree with the health of our friends. One and all would be very glad to come back to Allington. If it pleases

God, I trust this may be. I hope, as the hearts of all are in the hands of God, he may incline the owner and the trustees over the estate to build a comfortable residence for our friends. Both the steward and the architect said they would do the best they could towards the erection of the house.

We shall soon be expecting our esteemed friend J. C. P. here. I pray the Lord to strengthen him for his London and Wiltshire labours. I suppose he will meet in Town with considerable opposition to his views on the Eternal Sonship of Christ. Do you hear the error is spreading? We do not hear much about it in these parts.

Your affectionate Friend,

Allington, June 19th, 1860.

J. C. TUCKWELL.

My dear aged Brother and Sister in the Lord,—Grace, peace, love, and mercy be multiplied unto you through Christ Jesus, our only Hope and Saviour in times of trouble.

Thinking you are still at this side of heaven's gates, groaning to get within, I venture to try and send you another scrap, to inform you that the same is my case; that I am still in the wilderness, struggling on, as usual, with a body of sin and death, amidst foes and fears of every shape, with occasional lifts, helps, glimpses, and inshinings of the Sun of righteousness, whereby I see a little of the way the Lord has led me, and is leading me, from this city, doomed to destruction, to that city of eternal peace, whose Builder and Maker is God. Truly, for the most part, I find it a rough and thorny way; many fightings without and fears within; many enemies external, but more infernal, and more still internal; for those indoors seem to make way and open the door for all the others. Nevertheless, at times, the mighty Captain of my salvation falls upon every enemy, and they seem dead on the field. Glory be to his holy Name for ever and ever! Surely I shall crown him Lord of all when I get fully delivered from the shackles that now fetter my longing soul, which longs to do the things that I would; namely, to serve him better, love him more, and walk continually in the light of his sweet, reconciled countenance. This is what I would do if I could; and because I cannot, the cry of my heart often is, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

In taking a survey of the way the Lord has brought me, and the times that have passed over me in my short pilgrimage, I am astonished and confounded on two accounts; first, at the number of my base sins, transgressions, backslidings, and multiplied provocations; and, secondly, at the loving-kindness, goodness, mercy, care, keeping, continual watchfulness, and tender guardianship of the Lord over me. The times that have passed over me are legion. Times of deaths; once dead in trespasses and sins, and many spiritual deaths; times of darkness and temptations innumerable; times of fiery conflict with the prince of darkness, the devil; times of rebellion and hostility against God's Name; times of poverty, sickness in family and my own body, deaths in my

family, crosses in temporals of every kind; losses in business; times of soul troubles, family troubles, church troubles, worldly troubles, and wretched self-troubles innumerable.

But, not to lie against my right, I must record to the glory of God's grace times of joy as well as sorrow; liberty as well as bondage; light as well as darkness; life as well as death; feasting as well as fasting; prosperity as well as adversity; victory as well as defeat; faith as well as unbelief; Christ as well as Satan; and heaven as well as hell. I have had good reading times, good praying times, good hearing times, good preaching times, good meditation times, and good conversation times; and by these things men, that is, good men, live; and in all these things is the life of their spirit.

Many of these changes have passed over me since I last saw you, particularly those relating to my soul, religion, and ministry; but, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. I have many times thought I should fall to rise no more, that my religion would end with those represented in Scripture by dogs and swine, and that I should return to wallowing in the mire, and my preaching or ministry end, with the apostleship of Judas, in destruction, death, and hell. I still feel that I am not out of the gunshot of Satan, and know I never shall be while in the body. Only I get away from his fiery darts when, from time to time, I enter by faith into Christ, the Rook of eternal ages. And bless his dear Name, I am not entirely destitute of such times.

You will see, then, that I am not left dead, calm, careless, and indifferent about my state and standing, but am emptied from vessel to vessel, and not at ease. I hope God has taught me the value and worth of my precious never-dying soul, its dreadful state through the fall, the breadth and spirituality of the law, the curse due to all its breakers, myself being one of them, my total helplessness as to fulfilling it, and my need of One to do it for me. Also the preciousness of the great law-Fulfiller, Christ Jesus the Lord, in our nature; of his blood to cleanse me from all iniquity, and of his righteousness to clothe, adorn, and justify me from all things. Thus I stand accepted and acceptable in the Beloved.

With this religion I want to live, having Christ as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. With this I wish to die, and finally, after this life, spend a never-ending eternity in his embraces, whom my soul desires now to love, admire, and adore;—even Jesus, my only Hope.

I know you are no strangers to these things. You were many years before me in the Christian life; therefore you will know every step or footprint in this letter, except what refers to the ministry.

Please send me a few lines. I want to hear of your welfare; how you are getting on in body, soul, and circumstances. Let me hear also about the cause of truth at W.; and you will oblige one of Zion's unworthy watchmen, and

Your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,
Westoning, Oct. 26th, 1870. W.

“*YEA, I HAVE LOVED THEE.*”

“Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”—JER. XXXI. 3.

WHAT shall we say of love, so great, so free,
Which ever was and evermore will be?
From everlasting did this love abound;
No date to dateless love can e'er be found.
For “God is love,” the Sacred Records show,
The truth of which both saints and angels know.
But why are fallen sinners loved of God,
And wash'd from sin in the Redeemer's blood?
The will of God has caused his love to flow,
No other *why* but this can sinners know.
Why are some loved in Christ and saved by grace,
And others left to run the downward race?
Why some, through grace, eternal bliss attain,
While others reap, through sin, eternal pain?
Are questions hard, indeed, to flesh and blood.
Each answer'd is: “So is the will of God.”

How sovereign is the love of God to man!
How wise and wonderful salvation's plan!
In love the Father gave his Son to die;
The Son in love did willingly comply;
In love the Spirit will his work maintain,
And by his power shall each be born again.

When lost in Adam's fall the chosen lay,
And all from God, like sheep, had gone astray,
No love to him, but hatred fill'd their heart;
Yet, still he loved, nor could his love depart.
The everlasting arms were still beneath;
And Jesus' love was stronger found than death.
Yes, in the circle of eternal grace
The chosen have a never-failing place.
Eternal love their sins on Jesus laid;
And he in love became their covenant Head;
He did engage to put their sins away,
And by his blood their ransom price to pay.
The vengeance due to them upon him fell;
Thus they are saved from sin, from death, and hell.

God in his love has fix'd the day of grace,
When all he loves shall seek the Saviour's face;
And though he seems to meet them as a foe,
When they are taught his holy law to know,
Yet 'tis in love he makes his justice known,
To lay them low in dust before his throne;
And thus they see and feel they are undone;
That none can save but God's Eternal Son.
Love leads them to the fountain of his blood,
To purge their sin, and find sweet peace with God;
And clothes them with Immanuel's righteousness,
Design'd to be their everlasting dress.

Love spreads its sacred banner o'er their head ;
 And to the house of wine each one is led,
 To eat and drink, and bless the Sacred Three
 For the provision made, so rich and free.
 Each one, while feasting here, forgets his woe,
 And thirsts and pants more of this love to know ;
 While each exclaims, " O Love, how rich thy store,
 That makes such beggars kings for evermore !
 O may we feel love's mighty power within,
 To keep us from the dangerous way of sin ;
 To lead us in the true and living way,
 Till night gives place to never-ending day !"
 The subject is so deep, so high, so grand,
 I feel my thoughts completely at a stand ;
 I can but merely of its surface tell,
 And own 'tis Love that's inexpressible.

Wadhurst, Jan., 1875.

J. J.

**"WHERE IS THY BOASTED VICTORY, GRAVE?
 AND WHERE'S THE MONSTER'S STING?"**

CHARLES BRUTON MARSH.—On April 7th, aged 68, Charles B. Marsh, of Devizes, minister of the gospel, and late of Chipping Sodbury, Glos.

My beloved father was called by grace in early life, and joined the Particular Baptist church at Hawkesbury Upton, being baptized about 1847. In connection with this church he continued until death.

He was much exercised in mind, and, at times, greatly tried, both in grace and providence; but, though greatly fearing it, was ever kept from bringing a disgrace on the cause of his Lord and Master. Many times his language was: "Hold thou me up, lest I fall." He would say, "It is by the grace of God I am what I am; not by anything in myself." He always had a low and humble view of himself, esteeming others better than himself.

His mind was deeply exercised respecting the work of the ministry. These exercises, together with having to work hard to bring up a large family, tried his weak constitution; but he continually found that the day of prosperity was set over against the day of adversity; and the consolations of the gospel were neither few nor small with him. The ministry of the word by Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, and others was much blessed to his soul.

In March, 1877, he had a slight attack of paralysis, at which time he was highly favoured with the presence of the Lord. He recovered from this stroke, so as to be able to go to Highworth, Wilts, and preach there on July 3rd, returning home better than usual. On July 10th, he preached his last sermon at Salem Chapel, Devizes, from the promise that the Lord had given him many years before: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not

want." (Ps. xxiii. 1.) This sermon will not be forgotten, we believe, by those who heard it.

We can say, to the honour of his promise-fulfilling God, that not one thing was lacking through his long affliction. On July 12th, he had another stroke, which much impaired his mental powers and speech, so that he could not repeat a line of a hymn, nor a text of Scripture. He would often try to say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;"—"not worthy;" but could not give more than a syllable here and there. He was kept most of the time in peace, and would often say, as well as he could, "Bless the Lord! He is good," but only in broken sentences.

On March 27th, 1878, he was taken with the last attack. His family were summoned to come and see the last scene, as we thought him fast sinking. On Friday and Saturday he was very happy, and his countenance bespoke his peace of mind. He talked much; but we could not understand a word, which was painful to us. Not that we needed a dying testimony; but we felt it would have been a consolation to know what he said.

On Sunday morning my eldest sister came, and we unitedly asked the Lord to unloose his tongue, and let him speak plainly; and God in much mercy answered our prayer. Shortly afterwards, he said, "Strengthen me, Lord." In a few minutes, he tried several times to say, "Precious;" but could only partially express himself. My sister said, "You want to tell us that Jesus is precious, do you not?" "Yes, yes," he said; "precious, precious, precious Jesus. Chiefest—chiefest——" She repeated, "He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." With great emphasis, and very plainly, he said, "Yes, yes; always the same,—true and faithful, even unto death."

Thus were our hearts comforted. We felt quite satisfied all was well, though it would soon be over with him. But again the Lord enabled the dear sufferer to speak, after a long sleep. He said, "Heaven is opened. What a throng of angels, and thousands from all nations; and Jesus in the midst. They are singing unto Him who hath loved them, and washed them in his blood, and hath made them kings and priests unto God and his Father. To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. All here full of glory,—fulness of joy for evermore. Precious Jesus! Blessed Jesus! I see him plainly now—my Lord and my God! I will hold him up with my last breath. Praise him! Bless his Name! My Lord and my God!" Waving his left arm, he said, "Victory! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" Then, looking on his poor useless arm, he said, "I can't." Then, as if a fresh thought passed through his mind, he with the left hand took and raised the right, and again cried out, "Victory! victory!" We watched for the last breath; but the Lord's time was not come.

On Monday he said, "I had a very happy day yesterday. I thought I was going home; but I must stay a little longer." He said, "Mercy, mercy, everlasting mercy,—a sinner saved by rich,

free, and sovereign grace. Victory! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" As soon as he had gained a little strength, he said, "Precious Jesus! He hath forgiven my transgressions, and washed all my sins away—all—hundreds, hundreds; and made me white and clean every whit. I shall soon be with Jesus eternally shut in. Come, come, come, Lord Jesus! Jesus first—Jesus last—Jesus All in all."

On Tuesday he said, "I must praise him with my latest breath. Precious, precious Jesus!" He then spoke at some length of Christ and the church, of his being the sacrifice for sins, &c.; but our feelings being overpowered, we could not note down all. "God sent," he said, "his sweet Son to be the sacrifice for my sins,—my sins; the only sacrifice! The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life." He then said, as to himself, "Not launched yet. Do not murmur."

Wednesday was a day of great suffering. I cannot convey to another the least idea of what it was like; a person must be an eye witness to know it. Seeing his daughter weep, he said, "Alice, why those tears? Sing praises; 'tis all joy." He many times wanted all to sing. The greater the suffering, the more he proved the sustaining power of all-sufficient grace. Many times he said, "Bless the Lord! Happy—joyful! Blessing—honour—glory. Come, come, come, Lord Jesus!"

The doctor came; and he talked much to him about the leper, and the sins which cling to all, signifying that nothing but the precious blood of Christ can save the sinner. The doctor said, "You will soon drink the new wine of the kingdom." He looked at him with a sweet smile, and said, "I have been drinking it all the week. I shall soon be in the new Jerusalem. There is not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast."

He repeated many times, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" In the evening he said, "O the glory bursting on my view! Come, come, Lord Jesus. I love his blessed Name. Bless the Lord. 'Tis joyful.—Abba, Father.—My Lord and my God.—He saves poor sinners from hell.—I can't praise him half enough." Several times in the day he asked the time. On our telling him it was half-past ten, he looked disappointed, and said, "Patience." He then gave, as we thought, a parting farewell, telling dear mother not to trouble, for the Lord would take care of her, and she would soon follow him. He blessed his children in the Name of the Lord, and said, "The work is done. Praise him—praise him."

On Thursday he often asked us to sing, wishing us to sing, "Rock of ages." I said, "You will soon sing louder than any of us." With a bright beaming countenance, he said, "Yes, yes,

"More sweet, more loud,
And Christ will be the song'

through eternity. Bless his Name!"

His sufferings being great, he said, "The road is rough, but every step is mingled with mercy and blessings." After a long sleep, he was offered a little wine to moisten his lips; but he turned his head away, saying, "I am drinking the new wine of the kingdom. It is beautiful,—refreshing. I am holding sweet communion with him whom my soul loveth." He took nothing after this.

Several friends being in the room, he said, "Are you born again? Do you know it for yourselves? Some talk of good works; but works will not do. No, no! It is the precious blood of Christ alone. 'Not of works, lest any man should boast.' Sinner, what will your works avail you in the hour of death? What will all your gold do for you then? Nothing! It is Christ first,—Christ last. He is All in all. I am a miracle of rich, free, and sovereign grace. Wonderful love! Blessed Lord! Now unto him who hath loved us, and washed us in his precious blood, be glory and honour for ever. Come, Lord Jesus!"

After a long silence, he said, "Jesus has taken all my sins away, and filled me with his blessed self. Victory! Victory! Victory!" He said much more, but we could only hear a word here and there, such as, "Joyful—glory—Hallelujah—Praise him."

He lay in one position from Friday till Sunday morning; and then, without a struggle, he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke.

We scarce could say, He's gone,

Before his willing spirit took

Its mansion near the throne."

S. B. M., A Lover of Truth.

[We cannot forbear making a remark or two in connection with the foregoing sweet account of a dying saint. What a remarkable answer to the prayers of his children in the good man's being enabled to speak plainly and testify as he did! What a victory over suffering, death, and the grave; and all through the blood of Jesus! This triumphing, too, in the blood of Christ was that of one who, as we have been informed, dwelt much in his ministry on the preceptive parts of God's Word, on practical godliness, or the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God. Before God, this man is nothing but a sinner, and has nothing but grace to boast of. What an answer is the death-bed of this poor, paralyzed man to the cavils of infidelity! What an encouragement to the faith of saints! Here is a child of God, in nature's extremity, raised above suffering, with heaven opened to the eye of faith, with glory begun in him below; and at length sweetly dying into the full enjoyment of everlasting blessedness.—ED.]

SATAN has a something that comes so near the true gospel that it is called by Paul "another gospel;" and yet it is in reality no gospel at all. He deals much in half convictions and almost Christians, but does not like thorough work. He will let people *talk* about grace as much as they please, so long as talking will satisfy them.—*John Newton.*

Obituary.

MRS. ALEXANDER TAYLOR.—On March 5th, aged 60, Mrs. Alexander Taylor, of Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

Our departed friend was a sister of Mr. Roger Spackman, of Kennett, near Marlborough, the account of whose experience and death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for April, 1878.

We have reason to believe that a work of grace was begun in her heart in early life, though it was not very deep at the first. It was not until some years afterwards that the Lord's work in her soul became more manifest; the law-work she passed through at the beginning being less deep than with some of the Lord's people, and her experience of real gospel liberty being very small. She was in consequence unable, for a long time, to speak of any manifest deliverance.

After some years, she went into Gloucestershire, where she made a public profession of her faith. By and by, she changed her condition of life, and came with her husband to live at Bradford-on-Avon, where she attended the Independent chapel for a considerable time. Some years after her settlement at Bradford, her kind and affectionate husband was removed from her by the hand of death; and now it was that the Lord was pleased to deepen his work in her soul, by leading her in a way she had not known. She began to be dissatisfied with things at the Independent place of worship, and to feel that she wanted a something that she could not find there. She went, about this time, to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roger Spackman, of whom some account was published in the "G. S." two or three years ago. Seeing her sister-in-law in such a blessed frame of mind, in the immediate prospect of death, and hearing Mr. Porter, of Allington, who was present, ask her sister if she felt that she could die upon the truths she had professed; and hearing her sister say, with a sweet smile, she could, our friend was compelled to leave the room, and in secret to beg of the Lord to make it clear to her that she was savingly interested in redeeming grace and dying love.

She became after this still more dissatisfied with what she had been accustomed to hear at her place of worship; so that she had no peace of mind about it. This led her to more earnest prayer to God, to direct her what to do. And as she was accustomed to visit her friends near Broughton every Saturday, in order to stay over the Sunday, it pleased the Lord in his good providence to bring her to the Strict Baptist chapel at Broughton. The set time to favour her soul was now come. The word was blessed to her soul; and she found it sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. She was like a bird let loose, and could bless and praise the Lord for his goodness.

It was now her desire to cast in her lot with the people of God, where her soul had been so favoured. She accordingly resigned her connection with the Independents, having first given them her reasons for separating from them. Upon her communicating with me about the exercises of her mind, it was proposed that she should be asked to relate her experience before the church. She accordingly came before the church on June 3rd, 1877; her testimony being well received by all. We had to bless the Lord for his goodness.

But her stay upon earth was not to be long after this. Having an internal disease, and having sustained the severest shock, through the very sudden death of her beloved brother, Roger Spackman, it soon became manifest that her days in this vale of tears could not be many. I went to see her in the last stage of her illness, and she seemed perfectly

satisfied that all would be well with her beyond death. Mr. Spencer, minister at Bradford, constantly visited her during her affliction. She had much valued his ministry, and had often much enjoyed his company and conversation.

Her sufferings at the last were great. She would often say, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." The Lord was pleased to take her to himself on the day before mentioned.

We feel that we have lost in Mrs. Taylor a valued friend; but the Lord liveth for evermore.

Broughton Gifford.

O. MORTIMER.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH BAILEY.—On Feb. 3rd, aged 59, Mrs. C. E. Bailey, of Thornhill, Bitterne, Southampton.

My dear wife was brought to see that she was a sinner about 16 years ago. Her distress of mind for a long time was very great, and seemingly too much for her to bear. But in the dear Lord's own good time he appeared for her. These words came with power to her: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." They set her soul at liberty.

She then sat under Mr. John Lucas, who laboured afterwards at Goring Heath. She was baptized by him at Hedge End, and belonged to the little church there until about three years ago. After this time, being so far from a place of truth, her daily companions were Mr. Philpot's sermons, the "Gospel Standard," Herbert's hymn book, and Gadsby's Selection, with the Book of all books, the Bible.

She was a great sufferer for the last twelve months. We had three doctors, and they all said that her complaint was disease of the liver, that there was no hope of her getting better. This was a heavy trial to her, at times, and the enemy was permitted to set upon her with all his force. But she was brought to cry for help; and the Lord heard and delivered her one day with these words: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I came in to inquire how her mind was. She said, "It is all right now; the dear Lord has given me a token for good. O! How can I mistrust his faithfulness any more?" But it was not long before she was like Gideon, and wanted another manifestation of the Lord's goodness. Ps. xxiii. was then blessed to her: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "They do comfort me," she would say. Hymn 483 was also such a comfort to her. She could say,

"I soon shall reach the harbour
To which I speed my way;
Shall cease from all my labour,
And there for ever stay."

The 5th and 6th verses were particularly blessed to her. The last hymn I read to her, and which seemed to comfort her, was the 948th:

"What is this world to me?"

She could say it was not her home.

She was afraid her mind would fail her at last; but she was blessed with the use of her faculties to the end. On the Saturday before her death, I asked her how her mind was, whether she felt Christ precious. "Yes," she said; "on the Rock." It was hard work to leave me and her children; but I said, "You can give us up now, mother?" "Yes, yes," she replied.

On Feb. 3rd, we saw a change come on, about one o'clock. She neither moved hand nor foot, nor opened her eyes afterwards; but silently breathed her last without a struggle or a groan. She just gave one sigh, and her redeemed spirit left this tabernacle to be with God, as we believe. She was a good mother and wife, and a sinner saved by free and sovereign grace.

ANN GILES.—On May 20th, aged 75, Ann Giles, of Hornsey Rise, London.

The subject of this brief notice was born at Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire. After various removals from place to place, she was settled for a short time at Leicester, and became a member of the church at Alfred Street; but, removing soon after to London, she joined the church at Eden Street, Hampstead Road. I have been told that after she had given in her experience at Eden Street, Mr. Turner, who was then one of the deacons, said, "I see our sister is one of David's ragged regiment." For many years she was a regular attendant at Eden Street and Gower Street chapels, feeling warmly attached to the ministry she there sat under. The church being without a settled pastor, the ministers who supplied the Gower Street pulpit were for some years lodged at her house in Cardington Street, Hampstead Road. Two of her favourite hymns were the 667th, especially the last verse, and the 991st, in Gadsby's Selection.

The particulars connected with her first call by grace I am not acquainted with; but I have many times heard her speak of a season of deep soul conflict and spiritual darkness, which she passed through some years after joining the church at Eden Street, when her exercises and distress of mind were so severe as to reduce her bodily strength, bringing her body to the borders of the grave, and her soul to the verge of despair. But in this, as in numberless other instances, both temporal and spiritual, she was favoured to prove the truth of the psalmist's words: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

She had about eight children, I believe, but survived them all. Of near relatives, her husband and one sister alone remain to mourn their loss. Two daughters and one son, who lived to be more than 30 years of age, and then died of consumption after lingering illnesses, were the cause of much sorrow of heart to her, in watching the progress of their disease, and in seeing them taken from her one by one by death. Yet in the case of each of the three members of her family referred to above, as also in the case of others of her children taken away by death before I knew the family, her spirit, whilst smarting under the bereavement, was cheered and supported by the hope and belief that her loss was their eternal gain.

My acquaintance with her dates from 1860, when I first came to reside in London, and took a lodging in her house. For 18 months after my coming to London, I was a stranger to a work of grace in my soul; but my departed friend did her best to watch over my welfare, and to make me satisfied to spend my evenings in her house, which was, I believe, the means, under God, of preserving me from many a snare. For five years after the Lord graciously began to work upon my soul, I was unable to breathe a word of what was going on within, except to the youngest child of my departed friend, who was seven years older than myself, and who was then walking in the same path spiritually that I was. Yet I believe my departed friend discerned something of what was going on in my heart; and in many respects the friendship between her and myself exercised an influence for good upon me at this time.

Remembering her conduct towards me, remembering the opposite treatment I received at that time from most other Christians, remembering that one Christian family I frequently visited, during the first two years of my residence in London, ceased to welcome me as a visitor without any cause known to me, just as the Lord began his work of grace in my soul, and just as their friendship might have been specially helpful to me; and remembering the influence which these things had upon me, I feel powerfully impelled to remark that it becomes us to "walk in wisdom toward them that are without" (Col. iv. 5), and not lightly cast aside opportunities of exercising an influence for good upon young persons thrown in our way, who are at all open to such good influences, whether we have any reason to believe them to be partakers of grace or not.

In Dec., 1861, their three surviving children having taken a business in that neighbourhood, my departed friend and her husband removed to Hornsey Rise, in order to be near them. Being now at some distance from Gower Street, she frequently went to a small Baptist chapel in Holloway, and some little time after ceased to be a member of the church at Gower Street. Soon after this, a fresh Baptist cause was commenced by preaching held in her house, which cause has grown considerably, and is now located in a chapel built for it at Hornsey Rise. When a church was formed in connection with this cause, my departed friend became one of its first members, and her husband was, and still is, one of its deacons.

Whatever portions of Scripture may at times have appeared to cut her off in her soul's feelings, she could not feel condemned by David's words: "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God;" for she was continually the subject of many changes; and though enabled to live consistently before the world, yet she well knew what spiritual declensions and heart backslidings are; and again and again proved to her sorrow that "the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." She was called to pass through many deep waters of affliction, both temporal and spiritual, and was well taught in experimental truth, yet she fully proved that the best taught Christian needs fresh power from on high to withstand each new temptation, and fresh supplies of grace for every time of need.

During the last two or three years, my departed friend had been living at Chadwell Heath, in Essex, returning to Hornsey Rise about six months before her death. During that time I did not see much of her; and when I did could not discern much fresh savour of spiritual things resting upon her spirit. When, however, I went to see her just a week before her death, I found her bodily very ill, but in a much better state of soul. She could tell of fresh manifestations of the Lord's gracious presence; and I felt that indescribable savour to accompany what she said which testifies to the spiritual reality of that which is spoken of. She spoke of having felt much sweetness in the 787th hymn in our selection. Feeling at one time in her last illness to be deserted by almost all her friends (a point upon which her natural mind was at all times very sensitive), as she was brooding over this feeling, her soul was melted within her by the words being brought to her mind and applied with gracious power and influence:

"Him your fellow-sufferer see;
He was in all things like to you.
Are you tempted? So was he.
Deserted? He was too."

When she got the book to read the hymn, the last four lines were made very sweet to her:

“ Sin and sorrow may distress ;
 But neither shall us quite control ;
 Christ has perfect holiness
 For every sin-sick soul ;”

and her face beamed with a warm appreciation of the poet's words as she repeated to me the last line. She evidently felt that whatever she was or was not, she most certainly was “ a sin-sick soul.” I said to her, “ Then doubtless you could say,

‘ Weary of earth, myself, and sin?’ ” &c.

“ Ah,” she replied, “ weary indeed of all things here. That verse has been the language of my heart many a time.” I said to her, “ I am glad to find you realize the fulfilment of that word: ‘ At evening time it shall be light.’ ” “ Ah,” she replied, “ more than 30 years ago, when in a very dark state of soul, I went into the room where dear Mr. Godwin was, and he, knowing what a poor hobbling experience mine was, looked up at me as I went into the room, and said, ‘ At evening time it shall be light,—it *shall* be light ;’ and so it is, and so it will be.”

I saw her on the Saturday before she died. She was then, however, almost unconscious; but once, when I took her hand and spoke to her, just before leaving her bedside, she manifestly recognized me, though totally unable to engage in converse. She was moaning a good deal, but in the intervals kept repeating the word, “ Yes, yes,” in a peculiarly emphatic and significant manner; and I felt that though she was unconscious to all around, yet this was the soul's response to spiritual truths secretly suggested to the mind.

On the Sunday morning, she remarked to her husband how sweet she had felt that verse upon her mind as she awoke:

“ Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,” &c. ;

and she spoke again of this to a friend who called to see her in the afternoon. Early the following morning she breathed her last, having been unconscious for some time previous. We feel fully assured that we may say of her:

“ All her sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.”

Holloway, London.

S. SARGEANT.

JOHN FLEWSTER.—On March 9th, aged 76, John Flewster, of Blunsdon.

My beloved husband was for many years a constant attendant at the Particular Baptist chapel, Blunsdon; but always feeling himself unworthy to partake of that blessed ordinance, baptism, he never joined the church. His walk and conduct were most consistent, and his heart and house ever open to welcome the Lord's own sent servants, who would turn in to tarry with us for the night.

He was confined to his bed for two years. His illness, which was of a most afflicting nature, being accompanied with confirmed deafness, much conversation was almost impossible; but there was no murmuring. When a little respite was granted him, he would say, “ How good the dear Lord is to deal so gently with unworthy me!” He longed much to be enabled to say, “ The Lord is mine, and I am his.” How often would he say, “ O that I had but an assurance! I could then die that moment.” I used to say to him, “ But you have a hope.” “ O yes!” he would answer, “ I have a hope, which I cannot give up; but I want an assurance.”

Thus he went on hoping and fearing, sometimes sinking very low, until a week before his death; when he called me to him and asked me

to pray with him. Then, in his poor, weak, broken language, he poured out his soul to God with such cries and tears as I never shall forget. After this, he looked at me, and said, "Good hope. Not afraid of death now;" his countenance bespeaking the peaceful state of his mind. After this he dozed a little time. When he awoke up, as I knew how weak he was, I begged him to tell me if he could fancy anything which I could get for him to eat. Instead of replying, he burst forth earnestly entreating the Almighty to bless me. I thought what a sweet spirit he manifested. It broke my poor heart. It was as if he had said, "I have all I want. My desire is accomplished; my soul is happy; and I want you to rejoice with me, and not be so anxious for the poor body."

He spoke but one or two words after this, but lay apparently asleep for nearly a week, taking no notice of any one; then quietly breathed his last, entering, I believe, into the joy of his Lord.

I would indeed speak of the great mercies of my ever-adorable God displayed during this long and severe affliction; and would praise him for giving me such blessed testimonies that my dear husband is safely landed in glory; so that I have not to sorrow as those without hope. Blessed be his most holy Name, who laid the departed so much upon our hearts, and has not suffered us to cry in vain, but enabled us to testify that he is a God hearing and answering prayer. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

M. FLEWSTER.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.—On April 21st, aged 66, William Roberts, a member for 40 years of Hanover Chapel, Tunbridge Wells.

He was brought up to the Established Church, and was in some degree convinced of sin when attending the Sunday school; but as he grew up he lived in sin, though not permitted to run the extent many do. While still attending the church, and a teacher in the Sunday school, conviction came on stronger than ever, and he felt deeply sensible that, whilst he was attempting to teach the children, he needed teaching himself. Being in this way harassed and perplexed in his mind, he was obliged to give up his class. He was at this time working with a dear man of God, a member of Hanover, who, perceiving the Lord was at work with him, spoke to him to that effect; but he still thought he must attend the church in which he had been brought up. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied with the preaching. There was something wanting to him. On one occasion, another minister came to the church, who preached free and sovereign grace, which was indeed good news to him. He heard him so well that, as he said, he found the word and did eat it. He told his friend next day that that was the preaching which suited him. Mr. Smith said to him, "Well, friend, if that suited you, come with me and hear my pastor, Mr. Kewell (then pastor at Hanover); I feel sure you will not regret it." He consented to go, and heard the word greatly to profit, so that he felt obliged to go again and again, until his affections got so rivetted to the dear man, Mr. K., and the people, that he could not be persuaded to leave again.

Now came a great trial from the clergyman of the church and his own friends about his leaving them; but the Lord appeared for him. One Thursday evening, as he was going to chapel, greatly exercised in his mind about this matter, and entreating the Lord to teach and guide him in the right way, he powerfully heard as it were a voice saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." His mind was now so fully directed to Hanover that he went to the clergyman and told him all about it, and bade him farewell. He was very angry with him for leaving, and said, "I shall still count you as one of my sheep."

From that time he became a constant hearer at Hanover; and, the truth becoming more and more precious to him, he cast in his lot with the people. He was baptized by Mr. Kewell, whom he esteemed and loved dearly; and by the grace of God continued an honourable member until his death.

He was one of the oldest members, having joined the church a few years after its commencement. And O! How he loved peace and prosperity in the church. He had seen a great many unpleasant things, and had watched the hand of God in them. The last few months seem to have been a great trial to him, and many a night has he been kept from sleeping. Many of his friends have observed what a great weight the church was on his mind; thus showing how near and dear the cause and honour of God was to him. At prayer meetings and the preaching of the word he was most constant in attendance, never being absent unless from some unavoidable cause.

He knew what it was to be tried in providence, and some years ago had to sacrifice a good place on account of his principles.

I must now come to his last illness, which was very short. He was taken ill on Sunday, April 14th, and it terminated fatally on the following Sunday. When very ill, he was asked by his dear partner if he would like to be spared a little longer. He answered that for her sake he should; but if the dear Lord's will was to take him to himself, he would provide for her, as he had promised to be a Husband to the widow. "You know," he said, "your heavenly Father provides for the sparrows, and yet they have no storehouse."

When standing by his bedside the night before he died, he said to us, "The poor deluded Papists think, with their palm branches in their hands, at this season, to merit heaven. What a solemn mockery this is to God! True religion lies as it were in a nutshell,—salvation by free and sovereign grace, through the merits of a precious Redeemer. It is not gifts or human learning, nor even wonderful experiences, but we are saved by free and sovereign grace from first to last. I trust I have a good hope through grace." His dear partner said to him, "You are in great pain, but you do not suffer as the dear Lord suffered." "Certainly not," he replied, "I am better cared for in every sense. He had no comfortable bed to lie on, no one to sympathize with him."

A short time after, he looked up and smiled, and told us that the dear Lord had renewed his promise to him with sweetness: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This word he said the Lord had given him many years ago.

Being worn out with pain, day and night, he said, "This is the path of tribulation. My poor body wants rest very much."

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

He was observed to be much in prayer, and the enemy was not permitted to harass him. Finding he was sinking fast, he was asked if he had anything particular to say. He said, "Yes;" and addressing his sons, he gave them good counsel, and begged of them to be good to their mother; and he expressed his desire, if the Lord's will was so, that they might be partakers of his grace. He then arranged all concerning his funeral. Finding he was very near his end, his dear partner said to him, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Exerting all the power he had, he replied in a loud voice, "Yes,

yes; that is it." These were the last words he uttered, and about five minutes after he breathed his last. Although suffering constantly great pain, a murmur was never heard to escape his lips; but, at times, he said he felt rebellious in his heart. He was not lifted up with great joy, as some are, nor cast down in despair; but had a solid peace, as the prophet says: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." He possessed a solid resting on the Rock, Christ Jesus; as the poet writes:

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee." L. W.

THOMAS CLIFFORD.—On April 26th, aged 67, Mr. Thomas Clifford, minister of the gospel, of Winchet Hill, Goudhurst, Kent.

My dear husband was taken worse in January. He had been an invalid for many months, taking medicine which seemed to benefit him. One morning he awoke with these words: "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Yes, Lord;" he replied twice. I feared from these words that the Lord was about to end all mere earthly ties. We went to a physician, who told him to give up everything, and take perfect rest. The prescription did not benefit him, and he was again under our family doctor, who gave us hopes that he would recover. He suffered much from his heart, so that he could only sleep for a few minutes at a time. His legs swelling much, he could not lie in bed; but was obliged to sit up all night with them propped up, to keep them from enlarging or swelling more. He had these words given him: "Fear not. I will be thy God;" which comforted him. Also these: "Fear not. I will bring you through."

In February, he had a stroke of paralysis, which affected his speech, his left arm, and face; but from this he was wonderfully restored, so as to be able to walk about the bedroom, and to wait upon himself a little. Still, his breathing was no better, and his legs got larger, which caused him much exercise of mind to know how matters would stand with him at last. He said the enemy set in with such power that he was afraid he should blaspheme God. He was afraid to sleep, as, on awaking, the palpitation of his heart was worse. He could not lie down, and yet was wearied with having to sit so long. He was much cast down, and everything seemed a burden to him. He desired to pray, and to know what was the will of God as regarded his restoration; but the enemy set in so hard, telling him it was of no use for him to pray, and that God would neither hear nor answer him. "Well," he said, "who has made my friends so kind to me? Who did that, then?"

He said, "If I have any religion, it is a very little indeed. All I have got is,

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak."

What a poor sinner I am! A poor worthless wretch indeed." He also said, "I believe a very few will go to heaven." He seemed distressed that the doctor should say he was better, when he said he felt so ill and no better.

His legs continued to get worse, and he seemed to fear he should not recover. He did beg of the Lord to appear for him often. "Do, Lord, do look upon me, a vile worm. Do undertake for me." His breath was sadly distressing, and his side and heart were in much pain. I said one morning, "How is your mind? Everything that can be done is done for your poor body, but the mind no one can help but God." He said, "He has just told me that he will surely show me a token for good." He often repeated these words, saying, "I should like to have one more

manifestation." His legs were relieved by the lancet, but it ended in exhaustion.

The last morning, he thought he would try and lie down in his bed, being very ill. He thus could rest his head, which, during his illness, was not the case. But he soon rose, and was obliged to be pillowed up. He then became most restless, wanted constant moving, and said to his son, "John, if your father should die to-night, O! To be sure, to be sure all is well, John; but O! To be sure." Seeing him get worse so fast, I thought he could not last long. I ventured to say, "You said you had those words: 'I will surely show you a token for good.'" He replied, with great emphasis, "Yes; he said he would." I said, "We read, 'they feared as they entered the cloud.' Do you fear?" He replied, "No. Say no more."

Before this, he had said he should like to be alone a little while. After this, I sent up one of my daughters, who said, "Father has been shedding tears." I then went up, after calling the family, for I felt the change would soon come. After I had rubbed the back of his hands a little, he said, "Now cover them with the clothes." He asked for some milk, which a kind friend near us supplied him with, and of which he was very fond. He tried to take it, but instead, said, "Dear me, I can't move my hand." When we placed it to his mouth to drink, he said, "Why, I cannot swallow." He then said, "Do lift me up." We did this. He said, "Higher." Then he said, "What a whirl my head is in!" In an instant he waved his arms round. He had been sitting with his head hanging down, looking so ill and death-like. Suddenly, he laid his head back on the pillow with an inexpressible look of admiration and sweet surprise, as if beholding some one. His calm, pleasant, happy countenance bespoke what he enjoyed; that he had the manifestation he had been waiting for. This was to us the token. The hand that could not move before was waved round, seemingly with the greatest ease, at last. There he lay, my son John remarking, "Why, mother, he sees something or some one." He did not appear to breathe, but lay looking as if in silent astonishment. A kind friend remarked it was as the poet writes:

"He kill'd him with a kiss."

About five minutes afterwards, he gently breathed twice, and closed his eyes and mouth.

"No more to gird the armour on;
With God eternally shut in."

LOUISA CLIFFORD.

[To the above obituary, sent by Mrs. Clifford, we add, according to request, the loving testimony of one of the late Mr. Clifford's attached friends. It is pleasing to hear how much he was loved and respected. The attendance at his funeral, which took place on April 30th, in the chapel ground at Frittenden, indicated this. For upwards of 40 years he had preached the gospel, and his useful upright life gained for him the respect of numbers, who thus testified to their sense of the loss sustained by the removal of this good man and minister.]

Our dear brother, Mr. Thomas Clifford, was to me a close and faithful friend. His letters and advice to me were more like those of a father than a friend; and in him I have sustained a loss which I do not think can ever be replaced. His dear wife and children, too, suffer the loss of a loving and faithful husband and father, and the churches of a faithful and deeply-experimental servant. This they know and feel, and the members of the church at Tunbridge especially deeply feel and lament their loss.

H. PENFOLD.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1878.

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

THE CUP PASSING AWAY IN THE DRINKING IT.

A SERMON BY MR. HAZLERIGG, PREACHED AT EASTBOURNE
ANNIVERSARY, JULY 11TH, 1877.

“He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.”
—MATT. XXVI. 42.

I FEEL this subject is very sacred ground, because, as you are well aware, the words have reference to our dear Lord Jesus Christ in the garden of Gethsemane; and I know no more sacred spot than that. It is a spot where the child of God cannot always get, in soul feeling; but when he does, he finds it a solemn sweet place. He does not want to go into it in a careless or presumptuous spirit; and a minister does not want to preach about it in a careless spirit.

I do not think I should have taken this text unless the blessed Spirit of God had brought it to my mind with some degree of power. My feelings, during some part of the night, were such that I thought it must be impossible for me to preach. Indeed, yesterday I was very near sending a telegram to ask another minister to come here for me. I felt overwhelmed with what was passing. I dare say some of you know what I mean. Particular things will, at times, almost crush the life out of our souls; therefore, I was feeling unfitted for the services of this day. But then, how easily the Spirit of God can quicken us again! Indeed, we are from time to time to be brought into the dust of death, that we may know something of the resurrection power of Christ.

Now, really the first word that touched my heart was what I read at the earlier part of the service,—the 22nd Psalm: “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” I felt in a single moment that these words interpreted my feelings. It was not the loss of just so many pounds, shillings, and pence; it was not, what would be a greater burden, the abominable wickedness of men, though it is exceedingly cutting when you get the extremest injury where you had a right to expect the very reverse. No! The thing that affected me was this,—that God had seemed to abandon me. So much prayer poured out, said my soul, surely God must have forsaken me, or it would be noticed. But,

then, I saw in a moment, when the blessed Spirit came, what a mistake I was making. I saw that God might *appear* to forsake, and yet not do so. Our dear Lord Jesus Christ gained his victory, not in a naturally triumphant way, but through apparent defeat.

"By weakness and defeat
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all his foes beneath his feet
By being trodden down."

The child of God also gains his victories in defeat; the world in triumph. I found the only thing I wanted was to have God on my side; and it is worth going through a good deal to have that confirmed. A child of God is sometimes in great trouble to know whether he truly cares for the Lord; but the moment God comes, he knows there was a secret love to God underneath all his feelings. O, the children of God do learn in deep waters that the great object of their souls' desire is God.

I will try, then, to go into my text this morning, and to bring forth what is on my mind. But in attempting to look at these solemn words, I wish you just to observe that our Lord Jesus Christ prays pretty much the same words over and over again. This, then, shows us (and here we must not make mistakes) that a man may make repetitions in prayer without their being *vain* repetitions; for so it was with Christ. The cup his Father was then putting into his hand was the imputation of his people's sins, and the bitter degradation that must accompany it. This he again and again prayed, if it were possible, to be relieved from.

We will notice, then, in the *first* place, *the cup*, and the *ingredients* it contained; and also point out that each child of God has a similar cup to partake of. So that we shall not only speak of the cup of the dear Lord Jesus Christ, but of that of all the children of God.

Secondly, the *Giver of this cup* to Jesus Christ and to all the family,—God the Father. The Lord Jesus Christ, whilst taking the cup, sees whose hand is giving it to him; and the same hand gives the cup to each of the children.

Thirdly, *why* the Lord Jesus Christ must drink such an exceedingly bitter cup as this; coupled with the reason why the child of God has to drink a similar cup.

Then, *fourthly*, we will come to another thing,—*the passing away of the cup* in this very peculiar manner of drinking it. It does not pass away *except* Christ drinks it; and thus it passes away.

Lastly, we come to this sweet blessed expression: "Thy will be done." How blessed it is for a dear child of God when he can say, "Thy will be done!"

Now let us just notice these parts of our text in order.

I. First, about *Christ's cup*. One has said,

"Much we talk of Jesus' blood,"

and very properly adds,

“But how little's understood!
Of his sufferings so intense
Angels have no perfect sense.”

And how little indeed do any of us understand of the sufferings of Christ! We ministers, when we speak to you of these sufferings, see and understand but little. “Heaven only can bear the full blaze” of the glories of the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall never understand his sufferings with such a perfection of knowledge as we can attain to, till we get to glory. But I am sure every child of God has, more or less, the desire to enter sympathetically into the sufferings of Christ.

Now, *the* great ingredient in Christ's cup was the imputation of the sins of his people; but I am going to speak more particularly of other ingredients of that cup. One was intense bodily suffering. He was hung between two thieves. “They pierced his hands and his feet;” they crowned his head with thorns; and there he hung between heaven and earth, as a malefactor. Now, how intense must have been the sufferings of the Son of God; for his holy human nature was capable of suffering to the very highest degree. Thus, if we mistake not, the dear Lord Jesus Christ was pre-eminent in bodily suffering over all his martyrs; for their grosser natures were not susceptible of suffering to the same degree in which his perfect human nature was. Now, how immense must have been the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ in this respect!

But, though exceedingly intense, this might be said to be the least part of his sufferings. O what a bitter ingredient must his betrayal by Judas have been! David, in spirit, says, “Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.” It is Christ who really speaks in the 41st Psalm of Judas Iscariot. They walked together, as friends, in the most cordial intercourse. This base person, with whom the Lord Jesus Christ had walked in close intercourse, betrayed him. Now, we must not suppose, because Jesus Christ foreknew this event, that it was not cutting to him. Sometimes a child of God has an intimation that one who has appeared a friend is likely to injure him; but that does not make it less cutting when the event takes place. What terrible sufferings this betrayal must have caused! Remember, Jesus Christ had all pure and holy human feelings in the highest degree; therefore, no one was ever more susceptible of friendship than Jesus Christ was.

Now let us pass on to another ingredient in this cup. Not only did this arch-traitor guide his enemies and betray Jesus Christ to them, but his chosen apostles, those whom his Father had given him, those upon whom he had set his love in eternity, forsook him and fled; even John, that had lain upon his bosom. Now, how intense must have been his grief that, in his hour of agony, all his friends should thus forsake him; for in the hour of suffering it is natural to look for sympathy.

“Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man.”

Not physical help, but sympathetic help; but even in the garden of Gethsemane his disciples were not watching, but sleeping. Many of the children of God know something of these ingredients. They have just to taste of a similar cup to that which he drained to the dregs.

But there were other ingredients in Christ's cup. You know how he said, “They shoot out the lip; they shake the head, saying, He trusted in God that he would deliver him.” How agonizing it must have been to the mind of Christ to have these taunting words thrown out against him! On the cross it was said to him: “He saved others; himself he cannot save.” There he hung for the sinner's sake; so that in a sense this was true. He could not save himself and glorify God in his people's salvation. But as to the thing itself, it would have been an easy thing for him to have come down from the cross; love held him there. But how terrible was this,—to be taunted by his enemies in this way. Thus they triumphed over him. And as long as Jerusalem lasted, the anniversary of Christ's death was a day of blowing of trumpets in token of triumph.

Now, these were bitter ingredients; but, then, there were bitterer still. Do any of you know, in measure (of course, “we do but taste the cup”), anything of the hour and power of darkness? There is an hour, generally speaking, some time or other in a Christian man's life, when he seems to be given over to the power of darkness; when it is a time for his enemies to triumph; and Satan says, “Where is now thy God?” When the dear Lord Jesus hung on the cross, not only did men and devils say, “Where is now thy God?” but in feeling he was as one abandoned by God, as to his comforting or upholding presence, so that he uses that agonizing expression, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

But let us consider the cup now more especially in reference to God's people. Dear children of God, as you know, are predestinated to be conformed to Christ's image; but how can this be if they do not know anything of suffering with Christ? Now, some of the children of God have great bodily suffering. This is a bitter ingredient in a man's cup; but if his spirit is sustained under it, how that mitigates it! “A man's spirit will sustain his infirmity; but O, a wounded spirit, who can bear?”

Now, another child of God may have been deceived and betrayed by a person with whom he has walked in gospel intercourse for years. That is not an uncommon path; for where we look for the greatest kindness we often meet with the greatest unkindness. I have sometimes felt as if I almost dreaded being kind to people, trembling to think that they would be sure to pay it back with unkindness. But it will not do to indulge this feeling. How very slight are our sufferings from ingratitude compared to the trials of Christ!

But, again, a child of God may have friends who have not courage to stand by him if he feels bound to take some particular step. Some of a man's friends may prove strong and vicious, some too weak in a time of trial.

But perhaps it is the threatened loss of some dear friend or relative, or some heavy calamity impending over such a one. God's children have tender hearts. Grace strikes at the root of selfishness in them. They therefore desire the good of others. They lay themselves out to a degree for their advantage. They do not cast off the feelings and ties of nature; but grace sanctifies them. Well, then, some dear relative—a parent, a child, a brother or sister, one we love is threatened with sickness, loss, suffering, or death. O how the heart agonizes! We feel as if we could bear the sickness, loss, or sorrow better if it fell immediately upon ourselves. The cup seems almost intolerable. We can hardly bear to think of it, much less to take and drink it. I suppose all God's children know something of this deep sorrow, this anguish of spirit. When the Lord was about to take away my mother from me, how I could hardly bear to think of living here! What a death the very thought cast upon all things around me! But O how sweetly the Lord assured me that he would be especially then a Father to me; that the cup was from him, and he would enable me to drink it. How he whispered into my heart:

“A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.”

But another of God's children may be suffering under the hidings of God's face, and the desertion of the Father. And sometimes, as poor dear children of God know, they have to drink all these bitter things at once. Everything around is distressing, and they feel so abandoned of God as to make them say, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” One of the prophets says, “When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer.” The heavens above a child of God sometimes seem to be as brass; yea, it seems as though he who was once blessed with the comforts of the Spirit were now as destitute of the Spirit as he was formerly full of comfort. These are sad and painful paths; but they are walked in by most of the children of God. And, indeed, sometimes we cannot help thinking that, if they were more walked in by professors of Christianity, we should have a better state of religion than we have at the present time. Few, comparatively, know what it is even to taste of Christ's cup.

II. But, having considered the cup of Christ, and the similar cups of the poor dear children of God, let us next see *why* Jesus Christ must take the cup and drink it. It was as Mediator that he must take the cup. There must be the imputation of the sins of his people unto him. He took it, Christian friends, because of your sins and mine; and, as the poet says,

“How huge the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great!”

O, when I consider what my sins have been,—sins of childhood, youth, and manhood; sins of heart, thought, and deed; sins against light and love;

“Sins immense as is the sea;”

how enormous these sins appear! And if *my* sins only are so great, what must have been the black ingredients of the cup the dear Lord Jesus took!

It was necessary that he should drink it; for if he had not done so, it would have been impossible, in harmony with the divine perfections, that our sins should ever have been forgiven. It was necessary that he should take the cup, a cup of suffering, to atone for the sins of his people. He had to bear them in his own body on the tree; suffering “the Just for the unjust.” And not only must our sins be imputed to him, but, because of our unrighteousness, he must restore that he took not away. In his humiliation his judgment was taken away. They parted his raiment amongst them, and for his vesture they cast lots. (Jno. xix. 24.)

Then, again, he must take this cup because he must magnify God’s law, and make it honourable. Before the righteous Lord would receive you and me, hell-deserving sinners, his dear Son had to drink the cup to the dregs. He must magnify the law in his spotless life, and then offer up himself as a sacrifice for the sins of his people. O what solemn things are these! There must not be one ingredient left out of his cup if he will atone for the sins of his people. He must die on the cross of Calvary if he will bring them near to God. As a Mediator, he must suffer in his people’s stead: “If ye seek me, let these go their way.”

Sometimes, we cannot help thinking in this way: Why should I, why should you, my dear friends, have to suffer so much as we go to heaven? It would be perfectly easy, we know, for God to pardon a man’s sins, and take him to heaven at once. But,

“Shall Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the rest go free?”

No; there are many good reasons why we have to take the cup of suffering; not as an atonement for our sins; no! Not all the sufferings of the lost in hell will ever atone for one of their sins. There are other reasons; and one is this. By this cup of suffering, the power of sin is very much weakened; not that indwelling sin is got rid of; but in its prevailing power it is subdued. Do you not know what it is sometimes to get almost as light and trifling as a mere professor? Alas! Even ministers know what this is. Sometimes a poor dear child of God gets so conformed to the world that it is difficult to know whether he belongs to the world or not. O! There is plentiful reason for our drinking this cup. It brings us out of such a place as David was in when he said, “Iniquities prevail against me.” We have reason to thank God for that which, in any degree, diminishes the power of sin, even though it cannot take away indwelling

sin itself. It is sometimes like singing songs to a heavy heart, to speak thus of the excellency of suffering to an afflicted one; yet when a man is in his right mind, he sees there is excellency in it. I will undertake to say that the child of God gets more communion with Christ through suffering than in any other way, and that he has been obliged, one time or another, to thank and bless God for this or that trial. No affliction, of itself, is pleasant; but the fruits are very good.

III. Now, having looked at the reason why Christ should drink the cup, and why the child of God should drink it likewise, we will look at *the Giver* of the cup.

Now, as it respects the Lord Jesus Christ, what a miracle of love that the Father should give the cup to his dear Son to drink for his dear people; that, at one and the same time, he should love his own, dear, only-begotten, true Son with the intensest love, and yet give him the intensest sufferings! He was ever loved; yet the sword was thrust into his bosom by his Father's hand. Now, is not that something wonderful? Is it not profitable, too, to remember these things? When a child of God is tasting Christ's cup, and has some sharp trials and afflictions upon him, he may consider that he is not the sport of chance; and may say:

"My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best."

Sometimes, perhaps, your naughty heart has been sorely tempted to think that all things come by chance, and that those fools who say in their heart, "There is no God," are, after all, not such fools, but the wisest people. These are your temptations and trials when God seems to shine upon the counsels of the wicked. When prosperity seems given to ungodly counsels, the heart of the child of God may half incline to say, "There is no God." Suppose you have ever had a pouring out of prayer to God, and then he has seemed to act just in opposition to your prayer, have you not been tempted to say, "There is no use in praying. I will pray no more?" This is just where I have been the last two days; I could not pray. When I went down on my knees, I felt, What is the use of praying? There is no one to hear. Or, again, the enemy suggested, God will not hear you. O the agony of my heart!

My friends, this is just what you may have to go through. I have no doubt our Lord Jesus Christ was "tempted in all points like unto his brethren." He was the dear, holy, harmless Lamb of God; yet he was tempted in all points like as we are; and I have no doubt such darts, fiery darts, as these were hurled against him.

It is good, then, at such times, for faith to come into exercise. I do not tell you that you can bring it into exercise; but God can. He can enable you to take the shield of faith, and can show you that every ingredient in your cup is ordained by him. Do you mourn the death of a friend? If you say, It is only the course of nature; where is the sweetness? But, if you can see a Father's

hand, and say, My Father has taken him, how different you feel! What a sweetness comes in! Don't you find this the case? If afflicted in body, if there is nothing of a Father's hand seen, how wearisome! But, if you can say, "This sickness is not unto death;" O, no, but unto life, it is a health-giving sickness to my soul; what a change! Don't you find a sweetness is put into everything by that little word, Father? Marah waters through its power become drinkable and sweet.

Now, these things we know from our own experience; not out of books, no; but from the book of our own heart and experience. I know what it is to think I am the sport of chance and circumstances; but when my Father says, "The cup is the one I give you. I could not love you as I do, and not give you this cup. If you were a bastard, it should pass away; but you are a child, and the cup I provided in eternity, take and drink. The cup, indeed, to your flesh is very bitter; but I am your Father who gives it you. Take it, and drink it, my child; and then it will be gone;" all is different. That is how it has been worked out in my experience, not once only, but many times. The cup has appeared at one time so very bitter; and then, in God's hand, has been so unspeakably sweet.

IV. But we proceed to the next point in our text,—*the passing away* of the cup. The Lord Jesus Christ, in his prayer to his Father, says, "If this cup may not pass away, except I drink it." There is the condition of its passing away. He must drink it; and then it would experimentally pass away. Yes, and so it is. Let us go into it, and we shall not only see sweetness as it applies to the Lord Jesus Christ, but something that will be sweet as applying to ourselves. God pardons sin in his people, but he does not pardon it without an atonement; sin could not pass away from his people without satisfaction. Jesus Christ must make an end of sin; and thus it passes away from the church, from the whole elect family of God. Jesus Christ drinks the cup; and then the cup passes away. It was necessary that, in Jesus Christ's work for his people, all God's perfections should be glorified. It is true that, according to his almighty power, God can do everything. But there are, after all, some things which God cannot, will not do. He cannot pardon sin or sinners without blood shed to atone for sin. So, in order that God might justify you and me, it was necessary that Jesus Christ should not only take the cup, but drink it to the dregs. The body, the church, is only one. The cup of divine wrath threatens that church. All sufferings and hell are in that cup. Christ drinks, as the Head and Representative of the body, the cup for all his people; and then and thus the cup passes away for ever from all the elect of God.

But to apply this to the cases of God's people. Poor dear child of God, something is threatening you of a most painful nature. You would like it to pass away without coming upon you. You say, "O how I tremble at the thought of this trial! O that this event might not happen! O that it might pass away

from me, that the cloud I so much dread might disperse at once, or break immediately in blessings on my head, instead of bursting like a thunderstorm upon me! Now the trial is near; now the cup is being presented to me. How my heart shrinks from it! O Lord, let it pass away." But remember the way the cup passed away from Christ and the church in him, that cup of wrath and legal vengeance; in a similar manner your particular cup of trial may have to pass away from you. He had to drink it first; so may you. These words open up to us an instructive and even sweet line of experience. To understand it, we should consider that such and such things were appointed from eternity for us. They were appointed in covenant love, and with infinitely wise designs. They were intended to correct some evils, or introduce into the enjoyment of some particular blessings. Properly viewed, they are the road to the good ordained for us. We must go by the appointed road, if we are to have the appointed blessing. Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Well, then, as we go through the trouble, the trouble passes away from us. As we drink the cup, the cup is no more to be drunk by us. Every sorrow gone through is one less; every grief endured is a cup passed from us for ever. The cup cannot pass away without our drinking it, or the blessing designed to be administered would be missed. As we drink the cup, all seems bitter; when it is drained, all turns into sweetness. Unlike the book that John ate, which was sweet to the mouth, but bitter to the belly; this cup is bitter to the mouth, but the sweetness is afterwards. A child of God may be afflicted with bodily sickness, or threatened with a cancer; O how he dreads it! How his heart may cry out, "Would that this cup might pass from me!" But it may be necessary for him to drink it. Soul health may depend upon it; the cup may be designed to cure some deep soul malady,—the cancer of the body to eat out the worse cancer of the soul.

Another poor child of God is threatened with the loss of a great deal of his property. He looks upon his wife and children. The sight almost fills him with anguish, as he considers that he shall not be able to provide for them as before. He cries to God, "O that this cup might pass from me!" But no! He may have to drink it. There may be a needs-be for it. The cup is given him to cure the plague of covetousness, or pride, or undue dependence upon the creature, or to administer unto him some special blessings only to be obtained in this way. The cup is to pass away; but it is to pass in the way of drinking it.

Another poor child of God is tormented and harassed with the guilt of his sins. He feels that he deserves a thousand hells. He drinks the cup of convictions, and even terrors, to the dregs; but in this way pardon of sins is blessedly administered to his

conscience. "When they had nothing to pay," says Christ, "he frankly forgave them both."

Another is plagued to death with the sense and power of his corruptions; but thus he learns truly the grace of Christ. As Mr. Hart says:

"Sin's filth and guilt
Perceived and felt,
Make known God's great salvation."

Thus we go forward, deriving our greatest blessings out of our greatest sorrows; drinking one cup after another, and finding sweetness the result of drinking what in itself is bitter. We see troubles coming, dark clouds rising in the horizon; we shrink from them; we dread their approaches; we pray to God about them. We have his word and warrant so to do. He says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble;" we have his promise: "I will deliver thee." We pour out, as he bids us, our hearts before the Lord. But the storm advances; the clouds do not disperse; they break with fury upon us; and then Satan tempts us to think our prayers are vain. But wait a little. Even this cup passes in the drinking of it. We find God knows the meaning of our very prayers better than we know it. He only who searches the hearts knows correctly what is the mind of the Spirit in our sighs, groans, and prayers. This we learn at length. We derive deep sweet spiritual instruction, as to God's ways even in answering our prayers, as we drink the cup of sorrow and sensible desertion, and find that when we thought he shut out our prayer, the real meaning of it entered all-prevalent into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

Thus, then, by drinking the cups a Father gives us we get freed from them. They thus pass away from us. One by one this is the case, either as to the thing itself or all that is bitter and dreadful to us in it.

Thus we go on through life, and then we come to a dying hour. Sooner or later we must die. Nature shrinks from death; grace does not. How, indeed, are we to be delivered from death? How shall *this* cup, as well as all the others, pass from us? Why, by dying; by drinking this cup also. As soon as I have passed through death, there will be no more death for me; nothing but immortality. Well, then, I see how the matter is. As we journey through this world, a succession of trials awaits us; one cup after another must be drunk. They pass away in the drinking; they leave nothing but a blessing behind them. We groan; and when we have given our last groan, our groanings will be ended. Sorrow ends our sorrow; sickness ends our sickness; death ends all our dying. The cups in drinking them pass away from us; and leave behind, as in the case of the Lord Jesus, the light of an everlasting morning.

How great, too, is the difference in these matters between the righteous and the wicked! A wicked man's cups of joy, pleasure, and prosperity all pass from him in the drinking, leaving behind

no blessing and an eternity of woe. His cups, too, of affliction in this life may be drunk and got through; but no sweets remain,—no real profit from the drinking. A child of God's cups of sorrow pass from him in a different manner; they leave a blessing behind them; some evil subdued, some knowledge administered, some "patient gain" acquired. The cup not only passed from Christ as the Head of the church in drinking it, but left behind a cup of endless blessing, life, and glory to his people in him. Thus the cups of a child of God's sorrows pass from him likewise in drinking, and leave nothing but good behind them.

V. In this sweet view of things may we then say, as in our text, "Father, thy will be done." This is a hard lesson to learn. When the heart is wrenched with anguish, when you lie upon your bed at night, unable to close your eyes for a moment; or if, nature being quite exhausted, you drop asleep, only to start up from that slumber through some horrid temptation being darted into your mind, or some piercing sense of sorrow wounding and arousing you; when you have had to roar with anguish, and been racked with suffering, poor soul, it has been hard to say, "Thy will be done." Many a time I have prayed to learn the lesson of childlike submission; but I find, generally speaking, when the cup is first presented to me, that nature shrinks back from taking it. Paul says, "Tribulation worketh patience." This is true; but, generally speaking, first of all there is much impatience to be worked against and subdued. But God, I trust I may say, sooner or later brings me to this spot,—to say, "Father, thy will be done." I believe he brought me there this morning, to be perfectly content to drink the cup to the dregs which he has just given me. Not as one stupefied, or as insensible of the intense bitters of the cup. I can taste what it contains; but have been made willing to drink it with all its bitter ingredients, and shame, and reproach, and anguish of spirit, because I have felt that God was my Father, and that he, not man, gave me the cup. It is easy to say, "Father, thy will be done," when out of trouble; but it is the characteristic of grace to say, "Father, thy will be done," when in the midst of it.

God's grace can do that for you, my friends, which it has done for me. Do not misunderstand me. I know what poor fickle, feeble creatures we are. I may say, "Thy will be done" in the morning; but before the evening all this sweet resignation may be gone from me. A child of God may be all submission in the morning, and before the night comes bitterly rebellious. But it is sweet, my friends, even for five minutes, to be able feelingly to say, God is my Father, and to see the cup we have to drink is that ordained for us by our Father from eternity; and to feel that the cup will pass away in drinking it; and in sweet resignation to accept a Father's will, saying, with child-like confidence, "Thy will be done."

[We have inserted this sermon according to the request of several friends who wished to see it in print, believing it calculated to benefit,

comfort, and support the tried and afflicted family of God. For obvious reasons we have shrunk from this publication. But, then, there is one consideration which must not be lost sight of. A minister's sorrows and joys, his sufferings and consolations, are a sort of public property. (2 Cor. i. 4-6.) Well, then, let our readers consider this sermon not so much as ours; not as having any reference to any particular individual; but as simply setting before them the path in which the saints walk, and the blessedness attending it, as in some degree exemplified in the case of one who agrees with Mr. Hart, when he writes, "I do not lay stress on my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the Man Christ Jesus." May our friends, then, if they read the sermon, lose sight of the writer, and see the grace of that God who appoints the cups his children shall drink of, and decrees that the cup shall for the most part pass from us, not in the avoidance, but the drinking of it.]

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

(Continued from p. 410.)

As I had now, by the death of my captain, lost my great benefactor and friend, I had little inducement to remain longer in the West Indies. Mr. King, however, still pressed me very much to stay with his vessel; and he had done so much for me that I found myself unable to refuse his requests, and consented to go another voyage to Georgia, as the mate, from his ill state of health, was quite useless in the vessel. Accordingly, a new captain was appointed, whose name was William Phillips. Our new captain boasted strangely of his skill in navigating and conducting a vessel; and in consequence of this, he steered a new course, several points more to the westward than we ever did before. This appeared to me very extraordinary.

On the 4th of February, which was soon after we had got into our new course, I dreamed the ship was wrecked amidst the surfs and rocks, and that I was the means of saving every one on board; and on the night following I dreamed the very same dream. These dreams, however, made no impression on my mind. The next evening, it being my watch below, I was pumping the vessel, a little after eight o'clock, just before I went off the deck, as is the custom; and being weary with the duty of the day, and tired at the pump (for we made a good deal of water), I began to express my impatience, and uttered an oath, wishing the vessel's bottom out. But my conscience instantly smote me for the expression. When I left the deck, I went to bed, and had scarcely fallen asleep when I dreamed the same dream again about the ship as I had dreamed the two preceding nights. At twelve o'clock, the watch was changed, and, as I had always the charge of the captain's watch, I then went upon deck. At half-past one in the morning the man at the helm saw something under the lee-beam that the sea washed against, and he immediately called to me that there was a grampus, and desired me to look at it. Accordingly, I stood up

and observed it for some time; but when I saw the sea wash up against it again and again, I said it was not a fish, but a rock. Being soon certain of this, I went down to the captain, and, with some confusion, told him the danger we were in, and desired him to come upon deck immediately. He said it was very well; and I went up again. As soon as I was upon deck, the wind, which had been pretty high, having abated a little, the vessel began to be carried sideways towards the rock by means of the current. Still the captain did not appear. I therefore went to him again, and told him the vessel was then near a large rock, and desired he would come up with all speed. He said he would; and I returned on the deck. When I was upon the deck again, I saw we were not above a pistol-shot from the rock, and I heard the noise of the breakers all around us. I was exceedingly alarmed at this; and the captain having not yet come on the deck, I lost all patience, and growing quite enraged, ran down to him again, and asked him why he did not come up, and what he could mean by all this? "The breakers," said I, "are around us, and the vessel is almost on the rock." With that he came on the deck with me. We tried to put the vessel about, and get her out of the current, but all to no purpose, the wind being very small. We then called all hands up immediately; and after a little time, we got up one end of a cable, and fastened it to the anchor.

By this time the surf foamed round us, and made a dreadful noise on the breakers; and the very moment we let the anchor go the vessel struck against the rocks. One swell now succeeded another,—as it were one wave calling on its fellow. The roaring of the billows increased, and with one single heave of the swells, the sloop was pierced and transfixed among the rocks! In a moment a scene of horror presented itself to my mind such as I never had conceived or experienced before. All my sins stared me in the face; and especially, I thought that God had hurled his direful vengeance on my guilty head for cursing the vessel on which my life depended. My spirits at this forsook me, and I expected every moment to go to the bottom. I determined if I should still be saved that I would never swear again. And in the midst of my distress, while the dreadful surfs were dashing with unremitting fury among the rocks, I remembered the Lord, though fearful that I was undeserving of forgiveness; and I thought that, as he had often delivered, he might yet deliver; and, calling to mind the many mercies he had shown me in times past, they gave me some small hope that he might still help me. I then began to think how we might be saved; and I believe no mind was ever like mine so replete with inventions and confused with schemes; though how to escape death I knew not.

The captain immediately ordered the hatches to be nailed down on the slaves in the hold, where there were above 20, all of whom must unavoidably have perished if he had been obeyed.

When he desired the man to nail down the hatches, I thought that my sin was the cause of this, and that God would charge me with these people's blood. This thought rushed upon my mind that instant with such violence that it quite overpowered me, and I fainted. I recovered just as the people were about to nail down the hatches; perceiving which, I desired them to stop. The captain then said it must be done. I asked him, "Why?" He said that every one would endeavour to get into the boat, which was but small, and thereby we should be drowned; for it would not have carried above ten, at the most. I could no longer restrain my emotion, and I told him he deserved drowning for not knowing how to navigate the vessel; and I believe the people would have tossed him overboard if I had given them the least hint of it. However, the hatches were not nailed down; and as none of us could leave the vessel then on account of the darkness, and as we knew not where to go, and were convinced besides that the boat could not survive the surfs, we all said we would remain on the dry part of the vessel, and trust to God till daylight appeared, when we should know better what to do.

I then advised to get the boat prepared against morning, and some of us began to set about it; but others abandoned all care of the ship and themselves, and fell to drinking. Our boat had a piece out of her bottom nearly two feet long, and we had no materials to mend her. However, necessity being the mother of invention, I took some pump leather and nailed it to the broken part, and plastered it over with tallow-grease. And thus prepared, with the utmost anxiety of mind we watched for daylight, and thought every minute an hour till it appeared.

At last it saluted our longing eyes, and kind Providence accompanied its approach with what was no small comfort to us; for the dreadful swells began to subside; and the next thing that we discovered to raise our drooping spirits was a small key or desolate island, about five or six miles off. But a barrier soon presented itself; for there was not water enough for our boat to go over the reefs; and this threw us again into a sad consternation; but there was no alternative. We were therefore obliged to put but few in the boat at once; and, what was still worse, all of us were frequently under the necessity of getting out to drag and lift it over the reefs. This cost us much labour and fatigue; and, what was yet more distressing, we could not avoid having our legs cut and torn very much with the rocks. There were only four people that would work with me at the oars; and they consisted of three black men and a Dutch creole sailor; and, though we went with the boat five times that day, we had no others to assist us. But, had we not worked in this manner, I really believe the people could not have been saved; for none of the white men did anything to preserve their lives; indeed, they soon got so drunk that they were not able, but lay about the deck like swine, so that we were at last obliged to lift them into the boat

and carry them on shore by force. This want of assistance made our labour intolerably severe; insomuch that, by going on shore so often that day, the skin was partly stripped off my hands.

However, we continued all the day to toil and strain our exertions, till we had brought all on board safe to the shore; so that out of thirty-two people we lost not one.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPORTANT INQUIRIES AND SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

WHAT AM I DOING, AND WHERE AM I GOING?

WHAT AM I DOING?

TRAV'LLING with weary steps from stage to stage,
Through infancy, through youth, and riper age.
Not long ago I hung upon the breast,
While a fond parent soothed her babe to rest;
Her care how great, how tender, and how kind!
Sure it was God who thus her heart inclined,—
God, who ten thousand other gifts bestow'd
Ere I could tell from whence my comforts flow'd.
Oft have I totter'd on destruction's brink,
But he upheld, nor suffer'd me to sink;
Heal'd my diseases, and prolong'd my breath,
When there was but a step 'twixt me and death.
His goodness led me all the way I came;
'Tis by his grace I now am what I am;
Yet, notwithstanding all, alas! I've been
Too much a slave to that vile tyrant,—Sin.

WHERE AM I GOING?

Into Eternity, that boundless sea,
Fast as the streams of time can glide away.
O thou Eternity, thou awful sound!
Thou shoreless ocean, and thou deep profound!
Compared with thee, how scanty time appears!
How mere a nothing is our threescore years!
Yet for this short duration I've no lease;
Tenant at will, I quit when God shall please.
Howe'er protracted, life is but a span;
Short the existence of the oldest man.
A few days more, and I must lay my head
Within the dreary chambers of the dead.
The day of life must close in death's dark night,
And nought but heaven and hell remain in sight.
The soul dislodged must stand before that God
Whose final sentence fixes its abode.
To heaven's high bliss it soars, or sinks to hell;
In one of these it must for ever dwell.

SOLILOQUY.

And is it thus, my soul? Is all this true?
What! Am I mortal, yet immortal too?

Must the poor flesh to worms a banquet give?
 And yet the man through endless ages live,
 High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
 Or sink despairing in the dread abyss?
 With devils howl, or angel-like adore,
 When time and its connections are no more?
 Will dire disease soon stop the struggling breath,
 And sacrifice me to relentless death?

Whither, my soul, ah! Whither wilt thou flee,
 When of this flesh unburden'd thou shalt be?
 Is heaven thy right, by nature or by birth,
 And canst thou claim it when released from earth?
 Claim as thy due in paradise a share;
 And plead thy merits as thy charter there?
 Detested thought! What! Can a creature boast,
 Who ought to tremble at his merits most?
 My merits should my soul with horror fill,
 By nature vile, by practice viler still.
 Reflection can but open every wound,
 And creature helps are insufficient found.

Hath Gilead no relief against despair,
 No healing balm, no great Physician there?
 Blessed be God! There is, there is a Name
 At once can silence fear, and banish shame.
 Reviving beams are seen in Jesus' face;
 His power is infinite, and such his grace.
 On wings of love the Incarnate God came down
 To raise convicted rebels to a crown.
 Free from pollution here, he lived for us,
 Fulfill'd the law, and bore the dreadful curse.
 He lives again; and bids us fix our hope
 On him who rules and bears all nature up.
 By faith I view him, and delighted see
 That Jesus bled for sinners vile as me.
 All my own works I count as worthless dross,
 And if I perish, perish at his cross.

But say, dear Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Say thou art mine, and all my fears control.
 Say thou art mine, and death will lose its sting,
 And 'midst expiring groans my lips shall sing.
 Those animating sounds, that cheering word,
 Will such serenity and peace afford
 As nothing earthly gives, or can destroy;—
 "The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

[The above lines are part of a somewhat longer poem inserted in the "Gospel Magazine" for 1774, which, we think, was the first number of the second series of that magazine. We have omitted a portion of the piece, because of its length, and made a very few alterations.]

Jehovah wills many changes; but he never changes his will.

SHORT PAPERS.

A SKETCH.

“Because thou sayest . . . and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked,” &c.—REV. III. 17.

THE church of the Laodiceans was, we may well believe, numerous, orthodox, and flourishing, as to outward appearance. Many wealthy professors formed a part of it, and this added greatly to the respectability of its outward condition, and also was, in a temporal sense, very advantageous to the poorer members. The city of Laodicea, in which it existed, was one of eminence,—a busy city and a prosperous one. Its citizens were clever men of business, and held a considerable position in the world, having extended transactions, and heaping up gold. The usual accompaniments of such prosperity followed,—luxury and self-indulgence; the clothing with purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. And, doubtless, as luxurious habits increased, covetousness and grasping after greater gains increased likewise. There would be an insatiable pursuit after more gold, greater riches, and a wicked emulation in this pursuit of the things of this world.

Now, the worst of the matter was this,—that the spirit of worldliness which governed the inhabitants of the city generally had leavened, to a considerable extent, the members of the church in Laodicea. Some of the rich merchants of the city, no doubt, had joined the church. This had added considerably to its respectability; but it had not proved so advantageous as at first sight appeared. Had they merely, as we read in Rev. xxi., brought their glory and their honour into it, well and good; but, unfortunately, they brought in, as we conceive, at the same time a worldly spirit. They had not left behind, as they should have done, their eager desires after the things of this life, their luxurious habits, their covetousness, and their pride. Thus a worldly spirit had crept into the church. A most corrupting leaven of carnality was fermenting in it. The reproach of the cross had greatly ceased. The real character of Christianity and the gospel was lost sight of. Separation from the world was at an end. The world had come into the church, and rapid degeneracy was the consequence. The rich men, for we think the following sketch will fairly depict things, though giving with a moderate degree of liberality and considerable ostentation to the collections, kept themselves really at a distance from the poor. A respect of persons began to display itself in the assemblies of the saints. Those distinctions which, as to this life, are quite proper, which must exist in human society, and should be maintained in the world, intruded themselves into the church, where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus. The rich man coming into the place of worship was treated with much respect, and shown with some servility and great deference into a seat of eminence; the poor man might sit

where he could. Even the angel of the church had, we fear, for a time his eye too much upon the respectability of, and the outwardly respectable in, his congregation; a state of things, in all probability, fostered by his circumstances. The condition of society in the city was highly artificial and luxurious. Provisions and other things were dear; living was expensive. Even with a great degree of becoming frugality, the poor angel found that what with an increasing family, the high price of commodities, educational expenses, a proper liberality to the poor, a becoming hospitality, and one thing or another, it was hard to make, as we say, both ends meet. The richer people, though inclined to patronize him, and even pet him, at times, if only he would not be troublesome, but somewhat subservient, were by no means over liberal. They did not like to spend too much upon the matter of religion. The fashionably-furnished apartments and well-spread table, with the necessary, as they thought it, keeping up of appearances, left but a comparatively small surplus for the Lord. Consequently, the angel's salary, if he had one, was judiciously kept down; and though eked out by benevolences received from time to time, was barely sufficient for the modest wants of even so unworldly a character. This tended to produce in his mind a sense of dependence. Alas! He was not, as the angel of the church of Ephesus, in his first love. His degree of faith at this time did not admit of that magnificent independence of spirit and self-denial shown by those who went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles.

Thus, unconsciously to himself, he was too much influenced by a certain amount of respect of persons. His eye was not perfectly single, or his body full of light. Thus, also, as we may readily believe, a very bad state of things prevailed. The orthodoxy of opinion was admirable; the additions to the church were numerous; the sermons, as to eloquence, soundness, and inoffensiveness, were unexceptionable. But, alas! Love of the world, and pursuit of riches, and over-eagerness in the business of this life, had eaten out, to a great degree, the life of godliness and the love of Christ.

Thus, whilst all externally was flourishing, and the members were inclined to congratulate themselves on their eminent condition as a church, as to vital godliness all was at the lowest ebb. The rich were inclined to be supercilious or overbearing; the poor too subservient. Whilst other churches were, perhaps, envious of Laodicea's prosperity, real prosperity was departing, and a complete spiritual destitution taking its place.

Some there were in Laodicea who loved the Lord; but even in them vital godliness was almost swamped in the general degeneracy. The minister,—the angel, was a really good man; but even he was being carried away by the stream of worldliness, the fleshly thoughts and ways of others. He hardly dare lift up his voice like a trumpet, particularly against the *prevailing evils*, for fear of raising a tempest, followed, perhaps, by a three

months' notice. Poor man, he was a lover of peace, and this even proved a snare to him; for it made him afraid of reproving, rebuking, exhorting with all authority. The self-willed, self-strong sons of Zeruah in his congregation, whilst exercising a most pernicious influence, were too strong for him. He ventured indeed, at times, to mildly hint, with Eli of old, "Nay, my sons, these things ought not so to be;" but he shrank, through the prevalency of evil, from striking right home at the particular evils which, nevertheless, he saw and grieved over as present amongst the people. In the pulpit there was the sweet music of free grace, and some denouncing of sin in the general; but there was a sad deficiency as to discrimination, taking forth the precious from the vile, striking home at the heart of sin, particularizing the evils which were prevalent, denouncing the wrath of God as revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, and declaring that the worldly and the covetous should no more inherit the kingdom of God than the vilest of habitual sinners.

Thus things got worse and worse. A lukewarm people, and a lukewarm ministry! A people prevailed over by worldliness; a ministry half-hearted in the reproof of it! Besides, as we have seen, the hearers were so admirably orthodox, but withal so cold and carnal with that orthodoxy, that if the good man was stirred up, at times, to a greater degree of energy, and gave vent to his feelings in words of greater warmth and earnestness, with more point and reality about them, much dissatisfaction quickly manifested itself. Wise heads were gravely shaken, and righteous Laodiceans (the word signifies *righteous people*) conferred together; suspicions of legality in the ministry began to be engendered, and warning voices to sound in his ears that he was certainly degenerating into personalities and a legal strain. These things, though perfectly ungrounded, affected the poor man considerably. What if it should be the case? The dear man would not knowingly have swerved a hair's breadth from the pure truth of free grace, or preached another gospel, if he had known it, for a thousand worlds. Alas! Had he unconsciously swerved? It was insinuated that he had, and Gashmu said it. In many congregations there is a Gashmu; in all likelihood there was one at Laodicea;—an oracle among the blind who thought themselves seeing.

Poor minister! Poor angel! If he held his tongue, as to warning, was not this to be a dumb dog? If he opened it as an honest man, was not this to offend and be pronounced openly, or else insinuated against underhandedly, as an Arminian? Depressed at heart, his spirits sank beneath the current of these adverse circumstances. His light and life were, in a great degree, quenched. His conscience was uneasy, and his heart was sad.

Now, see how things went on in the church. The hearers, lukewarm through worldliness, disliking reproofs; the ministry, as to the letter of truth, limpid as water, but as to the life and power

of it like lukewarm water,—clear, mild, and insipid; what could result but a marvellous degree of self-deception? As a body of persons, the language of this orthodox lukewarm church was, “We are rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing;” in which expressions there seems to be a double allusion to their prosperity as to temporal things, and their eminent orthodoxy as to religion. But, at the same time, what an unconsciousness as to the real state of the case! Taken as a body, “they were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.” Such was their real condition as a church; and thus ignorant were they of it. O the blinding influence of the world and sin! O the blindness-sealing effect of an indiscriminating, conscience-flattering, ministry!

We have tried thus to look at and sketch the condition of this Laodicean church; and no doubt this was not only a real but typical church state. We have seen it the subject of a double evil. Its state was spiritually bad in the midst of external flourishing, and there was a sad unconsciousness of this bad condition. We have seen, too, that the ministry partook of this degeneracy. It seems, then, to us that in addressing this epistle to the angel of the church, *i. e.*, the minister, or ministers, as the case might be, the Lord designs to first revive and restore the ministry to a state of life, energy, honesty, and power, and through the ministry to revive and restore the church generally.

There is no question that the state of the ministry must have a great influence upon the condition of the church. “Like priest, like people,” in this sense is true. Therefore, when the Lord is about to work powerfully in the churches, he is pretty sure to raise up a generation of faithful, honest-hearted, single-eyed, energetic, laborious ministers to effect his purposes. It has been said the fish stinks first at the head. This is true; but, mind, it is the dead fish, not the living, that so stinks. It would be hard to say the degeneracy and death begin at the ministry. We fear the degeneracy in the ministry is the symptom, not the cause. The Lord may punish an unprofitable and unprofitable community by a ministry according to its character. This is shown us in Micah ii. 11. ‘There are a people loving to be deceived, and intoxicated with flatteries; they shall have a minister after their own hearts. “He shall even be the prophet of this people.”’ So again in Isa. xxx. 10, 11. This is indeed a sad judgment when even the stars of heaven are fallen to the earth; no longer burning and shining lights, but quenched in worldliness, covetousness, and evil, as a punishment to a people saying, “Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things; prophecy deceits.”

The Lord appears to have a purpose of recovering mercy as to Laodicea. Mind, it was still a golden candlestick, a real church. There were still a living people in it. The fish was not dead; the head did not yet stink. The church was a living one, if lukewarm; and the ministry a divine one, though not in its former life, earnestness, and power. Well, then, the Lord rebukes the

minister and the people; but it is because he loves them: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." Bunyan, in his "Holy War," represents the citizens of Mansoul as feasting in the house of Mr. Carnal-Security; but at length Mr. Godly-Fear admonishes and reproves them, and then, aroused by Mr. Godly-Fear, Mr. Recorder (conscience) preaches a stirring awakening sermon, which made the citizens of Mansoul to tremble. Here the Lord sends a stirring message to the angel of the church of the Laodiceans in their carnally-secure state, that he may, by a more vigorous, honest, arousing way of preaching and acting in the ministry, stir up these Laodiceans, and bring the godly amongst them out of their carnally-secure and easy condition.

Ministers are called watchmen. They watch for the souls of their hearers. They watch for a message from the Lord to convey it to them. They are not lords over God's heritage, but watchmen on the walls of Zion, to sound an alarm, and arouse the inhabitants to a sense of danger and out of carnal security. Sometimes, therefore, with Isaiah's pattern faithful watchman they have to cry, "A lion." (Isa. xxi. 8.)

Here, then, we see the design of this epistle. Let us conclude this short sketch with one word more of reminder to our readers. In all these epistles the Lord promises the blessing to overcomers. This is an invariable rule. We will not call it a condition, as though this overcoming was dependent upon a man's own self. It is a condition; but, then, the Lord himself in respect to his own people fulfils it in them.

"He makes the believer, and gives him the crown."

But, mind, there is more in this overcoming than at first sight appears. It is not merely to be understood here, as we conceive, of overcoming generally, though this is also contained in it; but it principally refers to *the present prevalent evils, the particular state of things at the time, the peculiar temptations* which the circumstances the child of God is in expose him to. *These* are the things to be overcome. Here, *in these things*, is the proof of the man's grace. The true church in Sardis must overcome, by God's grace, *Sardisian evils*; the true church in Laodicea, *Laodicean ones*. The saints, in such a state of things as we have depicted, have to overcome *these* evil influences. Zion has to shake herself from the dust,—that particular dust which covers and obscures her. The trees of God bring forth fruit in due season; according to their months. Herod heard John, and did many things; but he was no overcomer. He overcame not the particular evil which enchained him. "To him that overcometh," not this or that thing, for nature can do some things in the way of overcoming one natural principle by means of another; but to him that overcometh *the sins and temptations of his particular condition*,—to him is the promise. In a Laodicean state of things, happy is the man who rises by divine grace, be he minister or member, above the worldliness, covetousness, vain-glory,

flatteries, lukewarmness, unconscionableness of Laodicean professors. Many a professor, fairly carried away with the evils of the present state of things, the errors of judgment or of practice of the church state in which he is, will pay an amazing respect to the angels or ministers of a former age. Why is this? The testimony of those ministers was adapted to a different condition of the church; their trumpet-notes were directed against a different class of evils; they touch not the present evil consciences. So with the Jews. They built the sepulchres of the old prophets; but they slew the present ones. Thus it will probably be in all ages. Let a man faithfully cry aloud against Laodicean evils in a Laodicean church state, and probably the almost worshippers of that good man, the angel of the church in Philadelphia, will not think so very highly of *him*. Lord, what is man?

To him, then, that overcometh the particular evils of his day and generation, the snares in the *world*, the *business*, the *church*, the *associates* with which he is more particularly surrounded, "to him," says Christ, "will I give," as a conqueror *indeed*, "to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

"THEM THAT HONOUR ME I WILL HONOUR."

My dear Friend,—A circumstance came before me this morning, which I feel is worthy to be recorded, for the encouragement of the Lord's "poor of this world" (Jas. ii. 5); and it may also, I hope, be a word in season to others differently circumstanced, that they should "remember the poor" (Gal. ii. 10), with which a blessing is connected in several parts of the Word. (Prov. xxii. 9; also x. 22.)

A godly widow, who lives about four miles from here, and constantly attends Providence Chapel, and has been for many years a member of Mr. Tryon's church, and who is greatly dependent upon the providence of God for her support, had this year begun to keep a few fowls. When she had a chicken fit for the table, she felt she should like to carry one to her afflicted friend, Sarah Adcock, of Uppingham, who has lain upon a bed of affliction for 41 years, and who also has been for much the greater part of that time entirely dependent upon the providence of God. As she walked thither, taking her chicken, her mind meditating upon the Lord's hand towards his needy people, she had present upon her mind the words: "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase." Seeing a little bright something shine upon the road, she moved about it with her umbrella, and picked up half a sovereign, which she showed to my sister and me. From its indented state, one may suppose it had lain long there, and been trodden beneath many feet, with wheels passing over it, waiting as it were the divine purpose to come to hand at such a season.

I believe I have had some sweet proofs of Prov. iii. 9 myself, and have seen it verified in several cases; so that I can, with our friend, unite in Toplady's line:

"My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to his eye."

I have reason to feel that many in a profession with this world's good little regard the precept towards their poor brethren, and I wish you may allow this real incident a place in the "Gospel Standard."

Yours, for the Truth's sake,

Onkham, Aug. 29th, 1878.

A. F. PEAKE.

We have much pleasure in inserting the above letter, and will back it up by an interesting anecdote of Mr. Whitefield, not, perhaps, known to some of our readers. He was preaching at Plymouth, and staying with a Mr. Kinsman, a minister of the town. After breakfast on Monday, he said to his friend, "Come, let us visit some of your poor people." On entering the dwellings of the afflicted poor, he ministered to their temporal as well as spiritual wants. Mr. K., knowing the low state of his finances, suggested that he thought he had been too bountiful. Mr. W., with some degree of smartness, replied, "It is not enough, young man, to pray and put on a serious face. True religion and undefiled is this,—to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to supply their wants. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted; but God, whom I serve, and whose saints we have assisted, will, I doubt not, soon give me a supply." His hopes were not disappointed. A stranger called on him in the evening, who addressed him thus: "With great pleasure I have heard you preach. You are on a journey, as well as myself; and travelling is expensive. Do me the honour to accept this;" at the same time presenting him with five guineas. Mr. Whitefield, smiling, held out the money in his hand, saying to Mr. Kinsman, "There, young man; God has speedily repaid what I have bestowed. Let this in future teach you not to withhold what it is in the power of your hand to give."

In these days of luxury and covetousness, we greatly need stirring up in the way of Christian bountifulness. May these accounts do us good. May we seek out, as in the case of this godly widow, suitable objects; and may the Lord give us liberal hearts and ready hands to help them. Though we would not have our readers generous upon the mercenary principle of expecting to be paid in kind with interest, we would have them and ourselves liberal upon the Christian principle of love; and those who are so may feel very sure that the bountiful Lord will in one way or other richly supply all their necessities. We shall make a better provision both for ourselves and our children by bounty than by covetousness. The psalmist had seen many things in his day, but had never seen one sight,—the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread. Lazarus lay not at the rich man's gate as a mere beggar; but if the rich man had had ears to hear, he was there as a divine claimant. The rich man was

God's steward, and not a just one. Those that honour God he will honour. As we sow we reap. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

"The worldling prospers laying up,
The Christian laying out."

That is, the worldling seems so to prosper; but there is a curse at the root of his prosperity. God paid the poor prophet's debts after his decease. Through misfortune, or one thing or another, for we do not believe he was a lazy sort of fellow, and that his wife and children were allowed to be idle, showy, and extravagant, he had fallen back in the world; but God remembered him, and provided for his widow and children. The rich fool of Lu. xii., on the other hand, who was rich to himself but not to God, died, and left his barns and his substance. Then his ill-gotten, or, at any rate, ill-kept and ill-used gains were scattered to the winds, and God asks, as in derision, "Whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

Our esteemed friend and correspondent, looking out upon the fields smiling with abundant fruits, but perhaps trembling lest the continued rains should blight the promised abundance, calls our attention to Luther's prayer: "Let not the covetousness of the ungodly farmers hinder and hem in thy blessing." May we not add to this, "Lord, make thy children, as the salt of the earth, examples of faith, love, and generosity; and let it not be said that their worldliness, covetousness, stinginess, illiberality towards thy causes, ministers, and people, as well as their fellow-men generally, aided in calling for temporal judgments on this land as well as upon themselves?" O for more faith and the sweet fruits of it,—a bountiful eye, heart, and hand, and a liberal distribution unto others; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

We may just add here that another correspondent has asked us to aid the various thanksgiving services of the autumnal season by furnishing the worshippers with a number of suitable hymns. We feel unable to do this; but we may suggest that the best hymn is a truly thankful heart, and its best expression is not really in words, however suitable, musical, and sweet, but in an harmonious liberality. That was a sweet voice of praise and thankfulness which in old times ascended to God from the churches of Macedonia, when, as Paul writes, "in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy [in giving], and their deep poverty [out of which they gave] abounded unto the riches of their liberality." We think if, at the various thanksgiving services, the worshippers follow such illustrious leaders, there will be a great deal of real music and sweetness in their gatherings.

SOME cry, "Peace, peace," when sudden destruction is at hand. (1 Thess. v. 3.) And some say they are lost for ever, when God is with them.—*Owen.*

“BUSINESS IN DEEP WATERS.”

My dear Fellow-mariner and Fellow-traveller,—If the will of the great Captain of salvation, may grace abound in your soul, and every mercy be added to you and your dear wife and family, as regards this mortal life. Though we have only met once in the flesh, I have often thought about you, and wondered how you were, and how things might be with you. I have no doubt that you are still ploughing the mighty deep, much to the annoyance of your old man. You have to do business in deep waters, where wave after wave threatens to sink the weather-beaten bark, which, notwithstanding all the waves and billows that beat against it, is bound to the shore of peace and rest. We have a blessed hope that by and by we shall reach that shore. But while here, there is little to cheer us; indeed, we feel all the pleasures arising from the world are delusive, though, at the same time, we would be made more grateful to the gracious Lord for all his meaner mercies to us as creatures. But all below the skies is, for the most part, spoilt by sin; and when this is felt, we can then say,

“No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.”

I do not know how you get on. Do you feel much cleaving to the earth, notwithstanding all your hating it? What a mass of contradictions a Christian feels within! How, amidst all the misery sin causes, the sinful heart cleaves to sin still! How many evils spring up, at times, which make the poor soul cry out, “Can ever God dwell here?” And yet, blessed be the Name of the Lord, he has been and still is a refuge for a vile sinner, as well as a fountain to cleanse him from his sin. A few weeks since, I had for a short period a most blessed visit from the Lord. I have not had many such during my pilgrimage. The Lord broke in upon my soul one morning with such sweetness, softness, and blessed melting power, that I was quite broken down in soul feeling. It made all hardness depart, and nothing but love, mercy, and goodness appeared in view. This continued for nearly two hours, so that I could do nothing but weep, and bless and praise the Lord. I had no words during this time; but, whilst in the midst of it, or, rather, as it began to diminish, I had some words which made me tremble. They were these: “Fear not; I am with thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” Also: “Be still, and know that I am God.” I said, “Lord, whatever is coming? Lord, whatever is coming? Do tell me, Lord.” I felt as though his dear Majesty was not angry with me for asking, but he did not give me another word.

In the morning, at the breakfast-table, I told my wife what had taken place, and said, “There is something coming, which will be very heavy.” This was Thursday morning. On the Saturday evening following, those words came with great weight:

“When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow,” &c.

On Sunday morning, a letter came from our only daughter, stating that her husband, who had been getting better only a few days before, was sinking. Both my wife and I felt too ill to go into Kent to see him. About nine days after, another letter came, stating he would never rally. We then went to see him, and in four days after he dropped the mortal body, leaving the young widow with three dear children under six years of age, and almost unprovided for. You may judge what our feelings were, as at that time I was for the most part dark in my mind.

O! The mighty waves have sometimes almost sunk me. O how the arm of the Lord is needed to keep the soul above water when deep calleth unto deep! Besides all this, the poor wife has been much worse ever since. I shall need that God, who I hope promised me he would be with me, to fulfil his word and be with me in all his blessedness and power, to keep me from sinking amidst the surges of the ocean, or else sink I must. We do not fear much, as you know, when we feel we have our most noble, illustrious, skilful Captain at the helm. But, alas! Oftentimes he is there, and he does not show himself. He lets us feel the dangers of the deep thoroughly before he appears as holding the waters in the hollow of his hand, and the winds in his fist. Then often it is with us as it was with the little crew of old. He sends them off, and lets darkness creep on; and still he is not there. And O! What fears lay hold of them when they see him walking on the sea! How strange are the paths the Christian must tread ere he gets to his journey's end! I do not wonder at Pliable letting Christian take the journey alone. Where would not you and I have gone to, had we not been constrained to go on, notwithstanding all the dangers in the way, whether by desert or by deep, from false friends or outward foes, from internal, external, or infernal enemies? I am sure my coward heart would have given up long ere this, if I could have done so; because, as the poet writes,

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

Well, after all this we hope to gain that prize, even the crown which awaits the enduring soldier of the cross.

“A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.”

Cheer up, then, dear friends; we hope presently to obtain that better world. But methinks you say, 'Tis all very well to say, Cheer up; can you cheer up when devils roar, sins perplex, foes sneer, false professors persecute? O! Yes; I can smile and sing if Jesus smiles and cheers me with his precious love and blood; and so can you then. Paul could do wonders when Christ

strengthened him. He is all our strength and refuge. He alone upholds us, and without him we must fall and die.

The Lord bless you and your wife. Accept our united love.

Yours sincerely,

May 21st, 1878.

J. BENNETT.

To Mr. Swonnell.

A WISE CHOICE.

ABOUT three or four years ago I fell into a deep despondency of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bewailing my sad and dark condition, not having a friend in the world to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary food. But after many a gloomy doleful hour spent in solitude and sorrow, not without strong and frequent cries and tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me, in the midst of one of my prayers, Whether I rather chose the visionary revelations of which I had formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low, despised mystery of a crucified Man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great comfort in expecting the future effects of my choice.—*Hart's "Experience."*

"A FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

Jesus, with thee my soul is blest;
 Thou art the Banquet; I the guest.
 How sweet the wine, how rich the food!
 The food thy flesh, the wine thy blood.
 How wonderful, that I should be
 Welcome to sit and sup with thee!
 This honour, Lord, have all thy saints;
 Hush, then, my soul; no more complaints.
 Why should a living man complain,
 Who feasts upon the Lamb once slain?
 What though my portion here be poor?
 In thee I have a plenteous store.
 Let my Beloved often come,
 And make my worthless heart his home.
 Strange that the worst should thus be bless'd
 To have communion with the best!
 Of this his grace I love to tell;
 With men my God delights to dwell.

Gosport.

A. H.

How hast thou loved us, Father, delivering up thy only Son for us ungodly!—*Augustine.*

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

Dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—I was very glad to hear from you, and had thought of writing many times, but I never seemed to have any time, being fully occupied from the rising of the sun until eleven o'clock at night. Yet I make but little progress heavenward. Yea, I often fear I am not in the way, and that what little I do know is only in the head. As regards preaching, it seems every Sabbath will be the last. I am sorely tried upon this point, fearing I have run unsent of God. Yet, go when I may, the people always ask me to come again, and generally those that are the most tried about their state get on in hearing. Yet I think a greater fool never stood in a pulpit.

I have not been laid aside one Sabbath since I last saw you, and am engaged up to next Christmas. I have given up Richmond, as it is inconvenient to go so far, and I now speak at a place called Handcross, near Crawley, as I can leave home on the Sabbath morning and return on Monday morning.

I desire to bless the Lord he has made me dissatisfied with the things of time. My only real peace is in Jesus. O that I could hold more communion with him, so as to be swallowed up in his love! What a mercy, my friend, to have a hope beyond the grave! It will soon be over with the things of time; then to be ever with the Lord.

I foresaw you would have trouble enough at P., but I believe the Lord will bring you through. He is all-sufficient. There is nothing too hard for him. There are but few broken and contrite hearts anywhere in this day of great profession; and but few, very few, under the power of truth. Those ministers that contend for a real work upon the soul will meet with opposition every way. My chief concern is about my own soul. I do sink very low, at times. What an awful thing to be deceived,—to preach to others, and tell them the way to heaven, and to be lost one's self! How I tremble sometimes, fearing it will be my case!

My dear wife has been ill the last two months; but is now, through mercy, better. I want to feel submissive to the will of God in all things; but O, what rebellion, at times! I find without him I can do nothing good. If I am saved, it will be sovereign grace indeed; for

“O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!”

Mr. K. has been down to our place. He was well received, and invited to come again. I like the man very well.

Time will not permit more.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

April 10th, 1863.

G. WICKHAM.

My dear Sister in the Lord,—I duly received yours, and am not surprised you are jealous with a godly jealousy over your religion. Lightly obtained, lightly prized. Everything connected

with sound vital godliness is solemn, and not easily come at. Our dear Lord came not into possession of his people easily. Agony, a bloody sweat, and a horrible death was the gateway to his treasure,—the church. Through a painful condemnation, deep piercing convictions for sin, cries and tears, and distressing fears, we come into the possession of pardon, peace, love, and all the unsearchable riches of Christ. Acceptance with God, the blessed Spirit of adoption, a comfortable persuasion we are interested in the righteousness of a precious Jesus, come by passing through the fire of the felt wrath of God, and the water of separation (through the blessed Spirit's work), from idols, right-eye friends, and right-hand lusts.

To be refined as silver and tried as gold is severe work to a nature averse to suffering and to God. Daniel must go into captivity, and into the den of lions; Jonah into the fish's belly; and the three Hebrew children into the furnace, to teach them how Jesus can save, and that he is God alike over fires, beasts, and the monsters of the deep. In a similar way, spiritually, we have to experience that he is God over our beastly corruptions, the fires of law, temptations, and persecution, and the monsters of all the seas of earth and hell. Thus we learn that he only is the Saviour of the lost, the Refuge of his tempest-tossed vessels of mercy, the Helper of the helpless, and the home and dwelling of the outcast.

We are passing through a dreadful wilderness; and lest we should rest upon our lees, poverty and affliction, Satan and unbelief, darkness and desertion, foes without and fears within, are permitted of God to harass, vex, and cross us. "But we know," says the great apostle of the Gentiles, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." A good hope through grace, a tender conscience purged from dead works, an enlightened understanding, and a blessed single eye to the dear Lord's glory, are not received whilst we are asleep, or quietly sitting in an easy-chair. No! The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent hand of a precious, wrestling, struggling faith, the grace of the blessed Spirit, takes it by force.

Consumptions, fevers, paralyses, &c., and all the thousand conductors to the grave, are but the humble servants of our dear Immanuel, who says to one, Go, and he goeth; to another, Come, and it cometh. We are very sure he carries the keys of hell and death, and also of the house of David. He shuts, and no one opens; and opens, and no one can shut.

May the dear Lord keep you from murmuring, and make you content with wilderness fare until you get through to your home above. This is a certain truth,—“He that endureth to the end shall be saved;” and such are kept by the power of God only through faith unto salvation.

Faithfully yours,

Oct. 2nd, 1872.

THE COLLIER.

Dear Sir,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, through our Lord Jesus Christ, in the great and important and truthful work which, by the will of God, has fallen upon you. I think the Lord has chosen the right instrument for that special work of Editor of the "G. S." I have been a reader of that periodical many, many years; but never did I read what proved such a lesson to myself as the Address at the beginning of the "G. S." for this month. And I do hope it was accompanied to me with a divine light, because it cleared up to me so many points which had troubled me for many years. Therefore I am constrained to write to you, although it is a trouble to write, and a trouble not to write; but, unworthy as I feel to be for the work, I thought it my bounden duty to do so, for your encouragement in the important work, and for the honour of the good Lord.

I was a hearer of the free-willers many years, until I could not continue with them any longer; for, when judgment was laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, I saw, as I hope, by the light of divine truth, that all my doings or good works were nothing worth, and could not merit salvation. Still, I could not see into the doctrine of election and reprobation until I read that special Address of yours; and I hope never to forget it.

Dear Sir, I feel a love to you for the truth's sake, although I have only seen you once, which was when you preached at Wantage. I felt such a union to you when reading over and over the Address as I cannot express. I am almost afraid lest in writing I should express what I do not experience; for, though I would not mock God nor deceive myself and the Lord's dear children for thousands of gold and silver, I am, at the same time, often exercised about mine being the mark of the Lord's dear blood-bought family. My cry daily is, "If I am not right, make me right, and keep me so." Yet, I hope and trust, in bygone days I have known by inward experience the meaning of Ezek. xvi., where he writes about the infant in the open field. Such was my state when God in his mercy said unto me, Live. What a mercy to have this hope! But it seems, at times, hoping against hope. I am a wonder to myself and to many. I am the object of mocking, and scorning, and ridicule; but sometimes I think this is the way Jesus himself trod, and the way he hath laid down in his Word for all his dear children to walk in. At the same time, I am not satisfied with what I have. I am led to cry daily, with the poet,

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face."

And again:

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," &c.

I should be glad to know assuredly that I have redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of my sins. Still, I hope I can remember the spot where that word came with power and sweetness to my soul: "He hath trodden the winepress alone." It gladdened my heart more than when the riches, corn, wine, and oil increase.

The Lord's precious Word, I hope, cut me off from free-will doctrine; and now I cannot hear anything unless it agrees with what the truthful "G. S." holds forth. May the Lord teach you and your helper to keep it clean from error. May it continue pure for ever, to the honour of God and the benefit of the Lord's tried family.

What I have written seems unworthy of your notice. I could say more; but perhaps you will say it is enough. Well, you may remember that dear Huntington's signature was "S. S.,"—*Sinner Saved*;" but mine is "S. S.,"—*"Sensible Sinner."*

Jan. 20th, 1878.

J. C. D.

Dear Mr. Hazlerigg,—A poor sinful worm desires to address a few lines to you in the fear of the Lord. The Lord enable him so to do. May the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit be my Teacher and Guide.

The most gracious Lord stopped me in my mad career in the spring of 1841; I was in my 27th year. I have been a reader of the "Gospel Standard" from the year 1843. By it, as a means, the most indulgent Lord established me in his most holy truth, and I have felt and do feel a sweet union of soul to its late beloved editor,—Mr. Philpot, of blessed memory. Many times have I felt a great desire to write to him, and have indeed written letters to him in my mind, but never put them on paper; this I now regret.

My reasons for writing to you, beloved in the Lord, are several. The chief is that I have read your Address in this month's "Standard" with great interest and soul profit. I have before felt a sweet union of heart and soul to you as a son and servant of our most dear and precious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; but the reading of your new year's Address to the spiritual readers of the "Gospel Standard" has more especially united me to you. May the Lord bless you indeed in your labour of love. May he cause his dear face to shine upon you, and bless you with a double portion of his Spirit, that you may both preach and write to his honour and glory, and to the edification of his dear family scattered abroad. I do indeed wish and pray that the choicest of the Lord's blessed gifts of grace may rest upon you in your new undertaking.

Beloved, after reading your Address, I felt a sweet persuasion in my mind that the friends with whom you stand connected did right in choosing you for your present office. My belief is that their choice is the Lord's choice. In reading the first part of your Address, the precious doctrine there set forth dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew upon my soul. The Lord knoweth that I lie not. These are foundation doctrines indeed, and do the soul real good as they are brought into the heart by the life-giving power of the blessed Spirit.

O my beloved friend, I had to wade through dark dispensations indeed to come at a right knowledge of those precious doctrines. I remember reading one of dear old Mr. Gadsby's

sermons. He said in it that the Lord brought his people into the dark to teach them doctrine; and I fully believe it. Indeed, it was my case. That sermon was a great help to me. His text was: "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness," and so on. I was in a wilderness indeed in my feelings at that time.

But to proceed. When you came upon experience and practice, I could join with you with all my heart and soul; though I feel day by day to lamentably come short of the Lord's glory.

Again. I do sweetly agree with you where you speak of the influence grace has upon the heart, in causing its possessor to desire intensely to follow the Lord in his despised ordinances. Here I have to lament that some of those who profess that the Lord has done great things for them, yet seem quite indifferent as to walking in the Lord's sweet commands. Some whom I know will read your Address; and I do humbly pray the most gracious Lord to bless it to them; and through it to stir them up to a holy diligence; and, if it is consistent with his most holy will, that they may be constrained by love to do things in remembrance of him who has done so much for his dear blood-bought family. How sweet are his own dear words, when attended with divine power to the heart: "Do this in remembrance of me." And again: "As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

I am well aware that power belongeth unto God; yet it does please his most gracious Majesty to use instrumentality. This is abundantly set forth in his most holy Word. The Lord has in very deed done great things for me, a most vile and unworthy sinner; and my soul's earnest desire is to live, move, and act in his fear, to live to his honour, and glorify his most holy Name. I desire ever to speak well of his Name. I hope in another letter to let you know some of the marvellous acts of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Lord towards me, in bearing with my ill manners and vile provocations in ten or eleven years' backsliding from and sinning against him. Also the wonderful deliverance the Lord wrought for me from this solemn and woeful state on the 6th of December, 1853. If the Lord's will and you wish it, I will do this; for I desire to sound his fame far and near; for he only is worthy to be praised; for his mercy endureth for ever. Well may it be said, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage."

But I must stop, or I shall weary you. This is indeed a sweet, yes, an exceedingly sweet theme to me,—the eternal mercy of the Lord. O that my unworthy self and all the Lord's dear people may realize more of it in daily experience; and his most dear and precious Name shall have all the glory. Dear Sir, I conclude, desiring the Lord to bless your every labour of love abundantly.

Yours in the Love of Jesus,

Tollesbury, January, 1878.

J. D.

[We have hesitated long as to inserting these letters, because of the favourable mention made in them of this year's Address to our Spiritual Readers. But, after all, if that Address is really good, that goodness must be of the Lord. In all we do or write, we only claim as our own what is amiss. If it has been made a blessing, we certainly did not make it so. What is properly written is not ours, but the Lord's; what is blessed is only blessed by the Holy Spirit's sovereign and gracious application. We do not see, then, particularly at the present moment, why we should not show those friends who so unanimously conferred the office of editor upon us that the Lord, at any rate, does not seem to have quite repudiated their choice.

“The author's merit's none;
And therefore none his boast;
He only claims whate'er's amiss;
Alas, how large a share is his!”]

Dear Friend,—I was very glad to receive a letter from you, but more especially for your Christian love manifested in it, and in remembering me at the throne of grace. This shows that, if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Each member feels an interest in another's welfare; and this proves we are taught of God. We are taught to carry or bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; and this is one part of communion, or Christian fellowship. Indeed, if this is wanting in our experience, where is the proof of our being in the mystical body of Christ? We are to know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

If we could but more meditate on the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, we should be more changed into his image. Our love to him and one another would be increased. Though I feel my heart warm with a sense of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ at this time, yet I am not able to set it forth. I can only say, his love is better than life. One moment's enjoyment of the dear Redeemer is worth more than anything in this life, or even life itself. His person is altogether lovely; his grace is altogether desirable; and the office-characters he bears are altogether precious. And what makes him so precious, dear, and lovely? Is it not that he is a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land? Truly I must testify he hath been a present help in time of trouble to me, and this endears him to my heart; so that I can say with the psalmist, “I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications; because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore (by his grace) I will call upon him as long as I live.” For when my heart has been overwhelmed with anguish, perplexity, and distress, to this Friend of sinners I have called and looked, and upon him waited; and here I have found sufficient grace to support under the trial, by his working in the heart a measure of patience, meekness, submission, and resignation. Then the burden gets lighter, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness soon appear.

You observe that, as soon as we get some sweet discoveries of his love towards us, then the peaceable fruits begin to make an appearance. So I find it. I have lately found in troubles that have not been of so overwhelming a nature, that I have discovered the love of God in them as soon as they came, by being enabled to see the need of something to keep under the body; for here I can say with you, the older I get, the greater discoveries I have of my sinful and polluted nature. From this I clearly perceive that, if I had no painful cross, I should sink into a lifeless, lukewarm state. Therefore, as painful exercises produce spiritual-mindedness, which is life and peace, I can say with the apostle in the same sense, "I take pleasure in infirmities," &c. I am sure whatever is the means of purifying our affections, and keeping our souls alive to God, is a matter of rejoicing. Whether afflictions come or arise from internal or external enemies, from temptations of Satan, or from any other cause, they shall be for the trial of faith and glory of God. Thus all these trials work for our spiritual and eternal good. Indeed, is not this "growing in grace and in knowledge," and our path shining brighter and brighter, that as we get older in years our spiritual conflicts get stronger, but we thereby discover more and more of our sinful nature, and the exceeding suitability, love, and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ?

You, my friend, have been in the way of life for many years; but you still find that the body of sin and death makes you cry, "O wretched man that I am!" In this place we are fellow-sufferers, and fellow-soldiers engaged in the same conflicts; and I believe in my heart we shall both joy in the same conquest. This sweetens the toils of the war; for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It is by purifying afflictions we are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light. A meetness must be wrought in the soul in this life; and if the process seems painful or long, according to the flesh, it is an unspeakable blessing that we poor sinful worms should be visited with such fatherly care and love, and that we should be chastised, that we may be partakers of his holiness. "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 loving-kindness and tender mercies."

May the good Lord keep us more and more under a lively sense of his love, that we may offer him that praise that will glorify his holy Name.

This morning, in reading 2 Ki. xvii., my heart was much humbled under a sense of human depravity, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the evil consequences attending it; and this seemed to put me in a proper frame for prayer; in which I was favoured with nearness of access, and my hope entered within the veil. And I believe the Holy Spirit helped me in the exer-

cise, making intercession according to the will of God; because I felt an answer of peace flow into my heart.

A little while ago I read your Essay on Brotherly Love, and found a sweet union with the matter it contained. I hope we may ever be enabled to practise what is there set forth; for if we do, I am sure we shall have the approbation of God and the testimony of a good conscience, as looking into that perfect law of liberty (love), and continuing therein, and not being forgetful hearers, but doers of the work. That this may be the case is the humble prayer of

Your affectionate Friend in the Lord Jesus Christ,

Aug. 24th, 1839.

THOS. YEOMANS.

REVIEW.

A Standard-Bearer's Testimony of the Warfare in the Wilderness; being the Life and Experience of Cornelius Sharp, Baptist Minister of the Gospel, at Bodle Street and Ninfield, Sussex.—Brighton: Printed and published by J. Farncombe, 3, Duke Street.

WHATEVER satisfaction some may find in writing Reviews for the sake of displaying their skill in the art of criticizing the works they notice, we can say that it gives us more satisfaction to have as little to do with criticism as possible; and in reviewing any work in the pages of this magazine, we prefer being able to give it a friendly and faithful recommendation.

We like, especially so in expressing our opinion publicly, that the book we speak of should be one that we have read with some spiritual profit to our own soul, and on the pages of which we have felt a little of the dew of the Holy Spirit to rest; and then to make the legitimate object of our giving such book a public notice the spiritual profit of our readers; presuming that some among them will be induced, through our recommendation, to read the same for themselves.

We have sometimes thought that, next to the written Word, there is hardly any kind of spiritual reading more refreshing than the published experiences of the well-taught and favoured saints of God. Whether the experience we read be that of a departed saint, or the experience of one still living—that is, so much of his experience as reaches down to the time he writes; yet, so far as such experiences are made by the Lord himself a means of confirming our hope of being in the footsteps of the flock, and of helping us to believe the more that we are under the same divine teaching which those experiences set forth, so far will our reading of the same prove a blessing to us, and be a cause of thankfulness to God that they were ever published.

We have read a good many experiences in our time, and some the most wonderful that have ever been published, such as Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer," and Bunyan's "Grace Abounding towards the Chief of Sinners." We have read many blessed ones, too, in the pages of this and other perio-

dicals of truth; but we cannot remember reading a single experience of any note for years past, without feeling ourselves inspired with a longing desire to be more abundantly blessed with whatever great manifestations of divine mercy, whatever sweet seasons of joy in the Lord, and blessed times of holy triumphing over the lusts of the flesh and the devil, may have been recorded. And whatever we may have read in such experiences of an opposite nature, such as confessions of much unprofitableness and great sinfulness, even to the confessing of being sinners the "very chief," we can as truly affirm that not for years past have we any remembrance of having once felt, when reading such confessions, that we were a bit less unprofitable, or a shade less base and vile. So far from this, we can say that the reading of such experiences as we have been referring to has invariably made us feel what poor nipped-up things we were in what has made up their best part, but how full and bloated with such defects and failures as have made up their worst part. Well, this is no doubt one of the good effects which the reading of such experiences has upon the mind, and perhaps forms a large part of the profitableness derived therefrom.

Having read with satisfaction the "Experience" mentioned at the head of this paper, and much liking the honest, simple way in which things are told out, we the more cheerfully, on this account, undertake the little labour of writing a few words in its favour, and of endeavouring thereby to increase its circulation.

In making, then, a few plain remarks on the "Experience" itself, we may first refer to the religious advantages, beyond many, with which the author was surrounded in early life. Being born at Brighton, a town noted for truth; being also born of "believing parents;" and his father, moreover, being a minister of the gospel, he had influence and example enough to have moulded his character, and made a Christian of him from his very childhood, were moral influence and Christian example sufficient to accomplish such a work. But, as nothing but divine and omnipotent grace can "change the heart," and "renew the will," and as that grace had not been communicated when our author was a youth of 11 years of age, the seeds of evil, as he tells us, manifested themselves in him at that early period, in the way of lying, deceit, and disobedience. And when, a few years later in life, he was under less restraint, had more liberty, and with a "new field of society and temptations" around him, those seeds of evil, as is always the case, manifested themselves more according to age and opportunity. Like plants shooting from stronger roots than formerly, they were ready to "burst forth into a flame, which neither former instructions nor inward convictions of conscience could quench." "Here," says the author,

"I revelled to the full extent of my mind under the propelling influence of Satan, as far as means and circumstances would admit; and, at last, breaking through all restraints, I became an easy vassal

to Satan at his will, and should have ultimately been his prey to all eternity, had not sovereign grace prevented."

As with many, and as in our own case, the writer of the "Experience" had sharp struggles in his unregenerate life with natural conscience. He tells us how determined he was in his own strength to alter his course, and how, "with many vows and promises," he thought he had "overcome the power of sin;" and was deluded enough to think that he felt a kind of peace within as the fruit of such victory. But, alas! It was but a "daubing with untempered mortar." The building, he says, came down faster than he had built it. "Sin now became more rampant than ever," and temptations so palatable to his taste that he "yielded to them to the greatest extent."

After recording certain providential escapes from death (and which escapes, like some in our own youth, and others we have read of, only confirm the more the truth of Holy Scripture: "Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called") the author mentions the solemn scripture by which God struck terror into his mind, so that he "trembled from head to foot," and thought "hell would be his portion." The scripture was: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The effect of this scripture, as applied with power to his conscience, will read best in his own way of describing it. He says:

"Now convictions began to roll in thicker and faster, till I tried to stife them by every amusement I could find, such as the theatre, card-playing, musical entertainments, &c.; and I was not at a loss for companions to introduce me into everything that was bad. But at night conscience would then begin to do its office, so that my nights were wretched. I was like a fish that is caught by a hook, with a long line attached to it; for the more I plunged, the more I was entangled; and I found that when the hand of the Lord lays hold on a sinner, it is in vain for him to try to hide himself. Go where I would, do what I would, the eye of a sin-avenging God seemed to follow me everywhere, night or day; and the sound of the words, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' made my life a perfect misery, and death an awful scene to contemplate."

From the memorable moment of that particular scripture being applied with power to his soul, he went on, feeling the arrows of the Almighty to sink deeper and deeper in his spirit, and the fallow ground of his heart to be more and more turned up under the ploughshare of God's holy law. In providence, too, God laid his afflicting hand upon him in various ways; and although he had light enough in his judgment to know that he needed a divine Substitute, yet "not a ray of hope" dawned within his breast. All was dark within, and his soul meditated terror. But a page or two farther on he says:

"But one day, while in this mournful state, a gracious old woman came to see me; and after talking a little with her, and telling my doleful tale, she spoke to me very solemnly, and said, 'O! Cornelius, if that light in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!' This was like striking the dying dead. I strove to get out of my chair; and by the help of two sticks I stood on my legs, and cried out, 'God

be merciful to me, a sinner!' This cry had no sooner gone from my lips than these words were dropped into my heart with power: 'Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?' With these words, a hope sprang up in my soul for the first time; and I answered, 'No, Lord. Not as mine eyes are opened to see, not only the consequence of sin, but the nature of sin, so that I not only fear it, but hate it as sin in thy sight.'

With what matchless grace it is that Jehovah performs his own sovereign will! And how marvellously he magnifies his power and displays his wisdom in the very way in which he calls and makes his people manifest; and the way, too, in which he afterwards leads them on from one experience to another, as from the ministration of condemnation, which is glorious, to the ministration of righteousness, which exceeds in glory. If, by one portion of truth, he can pierce the heart and wound the conscience, he can as easily, by another portion, bind up the heart that was broken, "strengthen that which was sick," and "bring again that which was driven away." He can open the blind eyes, and show poor sinners all that is needful for them to see. He can show them what their real state is as lost sinners by nature; and how gloriously suited is Christ to their condition; and, having done this, he can convince them by what *power* it was that they were made to see, and constrain them to exclaim, "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?"

So far as we have travelled with the author in his "Experience," we have seen the beginning of God's work in his soul; and none who have a spiritual judgment in the things he writes about will, we presume, doubt but that it was the Lord himself who dropped the words into his heart: "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" The effects which followed, we think, are the best proof from whence the words came. Hope sprang up in his soul by those very words. "*A channel for prayer*" was opened; *he was enabled to "plead before God in the Name and Person of the Lord Jesus Christ;"* he could see a preciousness in the gospel that made it dear to him; and it became his "*soul's meditation day and night.*"

Still, he felt that more than this was needed before he could believe, with the assurance of faith, that he was one of the elect of God. He felt a pressure on his mind, which caused him "to go into his chamber and lay heart and conscience open before the Lord." He entreated the Lord to decide the matter that night, and went to chapel "as with his life in his hand." The late Mr. Grace, who was the minister our friend went to hear, referred in his opening remarks on his text to Zachæus, and said, "Immediately salvation entered into his heart, it made an honest man of him." "This remark," says our friend,

"entered into my soul with such searching power, and brought to light a certain transaction which I had committed about five years previously, which I had never truly and honestly acknowledged, either before God or to the person whom I had wronged. (The circumstance I must forbear to relate, for particular reasons.) Suffice it to say, it was that sin for which God brought me to judgment that night, and I

felt the sentence again: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I was now cut down. I thought that I should have sunk to hell in the chapel."

This is, we believe, invariably God's mysterious method of preparing his children for the reception of greater peace and joy, and more assurance of pardon and salvation. He openeth their ears, and "sealeth their instruction," in order that he may effectually withdraw them from their purpose, and condemn them in their consciences for their past "transactions," of which he makes them thoroughly ashamed. But not more certainly are such humbling chastisements of God the frequent preparations for the greater manifestations of his grace, than that the greater manifestations are as certain to follow upon them. God, having brought his people down "by terrible things in righteousness;" having made them to confess that "they have sinned, and perverted that which was right;" he will, in his own good time, appear from behind the dark clouds which wrap their souls about, and in a *sensible* and *manifest* way deliver them "out of their distresses." Job found it to be so; and we can say that, according to our measure of joy and peace, as following upon seasons of sorrow, we have found it to be the same in our own experience. And our friend Sharp describes, in his "Experience," how it was so with himself. His soul being "loaded with guilt," and his "spirit overwhelmed with sorrow, shame, and confusion," after hearing Mr. Grace, he goes on to say in his Narrative:

"I wept, until I could weep no longer. At last I cried again, as on a former occasion, in real earnest, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'" And again, as before, no sooner had the cry gone forth, but a glorious Person was presented before the eye of my mind. It was not before my natural eyes, for my head was buried in my handkerchief, which was wet with weeping. . . . He looked direct to me, and spoke these words: 'I will take the will for the deed.' Immediately my guilt fell from my conscience, as manifestly as if I had been weighted with a hundredweight of lead on my back, and one had come and taken it off. I felt so light, and the change was so manifest, I could not for a time tell where I was; and the intense love which flowed into my soul I cannot describe. I felt I loved the Lord Jesus Christ with such a love that, even if he were to send me to hell (which I felt he would be perfectly just in doing, according to my deserts), I should go there with love to him in my heart. I now wept for joy; and I said to him, 'Now, Lord, as my life has hitherto been spent in Satan's service, take me now, soul and body, and let me spend and be spent in thy service all my days.'"

Thus a suffering dying Saviour was presented to his mind, who spoke the words he gives in his narrative to him. It was not, as he tells us, with bodily eyes, but mentally, that he apprehended the presence and Person of the Lord. But what followed this manifestation of Christ in the author's experience? Why, "*a cloud overshadowed it all*:" his "joy fled;" and darkness once more gathered thick around him.

How true it is, in the experience of one and all who are taught

of God, that real faith has to be tried, and that every inch of the way has to be maintained by a combat with sin, and Satan, and unbelief; which enemies of our faith contest our "right of way," and would drive us clean off the ground (Zion's ground), were we to be left to our own strength and wisdom in the fray.

The author having lost the sensible presence of the "Beloved," he goes "moaning and sighing to chapel, in the evening," when Mr. G. took for his text: "Go and show John again the things which ye do see and hear," &c. Our friend had a reviving time under the sermon. It seemed to be all for himself; and the words, "He has graven you upon the palms of his hands," which were dropped towards the close of the sermon, were "clothed with great power" to his soul. He says:

"I afterwards went into the vestry, and asked Mr. G. if those words were Scripture. He said, 'Yes.' I asked him where they were to be found. He said, 'Go home, my boy, and search for them.' I went home, and I searched the Word from Wednesday evening until Friday evening before I found them; and when I found them they were nothing to me. O what sadness this brought upon my spirit! I went to bed moaning and sighing, and thought it was a deception after all."

It is not only at the beginning of their spiritual life that God's children have to pass through such an experience as the author relates in the above extract, in order to learn that "power belongeth unto God;" but they have to go on travelling in the same path down to the end of their pilgrimage, the only difference being that, in after years, they have more spiritual knowledge to understand how and why it is that they should find comfort in a promise and sweetness in a hymn at one time, and feel nothing in either at another time. By being kept in such a path, they the better understand that "without Christ they can do nothing;" that "it is the Spirit that quickeneth," and that "the flesh profiteth nothing." Besides, the Lord's purpose in withholding the power and sweetness which accompany a promise in its first application is often, no doubt, to confirm such promise the more to our faith, by speaking it home upon the heart again, and thereby to enable us the better to believe that it was none but himself who spoke it into our hearts at the first.

The subject of the "Experience" we are touching upon had proof of this when, after losing the savour and comfort which the words he mentions brought into his soul, when first communicated with divine power, the Lord was pleased to give him the same words again, and twice during the night. "The sweetness and emotion," the "peace and *solid assurance*" he was blessed with, enabled him to look up, and say,

"O my Jesus! Thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now, and shall be thine
When time shall be no more."

After relating some other experiences of a somewhat similar nature, the author gives an account of the circumstances which, in the providence of God, led to his beginning to preach the

gospel. Thoughts about the work of the ministry had occupied his own mind, perhaps for a long time, before others had any impression of the kind. But when he related his experience to the church which he was about to join, an impression was felt by one and another that God was preparing him for the work of the ministry. By and by he becomes acquainted "with some old hearers of Mr. Huntington's," who, "perceiving something more than ordinary in his prayers," asked him to read the Word when they met for worship, and to speak a little upon it. He afterwards meets with the late Mr. Gunner, or, rather, was sent for by him. Mr. Gunner said, "I have a charge for you from the Lord. . . . God has shown me that he has intended you for the ministry; and I wish you to go and stand in my pulpit and preach for me to-morrow." Well, it is often by such apparently simple circumstances as these that God brings to light the instruments he has chosen for his work. Our friend Sharp being personally unknown by us, we are not in a position to make any observations in reference to his preaching, beyond the account he gives of it in his published "Experience."

He has certainly had a deal of trial and a rugged path, for the whole of the somewhat thirty years that he has been upheld as a "watchman" on Zion's walls.

For some years he was engaged in supplying different pulpits about the country; sometimes walking many miles because he "could not afford to ride," and sometimes, when he did ride, spending his "last halfpenny to pay the railway fare." But to meet with "poor accommodation," and sometimes a "cool reception after this, was really too bad, and certainly makes the hint he drops for any such managers of causes of truth a very justifiable one: "They should consider more the requirements and comforts of those men who labour amongst them." We say, Most certainly they should, for the dear servants of God are *God's* servants, poor and mean as some of them may be, and by nature they are *men*, needing comfort, and not leather to be trampled on.

Since 1864, our friend has been the pastor of the Particular Strict Baptist Church at Bodle Street, where he preaches two Lord's days in the month, and two at Ninfield, Sussex. The place at Bodle Street has been twice enlarged; a pool sunk for baptism; the whole of the debt has been paid off; and the church has had its additions. We can only hope, in our ignorance about the cause there, that both minister and people are able to regard such things as signs of real gospel prosperity.

Our Review would be much too long for the magazine were we to extend our remarks any further. We must, therefore, omit all reference to that part of the work in which the author relates "the ups and downs of the Lord's gracious dealings towards him in a way of providence." Suffice it to say that his path, as he himself says, "has been a chequered path."

We consider the "Experience" to be just such a plain honest

record of the Lord's gracious leadings in providence and grace as will make the reading of it, we believe, acceptable to many.

With the closing words of the author's Narrative, we close our remarks: "May the God of Israel,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have all the glory, if any good be done," either by the "Experience" or our poor notice of it.

Obituary.

SARAH HARRIS.—On Oct. 3rd, 1877, aged 89,* Sarah Harris, of Ford, Gloucestershire.

Our mother was the eldest of a numerous family, brought up in strict morality and regard to the Church of England; and with this she was satisfied until some time after her marriage.

In the providence of God she removed with her husband and family to Halford Hill, in the parish of Naunton, when she soon began to attend meetings held in a cottage, conducted by the late Mr. Gorton and other ministers of the gospel. She always spoke of Mr. G. in terms of great affection; and it was to his instrumentality that she ascribed her first awakening to a sense of sinfulness in the sight of God, and her lost and ruined condition. It was also under his preaching that she received, by the grace of God, that liberty of soul produced by realizing the pardoning love of Christ.

She was baptized at Stow-on-the-Wold more than 40 years ago, and was one of the oldest members. This little church was then under the pastoral care of Mr. Roff. We have always heard her speak with the greatest delight of the enjoyment she had under his faithful ministry, of the sweet and blessed times of communion she had there; also how a walk of four miles through all weathers was as nothing in the balance against the spiritual entertainment she hoped for at the end; and truly the presence of the Lord seems to have been in the midst of that little church. She has not been able to attend at Stow for some years, owing to the infirmity of age.

She removed from Halford Hill in 1868 with her son, and ultimately came to Ford with him, where a cottage meeting is held, which was commenced many years ago by Mr. Lovesey, and is conducted at the present time by a good Christian brother, the doctrines of free grace being clearly set forth. Only when quite unable to walk the short distance did she ever miss the service. She was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for many years. She was a woman of unusual energy, and favoured with a gift of strong faith in God, which seemed to bring her triumphantly through every trial. Hers were great; but what child of God escapes them? That verse:

"Trials make the promise sweet," &c.,

was ever precious to her.

Soon after her removal to Halford Hill, her husband was killed by an accident, and then her faith was put to the test. The God of the widow and fatherless was hers, and enabled her to bring up her three children in comfort, and to remain with her son without removing from their home.

Her decline was very gradual, her faculties and hearing remaining

* This is the age given by Sarah Harris's daughter. Mr. Lovesey, in sending the Obituary, writes that he thinks it is a mistake, as the old lady had told him she was 93 in Dec., 1876.

good until the last. Her final illness was not long, but she felt sure it was for her end. She enjoyed a sweet and settled peace. On asking her if she had peace and comfort within, she replied, "Yes. The enemy is not allowed to buffet me." She wished to see the friend who conducts the service, and to whom she was much attached. He came once more, and prayed with her, and felt that he had taken his farewell. We thought her going home then, but she remained a day or two longer.

The day before her death she marked the second verse of Hymn 372 (Gadsby's Selection), and requested her daughter to show it to her son and to J. B. (the friend referred to). She made no remark, and, indeed, what more could we desire?

She was spared that last struggle through which so many are called to pass. She went to sleep for a short time, and gently slept in Jesus. We feel we may say of her with emphasis, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." M. H.

THOMAS ISAAC.—On March 24th, 1878, aged 45, Thomas Isaac, of Old Sodbury.

His weakness and frailty of body for a long time were very great. His dear partner likewise was of a weakly constitution, so that, what with ill-health, and having a large and young family, he had to struggle on with his business, much exercised in mind and prostrate in body.

He had many many fears concerning his interest in the dear Redeemer; yet, notwithstanding his trembling body and his doubting and fearing soul, the Lord very graciously helped him towards the last to lie quietly waiting for his salvation. He was very sweetly resigned, and, like Simeon, departed in peace. He was in truth such an one as the poet sings of:

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

He was a man of few words, shy, and unassuming; yet the Lord made important use of him as a means of bringing men of truth into the village. And when the friends had to give up the chapel where they had for some few years met, he opened his house, and there, for the last ten years, they have worshipped the Lord. They left the chapel rather than leave the truth; this they carried with them to Thomas Isaac's house. Dear man, I believe he was often humbled at the thought that the Lord should condescend to make use of him and his house, but this is the way with our God, who condescends to men of low estate, gives courage to the fainting and the feeble, and says that the last shall be first, and the first last.

His house stands on Sodbury Hill, a few fields' distance from the spot where that great man of God, Tyndal, the martyr, preached for some time. The ruins of the church are still standing, but Tyndal is for ever delivered from his persecutors, and our friend Isaac from all his tears and fears. He loved the gospel as a whole, and travelled, years gone by, far from his home, Sunday after Sunday, to hear the same sounded forth. In those days Uxbridge, Upton, and Acton Turville were places highly favoured; and to them Thomas and his dear partner went. I have heard them say that when the weather was rough, the long distances were no small trial to their weakly bodies; but they thirsted for the pure truth, and could not find it nearer; so that they were constrained to go forth when Sunday came.

Thomas Isaac was brought to seek the Lord when very young, and for a time met with the General Baptists; but he came out from them as a contender and lover of free grace. A little before he died, one of the friends read the hymn ending with the following verse:

“In thy presence I am happy;
 In thy presence I'm secure;
 In thy presence all afflictions
 I can easily endure.”

“Ah,” he said, “that is it. That is just what I feel.”

The writer of this brief account feels that, as an individual, he has sustained a loss, as the good man and his house were freely devoted to the service of God's ministers and cause. It was manifest that he possessed the Spirit of Christ. The savour of the same is left behind.

During his last illness there was a sweet child-like spirit pervading his mind, and he was enabled to leave wife and little ones in the Lord's hands. When speaking of this to me, he acknowledged the Lord's kindness to him, and said, “I have been brought to give all up into his hands. I am nothing, and can do nothing.” The Lord gave him patience, and helped him to endure, and his desire was to depart and be with Christ. These were his last words, and formed his last prayer.

JOHN LITTLETON.

ANN CHADWICK.—On July 27th, 1878, aged 54, Ann Chadwick, of Belgrave, Leicestershire.

The late Mrs. Chadwick was a member of the church meeting for worship in Zion Chapel, Leicester. She joined us when we assembled in Alfred Street.

From what she said before the church, I shall give a short account of her earlier experience. The Lord began his work upon her when laid upon a bed of sickness. She fell under deep convictions of her lost state, and in her feelings grew worse and worse. At length the Lord spoke a word of peace to her soul; but I cannot bring to mind the word that he thus applied with power. After this, she attended the services in the Church of England, but could not get on with them and what she heard, though she received some comfort and sweetness in attending the ordinance of the Lord's supper. At length she heard Mr. Rolleston, when preaching in Christ Church, and saw that the things he preached were those her soul wanted.

After this she became more dissatisfied with what she had been hearing, and at length was led by a friend to our chapel. There she felt her soul was fed, and there she wanted to make her home. A sermon from Matt. xiii. 31, 32 was made an especial blessing to her; and afterwards she spoke to me and expressed a desire to join the church. Also a sermon from Ps. lxxi. 20, 21 was much blessed to her about this time. She came to the chapel in great trouble, but the Lord met with her and refreshed her soul.

Mrs. Chadwick, from the time when she joined the church, has conducted herself in an upright, consistent, honourable way as a church member, and was much respected by the friends. She was a woman of a good and quiet spirit, and not one to cause disturbance in the church.

But we must pass on to her last illness and death. She was taken ill with what proved, as to this life, a fatal sickness about the beginning of last July. At the commencement of this illness the Lord gave her this word: “I will make a way in the wilderness, and a path in the desert.” She several times said to the friends she could not think how it was that the Lord should care so for her; she felt so surprised at his goodness. She was, I believe, under some providential trials at the time, and felt anxious about the future; but this word stayed her mind upon God. He certainly fulfilled this promise to her, but not quite in the way she might have expected. He sustained her in her illness, provided for her wants, raised her up numerous kind friends, who as-

sisted her only daughter in looking after and nursing her, and carried her at length safely and even triumphantly into glory.

On Sunday night, the 21st of July, she was very restless, and Satan was allowed to sorely buffet her all that night; but the Lord appeared again for her relief, renewing the promise: "I will make a way in the wilderness," &c. Before this assault of Satan she had been very happy, and some of the friends had been with her and had sung the hymn:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed."

When they had finished, she asked them to sing the last verse again, saying she hoped she should

"Pass the river telling
The triumphs of her King."

She expressed to the friends the sweetness she had felt in meditating upon the blessed Trinity in Unity. She had seen such a blessedness in the truth,—Father, Son, and Spirit. She mentioned the words in Rev. xxii.: "A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal;" and asked the nurse to fetch her a glass of spring water, as it put her in mind of that river. To another of the friends she said, "I want to see those pearly gates, to enter in and see the King and be satisfied. I do so want to see the King in his beauty. I am afraid I am impatient."

She repeated the hymn:

"Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone."

She sent her love to all the friends, saying, "I love all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth." She then added, "Love your minister, for it is a privilege to sit under such a dear man of God. He has many times preached into my very soul, especially of late, before this illness came upon me."

We shall here give some extracts of a letter from another of her fellow-members, who had lived with Mrs. Chadwick's only daughter in our house:

"My dear Mistress,—I am just writing a line to tell you about poor Mrs. Chadwick, for perhaps you do not know how ill she is. I had a letter this morning, begging me to go over and see her, and I have been this afternoon. She has been ill about three weeks from jaundice. She has constantly asked for me, wanting to give Chadwick (her daughter) into my care. Chadwick told her to look and see who was there, and she turned and looked and smiled, and opened her arms, and clasped me to her, saying, 'O! I have been wanting you to come. I want you to watch Mary, and take care of her.' I told her I would do all I could, and reminded her of that verse: 'Leave thy fatherless children,' &c. Also: 'When my father and my mother forsake me,' &c. She seemed so comforted and satisfied. Then she drew my face down to hers, and said, 'Give my best, my greatest love to Mr. and Mrs. H., and thank them for all their kindness to Mary and me; and tell them the Lord will reward them.' I then repeated to her the words (Ps. xxiii.): 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' &c. She took up the subject, and said, 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;' and a few minutes after she went on: 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.' Then she said, 'I am afraid I am selfish, for I do long to go home; but the Lord's time is the best. I do want to be patient.' Her daughter told me that one day she called out: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and had said, 'I do want to "pass the river telling the triumphs of my King."' This indeed she is doing. Her happy face and her patience under her sufferings show that hers really is a triumphant death-bed."

The letter then goes on to give the names of the many friends and fellow-members who had called to see the departed, and also to recount

the kindness of others with whom she had no church connection ; all these things showing that she was highly respected.

Our friend and member, Mr. Thos. Webster, to whom I am principally indebted for these accounts, says in a letter: "In all Mrs. Chadwick said there was a sweetness and power evidently present. The utterances were a deep reality ; a mixture of soul exercise and real enjoyment, and a longing to be with her dear Saviour ; but accompanied with a tender fear lest she should feel impatient. She said she was so weary that she did so long to be with her dear Saviour ; but hoped she should be kept patient."

I must here express my sense of obligation to the ministers, Mr. Vine and Mr. Haynes, who occupied the pulpit in my absence, for their kind attention to the departed. Being away from home in the south, I was unable to see Mrs. Chadwick, but they kindly took my place ; and their visits were, I believe, well appreciated by the departed, and made a blessing. The psalm that one of these kind friends read and made some remarks upon (Ps. xxiii.) was made very sweet to Mrs. Chadwick, and abode much with her. Our member, Mr. Thos. Webster, says that she repeated every word in a whisper, and evidently enjoyed it and the comments and the prayer. As to the rest of this interview, he writes: "I wish you could have seen her animated countenance and her lifted hands. I cannot put into words what we witnessed."

Ps. cxxi. was also read to her ; and the friend adds : "This psalm had been specially blessed to her under very heavy trials, and the Lord by its application took away the bitterness, and made the psalm over to her as her own ; so that ever since she has called it her own psalm."

Thus sweetly triumphing in the Lord Jesus, our friend passed out of time into eternity. She had been a widow for several years, and a hard-working, industrious woman. She had to pass through many trials ; but out of them all the Lord has now delivered her, according to his own word of promise: "I will make a way in the wilderness." She was a poor woman, but I am pleased to think how well she was cared for in her last illness, and what a spirit of love was displayed towards her by her fellow-members. This is church union in reality when, as Paul writes, the members have the like care one for another ; and when, if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Then there is the other side of the matter ;—those who weep with them that weep may also feel that they can rejoice and triumph with them in their rejoicing.

The church of which our late friend constituted a part may feel a sweet satisfaction and encouragement in the blessed end of one of our fellow-members.

JOHN KAY.—On May 14th, aged 72, John Kay, of Haslingden.

He was a native of Haslingden, and always bore a good moral character, both in youth and manhood. He was brought up among the General Baptists, but for many years remained without any particular concern about his soul. It is not known at what time that concern began, or through what instrumentality he was first awakened. Nevertheless he was led by the Holy Ghost working in his poor soul to see and feel that he was a great sinner in the sight of a holy God, and that the righteous law of God condemned him as a sinner. The more he tried to keep that law, the more he felt his inability ; for he found that he had a carnal sinful heart, which was enmity against God ; so that when he tried to do good, as others told him he must, he felt that this evil heart was always present with him.

Thus his soul was very much tried in the conflict between the drawings of grace and the power of sin ; and, at the time, he did not

know what it all meant. But he who had begun the good work in his poor soul, and given him light and life spiritually to see and feel his sinful state and his lost condition, brought him by a way he knew not; and led him in his own time and way to a knowledge of the Saviour of sinners. He now found that the preaching he had heard and was hearing did not suit his soul's necessities; but it was hard to separate from those he had been with so long. But he who has said, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," brought him out and led him to where that gospel was preached which his soul needed. Doctor Ashworth, the deacon of the church at Haslingden, says of him, "I first became acquainted with him about 20 years ago. He was then attending at the old Room, before the chapel was built. Some time after, I told him that I had given in my experience before the church, and was waiting until the chapel was opened to be baptized. This made him very uneasy, and he wanted to go at the same time, but was afraid he was not a fit character. Yet he could not give it up, though he was always very timid, and had very low views of himself.

"However, at length, he came before the church, and was baptized soon after the chapel was opened. I have heard him say he was very much tried under the law, but that his deliverance from it was not so marked as that of some others. But on one occasion he had these words applied with power: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" I have often heard him say that he questioned whether it was really and truly applied by God the Holy Ghost; for he was afraid of being misled.

"I have often known him under the preached word rejoice, and have heard him say, after hearing, how blessed such and such times had been to his poor soul. It was long before we could get him to engage in prayer at the prayer-meetings. I often told him it was pride which prevented him. It so happened that on one occasion he went with me by invitation to see one that was near his death, and we were asked to engage in prayer with him. I did so, but brother Kay was very reluctant. But eventually he did engage, and ever afterwards he engaged in our prayer-meetings. And we have often felt it good to hear him; for he was kept for the most part in a very low place, deploring his sinful state by nature, and pleading for the manifestation of the dear Lord's pardoning mercy to be made known to his poor soul in and through a precious Jesus."

My acquaintanceship with him began about five years ago, when I first began to supply the pulpit at Haslingden. I have often noticed how earnestly he listened to the word spoken. He never had much to say, but on one occasion, about four years ago, he followed me into the vestry, and said, "Mr. Clark, what you have said this morning has been very sweet to my poor soul, and I believe it is the truth of God. Only in one thing I must differ from you, for I feel that that was wrong." I said, "What is that, brother John? Let us have it over at once; for I am always willing to give an explanation, by God's help and teaching, of anything which seems to others to be wrong in what I have spoken; and I am very glad you have come." He replied, "You said, during your sermon this morning, that you were the worst sinner out of hell; or felt yourself so to be. I could not agree with that, for there is not a worse one than I am; and it is a great mercy I am not in hell, for there I often feel I deserve to be." I said, "Is that it? Then sit down, and let us have that over." And we did sit down, and told each other a little of the Lord's dealings with our souls. It was a sweet time to both of us; and, before we parted, we agreed to differ on the point in question.

I was satisfied from that time that he was a poor sinner saved by free unmerited sovereign grace. Since then he has been greatly afflicted in body, and greatly tried in soul, and has often had to walk much in darkness; yet the light and life of God in his soul were sometimes manifest. It was a great comfort to him when the brethren had their prayer-meetings at his house, which often was the case after he was unable to go to the chapel. We often felt it good to be there with him on those occasions.

We did not get much from him at the last, for he slept almost all the time. He was sensible when awake, but would go to sleep again before he could answer a question.

On the morning of May 14th his soul passed away, so quietly that his departure was scarcely observed by his family. It is a mercy that we had not to wait until his death-bed for an evidence of the work of grace in his soul. From what we heard and saw during his life amongst us, we have a good hope through grace that with him it was: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Haslingden, June, 1878.

AQUILA CLARK.

ELIZA TAYLOR.—On June 24th, aged 71, Eliza Taylor, formerly a member of the church at Gower Street, but latterly, till her death, a member of Mr. Covell's chapel, Croydon.

Although her mental faculties, owing to her bodily affliction, were somewhat impaired for many weeks before her death, yet she was fully alive to the things of God; and when lying apparently quite unconscious of everything around, would respond readily to inquiries concerning her spiritual welfare. She sank very low in her mind, at times, and feared all her past experience was a delusion, and observed that "nothing but realities would do now. I want him to come and say that I am his, and that he is mine. Come, Lord Jesus; do come. Save a guilty, vile, and helpless worm.

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

"O that in Jordan's swelling
I may be helped to sing,
And pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King.'"

Upon repeatedly asking her as to the state of her mind, her almost invariable answer was, "Waiting." When reminded that "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors," she replied, "Yes, yes;" but in such a way as led us to infer she wanted to realize the power of the words, and could not be satisfied with the mere words. To the questions, "Are you happy? Is he come?" she would shake her head and reply, "No."

She continued in this desponding state till about nine hours before her death, when, being asked "Is he come? Are you happy? If so, raise your hand;" she immediately, and with all the energy she was capable of, articulated, "Yes! Yes!" and raised her hand several times, at intervals. A short time before her death, when life was fast ebbing, a relative renewed the foregoing inquiries, and requested her to squeeze his hand if she could answer affirmatively. She did so repeatedly, thus manifesting to those around her that the desires of her soul were granted, and confirming the truth of the inspired Word: "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." (Isa. xlv. 19.)

H. E.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

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

THE BLESSED COMFORTER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. COVELL, AT CROYDON, ON
SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 7TH, 1864.*

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.”—JNO. XIV. 26.

In the morning we took a little notice of the blessed Comforter; and we found that he comforted those that mourn, and those that are cast down. Also that when he conveyed his consolations to the soul, it brought the man to realize that, in the multitude of his thoughts within him, God's comforts delighted his soul. We found that wheresoever the blessed Spirit thus came, those souls were endued with power from on high, and this power brought them to realize what Paul means when he writes, “Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God; for our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” So that wheresoever the Holy Ghost came in his comforting operations, there was power attended the coming, and the setting up a kingdom in the heart, which consisted in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; so that this man or woman found that

“True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt.”

This is the witnessing, sealing, and divine power of the Holy Ghost stamping God's image in the heart. It is nothing less than the finger of God. It as far exceeds all natural religion as the heavens exceed the earth for height, or as the light of the sun outshines the glow-worm.

What an unspeakable mercy if you have felt this religion, and are able to fall in with what the Samaritans said to the woman: “Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves,” and know that it is so! Therefore you will find from whence this comes; for it is said that the Son of God breathed on his disciples, and said, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost.” God bless you with such a religion as that. All others are a

* The first part of this sermon was preached by Mr. Covell in the morning, and appeared, as our friends will remember, in the May No. of this periodical.

cheat, and will go out when you die, only being a form; your body will drop in the grave to rot, and your soul will be found among the damned. Now to pass on.

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father”—a little word, but big with meaning. How the Son of God would encourage his poor weak people to believe that they are the children of God, by putting this before them, and the word “Father” in their mouths! What a mercy to be able to repeat after the Son of God, and when you pray say, “Our Father!” Sinner, heaven is in it. For God says, “How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a goodly heritage of the host of nations? Thou shalt call me, My Father.” For a lump of sin, dust, and ashes, that has not anything to say why he should not be banished to that place where hope never cometh, for this man to be able to lay claim to the great Jehovah, before whom angels veil their faces, while they sing Holy, Holy, Holy, and to whom ten thousand times ten thousand minister, as his Father;—for a poor sinner to come, under the influence of the blessed Spirit, and kneel before his Maker, and as he prays for faith and love, to go up with his words, as he says, My Father,—this is true eloquence. It brings heaven into the man’s heart. As he feels it, away go his cares and fears. When he is enabled to lay hold of this word, Father, and unless he is enabled he dare not use it, he lays hold of the wisdom of God to guide him, and his everlasting love to care for him, and do him good; so that he forgets all his sorrows, and remembers his misery no more, and feels what it is to be an heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ.

Therefore it is that the Spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are children of God; whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Whenever the soul is enabled to say that, there is always the voice of the Spirit in his heart. It quiets all doubts, and makes the man so happy. When you have been enabled to say it before you dropped into bed, you have lain down, saying, “Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.” The pillow has lain just right, if it has been nothing but straw; and the bed easy, though only a chaff mattress; it has been soft enough. The man has got heaven in his heart.

The Son of God would encourage those poor things, his disciples, for they were but babes, you know. He tells them they were such; so he says, Wait, till you are endued with power from on high. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he perfects praise; and it is the most glorious moment of their lives; it makes the matter so plain in their hearts, and they feel their life is bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ.

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name.” Christ is the great treasure-house, where all mercies and blessings are stored; he is the great con-

duit by which they flow to poor sinners. Not a blessing reaches you or me but what comes from the pierced side and bleeding hands and feet of the Son of God. "It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" so it is out of that fulness that we receive, and grace for grace. If you have received any spiritual blessings, and I trust there are some here before God who have, some who have had a little faith whereby they have been enabled to follow after the Almighty, a hope in God's mercy, a little meekness of spirit, a little contrition of heart;—if you have felt some or all of these things, they have all come through the Name of the Son of God. The Holy Ghost has brought the blessing to our hearts, because we have an interest in the Son of God. I am sure that not a spiritual grace ever came into the heart, or was ever found in any but God's elect. Into whose heart the Spirit's graces have fallen, that man and the Son of God are united; and they came to that soul as a part of Christ's fulness. And then, his being bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God,—the soul will find these words to be true, "Because I live, ye shall live also." "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

The Father sends the Holy Ghost with his quickening and saving grace, in a greater or less measure, into the hearts of these; so they are made partakers of that grace that endures to eternal life. What an unspeakable mercy! This is the channel through which it flows; it could come in no other way; therefore the Son of God says, "I am the way."

As soon as our first parents sinned, they were driven from Paradise; and it is said, if you notice, there was an angel stood with a flaming sword, which turned every way, to guard the way to the tree of life. Now, how can God and poor sinners come together? Which way is mercy to come to their souls like a river, and peace as an overflowing stream? God himself proclaimed that the seed of a woman should bruise the serpent's head. Therefore the Holy Ghost saith, speaking by Solomon, "I raised thee up under the apple tree; there thy mother brought thee forth; there she brought thee forth that bare thee." And the prophet says, "From the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name."

The Father sends the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to his people; and in this glorious way does the blessed Spirit come and take of the things that are stored in Christ, and hands them out, and drops them into the hearts of the members of Christ's mystical body. Christ says, "I am the Vine; ye are the branches. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself (no grace is to be found in a natural man) except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." This proves that we have an abiding in the Son of God. If you notice, there were seven sons of one Sceva a Jew, that tried to cast out devils; and

they commanded the devil to come out of a man, and he said, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" Then he leaped on them, and they fled out of the house naked and wounded. But when God works, something is brought forth. When Peter saw the lame man at the temple, he looked at him, and said, "Silver and gold have I none;" and, by the way, Peter does not seem rebellious about it. I expect, if that was the case with us, there would be some plunging and kicking; but God does not promise us great things or places. Peter's so-called successors cannot say what he did, but, on the contrary, Silver and gold is our aim; silver and gold we extort from the people. But truly they have nothing of the character of the apostles, of whom, according to their tradition (and I do not know if I should say wrong if I said, their *lie*) they are pleased to call themselves the successors. Not a vestige of grace do these so-called successors often possess. But I verily believe that God's true servants now-a-days, the real successors of Peter, would think the people used them very cruelly, if they had no silver and gold. But see what grace will do for a man, how contented it will make him! O that there was more of this grace in exercise! How true is the Scripture: "Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Yet what labour there is just to add a little to the heap, though when we have got it in a lump we find that a gold chain will not ease the toothache, a velvet slipper will not cure the gout, nor a golden crown cure the headache. Godliness, how happy and contented will it make a man! Why? Because it comes from heaven; grace comes through the meekened, humbled heart of the blessed Son of God; it comes perfumed with his Spirit; and as it drops into the heart, it produces blessed effects.

Now, says Peter, "Silver and gold have I none." Thou poor tried man or woman that hast not anything of this world, hardly enough from day to day (and there may be some here before God that cannot see where they will get food at the end of the week), hear what God says: "If God so clothe the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" The Son of God was continually laying before his disciples what a Father God was to them. So he said, "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" How he would keep up the relationship in their hearts, to encourage their timid minds! So he would have them remember they had a Father in heaven.

"Silver and gold have I none," said Peter. If you have not any, you are as rich as those who were the immediate disciples of the Son of God. He had separated them from the world. He had said to Peter, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona. Upon

this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." He had said to these, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Yet, silver and gold had they none; "but," says Peter, "in the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." He had got a faith that was better than silver and gold. A grain of that faith is worth a mountain of gold. When they wondered at it, he said to the people, "Why look ye so earnestly at us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" No! It is by faith in the Name of Jesus this man is made whole.

Can you come in with this:

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ears!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears?"

Has it done so at any time with yours, so that you can say, "His Name is as ointment poured forth?" The Holy Ghost declares, "Therefore do the virgins love thee." His Name is so precious, because they have received something through his Name. As it has come through the Name and the work of the Son of God, it has come with such a perfume. Now, I have every reason to fear (not from any one I have in my view; but I know when there are a few people get together, very few among those few really know anything), if I was to go from heart to heart, from the end of the gallery to this end of the chapel, and say to one and another, "What think you of Christ? What music is it to your ear?" that many would be obliged to say they saw no beauty that they should desire him; that he is to them a root out of a dry ground. What a solemn proof, O man, that would be that the Holy Ghost had never brought any grace to your soul, running to you through this Christ's blessed Person, and leaving something behind that you cannot quite lose sight of, even if much of the sweet feeling is gone.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name." Blessed is that man and woman into whose hearts he has come, and brought out of that fulness to you. It has run from the great fountain to our little hearts, and brought us together. He will teach you all things. He will teach the poor thing that his religion stands in power. He will make him feel that faith is God's own gift, and he will teach him that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of men. When he convinces the soul of his sin, and makes him feel that sin is exceeding sinful, though there are in God's Word hundreds of the most sweet promises that God can put together and make known, yet he cannot believe.

Now, when the Lord is speaking in his Word to encourage poor sinners, it is recorded that the Lord passed by, and proclaimed his Name,—“The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and plenteous in goodness and truth.” Now, it is said that God humbles himself to

behold the things done in heaven. What condescension to behold the things done on earth; and for the encouragement of these poor sin-bitten, sin-convinced, sensible sinners, to proclaim himself to them, for the strengthening of their faith, and to give them to believe that he will have mercy and not sacrifice! Yet they cannot believe. Yet God, so to speak (and I would speak it with reverence before him and before you), to encourage these poor souls to believe that he will do them good, takes himself to pieces, bit by bit, as it were, to tell them, "I am merciful, gracious, long-suffering, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;" as though he said, "I will tell you my thoughts. I will open my bowels towards you, to tell you I mean to do you good, and to save you." Yet, to teach us that our religion is in the power of God, the sinner cannot lay hold of it nor believe it with satisfaction, nor give a soul-refreshing credit to the report. How he will hang in every brier of unbelief, crying, "My sin, my sin!" God declares, "With me there is mercy, and plenteous redemption." The sinner repeats, "My sin, my sin!" "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as wool." Still it is, "My sin, my sin!" Says God, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out your transgressions, and will no more remember your sins." Says the sinner, "Woe is me, for I am undone!"

How the sinner learns the glorious truth: "He shall teach you all things." He will teach you that power is of God. While, as I just said, God spreads himself out, sends a volume from heaven, written up and down with all promises, proclaiming himself the faithful and true God to fulfil them, still the poor thing doubts and fears, and draws back, and disbelieves it. Now, as he teaches the soul that power is of God, when he works faith in his heart, the man feels, "My heart is fixed;" and he is sure that he will go to heaven. The Lord is his light and salvation; of whom should he be afraid? He feels, "This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my guide even unto death. And he is as sure and persuaded as before he doubted and disbelieved, that it could be for such a sinner as he is. If all the men in the county of Surrey were to tell him it was a delusion, or that these were sparks of his own kindling, he would be at a point about the matter.

"He shall teach you all things." He will teach the sinner that his faith stands in the power of God, when he gets into difficulties in after days. There are, scattered up and down in God's Word, promises to meet every case the child of God can come into. As he comes into low places, at times, difficulties and troubles surround him; yet God declares that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and to them that are the called according to his purpose. Now, the man may not doubt at the very time that he is called of God; he dare not say that God has not a purpose towards him; nor is he much cast down respecting how he will fare at the judgment day. But, as

I just said, he is surrounded with trials and difficulties; and God declares, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. When thou passest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. I will be with thee in six troubles; and in seven no evil shall come nigh thee." And

"Sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail."

Yet the soul cannot believe. The promises meet him, and, so to speak, flash in his face, and tell him that God is faithful, that he has spoken, and will do it. Does he doubt the faithfulness of God's Word? Not in the least. Does he doubt the power of God? Not in the least. Does he question the love and goodness of God to his people? Not in the least; yet he cannot lay hold of the promise. There it lies in the Word. God has spoken it; but he has to learn in his soul that without the Holy Ghost he can do nothing. How sensibly he learns that all his springs are in the Son of God!

He will teach the man that without divine help he cannot trust God; rest upon God, and quietly wait upon God for even the bread that perisheth, or the raiment that he needs. If he is in temporal difficulties, he cannot feel,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue."

He cannot go to bed quietly, and feel, God knows where I am, and he will manage it. He cannot rise in the morning, and say, God will see about it. No, not so; but he says,

"O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be."

Has God made you know this? If so, however painful it may be, blessed are you. God leads us about, and instructs us, and keeps us as the apple of his eye. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked." That is the man! He has got a religion that he has learned in the ways of the Son of God. They sit down at his feet; every one shall receive of his words. The Son of God condescends to teach them; and none teaches like him. When the man has received instruction, then he feels, It is good that I have been taught in this way; and he prizes it. While he blesses God for the promises of his Word, how he feels that he wants the Holy Ghost to apply them!

"He shall teach you all things." He will teach the soul the need of Jesus Christ, in all he is and has done for sinners. There is one thing that he has been teaching me for many years, and I expect that he will be teaching it to me as long as I am in this world, although, as far as regards the truth in the doctrine of it, I know it right well. But he will teach it experimentally to you and me, too, as long as we are here below; and it shall be learnt line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little. It is this blessed and glorious truth,—that "the

blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." This the Holy Ghost teaches us; and it is a blessed truth when he favours us with the enjoyed forgiveness of sins, and enables us to lay hold of the Son of God, and we feel that we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. He brings us also to know that God has opened a fountain for the house of David, and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem. What the Son of God said we are brought to feel and experience daily: "He that is washed is clean every whit, and needeth not save to wash his feet." Every day the soul will gather some defilement, dirt, or dust, in a greater or less measure, although the man is clean in the purpose of God, and clean by the dying of the Son of God, when he said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost, and for ever perfected them that are sanctified, so that "there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." The soul will want a fresh application of it; therefore the Scripture says there is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

How the Holy Ghost will teach us the need of Jesus Christ every day of our lives, sometimes several times a day! How the soul finds this to be true:

"In heart, in lip, in life depraved!"

Where is the man or woman that, at the close of the day, can stand and say, I have not sinned this day, in thought, word, or deed? I cannot say that, indeed, say you; my eyes are hardly opened before something begins to work; pride is working. If I get down stairs, I am not down long before there is something wrong; my temper gets up, and I do something to the men or women that I have to do with that I should not like them to do to me. If our consciences are alive, down we go. God keeps a close market. We should not like the things we have done disclosed to the world, or what has been moving in our hearts made known. So we feel, What should we do without Jesus Christ?

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide."

How we are brought to feel the need of that fountain, the precious blood of Christ, and want to realize it in our hearts, and feel the guilt removed, and all made right by the manifestation of it to our souls. We can then see that we stand before him without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing.

The Son of God says, "He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you." Not merely in a doctrinal way; but he teaches it to us sensibly and truly; so we cry out in feeling, "Blessed be God for Jesus Christ!" Has that never come out of your heart? God knows that you have spoken it with your whole heart, and said, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;" and you have felt in your soul, "Christ is All and in all."

"Give me Christ, or else I die."

Have you not come before God with such feelings? That I have, say you, and felt sure that I was a wretch undone without

Jesus Christ. Then the Holy Ghost has taught you something. He has fulfilled what the Son of God saith, "When the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, shall come, he shall teach you all things." The Father sent him; he has come in the Name of Christ, and taught you these things. He will go on to teach you day by day. "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts." He will teach you such glorious things of the Person of the Son of God that you will feel more and more that

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever the Son of God has said unto you.

GOD WORKING IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"I will work, and who shall let it?"—ISA. XLIII. 13.

"An everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure."—2 SAM. XXIII. 5.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAS. v. 16.

"Let him pray."—JAS. v. 13.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

PAUL tells us to beware lest any man spoil us through philosophy and vain deceit. There is a danger of this. May we, then, be kept very close to the Word of God. We certainly were astonished at some remarks about prayer which we met with in a discourse lately published, in which it seemed to us the pure and simple truth of God, in respect both to prayer and the divine work, were greatly obscured. There is no wish on our part to ill-naturedly find fault, or make a man an offender for a word, or to overlook all that is good, dwelling only upon defects; but we think it may be desirable just to insist upon a few scriptural truths as to God's working, and working, too, in answer to prayer. We intend to be very brief, rather leading others to investigate and think for themselves than attempting to fully develop the matter. We will just arrange our remarks in the following manner, for the sake of order, and according to the four scriptures at the head of this paper:

I. *God actually works in the midst of his creation.*

II. *He so works in accordance with his everlasting purposes and decrees in Christ.*

III. *He so works in answer to the prayers of saints.*

IV. *Therefore they are encouraged as well as commanded by God to pray.*

I. God actually works in the midst of his creation. Scripture does not represent to us God as giving laws to his creation, and setting it going like we should start a piece of machinery, and

then leaving it to work on in an endless succession of second causes and effects. Nowhere does the Word of God give us such a view of God as this. If things take place in an ordinary way, following some fixed order; if the sun rises morning after morning; if there is the due succession of seasons; if fire burns and water refreshes; what is all this but God's will and Almighty power carrying forward his works according to such an ordinary and orderly process? He upholdeth all things with the word of his power; by him all things consist. The wheels of his providence, the movements of the creation, are animated by his Spirit. The Spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels. (Ezek. i.) The chariots of events, dark, bright, or mixed, are brought forth from the mountains by the horses of his Almighty power.

But Scripture does not represent to us God as always working in such ordinary ways, or causing things to take place according to the course of nature, as we term it. No! God is set before us as interposing; coming in to alter, correct, and re-arrange the course of events. As in our text, "I will work," says God, "and who shall let it?" The natural forces, so to speak, array themselves against God; but then God's will and working overpower all such natural oppositions, carrying out the determinate counsels of God. This is no mere natural course of creature cause and creature effect. No! Creature causes would bring out a very different result, but for the effectual interposition of the Almighty power of God. In other words, God works not only in ordinary events, which follow ordinary rules, and answer to common experience, but he works miraculously, bringing forth extraordinary events in opposition to ordinary rules, and contradicting ordinary experiences. He carries created things forward according to a certain order, which we call laws of creation, though they are laws only to creatures, not the Creator, that men may be encouraged to prudence and diligence. He suspends such laws, varies from such an order, at his own will when he sees a just occasion, that men may fear before him. God's interpositions are not the meaningless capricious miracles of popery, but the wise and holy workings of God; all for the glory of his holy Name; all for the setting of Jesus, and his church beloved in him, on high.

But really we are almost ashamed of insisting upon such things. The whole Bible is full of them. Even before the fall God interposed miraculously, forming the woman out of the man. God never receded from his creation, and left it to follow some fixed laws entrusted to it. He conversed with Adam, gave him laws, plainly instructed him, and brought the creatures to him to receive their proper names.

After the fall it was the same. God smote the ground with his curse, and drove forth the man and his wife from Eden; instituted sacrifices, and made the man and his wife coats of skins; not only promising a Redeemer, but instituting sacrifices to typify him.

Then look at Noah's flood. Was this according to the course of nature? Did the fountains of the great deep break up, did the rains descend, according to natural processes? No!

"Great in his anger, God arose,
Deluged the world, and drown'd his foes."

There was nothing in the course of mere nature to indicate that a flood was coming. It was not a scientific, but a believing Noah who foresaw and provided for it. The whole event was a mighty miracle, a glorious interposition of God, revealed to Noah, believed by faith, provided against according to the express command of God; and thus Noah escaped the flood, became as a second father to mankind, and the heir of righteousness which is by faith.

The whole history of the bringing of the children of Israel out of Egypt, of their sojourning in the wilderness, and establishment in Canaan, is full of the miraculous. Everywhere it abounds with God's immediate and extraordinary working. Thus it was with a mighty hand and stretched-out arm he did these things. His arm was made bare when it thus cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon. When God works in his more ordinary way, his arm is, as it were, covered with the cloak of second causes, and veiled beneath a covering of the creatures; and thus men are blinded, and become atheistical. But when God acts in his more extraordinary ways, he makes bare his arm, and manifests himself that he is God.

Run through all the accounts in the Old Testament, and everywhere we find God actually and extraordinarily working. Indeed, the consideration of these things is something like going forth to look upon the stars at night; the more we look, the more the innumerable multitude of those stars is perceived. So when we begin to consider the instances of God's manifest extraordinary workings as given in the Scriptures, the more we feel embarrassed in attempting to give instances through their innumerable quantity. Look at the histories of Joseph and the judges; of David and Hezekiah; read, in fact, page after page, and what have we but God as working, as ruling and over-ruling, as effectually and extraordinarily interposing? The sun stands still, the stars in their courses fight against Sisera at the command and word of God. Ravens and angels bring a prophet of God his food, and are his servitors. Things change and regain, as it were, their proper natures; the lions become tame or wild; the fire becomes, as Calvin says, nothing more than a dewy mead to the three children, but burns with fury against the proud. And all these marvels take place because God is actually present in his creation, and works in it extraordinarily and effectually.

The New Testament scriptures abound with the same thing. Behold the miracles of Christ; see Peter released out of prison; and is it possible to deny the truth that God does actually extraordinarily and almightily work in his creation? Would it, then, be right for a child of God, in the face of all these things and

thousands more, backed up as they are with the express declarations of the Word of God, such as Jno. v. 17: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" Acts xv. 18: "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world;" and the text at the beginning of this paper; would it be right, we say, for a child of God to pick up a pebble upon the sea-shore, and argue as follows: "This pebble at the moment of time when I picked it up could not possibly have been in any other place than it was. Had it been one foot higher up the beach the waves must have had a different strength, the winds a different force; in fact, the entire order of cause and effect been different from the foundation of the world?" Even at the very start, all this fine-spun philosophical argument might have been disturbed and cut short by the simple consideration: "If I, a poor worm of the earth, according to the workings of my will—and who knows what influenced that will?—have actually disturbed the place of this pebble, is it not just possible that He who worketh what he will in the armies of heaven may have been pleased from time to time to work interposingly in this his lower creation, and thus acting upon the minds of men, and forces of matter, have even altered the place of this pebble from that in which it would have been supposing he had entrusted matter with some fixed laws to execute, and left all to follow in blind sequence an endless series of natural causes and effects?"

Dear friends and readers, the happiness of God's people is to believe that they have to do with a present, ruling, over-ruling, ever-working Almighty God and Friend; One whose eyes run to and fro through the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them that trust in him; One who performeth all things for them; One without whose permission not a sparrow falls by any mere so-called natural causes; One who lives and loves, and holds all nature in his hand; who touches the mountains, and they smoke; who crowns the year with his goodness; and who, by the effectual workings of his power, according to the eternal counsels of his will, makes all things work together for good to them that love him.

We study brevity; therefore shall add no more upon this point. We believe God's children will see that the Scripture does not set forth the creation as a vast piece of machinery, which God leaves to itself to work according to some supposed laws which he has commissioned it to carry out; but as a creation formed for God's own pleasure, in which he intends to take an eternal delight; which is to reflect his glory, and be to his praise; which, therefore, he holds in his hand, has made dependent at all times upon himself, and governs by his constant power. It is not the creation of a vain philosophy, but of an everywhere present, ruling, over-ruling God; or, in the words of Jeremiah, the God who created is the God of the Bible, who says, "I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness and judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

II. But we must not fall into an opposite extreme, and suppose that, because God interposes in a miraculous way as well as incessantly works in his creation, that God is perpetually changing his plans, or that he is taken with a quantity of surprises for which he has to find on the spur of the moment some new remedy. This, again, is not the view Scripture gives of the creation, and of its great and glorious Creator. "God," says the Word, "is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "There is no searching of his understanding;" his knowledge and wisdom are both perfect and infinite. There is nothing takes place in time or eternity but what God foreknew it completely. God works, but works according to a definite plan. All things pertaining to the creation were arranged in the counsels of the Three blessed Persons in the Godhead before creation work began. Thus David sweetly sings, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." Every event was arranged in that eternal covenant; and so arranged that all should work together for good to the elect family of God. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without their Father. Not only is a sparrow's fall seen by God, but every minute event is governed for God's people by God as their Father according to the everlasting covenant. All the prophetic scriptures are founded upon these great truths, the infinite foreknowledge and determinate counsels of God. Prophecy is pre-written history; and history but the account of the actual occurrence of events as they existed from all eternity in the mind, will, and counsels of the Eternal Three in One.

How blessedly is this represented in Zech. vi.! There we have chariots coming forth with different-coloured horses, some white, some black, some red, some mixed in their colours. These chariots are the events which take place; some dark, apparently, to God's people, and, indeed, so in their nature; some bright and prosperous. Well, whence do they all proceed? From between the mountains of brass, or from the deep secret recesses of God's everlasting purposes and firm decrees.

But to God's people we really need not enlarge. We suppose our spiritual readers, at any rate, to be well versed in these things. God works, and his works are all carried on in accordance with the counsels of his infinite wisdom and eternal love to his chosen people. God raises up a Pharaoh, and overthrows him; God exalts nations, and brings them to ruin; according to the counsels of his wisdom, the eternal purpose of his will in Christ.

(To be concluded.)

FAITH'S POWER.—What can be more feeble than the ivy, the jessamine, or the vine? Yet these, by the assistance of their tendrils or claspers, rise and are supported, until they sometimes mount as high as the tree or the 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 a fruitful vine upon the wall.—*Toplady.*

SHORT PAPERS.

THE ACTINGS OF FAITH.

"The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."—GAL. II. 20.

FAITH is not only a passive, but an active principle in the soul. It not only receives, but does. "Show me," says James, "thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."

But let us plainly define what sort of faith we are writing about. It is not anything that can by any possibility be produced by mere nature. Paul calls it "the like spirit of faith." Peter styles it precious, and Jude most holy; for, though he may principally signify by the expression that most holy truth which faith receives and is built upon, still we may include the faith which is founded upon it. Well, then, the faith we are writing about is not anything that can be found in natural men, or brought forth by natural powers. As Job writes of wisdom, so may we of faith: "Where shall *faith* be found? . . . Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. . . . It cannot be gotten for gold." (Job xxviii. 12, &c.) The true saving faith of the elect of God is a grace of the new covenant, and a part of the new-creation. Whether it be small or great, it is only to be found where God has imparted a new birth of the Spirit, for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit alone is spirit; so that, to possess the least degree of real faith, a man must be born again.

But we go further. Not only is faith a part of the new-creation, so that not the least grain of it can be found in a natural man, but even in those who possess it, who are born of the Spirit, the actings of the faith they possess are entirely dependent upon the present influence and operations of the Spirit. Faith is not a self-acting principle. It does not render a man independent of his Maker, but keeps him dependent upon him in Christ. The very design of God in the new-creation would be frustrated were faith to be a sort of thing rendering a man able to do without Jesus. God will stain the pride of all glory; he will bring the proud creature into the dust. And faith effectually answers this design; as it keeps a man empty, helpless, and hopeless in self, and entirely dependent upon Jesus. It answers to the truth of God, whereof it has its origin. "Man is like to vanity;" to this faith says, Amen, and lies low in the dust of self-abasement at the footstool of free grace. It acknowledges that its Author, Sustainer, Finisher, and glory, is Jesus Christ.

Well, then, in writing about the actings of faith, we are writing about things in no wise dependent upon the mere creature, either before conversion or afterwards. No! We are writing about what comes from God, and depends upon God; what is the gift of free grace, the fruit of Christ's intercession, the continual work of his Spirit; of a working and acting which has for its

source, first and last, and in every respect, God working in a man to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Faith is as the *eye* of the soul to see spiritual objects with. Christ says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "The natural man," says Paul, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" *i.e.*, the things of Christ; "neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." He cannot see the objects of the new-creation, because he lacks the faculty of spiritual sight; for those objects are spiritual. As a blind man naturally cannot see the objects which are presented to the eyes of those who see the things of this creation, so a natural man, who is spiritually blind, cannot see the objects of that new-creation whereof we speak. The Word of God represents to us these objects; but then a natural man has no eyes to see the wonders and glories of the world to come, which are unfolded in the Scriptures of God.

But, further, take a man who has eyes to see with naturally, still he cannot see the very objects which surround him, and which he has the faculty of seeing, without he has light whereby to discover them. So in spiritual things. The natural man has neither eyes nor light, and the world to come is as a dark blank to him, or, as Paul styles it, foolishness. The new-born child of God has eyes, but still he wants light to discover things blessedly to him. Hence he often reads God's Word, and cannot see its beauties and glories. But now let the Holy Spirit "breathe upon the page, and bring the truth to sight,"—when this divine sweet discovering light enters the soul, the glorious objects of the spiritual world, the new-creation, are discovered; and, as the poet writes,

"Then mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open'd to the sight;
The purest gold, without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
The counsels of redeeming love
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold."

Well, now, what takes place? A sweet and blessed acting of faith, as John writes: "That which was from the beginning . . . which we have seen with our eyes, which we have *looked upon*." The eye receives the light, and looks upon the objects it discovers. "Look unto me," says Christ, "and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." He gives the power to look; the poor man looks, and is experimentally saved in thus looking. O how the soul, when faith is thus brought into act and exercise, ranges, and loves to range, over those sweet fields of delight, the precious truths of God, as contained in his precious Word! And how the heart cries out:

"Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford!—
All I need for life and pleasure."

We think many of our readers will agree with us in this,—that the only true sweet relief our souls get, in the midst of troubles from within and without, is by these blessed actings of faith upon the truth of God, concerning his eternal love, free, rich, and sovereign grace, and everlasting mercy, as streaming down to us from the cross of his Son, or through the blood and obedience of the dear Immanuel.

Faith is as the *ear* of the soul. Natural men cannot hear the joyful sound, because they are as the deaf adder. They are naturally deaf to spiritual sounds, and willingly deaf, stopping their ears to such sounds as disturb their natural consciences in their life of sin and vanity. But gracious men have ears. Therefore the Lord says to them, "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." And in answer unto this voice of the Lord Jesus, we read, "The ears of those who hear shall hearken." O yes! Faith hearkens, listens, bends the soul to catch every sound of that sweet voice that speaks unto us. "'Tis the voice of my Beloved!" cries faith. "Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." Here faith is both active and passive. A receiver first, for we cannot hear unless God speaks to us; and active afterwards, bending itself to listen to the voice of him that speaketh, and crying aloud, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

And here is another acting of faith under the divine workings and communications. The silent lips begin to speak, and speak properly. "The fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." Faith being brought into act and exercise, the spouse cries to the Lord Jesus, "O thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice; cause me to hear it."

Again. How blessed was the experience of the spouse when she was drinking the best wine which Christ had treasured up for her as his beloved, the wine that "goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." Thus there is a sweet acting of faith when the soul, enlivened by the best wine of eternal love, vents itself in praises to Christ who has thus loved it. Faith, too, we see, is thus as the *palate* of the soul, *tasting* the best wine, and finding it so good that, having drunk thereof, it does not straightway want anything inferior. No! hew it would, as the poet writes, love to "stay

In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing itself away
To everlasting bliss!"

Faith is the *hand* of the soul: "Which our hands have handled of the Word of life." So we constantly speak, and tell our ministers especially that they must only speak as they have handled. Poor dear men, don't let us first cut off their hands, and then bid them handle with the maimed stumps. This would be a positive cruelty. Nay, do not tie their hands, and then bid them handle. No, we must have our faith free for its innumerable, various, and proper actings, or we cannot even serve the churches

aright. Faith, and faith only, can properly handle the blessed Word and truth of God. Men, indeed, may, in a certain sense, handle divine things with the unholy hands of nature; but this is only to profane and defile them, and bring upon the handlers divine condemnation. So Uzzah, with hands of nature, would touch the ark, and died for his presumption.

O the mercy to have the hands of faith! These touch with reverence, and handle with a holy fear, the things of God. These blessed hands put on the whole armour of God, and thus obey the divine direction: "Take unto you," and put on, says God, "the whole armour of God." How is this to be done? Why, the Lord brings faith into action, and the soul takes to itself this blessed armour, and puts on a whole Christ, and stands equipped for the battle in the provision of God. Read the chapter. (Eph. vi.) Here is a suit of armour. It is perfect. It is to be worn. It will not serve the soldier of Christ, in the tremendous onslaught of the powers of darkness, merely to know that such a suit of armour exists. No! He must take it, put it on, and wear it; and so shall he be able to stand against all the wiles of the devil.

Here, we see, are actings of faith. Faith, under the workings of the Spirit of God, takes the armour, equips the soul in it, and thus leads the man forth, trusting in Jesus Christ alone, to the deadly fight. Thus he goes to the battle, and thus he wins the day.

Faith is also a feebler hand, stretched forth, at times, to touch the hem of Christ's garment; but even thus it brings virtue into the soul. Sometimes it is enabled, not only to touch the hem of the garment, but to array the soul in the robe of Christ's righteousness; as the Lord says by Isaiah, when calling it into powerful act and exercise, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." Then the soul says, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness;" for

"God imputes, and faith puts on,
The righteousness of God."

Faith is as the *feet* of the soul. Natural men can neither stand nor walk nor run in the ways of God; they have no feet for the race. They can be carried, as so many corpses, along the road of profession; but they cannot possibly stand or walk before God in the land of the truly living. They have no true faith. But of God's people it is said, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." (Ps. cxxii. 2.) They "walk before the Lord in the land of the living." (Ps. cxvi. 9.) He enlarges their hearts, and looses their bonds, and they run in the way of his commandments. All these are various actings of that faith which God bestows upon and works in them. Thus Paul writes, "Through whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Rom. v. 2.) Sometimes the child of God is shut up as in a prison-house: "I am shut up, and cannot come forth." Then the Lord says, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." By faith

“The prisoner then comes forth;
The lame man leaps for joy.”

Sometimes we complain, with the poet,

“But I, confined in unbelief,
My wonted freedom mourn.”

Then Christ says, with a voice of power, “Go forth, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, and see king Solomon.” (Song iii. 11.) Then faith being brought into act and exercise, the child of God does go forth, and sometimes not only sees the King in his beauty, but ascends into his chariot, lined with love and canopied with blood, and triumphing by faith in Jesus, cries,

“For where, O where, can e'en thy thunders fall?
The blood of Christ o'erspreads and shields from all.”

Sometimes faith in its actings is as eye, and hand, and foot, and heart, and tongue all at once. So in Song vii. 8, 9: “I said, I will go up to the palm-tree.” Christ is seen by the eye of faith, desired by the heart; then the feet move towards him: “I will take hold of the boughs thereof.” Thus faith lays, with its holy hands, a precious hold upon the blessed things of Jesus; then sweetness, strength, joy, come into the soul, so that all the slumbering faculties thereof awake and sing.

Yes, faith is indeed “a precious grace where'er it is bestowed,” and precious in all its various actings. It is a heart to receive Christ; and thus it works by love. It drinks in the showers of divine grace; for God says, “Drop down, ye heavens, from above; and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth” [the heart, in a spiritual sense] “open.” (Isa. xlv. 8.) O how sweet it is by precious faith to receive these streams of descending love, to embrace Christ, and to enjoy the fruits of his salvation!

Faith is an eye to behold divine things, and dwell in heavenly light. We are said to live by faith (Gal. ii. 20); to walk by faith (2 Cor. v. 7; Rom. iv. 12); to triumph by faith (2 Cor. ii. 14). By faith we come up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and stand upon the Rock of ages, a precious Jesus. (Ps. xl. 1-3.) By faith we sit under Christ's shadow with great delight, and eat the fruits of his salvation. (Song ii. 3.) By faith he brings us, and we enter into the banqueting-house, whilst his banner over us is love. By faith we get even into the king's chambers, and rest in the bosom of his love. (Song i. 4.) By faith we stand, we walk, we run, we fly. (Isa. xl. 31.) By faith we fight, we conquer. (1 Sam. vi. 12; Rev. xii. 11.) By faith we pass safely through a thousand deaths, a thousand woes (Rev. vii. 14; xv. 2); by faith we conquer even the last enemy of all,—death. (1 Cor. xv. 57.) Faith, the sweet and blessed grace of the Spirit, lives and abides within us (1 Cor. xiii. 13), and works and acts to the last; then, when it has seen and carried us in safety to the verge of eternity, then, and then only, it resigns its trust, consigning us safely into the bosom of the One from whom it was, in whom it lives, by whom it acts, and to whom it is ever

faithful,—God's dear Son, Christ Jesus. It ceases from its divinely-produced and faithful actings only when it has made us more than conquerors, and landed us securely in God's everlasting rest.

“ I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID.”

ISA. XII. 2.

My Saviour is with me, O! Why should I fear?
 His horses, his chariots, his angels are near;
 Not reckon'd by numbers; they cannot be told;
 Whilst walls of salvation defend and enfold.
 My Friend and Companion through years sad and long,
 So full of compassion; his arm, O how strong!
 His mercy unfailing by night and by day,—
 Why now should it fail me, or waste, or decay?

He asks me to come and unburden each grief;
 And if, for a season withholding relief,
 He seems to repulse, or apparently chide,
 It is to confirm in the faith he thus tried.
 Ten thousands of tears he has smiled quite away,
 And guarded, and guided through scenes of dismay;
 Say, will he now leave me in nature's last stage
 Forlorn, and a prey to the enemy's rage?

The thought is repugnant; I cast it away!
 His love is not fading like summer's bright day;
 Eternal its origin, ceaseless its stream;
 Change passes around me; there's *no* change in Him!
 Of mercies the chiefest, the first and the last,
 The same in the future, the present, the past,
 I cling, like the ivy, for help to the tree,
 And seek preservation, dear Saviour, in thee.

So helpless, defenceless, increasingly poor,
 I need thy compassion far more than before,
 And look to thee only; O! Do not despise,
 Though feeble the hand now outstretch'd for supplies.
 Let thy mercy appear, and new power be given,
 To trust thee on earth, 'till I praise thee in heaven;
 'Till the last breath precede the calm stillness of death,
 Thyself be my portion, thyself light my path.

Aug. 11th, 1878.

A. HENNAH.

It is good to see ourselves exceeding poor and vile; but if that sight and feeling prevent our looking up to, and exerting ourselves for our dear Saviour, it becomes criminal, and robs the soul of much comfort. I can speak this by dear-bought experience. How often have I been kept from speaking and acting for God by a sight of my own unworthiness! But now I see that the more unworthy I am, the more fit to work for Jesus, because he will get much glory in working by such mean instruments.—*Whitefield*.

FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.

Dear Friend,—I received your letter; but, to tell you the truth, I have got so narrow-minded since I have been here that I seem almost afraid to put my hand to anything, unless I am satisfied that the Lord's hand is in it. There is very much profession in this our day that is not the work of the Holy Spirit; and so much preaching that does not make a clear distinction between the work of the Spirit and the work of the flesh, and between those that serve God and those that serve him not. There is nothing to cause people to tremble at the Word of God, or to cause them to search and try themselves, whether they are in the faith, and to prove themselves, whether Jesus Christ is in them or not. But I hope better things of Mr. K—, having heard him preach once about two years since, and liked him very well. Still, we cannot tell much about a man with once hearing. But I hope the Lord will be with him, and make and keep him faithful, in taking forth the precious from the vile.

We stand in need of a very searching ministry in this our day, to search out the Lord's people from amongst false professors. As Christ says, "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." Now, I would not wish to say anything to cast you down in any way, but let me give you a little gentle caution not to go too fast in anything; because the Word of God says, "He that believeth shall not make haste;" and "he that hasteth with his feet sinneth." Therefore, when we see a cause prosper, we want to watch, and see what it is prospering in; whether it is humility or pride; whether it is the work of the Spirit, as showing poor sinners their lost and ruined state as sinners before God, and causing them to mourn on account of it; or whether persons are lifted up with a profession, and rejoicing on account of it. There is so much that is counterfeit in this day, that these things want searching very closely into; otherwise the truth of things is not discovered. If the ministry of the Word is not preached closely enough to cause professors to rise up against it, it will not separate the church from the world; and that is how it is that so many professors get into the church, and the cause prospers for a little while; and after a short time these professors are made manifest, that they were not led by the Spirit, so as to see eye to eye one with another, or with the children of God, in the things of the Spirit. Then there arise divisions among them, and this leads to a separation. Then comes the day of adversity, which leads to a considering time, and a searching to find out the cause of the separation. Very often the real cause is overlooked. I believe, frequently, the true cause is through members having been received into the church before they could give a satisfactory account of a real work of grace as begun in their hearts. This is a very solemn thing on account of those

who have received them. For when persons come before the church to give in their experiences, they come to be judged by other experienced Christians, who are to signify whether they judge the experience to be that of a Christian; and if they are received, that causes them to conclude that they are Christians, even if they are not. Thus, if they were deceived before, they are doubly deceived by those who receive them; and those, too, are deceived that receive them. So there is deception all round. But if a person gives in a false statement, he is the deceiver. Therefore, churches ought to be very particular how they receive members, and not lay hands suddenly, in this case, on persons before they know something of their characters, lest they deceive them and bring trouble upon themselves.

Now, if a minister does not bring out the character of Christians clearly, according to the Word of God, and show how the Spirit of God works in them, to manifest them from all fleshly professors, how is a person to know whether he is a Christian or not? If, then, a person professes to be a minister of truth, and does not do those things, he is a deceiver. And the Word of God declares there are many such gone out into the world. These we are exhorted to take heed unto, that we may not be deceived.

Now, I am not going to say that any of these things which I have been writing about belong to you, either as a church or as a minister; but as I have seen and heard and read so much of these things, it makes me afraid of prosperity, as well as other things, for fear it should not be of the right sort. For instance, as a people, you thought and expected, when you built that chapel at —, you were going to prosper; but you have not had the pleasure of seeing it as you expected. I said I did not believe that it could be of much use, except the Lord raised up a new minister.

Then, again, if we look at —, when that chapel was built things seemed to be in a flourishing state, and it was crowded with hearers who, at times, could not all get within the doors. Now see what it is come to. Scarcely any attend.

Again; look at —. When I first came here, to hear Mr. P, the chapel was crowded; and now it is got into such a state that I cannot go to hear or bid them God speed.

Now, all these things are from the want of a searching ministry to take forth the precious from the vile. But I hope this will not be the case with you. I hope you will see the hand of the Lord going before you, otherwise you will bring a heavy burden upon yourselves. I see it is not a light thing you are entering into, and it is much easier to begin a thing than to carry it on in aftertimes. But, if the Lord is your pilot, and you follow him, he will steer you right, and bring you through the storm, even if the waves rise against you mountains high. If, too, the Lord is with you, you may depend upon it that Satan will raise up adversaries against you, so that you will have something to contend with. As soon as Nehemiah began building the temple of

the Lord, Tobiah and Sanballat tried to stop it, if possible. But they could not prevail; for the temple was built, although in troublesome times.

Thus the Lord will carry on his own work in the midst of all opposition; and if we can go on without any, then there is reason to fear we are out of the way, as there will be nothing to cause earnest prayer and watchfulness to see the Lord's hand made bare on our behalf.

But I must come to a conclusion, wishing you prosperity; but as my income is not great, and I have many poor and needy friends and relations around to look to, I can do but little to help you. I did not like to send your card back quite empty, so have put down 10s., hoping you will find more helpful friends. But one thing I feel satisfied of,—you will not find any who are greater friends to the truth, or greater enemies to falsehood; but I am such a poor helpless creature, in and of myself, that I cannot help the one or hinder the other.

Now I must conclude, with our best wishes for you and yours, and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Dec. 28th, 1874.

J. C.

“THIS POOR MAN CRIED, AND THE LORD HEARD HIM.”

Dear Brother in a precious Jesus,—I just give you an instance of an answer to prayer, which occurred in Scotland about 38 years ago.

In consequence of a slack trade, I went down into Scotland from the Newcastle district, and commenced sinking pits for ironstone and coal. We had sunk one near Carluke, and got little or nothing for doing it, as the proprietor withheld the money we should have had. I went about 40 miles to get work at another place, and all the money we had was 10d.; so my wife insisted upon my taking 8d., and she and four children had to subsist on a little oatmeal and the other 2d. until I could get some money sent to them. I soon got to the place that I had to work at, and got a Post-office order for 6s., which I sent directly with a glad heart. After two days I received a letter from my wife, informing me she had nothing for the children to eat, and nothing for herself, and that they were very hungry. I cannot tell you the distress this occasioned me. I went down into a field, which, as it was winter time, was covered with about 12 inches of snow, and, it being dark, I fell down in the snow, and really groaned and cried to the dear Lord to have mercy upon me, and to spare my wife and children. I had been in a backsliding state for some time, and this was like a dagger in me; but instead of meeting with a rebuff, as I justly deserved, I found most wonderful relief in the words, I believe, for it is a long time since, “The Eternal God is thy Refuge;” and I felt sure deliverance would be granted.

A few days after, my wife wrote to me that a woman had been awakened in the night by a dream about her and the children, that they were dying for want of the necessaries of life; which was true; for she had put the children to bed crying for bread, and she was almost broken-hearted with the trial. This woman aroused her husband, and he took a basket, and went and called a few neighbours up, and collected money and food sufficient to serve them for six weeks, I believe, and came and opened the door, and set it down, and went away and left it.* When my wife awoke, for she had fallen asleep in her trouble, she was surprised to see the basket, and very soon had the children up to receive a part of its contents. She wrote to me and told me that, after this intervention of a kind and gracious God, the Post-office order came to hand, and all others were delivered in their due order.

My rebellious heart melted under this kindness, and O how I felt the dear Lord's goodness for a time! But alas! Alas! I soon became, like Israel of old, forgetful of him, and his works and goodness, and have often to come in with old Horne:

“Ah me! wretched sinner! Ah! where shall I go?
To whom shall I tell my sad story of woe?
In the dark stormy night I seem quite left alone;
I sought my Beloved, but, lo! he was gone.

“Of old, though the tempest around me had broke,
And though the Almighty in thunder had spoke,
The tempest and thunder unmoved I have heard;
My Beloved was with me, and nothing I fear'd.

“But now that, alas! he no longer is here,
I sink in my sorrow, o'erwhelm'd in despair;
From judgment in vain I endeavour to fly;
Return, my Beloved, or else I must die.

“Weep with me, my friends and companions, I pray,
The sins and the follies that drove him away;
If you see him, O tell him in sorrow I mourn,
No more to be joyful until he return.”

Yours very affectionately,

THE COLLIER.

[Our friend Clough kindly sent us the above interesting and encouraging account, according to request. We heard him relate the anecdote, and wanted to let our readers have the benefit of it, as illustrating, in a very sweet way, the Article upon God working in answer to prayer.]

* The doors have only a sneck, or latch, inside, and no lock, so that you have only to put your finger through the hole, and lift the latch, and the door is opened at once.

THE old man must be out to pieces ere it will die. It will not lift up one finger to destroy itself; it is only foreign aid that doth the work. And how to leave all fleshly endeavours, and by faith to be yielded up to the is-working power of the Spirit of Christ, there is the difficulty.—*Dorney.*

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.*

(Continued from p. 447.)

OUR voyage to the North Pole being ended, I returned to London with Doctor Irving, with whom I continued for some time, during which I began seriously to reflect on the dangers I had escaped, particularly those of my last voyage, which made a lasting impression on my mind; and, by the grace of God, proved afterwards a mercy to me. It caused me to reflect deeply on my eternal state, and to seek the Lord with full purpose of heart. I rejoiced greatly; and heartily thanked the Lord for directing me to London, where I was determined to work out my own salvation, and in so doing procure a title to heaven; being the result of a mind blinded by ignorance and sin.

In process of time I left my master. I lodged in Coventry Court, Haymarket, where I was continually oppressed and much concerned about the salvation of my soul, and was determined (in my own strength) to be a first-rate Christian. I used every means for this purpose; and, not being able to find any person amongst those with whom I was then acquainted that acquiesced with me in point of religion, or, in Scripture language, that would show me any good, I was much dejected, and knew not where to seek relief. However, I first frequented the neighbouring churches, St. James's and others, two or three times a day, for many weeks. Still, I came away dissatisfied; something was wanting that I could not obtain; and I really found more heartfelt relief in reading my Bible at home than in attending the church; and, being resolved to be saved, I pursued other methods. First, I went among the Quakers, where the Word of God was neither read nor preached; so that I remained as much in the dark as ever. I then searched into the Roman Catholic principles, but was not in the least edified. I at length had recourse to the Jews, which availed me nothing, as the fear of eternity daily harassed my mind, and I knew not where to seek shelter from the wrath to come. However, this was my conclusion, at all events, to read the four evangelists, and whatever sect or party I found adhering thereto, such I would join. Thus I went on heavily, without any guide to direct me the way that leadeth to eternal life. I asked different people questions about the manner of going to heaven, and was told different ways. Here I was much staggered, and could not find any at that time more righteous than myself, or indeed so much inclined to devotion. I thought we should not all be saved, nor would all be damned. I found none among the circle of my acquaintance that kept wholly the ten commandments. So righteous was I in

* We have been obliged to omit some particulars in this part of the author's Narrative, as it would make the account too long for the magazine. But what follows is the whole of that part of the Narrative which contains the more full account of his conversion to God, and his being brought into the liberty of the gospel.

my own eyes, that I was convinced I excelled many of them in that point, by keeping eight out of ten; and finding those who in general termed themselves Christians not so honest or so good in their morals as the Turks, I really thought the Turks were in a safer way of salvation than my neighbours; so that between hopes and fears I went on, and the chief comforts I enjoyed were in the musical French horn, which I then practised, and also dressing of hair.

Such was my situation some months, experiencing the dishonesty of many people here. I determined at last to set out for Turkey, and there to end my days. It was now early in the spring of 1774. I sought for a master, and found a captain, John Hughes, commander of a ship called *Anglicania*, fitting out in the Thames, and bound to Smyrna, in Turkey. I shipped myself with him as a steward; at the same time I recommended to him a very clever black man, John Annis, as a cook. This man was on board the ship near two months doing his duty; he had formerly lived many years with Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a gentleman of the island of St. Kitts, from whom he parted by consent, though he afterwards tried many schemes to inveigle the poor man. He had applied to many captains who traded to St. Kitts to trepan him; and when all their attempts and schemes of kidnapping had proved abortive, Mr. Kirkpatrick came to our ship at Union Stairs, on Easter Monday, April 4th, with two wherry boats and six men, having learned that the man was on board; and tied, and forcibly took him away from the ship in the presence of the crew and the chief mate, who had detained him after he had information to come away. I believe this was a combined piece of business; but, be that as it may, it certainly reflected great disgrace on the mate and captain also, who, although they had desired the oppressed man to stay on board, yet allowed this vile act on the man who had served them, and did not in the least assist to recover or pay me a farthing of his wages, which was about five pounds. I proved the only friend he had, and attempted to regain him his liberty, if possible, having known the want of liberty myself. I sent as soon as I could to Gravesend, and got knowledge of the ship in which he was; but unluckily she had sailed the first tide after he was put on board. My intention was then immediately to apprehend Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was about setting off for Scotland. My direction to the tipstaff, who got admittance into the house, was to conduct him to a judge, according to the writ. When he came there, his plea was, that he had not the body in custody, on which he was admitted to bail. I proceeded immediately to that well-known philanthropist, Granville Sharp, Esq., who received me with the utmost kindness, and gave me every instruction that was needful on the occasion. I left him in full hope that I should gain the unhappy man his liberty, with the warmest sense of gratitude towards Mr. Sharp, for his kindness. But, alas! my attorney proved unfaithful; he took my money, lost me many

months' employ, and did not do the least good in the cause; and when the poor man arrived at St. Kitts, he was, according to custom, staked to the ground with four pins through a cord, two on his wrists and two on his ankles, was out and flogged most unmercifully, and afterwards loaded cruelly with irons about his neck. I had two very moving letters from him, while he was in this situation; and made attempts to go after him, at a great hazard, but was sadly disappointed. I also was told of it by some very respectable families now in London, who saw him in St. Kitts in the same state, in which he remained till kind death released him out of the hands of his tyrants.

During this disagreeable business, I was under strong convictions of sin, and thought that my state was worse than any man's. My mind was unaccountably disturbed. I often wished for death, though at the same time convinced I was altogether unprepared for that awful summons. Suffering much by villains in the late cause, and being much concerned about the state of my soul, these things (but particularly the latter) brought me very low; so that I became a burden to myself, and viewed all things around me as emptiness and vanity, which could give no satisfaction to a troubled conscience. Thus I continued to travel in much heaviness, and frequently murmured against the Almighty, particularly in his providential dealings; and, awful to think! I began to blaspheme, and wished often to be any thing but a human being. In these severe conflicts the Lord answered me by awful "visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed." (Job xxxiii. 15.) He was pleased, in much mercy, to give me to see and in some measure understand the great and awful scene of the judgment day; and that no unclean person, no unholy thing, can enter into the kingdom of God. (Eph. v. 5.) I would then, if it had been possible, have changed my nature with the meanest worm on the earth; and was ready to say to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on me" (Rev. vi. 16); but all in vain. I then in the greatest agony requested the divine Creator that he would grant me a small space of time to repent of my follies and vile iniquities, which I felt were grievous. The Lord, in his manifold mercies, was pleased to grant my request; and being yet in a state of time, the sense of God's mercies was so great on my mind when I awoke of a morning, that my strength entirely failed me for many minutes, and I was exceedingly weak.

This was the first spiritual mercy I ever was sensible of; and being on praying ground, as soon as I recovered a little strength, and got out of bed and dressed myself, I invoked heaven from my inmost soul, and fervently begged that God would never again permit me to blaspheme his most holy Name. The Lord, who is long-suffering, and full of compassion to such poor rebels as we are, condescended to hear and answer. I felt that I was altogether unholy, and saw clearly what a bad use I had made of the faculties I was endowed with. They were given me to glorify God with; I

thought, therefore, I had better want them here, and enter into life eternal, than abuse them and be cast into hell-fire. I prayed to be directed, if there were any holier than those with whom I was acquainted, that the Lord would point them out to me. I appealed to the Searcher of hearts, whether I did not wish to love him more, and serve him better. Notwithstanding all this, the reader may easily discern, if a believer, the sad dark state I was in. At length I hated the house in which I lodged, because God's most holy Name was blasphemed in it; then I saw the Word of God verified: "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

I had a great desire to read the Bible the whole day at home; but not having a convenient place for retirement, I left the house in the day, rather than stay amongst the wicked ones. That day, as I was walking, it pleased God to direct me to a house where there was an old seafaring man, who experienced much of the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He began to discourse with me; and, as I desired to love the Lord, his conversation rejoiced me greatly; and, indeed, I had never heard before the love of Christ to believers set forth in such a manner, and in so clear a point of view. Here I had more questions to put to the man than his time would permit him to answer. In that memorable hour, there came in a dissenting minister. He joined our discourse, and asked me some few questions; among others, where I heard the gospel preached? I knew not what he meant by hearing the gospel. I told him I had read the gospel. He asked where I went to church, or whether I went at all or not? To which I replied that I attended St. James's, St. Martin's, and St. Ann's, Soho." "So," said he, "you are a Churchman?" I answered, I was. He then invited me to a love feast at his chapel that evening. I accepted the offer, and thanked him. Soon after he went away, I had some further discourse with the old Christian, added to some profitable reading, which made me exceedingly happy. When I left him he reminded me of coming to the feast; I assured him I would be there.

Thus we parted, and I weighed over the heavenly conversation that had passed between these two men, which cheered my then heavy and drooping spirit more than anything I had met with for many months. However, I thought the time long in going to my supposed banquet. I also wished much for the company of these friendly men; their company pleased me much. I thought the gentleman very kind in asking me, a stranger, to a feast; but how singular did it appear to me to have it in a chapel! When the wished-for hour came, I went; and, happily, the old man was there, who kindly seated me, as he belonged to the place. I was much astonished to see the place filled with people, and no signs of eating and drinking. There were many ministers in the company. At last they began by giving out hymns; and, between the singing, the ministers engaged in prayer. In short, I knew not what to make of this sight, having never seen

anything of the kind in my life before now. Some of the guests began to speak their experience, agreeable to what I read in the Scriptures; much was said by every speaker of the providence of God, and his unspeakable mercies to each of them. This I knew in a great measure, and could most heartily join them. But when they spoke of a future state, they seemed to be altogether certain of their calling and election of God; and that no one could ever separate them from the love of Christ, or pluck them out of his hands. This filled me with utter consternation, intermingled with admiration. I was so amazed as not to know what to think of the company; my heart was attracted, and my affections were enlarged. I wished to be as happy as they, and was persuaded in my mind that they were different from the world that "lieth in wickedness." (1 Jno. v. 19.) Their language and singing, &c., did well harmonize; I was entirely overcome, and wished to live and die thus. Lastly, some persons in the place produced some neat baskets full of buns, which they distributed about; and each person communicated with his neighbour, and sipped water out of different mugs, which they handed about to all who were present. This kind of Christian fellowship I had never seen, nor ever thought of seeing on earth; it fully reminded me of what I had read in the holy Scriptures of the primitive Christians, who loved each other and broke bread; in partaking of it, even from house to house. This entertainment (which lasted about four hours) ended in singing and prayer. It was the first soul feast I ever was present at.

This last twenty-four hours produced me such things, spiritual and temporal, in judgment and in mercy, both sleeping and waking, that I could not but admire the goodness of God, in directing the blind, blasphemous sinner in the path that he knew not of, even amongst the just. Instead of judgment he has shown mercy, for he will hear and answer the prayers and supplications of every returning prodigal.

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

After this, I was resolved to win heaven, if possible; and if I perished, I thought it should be at the feet of Jesus, in praying to him for salvation. After having been an eye-witness to some of the happiness which attended those who feared God, I knew not how, with any propriety, to return to my lodgings, where the Name of God was continually profaned, at which I felt the greatest horror. I paused in my mind for some time, not knowing what to do; whether to hire a bed elsewhere, or to go home again. At last, fearing an evil report might arise, I went home, with a farewell to card-playing and vain jesting, &c. I saw that time was very short, eternity long and very near; and I viewed those persons alone blessed who were found ready at the midnight call, or when the Judge of all, both quick and dead, cometh.

(To be concluded.)

A MEDITATION.

“My heart is inditing a good matter.”—Ps. xlv. 1.

THE psalmist's heart was the seat of his religion. This good man had by divine grace a good treasure in his heart; and out of that treasure he brings forth various things concerning Christ in this psalm. By his *heart* we are to understand his understanding, will, affections, conscience. All these faculties of his soul were affected by the truth concerning Christ. His understanding was instructed divinely in these things. He had an unction from the Holy One, teaching him the blessed truth as it is in Jesus. His judgment was convinced of it; he knew for certainty it was the truth. He could say, with the hymn-writer,

“Without a doubt I do believe
Thou art the Christ of God.”

With Peter, “We know and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, the living God.” He knew in whom he had believed. This assurance did not result from some long wearisome elaborate process of tedious reasoning about the matter. No! Blessed Jesus, the Son of God, had shone with the divine beams of his grace into his heart; and thus carried by an immediate evidence a firm conviction into his mind.

So it was with one we read of. He was at one time an avowed infidel; but was persuaded by his father to read the Bible. He read the Gospel of John, the first chapter, and at once the word he read laid hold of his mind with such a divine irresistible influence that all his infidelity vanished in a moment. He knew that God was in what he read of a truth. His heart bowed down to the glory of the Son of God. O! The infidels of this day, had they but this direct evidence, how it would overpower at once all their vain reasonings! But a man can receive nothing unless it be given him from heaven. A Peter might have been a Voltaire instead of an apostle had he been left to Satan's influence instead of wrought upon by the grace of God. Those who know Christ have this blessing from free favour and divine instruction; for

“None can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.”

And those who write the most injuriously against the truth are probably, as one has suggested, nothing more than the scribes of one far wittier than themselves,—the prince of the powers of darkness.

Well, David had the truth in his understanding, and it subdued his will. “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.” O the sweet truth of Jesus! How it captivates the soul, how it sways the will! So, in Isa. xlv., we read of the swarthy Ethiopians, and the men of Egypt, the men of stature, coming over to the dear Lord Jesus. The stoutest, the strongest, the highest, the hardest, the most inveterate opponents, the lackest sinners, they shall come over. Yes, when Jesus speaks,

when grace commands, when life from God enters, there is no effectual resisting. They *shall* come. As Bunyan writes, "Shall come will fetch them;" and now, broken and bleeding, subdued by all-conquering Jesus, they come unto him, and fall down at his feet, saying, "God is in thee of a truth."

"Thine is the power; behold, we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet."

So it was with David. His will was brought over. It was no better, as some facts of his career plainly show, than ours; but grace subdued it. The all-conquering grace of Jesus brought it away from his iniquity, his peculiar sin, and all else; and it sits subdued and conquered at the feet of Jesus. Let natural men vow their vows, and take their pledges, if it so pleases them; but no man by any such means can really ensure a victory over sin for a day or an hour. Give me, my Lord Jesus, to be conquered by thee, and my lusts vanquished by thy grace. Thy sobering grace can make the drunkard leave the bewitching wine, the unchaste forsake his impurity, the angry man conquer his tempers, and even, to borrow a term of Bunyan's "Holy War," my old Lord Covetousness, who rules his tens of thousands in this day, and shares the dominion of the greater part of England with drunkenness, shall be won from his money-bags, and sell all and give to the poor; or, rather, the man who was ruled by his covetousness shall renounce this tyrant of his heart, and seek in Jesus for a better treasure in the heavens.

And what brings the will into such sweet subjection is not only that the judgment is convinced, but that the affections are captivated by the all-conquering sweetness of Jesus. "Thou art fairer than the children of men," says the psalmist. He saw a beauty, a loveliness, a glory, a desirableness in Jesus, far exceeding that of any creature. A glory above the brightness of the sun shone upon the apostle Paul. The spouse, when asked, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" answered, "My Beloved is white and ruddy; the Chiefest among ten thousand. Yea, he is altogether lovely." One of our poets says,

"Did he but shine alike on all,
Then all alike must love."

Yes, but alas! this is not, cannot be. The greater number have no eyes to see him; they are dead in trespasses and sins, and totally blind to the beauties of Jesus. But when God opens the eyes by a work of new-creation, and Jesus shines upon the soul; when we have the light of the knowledge of the glory of God bestowed upon us in Christ Jesus, then all goes for Jesus. Then he is to us

"The Fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A Sun amongst ten thousand stars."

So it was with David; so it was with Isaiah; therefore he cries, "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down!" So it was with Paul; therefore his grand pursuit was, as he writes, that he might know him; yea, he counted all

things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.

And what crowns all is that this truth concerning Christ rules also in the conscience. This was the case with David. He had a sweet peace with God through the blood and obedience of Jesus,—the blood, yet actually to be shed, but in purpose shed from the foundation of the world; the obedience, yet in David's days actually to be wrought out, but triumphed in by Old Testament saints as well as New, because of the certainty of the divine counsels and promises. David tells us he had seen God's power and glory in Jesus in the sanctuary, where the blood was represented as shed in the typical sacrifices under the law. And, again, he says, "I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." O how sweetly, at times, the peace of God flowed into his poor guilty burdened conscience, in a way of believing in Jesus! Hear his own words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul." But why? "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." Yes, pardon of sins leads off the band of mercies and the songs of praises in the heart of the psalmist. So from heart-feeling he can describe what true experimental blessedness, what real happiness is. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Well, then, the psalmist's heart was the seat of the good matter; and out of the abundance of his heart—understanding, will, affections, all joining in—he penned this "song of loves;" this sweet psalm concerning Jesus. O that our hearts and lips might catch a little of the holy fire of the sanctuary, whilst we continue a little longer our meditation upon it.

"I speak of the things which I have made touching the King." This was his subject,—*"The King,"* the Lord Jesus Christ. Had he been writing of anything else, he would not have felt his heart thus all of a glow; his pen would not have run so swiftly. The Holy Spirit's proper office is to take of the things of Christ, and show them to his people. Surely we should have more of his help, more of his sweet and blessed inspiration, was Jesus more in our hearts, thoughts, and utterances, whether by speech or writing. But we waste our time in thinking, speaking, and writing about a multitude of vanities; and in all this we cannot expect to find the help and sweetness of the Spirit.

But the psalmist says, "I speak of the things which I have made touching the King." How made? Why, the things which he wrote about had first been thought over, and blessedly worked out in his own mind. We have him penning down what, in a spiritual sense, his hands had handled of the word of life. The fact seems to be that, under the influence of the blessed Spirit as a Spirit of prophecy, he had been led into sweet meditations upon the blessedness and glory of Christ, until his heart was full of his subject, and all of a glow with love and admiring wonderment. Thus, like Elihu, he was full of matter. His heart was as wine that had no vent. It was ready to burst as new bottles. He must

speaking that he might be refreshed. O how delightful it was to him to be enabled by the Holy Spirit to pour out his thoughts and feelings in suitable words! But how this shows us what we should be as preachers and writers. O how cold, how lifeless our utterances, at times, are! Our heads, not our hearts inspire our insipid performances. It is not, as with David, "My *heart* is inditing," or bubbling up, like a living irrepressible spring, "a good matter." O no! The *head*, not the heart, is there; and no wonder that the hearts of our readers are little affected. Heads speak to heads, and hearts, for the most part, to hearts. If the preacher's or writer's heart is glowing, the hearts of others will often glow also; as Sarah in her overflowing joy says, "God has made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." We do not wonder that Melancthon, when first from a believing heart he preached the truth of Jesus, expected that all his hearers must be similarly affected. Of course this was a mistake. He found, as he tells us, old Adam too much for young Melancthon. But where the Holy Ghost is working, it is not improper to expect, as a general rule, that lips touched with the fire of the sanctuary will be more affecting, warming, influencing, to the hearts of the godly than lips touched with the chill of deathfulness,—lips beautifully chiselled, finely shaped, but statue-like, cold, and deathful.

But if we learn a lesson as to the needs-be of warmth in our utterances, of a heart affected with the truths we speak or write about, we also learn another lesson of equal importance,—that it does not become us to neglect a due preparation. The psalmist's meditations upon his subject, the working of it out in his own mind and heart, went before his venting it for the benefit of others. If we lay stress upon the words, "Bubbleth up a good matter," we should equally consider the force of the expression, "Made touching the King." The psalmist did not seize his pen and write down a quantity of undigested thoughts. O no! He had been meditating upon his subject; it lay, as it were, sweetly and blessedly arranged before his mind's eye; then he took up his pen, and his thoughts flowed forth in a beautiful order, a sweet harmony, as well as with a divine glow attending them. What a lesson for us! Shall we, as though wiser and more spiritual than the psalmist, write or speak without any meditation upon our subjects, without care or thought? Shall we rush into pulpits without reflection? This certainly would not be according to the psalmist's pattern. He began to meditate upon divine things; as he mused the fire kindled; then, when his heart was filled with his sweet subject, light and life both being harmoniously within, he takes his pen and writes down his thoughts, sweetly refreshed himself, and affording a blessed refreshment to others to the very end of time.

Our conclusion, then, is this,—that in our writing and preaching we ought first to aim at having a clear understanding of what we are going to write and preach or speak about. This will usually not be

the case without there is a proper time devoted to waiting upon the Lord in a way of prayer and meditation. But, then, how we ought to desire and pray that our own hearts may be affected with our subject,—that it may not be merely in a cold uninfluential way thought out in our brains, but by divine grace, and in the power of the Holy Spirit, may warm, enliven, and affect our hearts. Then, when our thoughts are clear, and our hearts are full and warm and glowing, we certainly shall be best prepared to speak in a way to edify and refresh the hearts of others. Writings and sermons should neither be headless nor heartless monsters; and such they are likely to be without the Holy Spirit enables us to bring both our heads and our hearts into them.

“My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.” The ready writer seems here to be the psalmist's heart under the influence of the Holy Spirit. His heart indited matter to his tongue; and then his tongue gave utterance to it, and spoke of the things which in his meditation he had sweetly worked out concerning the glories of the King, Christ. But why should he compare his tongue to a pen? The comparison may be to show that, as a ready writer writes off quickly what is indited by another, so the psalmist David's tongue gave ready expression to the thoughts of his heart. Sweet combination,—a heart bubbling up with divine thoughts and sweet ideas concerning Christ; a tongue blessedly enabled to give a proper utterance to them.

Then, again, it may be to show that his words were not a mere nonsensical rhapsody. We know that it has been well said that writing makes an accurate man. So there is about what we write frequently a greater precision than about what we speak; but, says the psalmist, you must not think that this is the case with what I am uttering. No! Every thought is perfectly correct; there is no exaggeration, nothing improper; there is as much accuracy and precision as to what I am now speaking as there can be in the writing of the ablest scribe. He, in fact, who is perfect in wisdom is with my heart, and his word is in my tongue. There is a divine fire and a divine light and accuracy about all these my utterances concerning the Lord Jesus.

But, again, he may intend by this comparison to show us another thing. By our speeches we write, as it were, things not upon paper, but hearts. The tongue boasts great things. Life and death are in the power of the tongue. We may write indelible characters of infamy and evil on the hearts of others, left to ourselves. By divine grace we may be enabled to write in the hearts of the elect the sweet characters of grace. So it was with the apostle Paul. Writing to the Corinthians, he could say, “Ye are our epistle, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart.” O happy David, happy Paul, to have their tongues made thus a glory to them! They spoke; and God so accompanied their speech that he wrote the characters of eternal life in the hearts of the hearers. Well, in this view of it, might the

psalmist call his tongue his glory: "To the end that *my glory* may sing praise to thee, and not be silent."

Here, then, we see a wonderful difference between the saints and others. We read of the ungodly, yea, of the most religious of them, "Their throat is an open sepulchre;" that is, their words are destructive; they write the characters of death and hell upon the hearts of others. With their impure words, vain utterances, erroneous speeches, in which they vent the worldliness, covetousness, or false religion of their hearts, they write the characters of hell in the hearts of others. So it was with the Pharisees. But, then, as it respects men led by the Spirit of God, their hearts have a good matter in them. Christ is there, and their tongues give vent to the fulness of their hearts; and they are thus in Christ as a tree of life unto others; or, according to the figure of the text, their tongues are the pen of a ready writer, instrumentally inscribing characters of godliness, uprightness, and truth into the hearts of God's people.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

"Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven."

Dear Brethren in Christ Jesus,—May the blessing of Him who was separated from his brethren rest upon you.

I take my pen with a feeble effort on behalf of my dear father to scrawl a few lines to you, from whom he has often, though feeling so unworthy, received marks of unexpected favour and kindness. They are written upon the tablet of a grateful recollection, and to use his oft-repeated expression to those around him, "the favours can never be forgot." The task of writing, which falls to me, arises from circumstances painful indeed. If my dear parent was still in possession of his sight, or if health permitted, my pen would not in all probability have communicated with you. But, alas! those that looked out of the windows are dim; the health, which of all earthly blessings is the best, and of which my father had a large share, is fast fading away. "Man cometh up as a flower, and is cut down." "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." But the believer places not his confidence upon the cheek blooming with health, nor upon the riches of this world, which make to themselves wings, and fly away; but he trusts to an anchor cast within the veil. He thus rides in safety, tossed to and fro upon the surging billows of affliction, or temptation from the enemy of his soul. He is sorely thrust at by him who seeketh to devour; yet, my dear friends, by the unchangeable Word of the Lord, which liveth and abideth for ever, he stands secure. Not a hair of his head can perish. Sheltered in the covenant ordered in all things and sure, he abides the test; and though the billows of affliction foam around him, and the fires of temptation are lighted at his feet, yet, with the immortal Watts, he may sometimes sing,

“The gospel bears my spirits up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation of my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

Such has been the experience of my dear father during his long and painful affliction. Speaking of the sufferings of Christ, he said to me, “During my affliction I have had fellowship with *Him* in his sufferings; and for ten thousand worlds I would not have had that passage: ‘*It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren*’ left out of the Scriptures of truth.”

The comforts which the gospel affords belong to the believer in Christ, left to him as a legacy in the will of the Testator. By his bitter death he sealed his testament sure, bringing it to light by his glorious resurrection. As the great apostle of the Gentiles, by the inspiring power of the Holy Ghost, signified, “If Christ be not risen,” as our hope would be confined to this life, “we are of all men most miserable. But,” says he, “now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.”

The experience of a child of God is sufficient to swell the pages of a folio. He has trials in the world, in the church, in his family, and in himself too. Indeed, like Israel of old, his way is rough and roundabout. We have no warrant to expect a smooth and flowery path. Why did Jehovah leave such a promise to his church that “their shoes should be iron and brass; and as their days, so should their strength be,” but to show them that

“Pricking thorns through all the ground,
 And mortal poisons grow?”

I am led sometimes to wonder, when I hear fellow-travellers to Zion quarrelling and cavilling about little matters. This only retards them in their journey home. Better it would be if the helping hand was extended to assist a weak brother, and if we followed the bright example of the Redeemer, whose delight when on earth was to pour the balm of comfort, to heal the sick, to raise the fallen, and to cheer the weak desponding soul, when faint in the way. But what a mercy when we consider that our help is not in man! We have a great High Priest on high, One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; therefore he is able to succour. In all our afflictions he is afflicted; and in all our trials he can make a way for our escape. The rod may cause the shoulders and back of the disobedient child to smart; yet it is laid on in love by the father. And every stroke is designed to bring us to his feet with weeping, and to make us acknowledge his authority, and to return like the prodigal, who found no home or service like his father's.

My scribble must fail to tell of the gratitude felt by myself and family for your kindness, with that of your family and friends, towards our dear parent.* You will never (as we believe) again see him on this side Jordan. The tabernacle, with all its frailties, fast hastens to decay; the scaffolding is taking down; the fabric totters; and, according to the time of life, the place that knew him once will soon know him no more for ever. On

the Rock of ages his hope for eternity is based. He has realized the sweetness of a Saviour's Name, whose love has been better than the choicest wines. Well might the church sing, "I rose up to open to my Beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock!"

I am strictly commissioned by my dear father to present his sincere regards to Mrs. E. and family, Mrs. F. and family, Mr. and Mrs. H., Mrs. B. T., and Miss T., and the ambassador of peace who suffered for Christ's sake. May he be strengthened by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob, and prove himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Also to the two gentlemen of the legal profession; may they be eminent in righteousness. Now, Sir, to you, Mrs. Holford, and family, the best affection is tendered, with the hope that all the friends are in the enjoyment of the best earthly blessing. If any friend of my dear father's should be forgotten, let the fault be laid on me. Acts of kindness shown to my parent create a debt of gratitude and kindle affection within me towards their authors, though known only by the hearing of the ear.

Forgive the faults of this letter. I ask that it may be received in love. My father's sight is *nearly* gone; but the reading of a letter to him from you or other friends would impart at this time a double amount of pleasure. Should you, Sir, feel disposed to drop me a line, I should think myself honoured, and amply repaid for this.

In the bonds of Christian love, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Devonport, March 23rd, 1840.

ISAAC KENT.

[The friend who sent us this letter accompanied it with the following remarks, which will indicate to our readers the suffering saint to whom the letter refers: "As the much-valued hymns of dear John Kent have been the means of building up and lifting out many poor lost sinners, I hope to be able to see, if the Lord will, this letter published for the perusal of many."]

My dear Friend and Brother,—I felt somewhat refreshed by receiving your kind note in my affliction. I am at present in a cold lukewarm state of mind. I find that, except the Lord is pleased to quicken and renew me, I am nothing. My language is: "My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me according to thy Word." David prayed that it might be according to God's Word, for he had felt its power: "Thy word hath quickened me;" and this was his comfort in his affliction. And now, my dear friend, I am almost afraid to say, "Thy word hath quickened *me*;" yet I hope I have felt its power and sweetness in days that are past. Yes; Jesus has appeared again and again "the God of hope."

O! I want to feel a fellowship with his sufferings. I am in myself a poor hardened wretch. No name can be too bad for me; for my sins, baseness, and ingratitude seem to be as moun-

tains high. O that the great Zerubbabel would come, that they might be as plains! Faith in the dear Name of Jesus will remove mountains. Yes, faith in his precious blood and righteousness can set all right, and enable the soul to go on its way rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

If the Lord would be pleased to favour my soul thus, what blessed communications they would be. What life and peace, instead of so much complaining! But my complaint is with myself. I deserve to be cast away from his presence; yet shudder at the thought. O! I trust my soul is still hanging upon the faithfulness of a covenant God in Christ Jesus. I have no other refuge; and my plea is his own salvation, his blood and righteousness, grace and mercy.

Afflictions, except they are sanctified by the Lord, cannot profit. I feel I have deserved infinitely more than the Lord has put upon me, and I bless his dear Name that when I was in the worst of them his Name was very precious to my soul. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is a word I have proved to be like him who made the promise,—“true and righteous altogether.” Before my affliction I seemed to have some intimation that I should have some visitation from God upon me. And, my dear friend, is it to be wondered at? How worldly-minded and forgetful of God we often are! Yea, our very natures lead us away from him, and are at enmity against God. Our hearts go from him, and perhaps are set upon some idol. But he who abideth faithful is pleased to say, “My son, give me thy heart;” and when he speaks, the surrender must be made; the idols must be cast away to the moles and the bats; and the Lord alone is exalted in that day.

I know not what the Lord is about to do with me. I am still in a weak state, and, at times, in great pain. I would submit, but oft repine. I find that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. If I am saved, it must be by a salvation sovereign, full, and free; wrought out and brought in, applied and made manifest to my soul by God himself; a salvation I have nothing to do with but to feel its power and preciousness in quickening, upholding, preserving, restoring, instructing, cheering, in the life that now is, and in bringing me to his eternal glory hereafter; a salvation that is fraught with everything a God can bestow, or a poor sinner receive; which saves from hell and takes the soul to heaven; which is the hope of those who have no hope in themselves; which brings a faith into the soul that gives it the victory over all its enemies; which conveys the love of a Triune Jehovah into the heart, whereby the soul is drawn up to the Fountain Head in its affections here, and finally to enjoy the fulness of it in eternal glory for ever.

I hope I shall be so far recovered as to be at home on the day you come to Bath. I shall be glad to see you. I have but few that visit me; and being in the state I have described to you, I seem to be only fit company for owls and dragons. My wife joins in

Christian love to you. Excuse the writing, as written in much pain.

I am, my dear brother,

Yours in Tribulation,

Bath, Dec. 18th, 1849.

G. S. SALWAY.

Dear Friends,—We received your letter, and were pleased to hear that you are all as well as usual again, with the exception of Mrs. Tyman. We heard that she had been dangerously ill. I am better than I was a few days back; but not near so well as before I had the slight fit, and my right side still feels in a very numbed condition, and my hand and arm very weak. This makes me feel that it is quite likely that I may have another attack. It is a very peculiar feeling to walk about and feel as if one side was in a deathly state, and to be expecting another fit daily, which perhaps may prove fatal. But I have to bless the dear Lord that I have a good hope that it will be all right with me after death. I had for a long time been begging of him that he would grant me another token of his love to my poor soul, and I do hope he was pleased to do so on the 5th of November last. I seemed quite broken down with the goodness of God to me, such a poor hell-deserving sinner. I think I never felt more hatred to sin in my life, and humbled at the footstool of mercy, and so to exalt the dear Son of God for a good hope that he had shed his blood for me. I walked about the room blessing and praising his dear Name, and begged of him to take me home, if it was his will, sooner than that I should live to sin against him. The next day the thought came over me, Can it have been a delusion? The blessing seemed too great for such a vile sinner as I felt myself to be; but nothing less than this will do.

I have not been able to go to chapel for the last five Sundays; but I hope I have enjoyed the Lord's presence at home; for I know he is not confined to means or places. I awoke early on Friday morning last, and the words in the last verses of the 198th and 474th hymns in Gadsby's selection were very sweet to me.

As I get older, the way to heaven seems narrower than ever. There is plenty of *profession*; but I think but little *possession*. There is plenty of Sunday religion, and it is put off as the owners of it put away their Sunday clothes; and but very little of it seen in the week. Thousands will find such religion will leave them at death.

We are often talking about you, and the blessed times we have had at Flimwell chapel,—times never to be forgotten. My wife, who is as well as she generally is, unites with me in kind love to you and Mrs. Pert and family, and all inquiring friends. I remain,

Yours very affectionately in the best of Bonds,

Hailsham, Dec. 30th, 1871.
To Mr. Pert.

THOS. PULLINGER.

My dear Friend and highly-favoured Servant of the Lord,—The Lord bless you with his gracious power and sweet presence in public and private, so that you may have his testimony in your own soul that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Truly we live in solemn times. Dear Mr. Huntington said in his day, "The letter, and not the spirit, is the ministry of our times." If it was so then, how much more so now! Yea, some of whom we should have hoped better things have even swerved from the letter of truth, and have the audacity to declare God to be a liar in his holy Word, by denying the eternal punishment of the wicked, though this is a truth as clearly revealed in the Bible as that there is eternal bliss and blessedness for the righteous. Let such read the last verse of Matt. xxv. There God puts both, as to a never-ending existence, upon the same level, and says, "These [the wicked] shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Such erroneous persons have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom can be in them? Surely not the wisdom that is from above, for that is pure; but the wisdom that rejects God's Word must be impure. David was of another mind to these men, and says to God, "Thy Word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it." O! My cry is that the good Lord may keep us in his holy fear, and among the tremblers at his Word; for with such he declares he will dwell. Amen.

It is a long time since we communicated one with the other; but I hope we do not wholly forget each other. I do beg you to remember me at the throne of grace, as I hope to do the same by you in my poor way. I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you at Farnhurst next Sabbath, for I have a disease in my bowels, and the doctor tells me I shall never get rid of it, as he says it is the breaking up of nature. I take things to check it, but still it continues. So that I may bid you good-bye, as to seeing you again in this world of sin and woe. But blessed be God for his great mercies to such a monstrous sinner as I am, that he still preserves me in my senses, and that I am not in eternal perdition, which I fully expected would have been my sad but just reward for my spiritual pride and presumption. Ah! My dear friend, where should we not have run to, if the Lord had left us to our own wisdom and understanding. Had he done so with me, I am sure I should have been in eternal torments long ago. Blessed, then, be his great and holy Name, that he hath rebuked my pride, and brought down my high looks, and laid me low in the dust of self-abasement. I thank him for it, although it has been like stripping my flesh from my bones. My flesh hath resisted him in his dealings to the uttermost of my power, believing he was turning me to utter destruction. But bless the Lord, O my soul, for keeping me still seeking, crying, and groaning to him night and day, and confessing my vileness, and imploring his free mercy for Christ's sake alone. And I humbly hope I have not sought him in vain. For, bless him, he hath

helped me hitherto, and hath, I hope, granted me life (spiritual life) and favour, and his sweet visitations have preserved my spirit from utter despair. O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together; for I can truly say, "I was brought low, and he helped me."

O the sweet soul-softening, spirit-meekening, heart-cheering unctuous power of the ever-blessed Spirit! O how soon a blessed change takes place when he is pleased to operate! Then I feel the day dawn, and the daystar to arise in my poor soul with its cheering rays. He makes darkness light, crooked things straight; and at such times there is a peeping out of obscurity, and something seems to say, according to feeling, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." O how these things working in me make hope to arise and abound! And I cannot help believing I have then a lively hope in God's free mercy. And I think such must be what is called "a good hope through grace," because it is produced by the unctuous power of the blessed Spirit of grace. I am sure that what he doth in us will stand; and nothing else will. He is that wind which will blow upon all flesh, and it shall wither as the green herb. I have found it so.

"But ah! When these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,"

though I often do feel quite alone then,—

"I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

These precious visits are what my soul still longeth for. Then I am in his eyes as one that finds favour; and my cry is, with the spouse, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; thy love is better than wine." O! If I had had this discipline years ago, I should not have been so forward to run into the important work of the ministry. But I have been a forward fool all my days. I know it, and lament it now; and my prayer is this: "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins."

My kind love to all the Farnhurst friends. Remember me; and may the Lord bless you. So prays

Your unworthy Servant,

W. J. BRIGHT.

43, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, May 22nd, 1878.

Dear Friend,—It was my intention to have written to you last week, to thank you for your kind and faithful letters; but have hitherto been prevented. I do hope I may say, without presumption,

"Though I'm cast down, I am not slain;
I fall, but I shall rise again."

But still I feel that I have been upon the dangerous brink of black despair. O the horror of darkness my soul was in, together with the fearful temptations of Satan! I thought for some days I should lose my rationality. Never while memory

lasts can I forget the 6th day of January. I was at home all alone in the afternoon, when such fearfulness and trembling seized me that it seemed for the moment as if I was sinking into the pit of despair. It seemed as if the pit would swallow me up; and I sunk fathoms in my feelings. Such a resurrection of all the sins I had committed from my childhood, and especially since I had made a profession of religion, that I roared out aloud, "Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me;" and I felt as if the very foundation of my hope was gone. Well does dear Hart describe the place I was then in:

"Deep in a cold and joyless cell,
A doleful gulf of gloomy care,
Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell,
The dangerous brink of black despair;
Chill'd by the icy damp of death,
I feel no firm support of faith."

What I passed through for three weeks I never can attempt to describe. O the mystery of iniquity! O to stand before a holy God, a reeking dunghill sinner! I ran about the house groaning, mourning, and sighing like a distracted man; often fearing to open the Bible, lest my condemnation should be sealed at once. I truly felt that there was not another case like mine; so that if I saw a drunken dissolute navvy in the road, I said, "There is hope for that man, but none for me." I felt I was a disgrace to the most profligate, that I was a gospel-hardened sinner, and a man that God had cast off, and for whom there was no hope; that I should be a miserable vagabond all the days of my life; and that, when death put an end to my wretched existence, I should be shut up in the pit of hell for ever and ever. O the days and nights I spent in meditating on the torments of the damned, and crying out, "How shall I endure the worm that never dies, and the fire that never can be quenched?"

But help me to praise a Three-in-One Jehovah, who has in his long-suffering mercy brought up my poor soul from that awful pit, set my feet upon the Rock Christ Jesus, put a new song into my mouth, enabled me again to wash his blessed feet with my tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of my head! O! I had such a blessed season last night in reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"—the account of poor Christian leading Hopeful over the stile into By-path meadow, and what followed, till Christian was released from Giant Despair's castle by that blessed key. How my poor soul could follow him step by step! And after reading this and the 24th chapter of Luke, I had a most refreshing season in prayer, and went to bed a happy man.

But I must leave off, as I feel to-day, though I can rejoice for what God has done for my poor soul, yet it is with trembling. What a poor wretch I am, and so liable to be deceived, being nothing but weakness itself; yet grace shall reign.

I read, a week ago yesterday, the sermon you recommended; and some of the friends, who, I think, know their right hand

from their left, tell me it was a season of refreshing to their souls. One thing I am certain of. I read my own case in that discourse. I still feel by your letters that God has set you on the battlements of Zion, to sound an alarm, and to trace out the path of a poor pilgrim from the city of Destruction to the haven of eternal rest, with all its ups and downs, windings, and turnings. May he give you a rich reward for all your labours in this life; and sure I am he will give you the crown of endless glory hereafter.

Kindest love to you and yours, in which my dear wife joins.
Yours, I would hope, a Fellow-Traveller and Pilgrim,
Beulah, Rotherfield, Feb. 25th, 1878. THOMAS CRITAL.

“*JESUS CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.*”

“But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—GAL. VI. 14.

PERISH every human story,—

Every system taught or tried;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus crucified!

Here let faith repose, and cherish
Jesus crucified for me;
Should the whole creation perish,
I am safe, beneath the tree.

Here my soul by faith would enter,
Pleased no more with fancy's dreams;
Here is Love's refulgent Centre;
Here are Mercy's brightest beams;
Here is Wisdom in perfection;
Here's an end of fleshly strife;
Lord, be thou my Resurrection;
Jesus, be my spirit's Life!

Thy sweet love to me revealing,
Dwell within this worthless heart;
Let thy wounding be my healing;
Let thy death new life impart.
Lord, thy love can ne'er be measured;
Half thy mercy can't be told;
Thou hast more within thee treasured
Than a sinner's heart can hold.

O that I should ever wander
From the sinner's sweetest theme!
O for grace, that I may ponder
All my steps, and walk in Him!
Earth is old, and Time is hoary;
Systems to confusion slide;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus crucified!

July 2nd, 1877.

W. WILEMAN.

Obituary.

REBECCA SUTTON.—On May 10th, aged 48, died at Hemel Hempstead, Rebecca Sutton.

The Lord chooses that his children should give testimony to his grace, some in one way, and some in another. Rebecca, the subject of this brief notice, was appointed to adorn the doctrine of her Saviour in meekness and patience and much suffering. In early life, being blessed with godly parents, she heard that faithful man, Mr. Thomas Hardy; but it was not till years after she had arrived at the age of womanhood that she became seriously concerned respecting her state before God. It was at a time when the enjoyments of this world were pre-eminent in her esteem, and whilst she was favouring the attentions of a young man who, like herself, was careless of the solemnities of a future world, that her spirit was arrested and alarmed by a sermon preached by Mr. Isbell at Trinity Chapel, Leicester. The influence of this discourse (the text being: "And the books were opened,") produced great alarm in her soul, and changed the current of her future existence. The engagement she had entered into with the young man quickly came to an end, and the great subject, the salvation of her soul, now engrossed her spirit.

She used to say with what delight she listened to the conversation of the late Mr. Charles Smith, who frequently visited her in illness, for she had a sickly body. Some short time after Mr. C. Smith ceased to be the pastor over the church at St. Peter's Lane, she was baptized, and joined the church there; but not profiting by the ministry as she wished, she went to Alfred Street, and oftentimes the poor suffering woman, in going to and from chapel, might be seen leaning against some wall for support.

In the year 1876, Rebecca became a complete invalid; and as she had hitherto gained her livelihood by a sedentary occupation, she had many fears how she should be provided for in the future, as she was now unable to leave her bed. The Lord, at this time, however, spoke to her through his Word with wonderfully comfortable satisfaction: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be;" and she was allowed, too, to rejoice in the language: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Very many ministers and friends visited her, who were impressed by her meekness of spirit and spiritual conversation.

Now it happened that two nieces of hers came to live at Leicester, who took her to their own home, and in the most tender manner nursed her for many weeks; so that Rebecca often wept with a grateful heart at the unwearied kindness of her friends. In the midst of acute sufferings, religion seemed her life; and the great mercy of God and her hopes of a better life were the choice subjects of her conversation when faith was in exercise.

At last her brother was desirous to have her at his home at Hemel Hempstead. Her medical man thought her life might pass away at any moment; nevertheless, she attempted the journey, and arrived there; and, strange to say, she lived after this for about 14 months, receiving the kindest and most generous attention of her friends, which her suffering and dependent condition required. Every now and then, her Leicester friends received some short message from her, saying that she was on the Rock Christ, that there was all her hope, and that she was sure she was safe. She would talk of her dissolution as an event most to be desired, and was depressed even to tears at the thought of recovery.

Rebecca Sutton truly was a sincerely godly woman, and endured in meekness and patience, as seeing him who is invisible even to the end.

When her disease (consumption) had done its work, she took her departure unwitnessed on the morning of May 10th, at Hemel Hempstead, where she now lies interred.

W. K. T.

ANNA WEBSTER.—On September 5th, 1878, aged 83, Anna Webster, of Leicester.

Mrs. Webster was a consistent member of the church meeting for divine worship in Zion Chapel. She joined us when we assembled in Alfred Street.

There was an evident ripening of soul in divine things during the last few years of her life. Ever since we have had the pleasure of being acquainted with her, we have considered her to be a God-fearing exercised woman. Her religion was one of every-day life. She was kept, for the most part, in rather a low place; but was evidently daily feeling after Christ, and unable to get on without him. She was naturally of rather a gloomy turn of mind, and this no doubt would more or less have an influence upon her religious character; there was a degree of severity and censoriousness sometimes manifested. She was very often doubtful of herself, and, perhaps, hardly willing to make the proper allowances in the case of others. We are only here writing our own impressions, and confess that it is very hard to draw the line between a too great severity of judgment and a most injurious laxity, between a legal bias and a licentious levity. We think there was a tinge of legality and censoriousness about the Christian character of our sister. She certainly was very far from that careless, anything-will-do kind of religion prevalent in this day. Whether we are correct in this estimate of our departed sister in Christ her dear relatives who mourn her loss will know best; they will all, we believe, agree with us in saying that during the last few years of her life there was a blessed subduing and breaking-down of what was natural, and a ripening in the life of God. A softening of character, and a conforming of the spirit to the gospel of Christ, were, we believe, amongst the fruits of some years of very trying bodily affliction.

We will now give a brief account of some of our late friend's religious experiences. She was the subject of convictions from early childhood, and had, at times, great terrors of conscience. When she was about 20 years of age, the death of her only sister, who died triumphing in Christ, had the effect of deepening these convictions and her anxieties about her own state. At this time these words greatly harassed her: "The prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." So much was this the case, that she was sometimes frightened from prayer. But the Lord sent these words home into her heart:

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

They wrought a sweet deliverance for her. Also these words were blessed:

"Nor sin nor Satan can o'ercome
The arm that vindicates thy cause."

At this period, she was much instructed and encouraged under the ministry of the late Mr. Thomas Hardy, which led to her being baptized by him and joining his church, more than sixty years ago. She became a member of our church in the year 1858, and has expressed her attachment to the ministry. She described it as being made a real blessing to her soul, as it did not leave her to trust in any false refuges. She highly prized a searching ministry, and loved to see consistency in ministers as well as in professing people.

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For some years she was laid aside, and entirely confined to her room by a paralytic stroke. This was a severe trial, as she was naturally active and industrious. Here was a great proving of her faith and patience; but they held out, and grace brought her forth triumphantly from everything. Her son, Mr. Thomas Webster, has furnished us with the account of many sweet and blessed things she said to him and others during this prolonged illness. These will show where her hope was, and that it was built upon a Rock.

On one occasion, she was feeling and much lamenting her own unworthiness, when the Lord showed her the worthiness of Christ, and how that worthiness availed before God for her acceptance. Thus she was at that time delivered from her fears. At another time, the words of Toplady were very sweet:

“When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
’Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.”

On another occasion she was mourning, and very low in mind, through looking at her own sinful state, and she begged of the Lord to give her some suitable word, or bring something to her remembrance. “And O!” she said, “it was wonderful. I looked for hell; he brought me heaven. So many and such suitable words came, and parts of hymns, that I felt very comfortable and could go to sleep. It was a great mercy; and the Lord does hear my poor prayers.”

The hymn of Cennick’s, beginning:

“Great God, if thou shouldst bring me near,
To answer at thy awful bar,”

was made a great blessing to her; but particularly the verse:

“Now shouldst thou me to judgment call,
Though Moses faced me there, and all
My dreadful sins appear’d,
I should not fear, but boldly stand;
Through Jesus’ pierced heart and hand,
I know I should be spared.”

This was not only a fresh blessing to her, but the renewing of an old one from the same words. Many years before, this hymn was sweetly given to her, at which time she was quite persuaded of her acceptance through Christ; and she felt the same persuasion again, and that the Lord would save her in spite of all her doubts and fears, and that it would be well with her at last.

Our friend, being made thoroughly honest by the grace of God, had many changes. Three days after the above blessing, she had a soul-searching time from these words: “If I regard iniquity in my heart,” &c. She said to her son, “But I can say I do pray to the Lord that I may not regard iniquity, and that nothing may be hid from me. I read the 66th Psalm, and in reading the first part I thought I had not anything to sing about; but the Lord showed me I had many things. He made me see that it was of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed; because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning.”

She felt, at times, firmly persuaded that the Lord Jesus was chiefest amongst ten thousand to her; but then she wanted to have more visits from him. “I have been,” she said, “a woman of many fears, and many prayers. O how many times have I prayed for mercy, both as it respects myself and my children! You little know the prayers I have put up for my dear children. I cannot describe to you those difficulties of my path, which made me constantly need the Lord’s help.”

On her 81st birthday, she said, "The Lord has given me a sweet word, which has melted me down at his feet,—the last verse of the 23rd Psalm: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'" Tears were falling from her eyes as she spoke of this visit, of her own unworthiness, and of the Lord's long-suffering towards her for so many years.

On the following Saturday, she said, "The Lord has given me another sweet portion, and I long to hear him say, 'Come up higher.'" She spoke much and feelingly of her own provoking ways, but expressed a belief that she was interested in the everlasting covenant, and said that she had been much favoured with very sweet views of the Lord Jesus as her Intercessor and Advocate.

As she was one day very restless, feeling her own vileness, the Lord gave her these sweet words:

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe my Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

The sweetness of this continued for two days. It reminded her, too, of a long-past visit from the Lord in these words:

"'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine."

To those who were frequently with her it was evident that, during the last month of her pilgrimage, she was ripening for heaven. Many times she said, "How I do wish the Lord would come and take me home!" The last Saturday before her death she said, "Another week is gone, and I am still here." The words: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" were made very sweet to her. She felt the Lord very near; and the question raised in her mind wonder at the Lord's grace. At this time she had a view of much of her past life, and these words were precious to her:

"But O! Amazed I see the hand
That stopp'd me in my mad career;
A miracle of grace I stand;
The Lord has taught my heart to fear."

She could not converse much after the Friday preceding her decease; but that evening she said to her son, "I want to tell you how I have been favoured with the second verse of the 806th hymn:

"Then hail, ye happy mourners!
How blest your state to come is!
Ye soon shall meet with comfort sweet;
It is the Lord's own promise."

To another of her children she replied, the day before her death, to the question, "How do you feel in the prospect of death?" "I have not a doubt left." She felt that the Lord was with her. She answered questions, when awake, until the evening of Wednesday, and fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday morning, Sept. 5th, at three o'clock, being conscious to the last. Thus, after a life of many trials in providence and grace, of many doubts and fears, of many prayers and many mercies, helps, and deliverances, our aged sister departed out of this world to be with that Jesus whom she had sought on earth, often sorrowing, often faint, yet still pursuing.

She was interred in the cemetery at Leicester, and was followed to the grave by a goodly company of children and grandchildren, many of whom are blessed with the fear of God. She was in truth a woman of

prayer, of much uprightness as a Christian, and really adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and came to the grave in a ripe old age, respected by her family and fellow-members in the church, and awaiting the morning of a joyful resurrection.

G. H.

DANIEL HOLLOWAY.—On July 13th, 1878, aged 83, Daniel Holloway, of Devizes.

Our departed friend had lived all the days of his pilgrimage on earth at his native town. He had been twice married, and spent 16 years of his life with his second wife, who survives him, and whom he found an industrious, kind, and attentive partner in his old days.

Though he never made any outward profession of religion, *i.e.*, according to the ordinary sense of such statement, yet his concern to be right with God, his regular attendance at the house of prayer, and the way in which he listened to the preached gospel, with other features in his character, made up a better profession than that of some whose profession is more open, but on whose minds the things of God rest with much less weight and power than what, we believe, they did on his. Still, in the absence of much testimony from his own lips, and with the much reservation which he always manifested in answering any questions that might be asked him concerning his hope, it was always very difficult to form an opinion about his experience in the things of God. But, despite such difficulty, we had long had a conviction in our own mind that a work of grace had been begun in his soul. From conversation with him at different times, and from what little we could gather as the result, we had felt, again and again, that he was one of those who kept his religion most to himself, and was one who laboured under a deal of fear lest he should have none at all. He was not like those who are never really concerned as to whether they have any real religion or not, but all his concern was to have the little he hoped the Lord had given him confirmed and made manifest to his own perception, and to his soul's satisfaction.

The Lord often does his own work in such a way that other eyes besides his own fail to see much of it. Even the subjects in whose hearts the work is done cannot see half as much of it for themselves as what the Author of their faith can see for them. And, again, it is no doubt often the case that during the days of darkness which succeed the first breakings in of light and the first manifestation of divine mercy, the darkness prevents such poor souls from seeing, to their comfort, what they could see whilst they had the light with them, and were in the sweet enjoyment of manifested grace.

This is how we believe it was with Daniel Holloway. We gather this from a letter which he wrote to his son in London more than twenty years ago, which letter his son very kindly left with us after the funeral of the departed. We read the letter with pleasing astonishment, and felt that it was all the testimony that we needed to confirm our previous conviction of the reality of a saving work of grace in the soul of our friend. As the reading of the letter we speak of had most to do in prompting us to write this short Obituary, we shall insert it, and let it speak for itself:

Dear Son,—We received your letter, and were glad to hear that you were tolerably well through all your trials and difficulties. No doubt you have your share of them, but not one more than is appointed. And in this world there is a need-be for them, for it is the life of the soul, although it is not joyous, but grievous; yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. Trials bring the soul to the throne of grace, and help him to pour out

his complaint in humble supplication to Him who knows all things, and brings a sweet nearness, ofttimes.

Dear Son, I shall now relate a little of the Lord's dealings with my soul; and while I am describing it to you, I should like to be under the same feelings that I was under when the Lord made him self precious to my never-dying soul. I thought to have written to you before; but hitherto have been hindered. A few weeks ago I had a great trial of a providential nature, so that I was very much tried in my mind; so much so, that I could not rest day nor night; and it almost made me ill. On the Sunday morning, seven weeks ago, I thought that I would read some of the psalms of David, where he complains of his enemies, and how strong they were. But the Lord found for me another part of his Word, which just suited my case. As I opened my Bible, my eye was fixed on the 54th of Isaiah, beginning with: "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear," &c. Well, I thought that I was the character; and at that instant such light, life, and power were imparted to my soul, all through the chapter. But when I came to the 15th verse, and to the end of that, there my case was met, as to what I was labouring under. O how sweet! How precious! I could not help crying out, "Precious chapter! Precious author!" with the tears of joy running down my face. It produced such a love in my soul to God and to his Word, and gave me such sweet nearness in prayer, that I cannot describe. And when I met any of the dear children of God that morning, I could look on them with a smile; and my heart would seem to say that I was one of them. In the morning service, Mr. Withington was saying that he always felt more power from the Scriptures than he could from any good men's writings; and I had the same testimony within at the same time.

But the enemy of souls tried to rob me; and I will tell you in what way. While I was in the enjoyment and the power of what the Lord said to me through his Word, and I was coming out of doors, these words came with power: "I will give thee the sure mercies of David." I said, "What! More still?" and my soul seemed to be full of peace and comfort. But I went to the same precious chapter again, and read that and the next following; and there I found that the words ran thus: "I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." Well, I thought, how I could wish the words had come to me as they were written! And the devil seemed to insinuate to me that it was all a delusion; but I told him I had the substance of them, and that he could not persuade me from that blessed feeling which I had that morning. And I wish I was in the same feelings now, but it is otherwise; and at times it seems a wonder that the Lord does not cut me off and send my soul to hell, which I have justly merited.

I must conclude, with our kind love to you and yours.

Your affectionate Father,

Devizes, December, 1853.

D. HOLLOWAY.

We presume few, if any, who have a spiritual understanding of the gracious operations of God on the soul, will doubt but what our departed friend, though hidden from many, was, notwithstanding, one who was "sought out" and "not forsaken" by the Lord.

C. H.

To see the glory of Christ is the grand blessing which our Lord solicits and demands for his disciples in his last solemn intercession.—*Hervey.*

If the Lord loves you, and your heart insensibly wanders from him, one way or other he will prepare a scourge to bring you back.—*John Newton.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1878.

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

THE HEART'S TREASURE, AND THE LIPS
DISPERSING IT.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT FLIMWELL, ON SUNDAY AFTER-
NOON, JULY 2ND, 1871, BY MR. PERT.

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh."—LU. vi. 45.

I. *"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good."*

As the Lord shall enable me, I hope that I may ransack the whole Bible till I find this good man out; and that you and I may find we are the character.

Now, no such man was ever born into the world since Adam fell, except the Lord Jesus Christ. For, after Adam fell, the Lord looked down to see if there were any that understood or sought after God; and there was not one good. "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes." And God is not in all their thoughts; that is, they have no right thoughts of God, and take him not into their counsels.

Now, this is the state of rich and poor, young and old, Jew and Gentile. All over the world there is not one good by nature; no, not one. The Lord says, "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was only evil." Some may be ready to say, It may be so sometimes; but God said, "and that continually." Thousands and tens of thousands are trying to make themselves good in the flesh; but, my dear friends, it only adds sin to sin. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil;" but not till then. But "vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." "Most men will proclaim every man his own goodness." You will not be long with professors without hearing what wonders they are doing for God. But what saith

the Lord? "Except your righteousness shall *exceed* [go beyond] the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Man by nature is bad, and he grows worse. He may get self-righteous, but the scrutinizing eye of God in his law penetrates through all this cob-web dress. And when the Lord chastens for iniquity, he makes all man's beauty to consume away. "Surely every man is vanity." So that, my dear friends, there never was a good man but what God made good. Dear old William Gadsby said,

"Good men there are; but be it known,
Their goodness lies in Christ their Head."

The Lord makes the tree good when he regenerates the poor sinner; and as the tree is good, the fruit is good. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; it is contrary to nature. And till a man is born of the blessed Spirit there is in him nothing good. There may be many morally good acts, but all is sin, because there is no faith. Most of us naturally held with the Church of England; and I do now, as to doctrine, when the ministers preach according to their Articles. We there read that "works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of his Spirit are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ; and we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." Now this is what we believe. The greatest part of the Articles I stand up for. Read the XVIIth Article, and there you will find predestination and election as firmly stated as ever you heard it.

None are good till God makes them so. But where he takes up his residence, he implants all the graces of the Spirit; and this is always accompanied with light and life;—light to discover, and life to feel what sinners we are. And there is a new man formed in the soul, "which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him." This makes a "good man." But though all the graces are implanted, they are not all brought into exercise at once. No; every grace is implanted; but, according to one's feelings, there may be no love felt to God, because God seems angry with the sinner. "By the law is the [experimental] knowledge of sin;" and while the sinner is chastened and taught out of the law, it appears as if the Lord was his enemy; and while he suffers God's terrors, he is almost distracted, and ready to conclude God is about to send him to hell. But God has implanted all his graces, and up spring hope, godly sorrow for sin, and repentance unto life. The man hates himself. He has a principle that loves holiness, and that will want heavenly food. He has been accustomed to say prayers, but now he finds the publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner," more applicable to him.

This new man that is formed "*a good man*" of the heart would have us be holy as God is holy. It is a trouble to him that has a new nature that he cannot do as he, through that new principle, would. There is the faith that

“Lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies.”

There is the fear of the Lord, which is a grace of the Eternal Spirit, and put into the heart by God himself; and is “a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.” Sometimes, when temptation and opportunity meet together, the poor soul finds he should fall; but up springs the fear of the Lord, and he says, “How can I do this great wickedness?” But if left to temptation, O! my dear friends, what havoc there is in the conscience! It follows a man in bed, and when he rises. “Lord,” he says,

“What a fool have I been made,
Or, rather, made myself!
That mariner's mad part I played,
Who saw, yet struck the shelf.”

Therefore it is evident this is not the element of the man's soul; but he was overtaken. He cannot live in sin. Once it was the life of his soul; now it is the death. He begins to find he cannot sin as he used to do; though he cannot live without sin. But it always leaves unpleasantness, and is like a fire in the bones. And often, when the fear of the Lord is in exercise, and he is prevented from sinning, he says, “This did not I, because of the fear of the Lord.” As good as to say, There is nothing so bad or so base but I am capable of doing it, were it not for the fear of the Lord, which is

“An unctuous light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong.”

Now this brings this “good man” with holy longings to be kept by the Lord, to be taught by the Lord, and for the Lord to have mercy on his poor, guilty, miserable soul. He finds 'tis no use to vow and make resolutions. The devil, the world, and the flesh are all in battle array against him; and he cannot stand against even one enemy. Here is lust and an evil heart of unbelief working against him; and as sure as God is God, he would go down the stream; but, having life in his soul, the Holy Spirit leads him to the Lord to manage him in everything, for he finds there is no help in himself. But he has a good Friend at court. And when the Lord has made the tree good, though a man may be left to bring trouble and distress on himself, he that began the good work will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.

God's dear children are like our children. They are not as experienced in childhood as they are when they come to manhood. You might give an infant poison, and it would take it. The poor soul in spiritual youth is apt to think all that make a profession are good people; but by-and-bye he finds out more of the plague of his own heart, and the dreadful wickedness that is there, and that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. And as the Lord teaches him what is wrong and what is right,—what is flesh and what is spirit, he will speak out of the abundance of the heart of “good things.” If he speak at all, he will be telling what a wretch he is, and that he

never would have sought God if God had not sought him;—that he never had any prayer till God breathed into his heart the spirit of supplication. And the Lord keeps showing him line upon line, and drawing him from the breasts, that he may learn doctrine.

There is no true learning the doctrines of election, predestination, final perseverance, except as the Lord leads and teaches us, and brings us into such places that we learn experimentally that he that began the good work “will perform it.” By and bye, the soul sees it is “not all gold that glitters;” that “there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death;” that if there is a good man or woman, God must make him or her so. When young, I should think I have travelled hundreds of miles to hear men I believed to be men of truth, that now I would not go over the door-sill to listen to. When Paul was a child, he spake as a child. There may be good men that err in judgment, but not in heart. The Lord takes away the heart of stone; and a man will feel what is right or wrong sooner than he can in his judgment understand wherein is the difference. There are thousands, on the other hand, whose heads are gone before their hearts. They have never been brought with a “Lord, teach me; Lord, keep me; Lord, uphold me; Lord, I am oppressed; undertake thou for me;” with a tender conscience,—a willingness to come to the light, that their deeds may be manifest that they are wrought in God. This is what constitutes a “good man.”

We do not grow six feet in a day. We read of “new-born babes;” they are good; of “young children;” they are good; of “young men;” they are good; and of “fathers;” they are good. And in what does their goodness stand? “Complete” in the Lord Jesus Christ; “chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that they might be holy and without blame before him in love.” Thus they must be good men. “Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.” And when the Lord Jesus Christ died on the tree, he perfected all his dear children. So that they must be good.

When God the Holy Ghost takes up his residence in the heart, he makes a man feel that it is “good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;” that it is “good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord;” that it is a good thing for him that he has been afflicted. So, you see, “a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things.” And the fear of the Lord is God’s treasure. And when the Holy Spirit has brought the soul down to have nothing to pay, and God manifests his forgiveness, the man is good *then*; and earth, hell, and devils cannot bring that man to believe he is a bad man. All his sin and unbelief are removed from the conscience; and “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth

speaketh." "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." I have often met with those who have entered into conversation on heavenly things, and I have come away satisfied that, if I never saw them again, we should meet in heaven.

The "good man, out of the good treasure of his heart," begins debasing himself, and exalting the riches of God's grace, as if it came from the very soul; and it is sure to commend itself to the consciences of those who have felt the same. Others you may hear chatter like a crane or a parrot, and the sooner they give up the better you like it. It does not seem like the language of Canaan, taught in the fire; but like a thing learnt,—no good treasure at the bottom. I do love what Hart says, only I think he might have said, "He *never*:"

"He *seldom* prompts a soul to say,
Thank God, I'm made so good;
But turns his thoughts another way,—
To Jesus and his blood."

Now, the Lord makes all the good man's comeliness to be turned into corruption; so that, in all the abundance of his heart, he cannot find words to put himself low enough. Says he, "If I have received it, what have I to glory in? It is by the grace of God I stand, and am what I am." This is the language of "a good man." He will speak it "out of the good treasure of his heart." His element is to speak of God's goodness, and his own badness. Paul says, "I laboured more abundantly than they all, *yet not I*;" as though he caught himself up, and said, "I have over-spoken." See how quick he, being a good man, is to abase himself. "Don't think it was I." The Lord makes his good people to get sick of this great *I*. Job tells of what wonderful things this great *I* in his case had done; and I believe it was all true; but he took the glory to himself, and that spoiled it; and therefore God put him into the furnace. And see then how differently he speaks: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And, "Behold, I am vile."

Peter was much like Job; but afterwards he tells a different story: "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

Out of the good treasure of his heart the good man speaks. And O! my dear friends, when taught of God the Holy Ghost, I do love to hear him speak; for, "Men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness." "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." And, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

There is a time for God's people to speak. What do you know of me, or I of you, if it does not come out? "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his Name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

How I do, in my right mind, love to hear the Lord's people speak well of the Lord, and debase themselves! It is God's great goodness and our badness felt that will make a man like "a bottle wanting vent." "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," when it comes out of the abundance of the heart. If I have never heard anything to cause a knitting, I must leave a man. Wherever there is a "good man," there will be times and seasons that his conversation will be fresh, and you cannot put it away. It comes from "the good treasure," and reaches thy heart. And no one knows about it but those that have felt the same.

II. "*And an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil.*"

Now, my friends, we have no occasion to dwell long on an evil heart. We have evidence of it in the dissipation around us. Then look at the abominable errors there are; neither ministers nor people knowing anything about regeneration; and the whole preaching full of universal redemption and human power. "Out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil." Men are so blinded that they do not understand the Scriptures, and never enter into the spirit of them. And the worst of it is, they are so confident. "The fool rageth, and is confident."

But I shall come home a little closer. This "good man" himself has an evil man; and this evil man was born with him. It is like Jacob and Esau; they cannot live together comfortably. "My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace; but when I speak, they are for war." There is not an error but thy evil heart has a principle that would like it. There is a root of bitterness which hates God's ways, and fights against his sovereignty. And thou wilt find infidelity working. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. And this will spring up in the child of God. Look at Solomon; and how led away by strange wives! Many were idolaters, and he helped them. Some of the most gracious men, how have they been left!

Where is the "good man" that is not plagued with unbelief? It is a limb of the old man. If it were not for unbelief, how happy I should be! It is the root of all evil, just as all good works are the fruit of faith. How the poor child of God is plagued sometimes with unbelief and sin! He cannot help saying, "All these things are against me." "Surely against me is he turned." All this comes from the power of unbelief. And these servile

fears the child of God cannot help speaking of. Sometimes he lies against his right; but let the Lord shine in, how the poor thing is ashamed that ever he should have spoken so unadvisedly!

It is not as the Arminian says that we go on to perfection. The evil man will be an evil man till death. "What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies." And therefore "the evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil." How ashamed the poor thing is of himself! And sometimes he thinks he never will be so foolish any more. But sometimes there is such peace in the conscience, such peace between God and the sinner, it is as if he had never sinned, and should never sin again. But the poor soul finds more and more, and the longer he lives, that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh." "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing." So that "the evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart" is sure to "bring forth that which is evil." Yea, my dear friends, Esau never was reconciled to Jacob in heart; and as Jacob grew, Esau grew, with all his limbs. And so it is till death. And this makes the conflict. For this evil man opposes everything. If there is a little humility, how soon upsprings pride; and thus is the soul tossed up and down like the locust, because of the evil man that he cannot get rid of.

Well, now, there will be a separation by and bye. This "good man" will be taken to heaven; and the dear Lord will "change this vile body."

Instead of getting perfect, we get a more perfect knowledge of the "evil man." It makes me sigh often. And sometimes,

"Shock'd at the sight, we straight cry out,
Can ever God dwell here?"

This "evil man" is called an "old man," because we brought it into the world. How can a man that loves holiness be happy with one in him that is as bad as the devil? When the new man is rejoicing, the old man is mourning. But as sure as a troop overcomes Gad, Gad will fight again; and Gad will overcome at last. And the dear child of God will be present with the Lord by and bye, and to all eternity.

May the Lord command his blessing, and I add no more.

GIVE what thou commandest; and command what thou wilt.
—*Augustine.*

I MIGHT write much of my own leanness and unworthiness; and I would I could be more sensible of it, so as to lay my starved limbs on that free, heart-reviving, heart-renewing covenant of grace, confirmed in the Person of a crucified and risen Redeemer, the fountain of acceptance, pardon, life, and health.—*Dorney.*

It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to that King who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which only he regards; he listens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent.—*Leighton.*

SHORT PAPERS.

COVETOUSNESS.

“Take heed, and beware of covetousness.”—LU. XII. 15.

“Let your conversation be without covetousness.”—HEB. XIII. 5.

COVETOUSNESS, or the inordinate desire after the creature, is a fruit of man's apostacy from God. No longer finding in God the supreme object of his heart's delight and confidence, he loves and trusts in the creature instead of the Creator. Hence his inordinate desires after the creature. This may take on many forms. A man may lust after honours, wealth, knowledge, and pleasures. Thus Paul writes about “the desires of the flesh and of the mind;” and filthinesses both of the flesh and of the spirit.

One grand form, of course, is the eager desire after wealth; and of this the words at the heading of this paper principally speak. Now, some sins are easily discerned to be such, and meet, for the most part, amongst persons professing godliness, with reprobation; but covetousness too often is winked at, and the covetous man even counted a very respectable person. Thus we read of speaking well of the covetous, whom God abhorreth. Even amongst God's people, covetousness is a sin made far too light of. It is one of the *little foxes* which, nevertheless, spoil the vines.

It is not uncommon to hear such a language as this in reference to some greedy, grasping professor: “He is a good man; but very covetous.” Just as if there is really such a thing as a covetous Christian. Covetousness is in the old nature of a Christian; covetousness, therefore, may for a time greatly prevail in and over him; but it is as a fever or palsy prevailing over a living man. It is his sickness, not himself. It is his unnatural, not natural, condition. So, in respect to a Christian, covetousness, as a part of the law of his members, may prevail, like a spiritual disorder, for a season over the law of his mind. Therefore Paul says: “Let your conversation be without covetousness;” not implying that a Christian man can be a covetous one, but that his conversation, his course of life may, to a certain extent, be improperly influenced by this evil principle. He may be over-anxious in the pursuit of worldly gain; over-careful in the hoarding of what he has. He may too much resemble the covetous man, whom God abhorreth.

Now let us see what the Scripture says about this evil principle; as the due consideration of the following things may cause our hearts to pass a bill of attainder against the horrible old Lord Covetousness, as Bunyan calls it, in his “Holy War;” thereby wittily indicating that the human heart naturally confers upon this arch-rebel a patent of nobility.

In the first place, the law of God speaks expressly against it, saying: “Thou shalt not covet.” And Paul tells us what is the effect of this commandment coming, in the spirit of it, into a

God-taught conscience. "Nay, I had not known sin," in its true nature and guiltiness, "without the law; for I had not known lust, unless the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." The man, then, who is taught of God is made to see the evil and danger of covetousness. He was alive in this sin once, and dead to God, and dead to the right apprehension of his sinful state. Thus the sin of covetousness was dead, so far as his feeling and fear of it were concerned; but when the law came, sin, this sin, revived, in his view and apprehension of it, and he died. This drove him to seek mercy and righteousness in Christ; and thus through the law he died to the law, that in Jesus he might live to God.

This man, then, cannot be a covetous man. He has seen and felt its evil, and fled for refuge, and found mercy in Jesus; and thus a blow in his case has been struck at the very root of covetousness.

The Lord Jesus, in Lu. xii. 15, as at the beginning of this paper, cautions against covetousness; showing us by the very form of the caution what an insidious, dangerous thing it is. "Take heed," says Christ, "and beware of covetousness." He then goes on to set before us the terrible condition of a covetous man, a man possessed by and not possessing his riches; rich to himself, but not rich towards God; a man congratulating himself upon the abundance of the things which he possessed, and proposing to himself many years of enjoyment of them. But God cuts it all short with this solemn decree: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." What a stroke! The plans unaccomplished; the barns unbuilt; the riches left to others; the enjoyments all ended; all that remains, the account to be rendered for the misuse of what God had given to be used, not hoarded or squandered upon luxury; and an eternity to be spent in anguish of spirit and agony of body, without a drop of cold water to cool the tongue that once so rashly and impiously boasted. What a force these considerations give to the Lord's words and the apostle's admonition, as well as to the lines of the poet:

"God gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

"God knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure into endless woe,
And, with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go."

But, alas! though the Lord warns, and the apostle admonishes, the old Lord Covetousness contrives to escape from the gallows, and still holds up his head amongst professors like a respectable person. Let us, then, look a little further, and see what Scripture says about it.

We should, perhaps, have expected to find such an admired, or, at any rate, tolerated evil as this, classed with what are

accounted the less monstrous kinds of sin. But now let us see in what company the apostle Paul places the covetous man, and, indeed, covetous professor; for of the latter he is plainly writing. "If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater," &c. Why, here we have covetousness gibbeted amongst the vilest things, and the covetous man hung up before the sun amidst the unclean, the drunkards, and the most abominable characters. In another place Paul says, "Covetousness, which is idolatry;" so that he makes covetousness and idolatry almost synonymous terms, brackets them together for the prize of reprobation, and exhibits the covetous man as an idolater. Further, he distinctly, positively, peremptorily, without the slightest ambiguity, declares that the covetous man, who is an idolater, "shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

O! we are too fond of looking away from ourselves, and wandering abroad in our censures. We cry out against the inroads of Popery; and truly they are to be dreaded; but, alas! we allow covetousness to make *its inroads* almost with our applauses. That monstrous system of idolatry, the Papacy, makes us tremble, whilst the sevenfold abomination of covetousness, with its system of money-getting, money-hoarding, meets with the very faintest opposition, if any. Surely if, as ministers, we were awake and honest, our outcry would more frequently be against that awful system of heart-idolatry comprised in the word COVETOUSNESS. But no! we fight about words to strangely little purpose, our hearts are frightened, the hairs of our heads almost stand on end at the shadow of a shade, a very phantasm of doctrinal deviation; but when it comes *only* to covetousness, there we are gentle, lenient, tender. There brotherly love continues. There charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. We take the covetous professor down from Paul's gibbet, fold him in our arms, admit him into our churches, and seat ourselves down complacently beside him, not unwilling, perhaps, to learn his ways and, at any rate, ourselves profit by the worldly-wise profitableness of them. We treat the covetous professor like some harmless, excellent Mordecai, and hang up some poor deviator of a fancied hair's breadth from our rigid and frigid formularies, like the veriest Haman upon the gallows.

But let us look a little further into this matter. Let us see some examples of what covetousness has done; and this may, perhaps, with the Lord's blessing, tend to awaken us to some due sense of the danger of covetousness. Look at Balaam, that man of visions, and great light, and great authority. How high must his reputation have stood for Balak to send for him to do his work of cursing Israel! So high that Balak supposed that, if Balaam cursed, a thing was cursed; if Balaam blessed, a thing was blessed. Well, Balak sends for him, saying, "Come, curse me Israel." You are the man to strike the blow, if any one can do it. Come, then, curse me Israel. Now, Balaam

knew that Israel was blessed. Why, then, did he go to curse them? An apostle tells us—“He loved the wages of unrighteousness.” Yes, the promised honours and promised wealth were too attractive for Balaam to resist. He therefore goes about this evil work, and, as the history tells, finally lost his life by it. O may the Lord, then, say to our hearts, “Take heed, and beware of covetousness.”

Now look at Gehazi, the servant of Elisha. See him taking the money that his master had refused. See him hiding the ill-gotten spoils, as if no eye could see him, no eye was upon him. He forgot God; he forgot that God was with his master. His covetousness overpowered him. His master's noble disinterestedness could not charm the deaf adder of his covetousness. He becomes a liar, a thief; he risks the cause of God; he darkens to a Syrian the glory of the gracious God of Israel; and all this through covetousness. Therefore the leprosy of Naaman must cleave to him and to his seed for ever. Showing us that, if God averts it not by supreme and matchless grace, the ill-gotten, ill-kept gains of the covetous will only result in the eternal leprosy of sin, guilt, and divine displeasure.

One more example. Look at Judas, the son of perdition; pre-eminent in evil. Look at the man who sold his master. Then ask what led to all this, with its fatal catastrophe. Why, covetousness! The thirty pieces of silver! The goodly price, the price of a slave, at which the Scribes and Pharisees prized his Master, were too much for Judas. Thus he sold the Pearl of great price; thus he hanged himself; thus he went to his own place; and all through covetousness.

Now, seeing all these things, what shall we say of this monster and master sin? Shall we wink at it? Shall we call it a little one? The sin that the law forbids; that Christ warns against; the sin that the apostle admonishes us of: “Let your conversation be without covetousness;” the sin that is gibbeted amongst the most abominable vices; the sin that makes Paul hang up the man in whom it reigns amongst drunkards and impure creatures, the filthy and the violent; the sin of which he writes and says it is idolatry, and therefore inconsistent with an entrance into the kingdom of heaven; the sin, finally, that brought Balaam to his end, smote Gehazi and his seed with leprosy, and led Judas to sell his Master, and then slay himself with his own hands. Surely this is a sin to be trembled at; this is a sin to be preached against; this is a sin to be prayed about, that the Lord would keep us from its power and prevalency, and work in us obedience to his own words, and those of his servant Paul: “Take heed, and beware of covetousness;” “Let your conversation be without covetousness.”

Ye Christians who possess the things of this world in greater abundance than others, Paul's words are addressed to you: “Let your conversation be without covetousness.” A liberal heart and liberal hand are the characteristics of the Christian, not a

hard unfeeling heart, and a grasping, griping avarice. To do good and to communicate to those who are necessitous denotes the man led by the Spirit of God, not an endless striving about words to no profit. The love of God strikes at the root of selfishness, and therefore of covetousness in the hearts of God's people. A proper prudence in laying up for your children is well; but take heed that God does not blight covetous desires and efforts, even on their account. Over-anxieties and covetous desires and avaricious hoardings are no more lawful on their behalf than on our own. Remember, too, that Gehazi's covetousness entailed not wealth, but a leprosy, upon his posterity. A proper care for those dependent upon us, and the making a just provision, is lawful. But, after all, a little on earth with treasure in heaven is far more to be desired for our children than a fulness of earth and with it, perhaps, an abounding of iniquity. Besides, we may really be better consulting their temporal interests by our prayers and liberality to God's poor than by our covetous efforts and avaricious hoardings on their behalf. The psalmist does not say, Yet never saw I a rich covetous professor's seed begging his bread; but in all his experience he never saw the seed of the righteous doing this. He, too, that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and unquestionably, at times, the gracious God will repay in temporals to the children the lendings of the parent.

Christian men of business, Paul's words speak with emphasis to you: "Let your conversation be without covetousness." It ill becomes a Christian man to show too great an eagerness in the pursuit of worldly gains, or to take improper advantages in business; to be as greedy and grasping, as hard driving and over-reaching as the worst of worldlings in his business transactions. O how difficult it is to strike the golden mean, to be provident without avarice, to be industrious without covetousness, to be not slothful in business, yet not to bury ourselves in it, to be in the world and not of it, use it and not abuse.

Finally, whether richer or poorer, we need the admonitions of Christ and his apostle. In the poor, covetousness may work, as well as in the rich. In the former it may breed the monsters of envy, flatteries, deceit, and fraud; in the latter, of pride, luxury, avarice, and a thousand evils. Agur's prayer was a wise one: "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."

May the Lord, then, lead us away from covetousness, and direct us in the path that no fowl knoweth, and give us to spend our lives as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, as persons journeying to a heavenly city, as citizens of a better country, as trusting in God, and resting upon his promise who says to us, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Therefore, "let your conversation be without covetousness."

“ALL THINGS BECOME NEW.”

My dear Sir,—I have sent you for insertion in the “Gospel Standard,” if you think proper, a letter of my mother, written by her to a sister-in-law, whose religion she could not understand till the Lord had opened her blind eyes and set her soul at liberty. She died five years afterwards in blessed peace. Her last words were, “Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.” And two days before she died, these lines came into her mind, which she uttered with a most blessed countenance:

“O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God.”

I have, dear Sir, in my poor way, prayed for you as Editor of the “Gospel Standard,” hoping the Lord will by his Spirit strengthen you abundantly for the work; for with his strength we can do all things and endure all things; but without him we are nothing. I have been much blessed and encouraged in reading the piece entitled, “Faith and its Increase.” Having been led into deep waters, I know by soul experience a little about the path there marked out, and have found, though most trying to the flesh, that it is in the furnace we learn our best lessons.

I am, dear Sir, Yours in Christ,

Manningford, Sept., 1878.

J. ROBINSON.

Dear Sister,—I have for some little time past thought of writing to you; and now, having an hour to myself, I have set about it. I hope you are well, and also your husband and children. Your dear mother still keeps about, and gets to chapel, which is a great blessing; but she is very weak. Her feeble frame, I believe, gets weaker; but when the blessed Lord is pleased to shine in upon her poor soul, it strengthens and revives the drooping body and soul, and makes her rejoice with thankfulness.

Dear sister, I now have something to relate, which I think you will be a little interested in hearing. It is about a new song that the blessed Lord has put in my mouth, even praise; and may he have all the praise, for to him it is due. You know, dear sister, there has been unpleasantness in time past between us; but since the blessed Lord has been pleased to open my poor blind eyes, how wrong and ignorant I can see myself to have been. I was then in nature's darkness, and destitute of that precious love of God shed abroad in my heart, which, when it is really felt, will humble and bring us down, and make us as teachable as a little child.

Dear sister, I must now tell you, in as short a way as I can, what passed in my mind before I felt this blessed change. For some months previous, I felt there must be something more than I had ever known or felt, or could do, for me to be freed from the power and weight of sin which I felt within. I was led to see that my own doings, works, prayers, and best performances were nothing to rest in, as procuring salvation for a poor guilty burdened sinner. I was, too, in great fear that I was not in the

number of the blessed redeemed; having no answer, as I thought, to prayer, and feeling to be quite shut out. By degrees, I was completely stripped of my own filthy rags of righteousness. One evening in particular, the 7th of January this year, I took the Bible to read; but it appeared a sealed book. Why? Because I could not see my name written in the book of life. I shut the book and wept bitterly, feeling I should be lost unless the Lord appeared as my Surety, of which I could not then see a hope. But as I felt weighted down under these feelings, a sweet promise darted in upon my mind. It was these words: "Hope thou in God; for thou shalt yet praise him, who is the health of thy countenance, and thy God." But I could not take the comfort of these words at the time, fearing they were not intended for me. Nathaniel was out that evening, and was not come in; so I went to bed as disconsolate as ever, after uttering a short prayer that the enemy might not reign. And blessed be the Lord's dear Name, he did not suffer him to do so, for before the morning he blessed my soul with such a sweet overwhelming power of his love as I never shall forget or express. I felt my own vileness and unworthiness; but was raised as it were to newness of life; feeling to be united to Christ by his Almighty power.

All was well and peace in the morning. After I was up, I looked into the Bible, and all seemed changed; the hymns, too, all seemed to unite with my feelings. My tears were then tears of joy, praise, and thankfulness, to think that the Lord should be so condescending as to look upon and pardon such a sinful being as me. I thought, Is it real, Lord? I told Nathaniel of it all, and he was much affected, and we rejoiced together; and I am most thankful to tell you that we never were so happy together as we are now. We can see eye to eye, and feel heart to heart; and best of all, we have that blessed hope that we shall not be parted in eternity.

My dear sister, I fear I shall tire you, but you must forgive me. I thought at first I would not tell it to any one else; but I could not keep silence as to those that love the dear Lord. Those lines are on my tongue, and press upon my mind:

"Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

But I find I cannot always enjoy these sweet feelings. When the dear Lord is pleased to withdraw, how Satan tries to oppose, bringing in unbelief and all sorts of suggestions! But he is not suffered to reign, although he will try. How needful is the whole armour of God, that we may fight against the wiles of Satan and our own evil hearts, so prone to stray! We need, too, to be watchful and prayerful against the great adversary, who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But, blessed be Christ's dear Name, that those he loves he never leaves, but loves them to the end.

I shall tire you; but I must tell you that after the sweet

change I have already named, I felt such a union to the people whose religion I could not before understand, that I longed to go to chapel amongst them. I also felt I had more need for returning thanks to God than ever. I could hear so differently. I thought if I had a thousand tongues, I could not praise enough for the many mercies God hath shown and doth show to me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits." My desire is, if it is the dear Lord's will, that more and more may be brought into these hidden mysteries of godliness.

Dear sister, you have trials, I know; but I trust they will work together for your good. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Now, with kindest love, in which all unite with me, as well as in every good wish, I remain,
Your affectionate Sister,

Manningford, March 9th, 1852.

MARY WAIGHT.

GOD WORKING IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

(Concluded from p. 493.)

III. But if Scripture sets before us a creation under the present immediate government of its Maker and Upholder, and shows us that Creator and Ruler as actually ruling and displaying the almightiness of his power in a way of direct interposition, so it also shows us a God who answers, really answers, the prayers of his people, and actually works in answer to prayer. Thus James says, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." If we followed the philosophic view we are contending against, we should have to mend this text, and write, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth nothing," and comment on it thus: "Afflicted man, nothing can be altered. Things must go on in the same doleful routine of creature cause and effect. You may pray, indeed; but after all it's no use; so the best thing is a mystical absorption into the will of God, and passive submission."

Now, we write not a word against the blessedness of submission to the will of God, and the sweetness of praise when he gives it us. But we must, in such a world as this, keep close to the Word of God; and we are sure that that Word bids us pray, and says that God will hear and really answer us.

But where shall we begin in attempting to set forth and illustrate this truth, that God really works for his people in answer to their prayers? We here again feel embarrassed in selecting. Well; he is called, or, rather, calls himself, in the words of inspiration, the God that heareth prayer. (Ps. lxxv.) He says in Isaiah that he will make his people joyful, surely in the way of answering them, in his house of prayer. (Isa. lvi. 7.) He declares in Ezekiel (xxxvi. 37), not only that they shall pray, but that he will do a vast variety of things for them in answer to their prayers. Thus we have his express declarations upon the point.

Then turn to few instances. At the cry of Jacob, as he

wrestles with God, God softens the heart of his murderous-minded brother Esau. At the cry of the Israelites in Egypt, God came down to deliver them, and did so by a series of miracles. They cry, and he divides the Red Sea. "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Let the people go forward." Then the sea divides. They cry, and he sends quails. They cry, and he feeds them direct from heaven with the manna. So "man did eat angels' food; he gave them bread from heaven to eat." Rocks yield streams of water; bitter waters become sweet; Amalek is overthrown, and Israel triumphs; and all these, and numberless things more, take place directly in answer to prayer.

We can only glance at the subject. Joshua by prayer arrests the sun in its course upon Gibeon, and makes the moon stand still in the valley of Ajalon; because the God of creation holds them there suspended whilst his enemies are overthrown. All these worlds are but as the dust of the balance to an Infinite Being; all worlds are nothing in his sight. Things exist, die, re-exist, at his Almighty fiat; he gives laws, but is not bound by them; and, therefore, suspends or changes them at his pleasure; works according to a given order, and at his will departs from it; and many, many of these things are done directly in answer to prayer. In fact, all events are accomplished in answer thereto. Jesus ever lives to make intercession for his people, and the order of God's working answers exactly to that intercession:

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes."

But look again at a few instances. See Elijah, that man of God, but man of like passions to ourselves; he prays, and the heavens for three years and a half withhold the rain. He prays again, and the rains descend in abundance, and the earth yields its increase. In answer to prayer Hezekiah's life, though threatened with a naturally incurable disease, is prolonged for fifteen years. In answer to prayer Jonah stands on earth again with his life preserved, though he had been to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with its bars seemed about him for ever. The miracles of Christ were for the most part performed in answer to prayer. And when Peter was shut up in prison, and all human possibilities were against his deliverance and escape from death, God immediately, in answer to prayer, came in and effected that deliverance.

We have but glanced at the subject. We have merely set forth a few instances in a suggestive way; but surely even what we have been able in such a cursory manner to bring forth is sufficient to demonstrate our third point,—that God does actually work in answer to his people's prayers. No doubt this was a part of God's everlasting plan. In this way of answering prayer he predetermined to work and interpose. Thus his answering prayer and

working according to his eternal counsels are in perfect harmony; and thus, as the poet writes,

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

Yes; this is truth. God works according to a definite plan. The great Architect and the Almighty Builder are one. But, then, a part of his plan was, according to Scripture, actually and immediately to work in the midst of his creation from time to time, and to do so in answer to the prayers of his people. He gives those prayers, and positively really answers them.

IV. Therefore they are encouraged in prayer, as well as commanded by God to pray. "Is any afflicted? Let him pray." "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace." Poor comfort indeed it would be to mourners in Zion if all we could say to them was, "God says, 'Is any afflicted? Let him pray.' But, then, you must not suppose he will work in a way of answering you. The prayer of faith is all very well; but it cannot resist the omnipotent force of disease, or else the whole order of creation would be altered. The chemist in his laboratory, the astronomer in his observatory, must here rectify your expectations. The prayer of faith cannot save the sick from sickness and from death, or else the chemical relations and mechanical forces of all creation would be thrown into confusion."

O, poor child of God! O, simple believer in Jesus! Your God teaches you different and better things. He says to you, "Is any afflicted? Let him pray," and he will hear your prayers. "Call upon me," says God, "in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me." By answering your prayers and working for you, I will furnish you with matter for praises. "The prayer of faith," says God, "shall save the sick." It has done it, and shall do it again. Prayer shall put a virtue into the physician's medicine which he, with all his skill, is not acquainted with. Hezekiah's song of praise was grounded upon his tears and prayer. He prays first and praises afterwards; for "the Lord," says he, "was ready to save me." David's love to God was greatly increased and sweetly inflamed through God's answering his prayer. "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication."

Christ bids men pray, and pray importunately, and declares that this is the royal way in which God will dispense his blessings. "Ask, and ye shall have. Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Amidst the deathful order and atheistical stillness of a material philosophy, which would exclude the Creator from his own works, his voice comes sweetly and commandingly to his children, "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons; and concerning the work of my hands command ye me." Thus he bids his children pray for that spiritual increase of Christ's kingdom which is promised; even for this he will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. And as it respects the other works of his hands, the works of

his providence and government in this lower creation, "Concerning these things," he says, "command ye me." It is as though he put these things more completely under the saints, as so many kings unto God. Thus in Rev. xi. we have the two witnesses opening and shutting heaven, and working wonders. The order of God's proceedings is thus made by his grace to depend on the faith and prayer and interests of the saints.

What need we to say more? We almost feel as if we owe our readers an apology for writing such a quantity of truisms. We are half ashamed of troubling them with so many words insisting upon points they are thoroughly versed in. If an orator, in addressing the enlightened Athenians in old times, went too much into explanations, as though he was addressing a quantity of ignorant persons, he was hissed for it. We are half afraid lest we should seem to have treated our readers in the same way, and deserved the same reproof. But, then, we know the insidiousness of error. What appears to have much wisdom and godliness about it is apt to deceive us for a time, though it may be all an appearance. When the devil deceived Eve, he appeared wise and pious: "Yea, hath God said?"

Now, all we desire in writing this paper is to seriously and earnestly warn any of our readers who may be endangered, against being spoilt as to their faith in prayer and in God as working, by a vain unscriptural philosophy, by a something that would seduce them under the appearance of being very wise and very godly. The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; so in that guise the devil seduced our first parents. He loves still to be at his old work, and to hide his folly and true nature under the semblance of wisdom, and even an extraordinary appearance of zeal for and submission to God.

In this paper, then, we have merely aimed, in the simplest way and the plainest language, to set forth what the Word of God says about God the Creator's working in the midst of his own creation,—a creation formed for himself, to show forth his praise, and be to him an eternal delight. We believe it would not be difficult to show how unphilosophical is the philosophy which would contradict the clear testimony of the Word, how unscientific the science which would exclude the influence over matter of moral, intellectual, and spiritual forces. To those who fear God and reverence his Word the simple declarations of his Word will be sufficient. They know that it would be alike impious and foolish merely to look at second causes, as though God was not an everywhere present and eternally-ruling King. It is enough for them that God says, "Pray;" therefore they pray to him; that he says, "I will work;" therefore they trust in him. With Abraham of old, by God's grace, through faith, they see the promise, and believe the Promiser, and are fully persuaded that what he hath said he will perform. Thus they give glory to an Infinite and glorious Creator, and are followers of those who, through faith, and prayer, and patience, inherit all the promises.

REFLECTIONS BY AN AGED PILGRIM.

Is it not a blessed consideration for the church of Christ that, however thick the darkness may be which is overspreading our land, "the Lord will not forsake his people, because it hath pleased him to make them his people?" (1 Sam. xii. 22.) And being "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," he will be as mindful of his covenant now, as he was to Abram, to Isaac, and to Jacob. It is true, there may be a danger of the gospel being taken from us, and given to some other nation; and it is lamentably true that a strange language is heard in many of the pulpits in our land; the trumpet gives an uncertain sound; what the apostle describes as "another gospel" is preached; barren or intellectual essays are delivered; ordinances which God has appointed as channels of communicating grace have been prostituted into channels for the gratification of the senses; the ear is sought to be entranced by the melodious voice of the creature; the eye arrested by the art of the sculptor; paganistic decorations have been enlisted to pourtray (we are at a loss even to guess what); whilst the affections of the heart have been sought to be elevated or solemnized by the monotonous of an instrument, or the intoning of the human voice. Well may we pause and ask the question, Can all this bear any, the slightest resemblance to that spiritual worship, of which our blessed Lord speaks: "God is a Spirit; and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"? We fail to trace the slightest resemblance.

In the midst of this over-shadowing cloud of error, superstition, idolatry, and "will worship," to what, to whom, or where is the church, the true church of Christ to go, to whom to apply? We at once reply, *not* to man; not to the arm of flesh; not to the temples made with hands; not to the institutions of our country, but to the unerring standard of truth,—the Word of God. The Bible must be the rallying point for the living family; and we say the *whole* Bible, from the first line: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" through all its consecutive pages, without one exception; for all Scripture having been "given by inspiration of God," we have no right to select what we choose, to refuse what does not appear to be profitable, much less to reject what we do not understand. As God's revealed or manifested laws to mankind, we are to receive it; as the declaration of his love, we are to rejoice in it; as the discoverer of his anger against all manner of sin, we are to revere it; as pointing out the only way of salvation, we are to cherish it in our affections. As the guide of our steps, we are to consult its directions; as the source of spiritual comfort, through the Holy Spirit, we are to embrace it; and as the pledge, the word of him that cannot lie, the last Will and Testament of Christ, the adorable Testator, who, to make all its blessed contents sure and certain, sealed it with his own precious blood, it should be

dearer to us than thousands of gold and silver. Speaking also after the manner of man, as the Bible is to be the jury to try, and the judge to pass sentence at the last great day of earth's assize: "The words that I have spoken, the same shall judge you at the last day;" should it not be our study, our companion, when we sit in the house, when we walk by the way, when we lie down, and when we rise up?

It may not be out of season to remark that the living family of God have great and especial need of caution, nay! we had almost said of suspicious jealousy, on the forthcoming new version of the Scriptures, which will soon be placed by royal authority before us. For our own part, when we consider that those dear saints of recent ages found all they desired and needed therein to carry them safe through the wilderness below to their eternal habitations above, we may well be content with the old wine of the kingdom, with our old Bibles, with our old-fashioned renderings, with the same landmarks our brethren in Christ found cast up by the Lord of the Bible. We desire no "new light," desire no new path; but, on the contrary, that our feet may be found in the "old paths," the same holy paths of the Holy Word, trodden by Gill, by Goodwin, Hawker, Toplady, and by eminent servants of God since they ceased from their labours, in whose footsteps we would walk in life, and in the self-same path be found at death.

We feel that we dare not substitute an educational knowledge of the Scriptures for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. We dare not suppose that the mind of God can be brought down to stand or fall according to the grammatical construction of a sentence, or the loss of a syllable in a word. Who could, as a Jew, have had greater classical learning than Paul? Can we suppose that those disciples who went on their way to Emmaus were ignorant of the Hebrew language, in which it was imperative that every father of a family should have his children instructed? Yet of what use was their literal acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures? Their understandings were darkened until the precious Saviour opened to them the spiritual meaning of the Sacred Word. So, likewise, with the Ethiopian eunuch, who, on his journey, was well employed; for he was reading the Book of Isaiah; but what was his question when joined by Philip the evangelist? "Of whom speaketh the prophet this,—of himself, or of some other man?" (Acts viii. 34); thus betraying complete ignorance even as to the reference, as well as the spiritual character of the Word. In like manner, we fear the same amount of nature's ignorance will be evidenced with regard to many parts of the new version. The important question, therefore, arises, Are the rules of grammar to be our guide in the interpretation of God's Word? Is the omission of a preposition, or the use of the definite, instead of the indefinite, article to determine what is, or what is not, the mind of God, as to the meaning of a text? Surely not! But it is possible in this way to rob

the church of Christ of those blessed texts which were given them, and by the express application of the Holy Ghost, for their comfort in time of distress, or in a season of perplexity and doubt. It is possible for Satan craftily to insinuate, "You have no right to appropriate that particular text to your present circumstances of trial; it is not a correct translation, and you have strained it to suit yourself." In these moments of severe trial, is the tempted believer to listen to the inward voice of the divinely-inspired Word, which acts on his spirit like oil on the troubled waters, and which to him is as soothing as was the voice of Him who said to the agitated Sea of Galilee, "Peace, be still?" Or is he to put it far from him, and to listen to the "father of lies," as he whispers, "The learned men of the day, the clever revisionists of the Bible, say that that text, with which you are so familiar, was not correctly translated"?

Truly rejoiced should we be to learn that our fears from this cause were groundless; but we confess they have been greatly excited, lest many and "little foxes," wily foxes, may in this way spoil the vines, poisonous errors be promulgated, the "foundations" be sapped, and the children of God be brought to their wits' end, through this new device, this cunning stratagem of the prince of darkness.

We would therefore affectionately say, Keep to your old Bibles! Keep fast hold of the truths handed down by your forefathers Believe not every spirit. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him;" and the God of peace will confirm his Word to your souls' comfort here below, and prove that heaven itself shall pass away before that Word shall be made void.

A. HENNAH.

August 3rd, 1878.

We confess to sharing in these misgivings of Mrs. Hennah in respect to the revised translation. Of course, what we all want is a correct Bible. The first great desideratum is a correct text to translate from; then a correct translation from that text. But, then, are we quite sure that the learned revisionists will give us this? Will they in their work have waited upon the Lord for the guidance of their minds, and the government of their judgments, deliberations, and decisions, by the Spirit of God? Or will they have leaned to their own understandings, and those of men fallible like themselves? We greatly distrust a learning which separates itself from God. Could we feel satisfied that the revisionists were truly regenerated, God-fearing men, distrusting their own wisdom and sufficiency in such a weighty matter as dealing with the Word of God, and, therefore, whilst using those abilities and that learning God has endowed them with and enabled them to acquire, waiting anxiously and prayerfully upon the Lord, our fears would be greatly removed. We confess that we should feel far more confidence in a text and translation emanating from qualified men taught and led by the Spirit of God, men spiritually-minded as well as learned, than in

one proceeding from a mixed commission of very learned persons holding all sorts of religious opinions. We must not be supposed in these remarks to want to throw contempt upon learning. When sanctified by grace, and used as from the Lord, it may be of great use. A knowledge of the original languages in which God's Word was written may enable a godly man to throw much true light upon a scripture. We write not this to glorify ignorance, as if it was preferable to learning; but we, with Mrs. Hennah, distrust the work of the greatest learning unless it is governed by the Spirit and grace of God. We hope the translators will do very little, and that the little they do will be of little consequence.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS VASSA, AN AFRICAN.

(Concluded from p. 508.)

THE next day I took courage, and went to Holborn to see my new and worthy acquaintance, the old man, Mr. C. He, with his wife, a gracious woman, was at work at silk-weaving; they seemed mutually happy, and both quite glad to see me, and I more so to see them. I sat down, and we conversed much about soul matters, &c. Their discourse was amazingly delightful, edifying and pleasant. I knew not at last how to leave this agreeable pair, till time summoned me away. As I was going away, they lent me a little book, entitled "The Conversion of an Indian." It was in questions and answers. The poor man came over the sea to London, to inquire after the Christian's God, whom, through rich mercy, he found, and had not his journey in vain. The above book was of great use to me, and at that time was a means of strengthening my faith. However, in parting, they both invited me to call on them when I pleased. This delighted me, and I took care to make all the improvement from it I could; and so far I thanked God for such company and desires. I prayed that the many evils I felt within might be done away, and that I might be weaned from my former carnal acquaintances. This was quickly heard and answered, and I was soon connected with those whom the Scripture calls the excellent of the earth. I heard the gospel preached, and the thoughts of my heart and actions were laid open by the preachers, and the way of salvation by Christ alone was evidently set forth.

Thus I went on happily for near two months; and I once heard, during this period, Mr. G., a minister, speak of a man who had departed this life in full assurance of his going to glory. I was much astonished at the assertion; and did very deliberately inquire how he could get at this knowledge. I was answered fully, agreeable to what I read in the oracles of truth; and was told also, that if I did not experience the new birth, and the pardon of my sins through the blood of Christ, before I died, I could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I knew not what to

think of this report, as I thought I kept eight commandments out of ten. My worthy interpreter told me I did not do it, nor could I; and he added, that no man ever did or could keep the commandments, without offending in one point. I thought this sounded very strange, and puzzled me much for many weeks; for I thought it a hard saying. I then asked my friend Mr. L., who was a clerk in a chapel, why the commandments of God were given, if we could not be saved by them? To which he replied, that the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, who alone could and did keep the commandments, and fulfilled all their requirements for his elect people, even those to whom he had given a living faith; that the sins of those chosen vessels *were already* atoned for, and forgiven them whilst living; and that if I did not experience the same before my exit, the Lord would say at that great day to me, "Go, ye cursed," &c.; for God would appear faithful in his judgments to the wicked, as he would be faithful in showing mercy to those who were ordained to it before the world was; therefore Christ Jesus seemed to be All in all to that man's soul.

I was much wounded at this discourse, and brought into such a dilemma as I never expected. I asked him, if *he* was to die that moment, whether he was sure to enter the kingdom of God? and added, "Do you *know* that your sins are forgiven you?" He answered in the affirmative. Then confusion, anger, and discontent seized me, and I staggered much at this sort of doctrine; it brought me to a stand, not knowing which to believe, whether salvation by works, or by faith only in Christ. I requested him to tell me how I might know when my sins were forgiven me. He assured me he could not, and that none but God alone could do this. I told him it was very mysterious; but he said it was really matter of fact, and quoted many portions of Scripture immediately to the point, to which I could make no reply. He then desired me to pray to God to show me these things. I answered, that I prayed to God every day. He said, "I perceive you are a Churchman." I answered, I was. He then entreated me to beg of God to show me what I was, and the true state of my soul. I thought the prayer very short and odd; so we parted for that time.

I weighed all these things well over, and could not help wondering how it was possible for a man to know that his sins were forgiven him in this life. I wished that God would reveal this selfsame thing unto me. In a short time after this I went to Westminster chapel. Mr. P. preached from Lam. iii. 39. It was a wonderful sermon. He clearly showed that a living man had no cause to complain for the punishment of his sins; he evidently justified the Lord in all his dealings with the sons of men; he also showed the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the wicked and impenitent. The discourse seemed to me like a two-edged sword cutting all ways; it afforded me much joy, intermingled with many fears about my soul; and when it was

ended, he gave it out that he intended, the ensuing week, to examine all those who meant to attend the Lord's table. Now I thought much of my good works, and at the same time was doubtful of my being a proper object to receive the sacrament; I was full of meditation till the day of examining. However, I went to the chapel, and, though much distressed, I addressed the minister, thinking if I was not right he would endeavour to convince me of it. When I conversed with him, the first thing he asked me was, what I knew of Christ? I told him I believed in him, and had been baptized in his Name. "Then," said he, "when were you brought to the knowledge of God? And how were you convinced of sin?" I knew not what he meant by these questions. I told him I kept eight commandments out of ten; but that I sometimes swore on board ship, and sometimes when on shore, and broke the Sabbath. He then asked me if I could read? I answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "do you not read in the Bible that he that offends in one point is guilty of all?" I said, "Yes." Then he assured me, that one sin unatoned for was as sufficient to damn a soul as one leak was to sink a ship. Here I was struck with awe; for the minister exhorted me much, and reminded me of the shortness of time, and the length of eternity, and that no unregenerate soul, or anything unclean, could enter the kingdom of heaven.

He did not admit me as a communicant; but recommended me to read the Scriptures, hear the word preached, and not to neglect fervent prayer to God, who has promised to hear the supplications of those who seek him in godly sincerity. So I took my leave of him, with many thanks, and resolved to follow his advice, so far as the Lord would condescend to enable me.

During this time I was out of employ, nor was likely to get a situation suitable for me, which obliged me to go once more to sea. I engaged as steward of a ship called the "Hope," Captain Richard Strange, bound from London to Cadiz, in Spain. In a short time after I was on board I heard the Name of God much blasphemed, and I feared greatly lest I should catch the horrible infection. I thought if I sinned again, after having life and death set evidently before me, I should certainly go to hell. My mind was uncommonly chagrined, and I murmured much at God's providential dealings with me, and was discontented with the commandments, that I could not be saved by what I had done. I hated all things, and wished I had never been born; confusion seized me, and I wished to be annihilated. One day, I was standing on the very edge of the stern of the ship, thinking to drown myself; but this scripture was instantly impressed on my mind: "That no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." (1 Jno. iii. 15.) Then I paused, and thought myself the unhappiest man living. Again I was convinced that the Lord was better to me than I deserved, and I was better off in the world than many.

After this, I began to fear death; I fretted, mourned, and

prayed, till I became a burden to others, but more so to myself. At length I concluded to beg my bread on shore rather than go again to sea amongst a people who feared not God, and I entreated the captain three different times to discharge me; he would not, but each time gave me greater and greater encouragement to continue with him; and all on board showed me very great facility. Notwithstanding all this, I was unwilling to embark again. At last some of my religious friends advised me, by saying it was my lawful calling, consequently it was my duty to obey, and that God was not confined to place, &c.; particularly Mr. G. S., the governor of Tothillfields, who pitied my case, and read the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews to me, with exhortations. He prayed for me, and I believe that he prevailed on my behalf, as my burden was then greatly removed, and I found a heartfelt resignation to the will of God. The good man gave me a pocket Bible, and Alleine's "Alarm to the Unconverted." We parted; and the next day I went on board again. I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures. I wrestled hard with God in fervent prayer, who had declared in his Word that he would hear the groanings and deep sighs of the poor in spirit. I found this verified to my utter astonishment and comfort in the following manner:—

On the morning of the 6th of October (I pray you attend) I had a secret impulse on my mind of something that was to take place, which drove me continually for that time to a throne of grace. It pleased God to enable me to wrestle with him, as Jacob did. I prayed that if sudden death were to happen, and I perished, it might be at Christ's feet.

In the evening of the same day, as I was reading and meditating on the fourth chapter of the Acts, 12th verse, under the solemn apprehensions of eternity, and reflecting on my past actions, I began to think I had lived a moral life, and that I had a proper ground to believe I had an interest in the divine favour; but still meditating on the subject, not knowing whether salvation was to be had partly for our own good deeds, or solely as the sovereign gift of God; in this deep consternation the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul with his bright beams of heavenly light; and in an instant, as it were, removing the veil and letting the light into a dark place, I saw clearly, in a way of believing, the crucified Saviour bleeding on the cross on Mount Calvary. The Scriptures became an unsealed book. I saw myself a condemned criminal under the law, which came with its full force to my conscience; and "when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." I saw the Lord Jesus Christ in his humiliation, loaded and bearing my reproach, sin, and shame. I then clearly perceived that by the deeds of the law no flesh living could be justified. I was then convinced that by the first Adam sin came, and by the Second Adam (the Lord Jesus Christ) all that are saved must be made alive. It was given me at that time to know what it was to be born again. (Jno. iii. 5.) I saw

the eighth chapter to the Romans, and the doctrines of God's decrees, verified agreeable to his eternal, everlasting, and unchangeable purposes. The Word of God was sweet to my taste, yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. Christ was revealed to my soul as the Chiefest amongst ten thousand. These heavenly moments were really as life to the dead, and what John calls an earnest of the Spirit. (Jno. xvi. 13, 14.) This was indeed unspeakable.

Now every leading providential circumstance that happened to me, from the day I was taken from my parents to that hour, was, in my view, as if it had but just then occurred. I was sensible of the invisible hand of God, which guided and protected me when in truth I knew it not; still the Lord pursued me, although I slighted and disregarded it. This mercy melted me down. When I considered my poor wretched state, I wept, seeing what a great debtor I was to sovereign free grace. Now the Ethiopian was willing to be saved by Jesus Christ, the sinner's only Surety, and also to rely on no other person or thing for salvation. Self was obnoxious, and good works I had none, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do. O! the amazing things of that hour can never be told. It was joy in the Holy Ghost! I felt an astonishing change; the burden of sin, the gaping jaws of hell, and the fears of death, that weighed me down before, now lost their horror. Indeed, I thought death would now be the best earthly friend I ever had. My grief and joy were such as I believe are seldom experienced. I was bathed in tears, and said, "What am I, that God should thus look on me, the vilest of sinners?" I felt a deep concern for my mother and friends, which occasioned me to pray with fresh ardour; and in the abyss of thought I viewed the unconverted people of the world in a very awful state, being without God and without hope.

It pleased God to pour out on me the spirit of grace and of supplication, so that in loud acclamations I was enabled to praise and glorify his most holy Name. When I got out of the cabin, and told some of the people what the Lord had done for me, alas! who could understand me or believe my report? None but those to whom the arm of the Lord was revealed. I became a barbarian to them in talking of the love of Christ. His Name was to me as ointment poured forth; indeed, it was sweet to my soul; but to them a rock of offence. I thought my case singular, and every hour in the day until I came to London, I much longed to be with some to whom I could tell of the wonders of God's love towards me, and join in prayer to him whom my soul loved and thirsted after. I had uncommon commotions within, such as few can tell aught about.

Now the Bible was my only companion and comfort; I prized it much, with many thanks to God that I could read it for myself, and was not left to be tossed about or led by man's devices and notions. The worth of a soul cannot be told. May the Lord give the reader an understanding in this. Whenever I looked

in the Bible I saw things new, and many texts were immediately applied to me with great comfort, for I knew that to me was the word of salvation sent. Sure I was that the Spirit which indited the Word opened my heart to receive the truth of it as it is in Jesus; that the same Spirit enabled me to act faith upon the promises that were precious to me, and enabled me to believe to the salvation of my soul. By free grace I was persuaded that I had a part in Christ's resurrection, and was enlightened with the "light of the living." (Job xxxiii. 30.) I wished for a man of God with whom I might converse. My soul was like the chariots of Amminadib. (Song vi. 12.)

These, among others, were the precious promises that were so powerfully applied to me: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. xxi. 22.) "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." (Jno. xiv. 27.) I saw the blessed Redeemer to be the fountain of life, and the well of salvation. I experienced him to be "all in all;" he had brought me by a way that I knew not, and he had made crooked paths straight. Then in his Name I set up my Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto he hath helped me;" and could say to the sinners about me, "Behold what a Saviour I have!" Thus I was, by the teaching of that all-glorious Deity, the great One in Three, and Three in One, confirmed in the truths of the Bible, those oracles of everlasting truth, on which every soul living must stand or fall eternally, agreeable to Acts iv. 12: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." May God give the reader a right understanding in these facts! "To him that believeth all things are possible;" but to them that are unbelieving nothing is pure. (Titus i. 15.)

During this period we remained at Cadiz until our ship got laden. We sailed about the 4th of November; and, having a good passage, we arrived in London the month following, to my comfort, with heartfelt gratitude to God for his rich and unspeakable mercies.

On my return I had but one text which puzzled me, or that the devil endeavoured to buffet me with—viz., Rom. xi. 6. As I had heard of Mr. Romaine, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, I wished much to hear him preach. One day I went to Blackfriars Church, and, to my great satisfaction and surprise, he preached from that very text. He very clearly showed the difference between human works and free election, which is according to God's sovereign will and pleasure. These glad tidings set me entirely at liberty, and I went out of the church rejoicing, seeing my spots were those of God's children. I went to Westminster Chapel, and saw some of my old friends, who were glad when they perceived the wonderful change that the Lord had wrought in me, particularly Mr. G. S., my worthy acquaintance, who was a man of a choice spirit, and had great zeal for the Lord's service. I enjoyed his correspondence till he died in 1784.

I was again examined at that same chapel, and was received into church-fellowship amongst them. I rejoiced in spirit, making melody in my heart to the God of all my mercies. Now my whole wish was to be dissolved, and to be with Christ; but, alas! I must wait mine appointed time.

EPISTLES TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

“Whilst the long cloud of witnesses Shows the same path to heaven.”

I received your kind letters, my dear child, and return you thanks for your remembrance of me. I was pleased to hear from you, and always shall be, from a feeling union I have with you, and which cannot be broken; no, not even by death. The reason is because we are one in *Him*, our glorious Head, and he is the Husband of his body, the church. Natural ties, I find and know, may be broken; but not spiritual bonds; these will remain for ever. Therefore, through the countless ages of eternity, as blood-redeemed souls, we shall have to sound out the praises of a Three-One Jehovah, for his eternal and everlasting love, which is the bond of union.

O what a rich blessing to be an heir of glory, a son, a child of God! And why was this the case? O! it was matchless love, undeserved love. For I am sure there was nothing in us to merit his favour or regard. No! for we by nature were disgraceful, vile, and full of sin; and, therefore, had no claim upon him. But such was his love that, even when we were sinners and in our blood, he loved us. Therefore he drew us with the cords of his love to seek him; and the desire being put into our hearts, we could not rest without him; and even up to this present moment we cannot be happy without him. When he withdraws, we mourn and sigh, and seek, like the church, first in one place and then in another, and cannot rest without him. Sometimes we inquire of one, and sometimes of another, after our Beloved, and say, “Have you seen Him? Where did you find him?” Sometimes we get wounded by one, and sometimes by another, and cannot rest until our wounds are healed with his precious balmy words or looks; for a word or a look from him will alone support, and heal, and satisfy our panting souls.

This appears to have been your case; and I am glad to find you still in the footsteps of the flock,—experimentally so. It appears that you feel what it is to fret, murmur, and repine when things don't go on according to your wishes; and when you are persecuted you don't like it. Why, it is not many that do. For the flesh does not relish trials, but likes a smooth path. But if we are in the wilderness we must have wilderness trials; and the Canaan of rest is sure, for the Lord has promised it. This time state will soon be over. A few more battles, and the victory will be gained, and you and I shall sound forth his praises for ever.

I have enclosed a letter for Mr. Gunner. Will you please give it him, as I have not his address. I wish him to have it as soon

as possible, as I am wanting an answer. I shall be pleased to hear again from you soon. I hope the Lord will protect and guide you while here below, and give you every earthly good you need, and especially supply you with every grace and spiritual blessing, that you may live to his honour and glory. Give my love to Mrs. M. when you see her, and tell her God lives, and says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

I must now commit you to him who keepeth Israel night and day, and whose arm can never be weakened, but will be mighty to protect and lead on to glory. Believe me, my dear child, to remain,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother in bonds indissoluble,
Oddington, April 22nd, 1842. G. GORTON.

Dear Sir,—Not knowing Mr. Hazlerigg's address and where to write to him, I have directed my letter to you. I verily believe it was the Lord that led him to put that most sweet and precious sermon into this month's "Gospel Standard," for I have been wading through a sea of troubles this last four years. O! how my soul went with the writer in spiritual feeling, and drank it all up. Several dear tried children of God have told me that the sermon was all for them. I feel constrained to say to Mr. Hazlerigg, My dear friend, how greatly it needs much thought and prayer to the Lord to lead you what to write, what to choose, and when to insert pieces in the "Gospel Standard." I feel sure it was the Lord that led you to insert that sermon; it was all for me. O! that sweet New Year's Address, too, came down as the rain, and distilled as the dew on my soul. I wish you would put more of your sermons in the "Gospel Standard." I remember what a feast of fat things my soul had from that sermon of dear William Gadsby: "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." The dear man seemed of one heart and soul with you.

That the Lord may abundantly bless you and your helper in the good work, is the earnest wish of

Yours in deep tribulation,

Oct. 13th, 1878.

J. MILES.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

My very dear Friend,—May the Lord whom you serve prosper you in the work to which you are called. A blessing *has, does,* and *will* rest upon you.

I can truly say my soul has been much refreshed in reading the sermon in this month's "Standard." There are things in it so opened up, and so in unison with my past and present experience, that I felt it to be a help by the way. I have often thought that no one had trials arising from such sources, and that no one had such felt weaknesses and infirmities as I have; and I feel assured even now that there are few who are brought to tread the steps marked out in that discourse,—few who are made to drink of those bitter cups to which you refer.

I was going to quote and tell you of special portions which so

suiting me, but I forbear. It is all of a piece. Pages 438 to 443, inclusive, are particularly mine.

Yours very truly, for the truth's sake,
Clayton West, Oct. 19th, 1878. ROBERT MOXON.

To Mr. Hazlerigg.

Dear Sir,—It has been on my mind for some days that I should like you to know what an especial blessing the sermon in October "Standard" has been made to our dear friend, Mr. West, who dined with you at Mr. Covell's house such a short period ago. He died last Sunday morning at 12-20. Knowing the trying position in which you are placed as editor, I hope it may be a source of comfort to you, and may encourage you to continue your labour, if the Lord's will, seeing it is owned and blessed to his people.

I will relate things in his own words, as near as my memory will furnish me. He said that he believed the sermon was written expressly for him. After reading it through with much satisfaction, he was enabled to say feelingly, with sweet peace in his soul, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; if not, Father, I will drink it." Whatever his affliction might prove, he could say, "The will of the Lord be done." Although afterwards tempted to fear that he had presumed, the sweetness abode with him, until death released him from all his sorrows. He was so blessedly kept in peace, death having lost its sting, that he had nothing to trouble him. The enemy was not permitted to do so. He was enabled to leave wife, children, and everything here below, longing to depart to be with his precious Jesus. He earnestly begged the Lord to take his ransomed soul home, to give him patience to wait the appointed hour as the best time. He who had been subject to doubts and fears so many years was thus so completely delivered from the fear of death.

The sermon having been preached after such a severe trial, I hope it is right and for the glory of God for you to know the blessed Spirit has made use of it. I mentioned my desire to some friends, who felt the same, and wished me to write, or I should not have taken this liberty. Hope I can subscribe myself

Your well-wisher in the Lord,

Croydon, Oct. 14th, 1878.

A. A. BOORNE.

We hope our readers will not think us very egotistical in having inserted these three letters. We had so much exercise about publishing the sermon, and felt so diffident upon the point, that these and other testimonies have really cheered and encouraged us, as our kind correspondents meant them to do; and we think this introduction of their letters the best way of acknowledging their consideration and good will. We venture to think that we too much value the secret part of religion, and what goes on in private between the soul and God, to be very anxious about that which is of a more public nature, and brings us so much under the observation of our fellow-men. We have felt,

especially at times, that the language of the poet expressed our sentiments and feelings, when he breathes out his soul unto God in the following lines :

RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,—
 From strife and tumult far,
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree,
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!
 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays,
 Nor asks *a witness of her song,*
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour, thou art mine!
 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
 A boundless, endless store
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more!

—COWPER.

My much-esteemed Friends,—I thought I would send a few lines, just to let you know that I reached home in safety, and am well in bodily health. I hope you are enjoying the same great blessing. But greater blessings than these are wanted; and our covenant God and Father has promised that we shall have them. As it is a common thing among his children to have sicknesses and wounds, so he has assured us that he will send his word and heal them. This sending of his word must be something more than the testimony itself, for it must come in the power of God the Holy Ghost; else it would not heal. Faith also must be given, or there will be no healing of the wounds and broken bones which a depraved nature and unbelief constantly cause in the child of God.

I have proved the good of this medicine many times; and so have my friends also. If they are like me, they want frequent fresh applications of it. Our Father's love will not change towards his children; but we find it poor travelling without daily fresh supplies from the fountain-Head. Faith may be and often is in the heart when it has not power to fetch out the blessing which the soul needs. However, our heavenly Father knows what we require; when it will be most suitable for us, and most for his glory, he will bestow it. Our heavenly Father knoweth

that we have need, not only of temporal things, but of spiritual ones also. We cannot complain that our Father deals unkindly with us. We must consider his great goodness towards us in giving us life in Christ Jesus before time began, and in time quickening us to feel our real need of that life, and in due time revealing it sensibly to the heart. This was a real feast to the soul, as it is the greatest of all blessings. We thought before it was sensibly enjoyed that if we might be once favoured with it, we should never complain again. Thus the vows of God are upon us, and I wish I could say, with David and Jonah, "I will pay that that I have vowed." Surely "salvation is of the Lord."

I hope to send another letter before long; but at present I am not in a spirit for writing. The time, however, will come when you and I will be in a spirit of singing. The moment sighing is done with singing will begin; then it will be fully proved how that the day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth.

I hate flattery from my heart; but I do sincerely thank my kind friends for their many favours to one so truly unworthy of their kindnesses. May the good Lord return them into your own bosoms a hundredfold. So prays

Your debtor,

G. PAYTON.

Edenbridge, Jan. 27th, 1871.

Dear Friend,—The departure of your dear husband was your great loss and ours; but it is his everlasting gain. He has fought the good fight of faith; he has finished his course, and is gone to experience the enjoyment he wrote of in his books. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." To describe what the full experience would be he could not. And now that he can he must not return to tell it us. The apostle could not speak fully of its greatness; therefore he said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Had my dear friend lived to come here again, I am certain our spirits would have been more united than ever, for the Lord has been pleased to purge out the old leaven which the devil had introduced by C. We have gone through the experience which Mr. Brook foretold long before. He said there would be great troubles in the church, which came to pass; and this was no small trouble to him. But through much tribulation we were both brought to know each other's heart, and to prove who were on the Lord's side. So, in the deepest afflictions, those who do business in great waters see and enjoy the mighty power of God, and behold his wonders in the deep. We read that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, and that he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. To follow him now is the choice of every one whom he hath chosen to be a soldier. Like one of old, they choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. These things the apostle had a precious view of; for he says,

“Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;” for those who suffer with him here shall be glorified with him when time is no more.

Your dear husband's life in this world was only short, and in a small measure like that of his dear Lord and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, a life of sorrow, and acquaintance with grief. This was a means to ripen him for eternal glory. Being faithful in the Lord's cause brought on him many enemies; but God was pleased to make him faithful unto death, and has given him now, I have no doubt, a crown of life. May the good Lord, my dear friend, give you and me also to stand fast in the Lord, and in the power of his might, to fight the good fight of faith, steadfast unto the end. Trials, troubles, and temptations, we may look for all our journey, both from without and within. The promise is, “He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.” I have many useful and instructive letters by me, written to the church and myself by Mr. Brook; and if it is agreeable to you, many would like to have them printed. This, I hope, by God's blessing would be very profitable to us; and thus he, being dead, would yet speak. If any, too, should fall into the hands of others, they may be useful to them, and a caution to some who may be upon the borders of pride; as it will be seen in the later letters what a deplorable state I and others had fallen into, through pride and self-justification! But God had mercy because he would have mercy, and made Mr. Brook the instrument in pulling me and others down from that stronghold of Satan. It is a sad thing to be wise in our own conceits. How great was the favour to our little church that the Lord should discover to Mr. Brook, before he took him from us, the spirit that was fermenting amongst us, and whence it sprang. This he did that it might be made manifest. Since that time some have gone out from us, but we now go on in love and unity, being of one heart and of one mind. What a besetting sin is pride! How it swells a man up, so that he cannot walk in a humble and lowly Jesus! Thus he experiences that, as it is written, “pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” It is a good thing to be kept by the power of God in a low place, and, as the poet says,
 “Free from pride and self-conceit.”

It is our mercy that God has got his furnace in Zion, to purge his elect from their dross and tin. The Lord in his love will surely chasten us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. All the fiery trials, both from Satan and our own corruptions, are for our good. We feel by reason of them that this world is not our rest; there is no rest except by faith in Jesus. Whilst in this world, and pressing forward to the end, we have the deepest afflictions to go through. These are the footsteps of the flock; but every one we have gone through leaves one less to come. If we have not many crosses outwardly, there are enough spring up from the corruptions within; for the heart is de-

ceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. We dare not trust to that, but in the living God; and he has promised that he will be with us in the fire and in the water, and that no weapon that is formed against us shall ever prosper.

How happy is the man whom God supports, and to whom he gives faith to live upon him in his faithfulness; for he has never failed in one promise, and never will. The heavens and the earth will pass away, but God's word will never fail; and all God's promises must and will come to pass, according to his eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began. We may say, too, with confidence, that all the Lord's purposes as to his people are for their good, and not for evil. And we are kept by his power; so that we shall not fall, altogether and finally, from our own steadfastness. The Lord watches over his people night and day; and under every afflicting circumstance we have that blessed privilege of prayer; and he always hears the cry of the humble. But where the Lord gives that faith which is the fruit of the blessed Spirit, and works by love, he will try it for our establishment; and after we have suffered awhile we get established, strengthened, and settled in God our Saviour. Knowing that this world is not our rest, and feeling the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and viewing God as at perfect peace with us in the face of Jesus Christ, we long for the end of our time state. For we find a desire, with the apostle, to depart and be with Christ, which will be far better. All this comes to us as a free gift of God; through enjoying a sweet application of the precious atonement of Christ's blood unto the conscience. This experience takes away the sting of death. There is no voice against such a saved sinner; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Such an one goes to sleep in Jesus; and those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. This is Christ's will; and thus runs his intercession: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

Please to favour me with a line the first opportunity; and you will much oblige.

Yours in Love,

Chichester, Nov. 9th, 1811.
To Mrs. Brook.

J. BAXTER.

THE earnest desires of spiritual enjoyments argue love to Jesus; and unfeigned lamentations of ingratitude are among the sure signs of a grateful mind.—*Hervey*.

A CHURCH'S strength and stability lie in those two words: "Ammi,—Ye are my people;" and "Jehovah-Shammah,—The Lord is there."—*J. Hill*.

O THE sweet and happy fruit of affliction! Who would not welcome that pain of body which works health to the soul; that loss of goods or temporal estate that enriches the soul; that trouble and disquiet that brings a sweet peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost?—*Bishop Hall*.

“*BE OF GOOD COURAGE.*”

WHAT shall I do from wrath to come
My trembling soul to hide?

O that I could to Jesus flee,
And shelter in his side!

But can a sinner vile as me
Be hid in that retreat?

If so, salvation must be free,
And mercy must be great.

My sins are great, and many too;
Nor can I make them less;
But every day their number grows,
Which adds to my distress.

I know I am a sinner lost;
Myself I cannot save;
The Law can give me no relief,
No hope beyond the grave.

And must I, then, sink in despair?
Can no one lift my head?

For what did Jesus leave his throne,
And sleep among the dead?

“He came the lost to seek and save;”
If so, I have a plea;
For who has farther stray’d from God,
Or is more lost than me?

Hark, O my soul! I hear him say,
“Poor sinner, look to me;
I came from sin, and guilt, and wrath,
And death, to set thee free.

“I raise the poor out of the dust;
I lift the beggar high;
Thy time a time of love is found;
I cannot let thee die.

“Come unto me; be not afraid;
Thy burden cast on me;
This pardon take of all thy sins,—
This robe to cover thee.

“Come to my banquet, and partake
The bounties which I give;
For thou art pass’d from death to life,
And shalt for ever live.”

O Lord, thy love is love indeed!
I love thee, and adore;
I feel thy love’s constraining power,
And long to love thee more.

Now will I raise my grateful song
 To my Redeemer's Name;
 And while I live, in him I'll boast,
 And widely spread his fame.

Wadhurst, March, 1871.

J. J.

Obituary.

JAMES LITTLE.—On May 14th, 1878, James Little, after being a member for 47 years, and deacon for 25, of the Strict Baptist church at Hilperton, near Trowbridge.

Like others, he was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. When very young, he was the subject of deep convictions, which continued with him until the fountains of the great deep were broken up within his poor soul; when he found himself to be a vile sinner against God's most holy and righteous law, and was fearful that God would cut him down, and send him to hell, as his sins had deserved. But the time of need proved to him to be the time of love. The late Mr. Dymott, who was then the pastor of the above church, was led to preach from the words in Solomon's Song i. 7, 8: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth," &c. This sermon was the means of bringing his poor soul into the liberty of the everlasting gospel; and he was ultimately baptized by Mr. Dymott, with seven others, in the Kennet and Avon Canal, on Lord's day, Sept. 11th, 1830.

Through the goodness of the dear Lord, he was ever afterwards enabled to walk consistently, although oftentimes the subject of much soul conflict, through the vile corruptions within, so that he often went groaning, and saying, "O wretched man that I am!"

On Thursday, Feb. 17th, 1853, he was chosen to the office of deacon, and abode by the truth to the end of his journey, for which he could give to God all the glory. He was much perplexed with doubts and fears, but now is released from them all.

In May, 1875, he went to visit one of his dear children near Bristol, where he was taken with paralysis, and was obliged to be brought home. I was sent for to see him, and, as I thought, to look upon the dear saint for the last time; but afterwards he was partially restored for a little season. The dear Lord was good unto him, so that he could say, "I hope in the mercy of the Lord." I named the text to him from which the sermon was preached which liberated his soul, and he and I wept together for very joy of heart. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!"

Before his death, he had several attacks, and for many months was entirely helpless, not being able to move any member of his body.

The "Gospel Standard," Gadsby's hymn-book, and the Bible were his constant companions. He would read them by having a stand put upon his breast, upon which they were placed as he was lying in bed. One day, when I called to see him, he showed me Ps. xci., and, as well as he could, he said, "I want you to read that when I die; and if you preach a funeral sermon, let the text be Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19. But don't say anything about me, for I am a poor vile sinner; but I hope to go to heaven through the blood of atonement."

His last attack, some few weeks before his death, was very severe, almost depriving him of his speech; but the dear Lord enabled him to bear his affliction patiently. When asked by those around him if his mind was comfortable, he would try to say, "Yes." One evening Isa.

xl. 24, 25 was brought to his mind with such power that he called his son, and said, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." The savour seemed to abide with him for some time. He was heard, at times, by his wife and son, who are both members of Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, in the middle of the night trying to sing. They said he was very submissive under his affliction, and was kept from murmuring or repining. His son said to him, a little before his death, "You are very ill. I think you will soon be in heaven; and what a blessed change it will be!" He looked at him with earnestness, and such a bright countenance, and tried to speak, but could not. He was sensible almost to the last.

His mortal remains were conveyed to the grave by devout men on Lord's day, May 19th, 1878, in the presence of many friends and relatives. May my last end be like his.

F. PEARCE.

ELIZA TUCKER.—On April 22nd, 1878, aged 63, Eliza Tucker, of Euston Street, London.

The subject of this memoir was first led to feel herself a lost and ruined sinner in the year 1847, while returning from a Sunday excursion. For a long time convictions worked on her mind. In 1848, she was led with her husband to attend at Regent Street chapel, Lambeth, where, under a Mr. Fraser, the work still went on and was deepened. She and her husband were both brought to go on their knees and plead with the Lord for mercy. One Sunday Mr. F. took for his text Isa. lxiii. 1. This sermon was much blessed to her, and indeed never forgotten. The work of grace under his ministry was carried forward until peace and comfort flowed into her soul.

In 1850 she went before the church, and was gladly received, and afterwards baptized. From that time she was constant in her attendance every time the place was open until, in the providence of God, she was removed with her husband to Leighton Buzzard, where they joined the church under the ministry of a Mr. Coudey.

The dear Lord in providence at length led her, with her husband and daughter, to attend in Gower Street chapel. This was about 13 years ago. Her soul was much blessed under the truths of the blessed gospel preached in that place. It was a Bethel to her.

For twelve months she suffered from extreme weakness. In the last part of her illness, she was in great darkness and distress of mind. She was often in prayer for the dear Lord to appear, which in mercy he did, giving light, life, and liberty; so that she was enabled to burst out singing,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies," &c.

But Satan was again permitted to so harass and worry her. Mr. Ashdown, who was supplying at Gower Street, called to see her. She asked him to read and pray, which he did. His visit was made a great comfort to her, as Ps. xxxi., which he read, and his remarks, entered into her feelings, so that she was enabled to say that the Lord was good to her soul. Hymn 386 was the very language of her soul:

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin," &c.

She frequently repeated that beautiful hymn:

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face," &c.

The last few days of her life, she seemed to have much comfort. She told me she was not afraid to die, since death had lost its sting through the blood of the Lamb. On Sunday morning, the 21st, she looked up to me, and said, "One moment in heaven." I said, "Will repay you for

all." To this she replied, "O yes." Her brother asked, "Is Jesus so precious?" She answered, "O yes; he is indeed." On Sunday evening, she wished her bed to be made; which had not been done for a week. She thought she could get out by herself; but when out, she fainted. After getting her in again, she revived, and we assembled at her bedside; and, after taking a last farewell, left the room. She put her arms round her daughter's neck, and said, "The Lord bless you," and then went off into a sweet sleep, to awake no more in this world.

JAMES TUCKER.

JOHN WAITE.—On March 29th, 1878, aged 75, John Waite. He was a deacon at Zoar Chapel, Milton, Oxon, and had been so nearly ever since the little cause began under our late esteemed pastor, Mr. Gorton.

I will now let him relate his earlier experience in his own words: "I was born at Chadlington, in March, 1803. My father died in September of the same year, and mother married again to a very profane person with a family of seven children, older than myself, and very wicked. Both my father-in-law and his children treated me hardly; and being very stubborn, I was seldom without bruises; and my language was most awful. I have sometimes thought I have never seen one so wicked at such an age. Some one spoke to my mother about my bad language, and she told me how wicked it was. This I remember had some effect upon my mind, so that I could not swear as before. Still, I did not entirely leave off the practice; but when I used an oath, it left a sting in my conscience.

"Some time afterwards, I went to a night school with several others. The master was a professor, and sometimes his friends would come in and talk about religion while the boys wrote their copies. One night, they were talking something about the publican, and the words: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' so fastened upon my mind, that night and day they were uppermost; and it made a great change in all my practices, both in words and actions.

"At this time, I slept in a room with my father-in-law's three sons. I had an impression that it was wrong to get into bed without saying my prayers; but I feared kneeling down before them, thinking they would throw me downstairs. I paced the room till they began to threaten me, and I was forced in the face of all to kneel down, although ready to die with fear. To my great astonishment, they were never permitted to molest me, and were kept silent whilst I was upon my knees. This I was enabled to do whilst I was with them. In the field, under bushes, and in secret places, I was often on my knees, and my cheeks wet with tears, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"Many years passed in tolerably moral living; but by degrees, prayer and reading the Bible were neglected, and youthful folly and company were sought after, till I was left to use bad language again. But to describe the cutting and piercing work in my conscience is impossible. I often feared I should go swearing to hell. I promised and tried to amend, but, alas! it was of no use. But the Lord had mercy upon me, and did not deal with me according to my deserts.

"After several years, I met with some Dissenters, and through their conversation I went to chapel. Things now seemed quite revived, as to my soul, such as reading and prayer, with earnest desires, and some comforts, at times; but I had many changes. I continued going amongst the Generals until I met with a serious hurt in my back, which prostrated my poor body; and the thought of dying brought some solemn feelings into my soul, and I hope some real prayer. Whilst lying on my bed, I had such a sweet view of the sufferings of Christ, and a blessed hope of interest in him, so that I felt happy indeed, and wanted

to leave this earth altogether. Every tie seemed broken. I tried to grieve for my wife and children; but these words carried all before them: 'I will be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless;' so that I could leave all in his hands. Also these two lines:

“Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;”

ran through me; and so foolish was I, that I thought that everybody must see some beauty in Jesus. I was ready to tell everybody and everything about him, the subject was so sweet.

“The people that I met with extolled me to the highest, and my own pride grew till I got into the highest seat in the synagogue. But I forbear. The Lord knew how to humble such a proud wretch by bringing upon me trials of various sorts, which showed me the hidden evils of my heart; so that I thought no child of God could be the subject of such things. Then the people began to get tired of my company. I was a trouble to them, as well as to myself. The awful sight I had of myself made me think I was an out-of-the-way wretch, indeed, one that had fallen from grace. This was the doctrine the people held, and they looked upon me as such an one.

“About this time, the Lord laid me again on the bed of affliction, and my mind was in a sad state. The minister came to see me, but he was afraid to come near me; he just looked at me, and turned away without saying a word. O the terror and heart-rending feelings that I had! Despair seemed to seize me; but these words came into my heart: ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ O the sweet change in my feelings! But afterwards, I sank as low again from those words of our Lord (Luke viii. 13): ‘They on the rock are they which, when they hear, receive the Word with joy; and these have no root; which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.’ I felt it must be me, as not having any root. I thought I should lose my senses; but the words came with power: ‘He is in thine hand; but save his life.’ This raised a hope; though afterwards I sank down very low again, so that I could not read the Bible nor open my mouth in prayer. But the Lord turned my captivity again, and I was enabled to bow my knees before him, and pour out my soul unto him. My hope revived, and I again ventured to look at the Bible, and it really seemed with new eyes; and such light shone upon it that I was astonished at my former blindness, and to think that I could have read the Bible for years with such a veil of darkness and ignorance upon my mind. Everlasting love, eternal mercy, and free grace seemed to run through the whole, and I never saw it so before. This so established the blessed truths of the gospel in my heart that all the disputers that I have met with have never shaken me; but my interest in them has been tried many times.

“For several years, my trials were great from afflictions of body and in the family with great poverty. Everybody, too, seemed to stand aloof from me, and many of my friends turned my enemies; but many sweet moments have I had with that dear Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Having now been separated from all professors of a Yea and Nay gospel, I was led to hear Mr. Gorton, who preached the truth, which was food to my poor soul.”

Here our dear brother breaks off. After many years of toil and conflict, doubts and fears, he found a settled rest in Jesus. The Lord's people, too, became his people, and their God his God.

The Holy Ghost having blessed the word to several souls through Mr. Gorton, about 1841 a church was formed, and our brother joined the little band, and was soon after chosen one of the deacons. This

office he filled with honour until his death. As a brother deacon, I loved and esteemed him for that good spirit which the dear Lord had given him, and for his kindly way and manner, so becoming the gospel. By his brother deacons, as well as the church, he is greatly missed; but our loss is his eternal gain. His conversation was solemn and weighty, and he feared God above many. The Lord enabled him to stand fast in the truth nearly 40 years.

The last few years of his life the Lord kindly appeared for him in temporal matters in a very mysterious way, even opening the heart of one who was a stranger to God and to his truth. Thus the wicked even must feed the Lord's poor at his bidding. He was a man gifted in speaking and in prayer. The friends sometimes have wished him not to be quite so long—a wish probably not confined to the church at Milton. Nevertheless, during the last two years or so it was evident that the Lord was with him when meeting with the Lord's people for prayer, and such was the grace given and the dew and power of the Holy Ghost resting upon him in prayer, that, instead of his prayers being felt too long by the friends, they have wished he would keep on longer.

But to come to his last days. He said to a brother who visited him, "The Lord trieth the righteous." Then he looked at him so earnestly, and said, "Can you tell me anything that does not try them? The world tries them, sin tries them, the devil tries them, their own wicked hearts try them, and the Lord tries them." He was then passing through the fire of a trying affliction, and he could not say many words at a time, his poor mouth and throat were dried up with heat. At another time, he said his poor mind was so weak that he could not meditate; but two lines of hymn 471 contained all his prayer, and all his soul's desire:

"In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;"

adding that there was nothing that he had ever done or could do that he could rest a grain of hope upon. Thus through the fires the Lord completely stripped him, that he might be All and in all.

When he could talk, he expressed a wish for the welfare of the school and the peace and prosperity of the church, and said he hoped the Lord would keep the people together. The time, said he, had been when there was no gospel without walking miles for it; but now when they had the pure truth he feared that death was in the soul, for the means of grace were not attended as they should be. As his time drew near, he could not speak, but appeared in earnest prayer to God; and in this state he fell asleep in Jesus.

J. PHILLIPS.

BENJAMIN KINGSNORTH.—On June 18th, 1878, aged 80, Benjamin Kingsnorth, near Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, United States, after an illness of two months' duration.

The subject of this notice was born on April 20th, 1798, in the parish of Headcorn, Kent, England. He was married to Mary Winckworth, niece of the late Mr. Isaac Beeman, minister of the gospel, at Cranbrook, where he lived for some time, and sat under Mr. Beeman's ministry. Afterwards he removed to Ashford, where he united with the Particular Baptist church, then under the pastoral care of Mr. Thomas Toppenden. He was chosen a deacon of that church, and was sent forth to preach, and had many engagements among the churches near Ashford.

In the year 1843 he emigrated with his family of seven children (his wife dying while he lived at Ashford) to America; and in 1851, joined a church in the city of Cincinnati, State of Ohio. The people he joined are called in the United States "Old School Baptists." Afterwards he

moved to the place where he died, and joined a Baptist church near Lebanon.

For about 40 years he was an honoured member of the church of Jesus Christ. He was a firm believer in the doctrines of God's free and unmerited grace to lost and ruined sinners, and often spoke of the surprising grace that led him to tread the heavenly way. Well does the writer of this notice recollect the prayers and exhortations he was enabled to make in the prayer-meetings in the declining years of his life. His way of speaking of the precious promises of the gospel to God's poor and afflicted people caused many tears of joy to flow from those assembled.

He was at the meeting of the little church to which he belonged on Lord's day, April 21st, four days previous to his taking to his bed. He remarked to the writer that he had about done. His sickness was of such a painful character that the doctor was obliged to give him opiates, so that his mind was not always clear, and he could not talk much; but at times he would talk of the blessedness of that hope he had in Christ Jesus, on whom as a foundation he rested.

A few days before he died, part of his family were at his bed-side. One of them read a psalm, after which he sat up in bed, and offered up a fervent and solemn prayer to the throne of divine grace, begging God to bless the church, to bless his ministers, and asking the dear Lord to be with, to comfort, and to bless his dear children; to be a father unto them, and to comfort their hearts in their afflictions. He commended them to God and the word of his grace, which had been his comfort and support so many years. Thus, as a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered into the heavenly garner, to join the blood-washed throng in heaven. He leaves four daughters and one son to mourn their loss. His children and friends feel to adopt, though they hope in a different spirit, the language of Balaam: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Lebanon, Aug. 2nd, 1878.

E. S. CULY.

GEORGE BOREHAM.—On June 7th, 1878, aged 64, George Boreham, of Chertsey, Surrey.

In the year 1840, God in love and mercy was pleased to stop in his mad career the departed, who was then living in sin and iniquity, fulfilling the lust of the flesh and mind; without God or hope in the world; and, according to his own saying, "the easiest fool Satan ever had." He knew nothing of the Bible, nor of religion; and those that did he looked upon as mad, and not fit for society. But

"The appointed time roll'd on apace,

Not to propose, but call by grace."

God the Holy Spirit took the man in hand, and, behold, all things to him became new. The solemnity of eternity was laid upon his mind; the law of God was revealed to him; the holy nature of God was beheld by him; and his sins arose before his mind. He found trouble and sorrow. A long and deep law-work was passed through; and what to do and where to go he knew not. He cried from his very soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He felt to be the only man that was lost, and that there was hope for all but him.

After some little time, he became acquainted with the Ranters, and then the General Independents. He thought these were the people of God, if there were any on earth; but, to the sorrow of his heart, he found he could not live up to what they preached. This caused him fresh sorrow. In much distress of mind, he walked about, and wandered in the lanes and fields, condemned by God, and law, and self, and was lost and undone in his feelings.

At this time he had not heard a gospel sermon; but the Lord, in his providence, sent Mr. Smart to preach near where he lived. Then it was his privilege to hear the free-grace gospel of a full and finished salvation for poor sinners (from Jer. xxxi. 3), which met his case. The Lord led his servant so much into his path that he knew not how to keep quiet under the glorious news. He felt he was the man. So great and sweet was his deliverance, that he leaped like a hart upon the mountains, and rejoiced in God his salvation.

He now walked in light, liberty, and peace with God, through Jesus Christ his Redeemer. Meeting with one of the Independents with whom he had previously worshipped, he said to him, "I have an impression that God loved me when I was dead in trespasses and sins." The man was surprised at such a doctrine, and could not receive it. The departed at this time knew not that there were such words as those in Rom. v. 8: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," in the Bible. The Lord led him in an experimental way into that truth, which he loved, and lived according to; and nothing but experimental things would do for him.

God in his providence having removed him to Chertsey about 16 years ago, he was the means of founding the cause there, which now exists. He was very liberal to God's dear people; and it was his pleasure to assist God's cause and entertain his servants. He was beloved by the church in every respect, as a deacon, brother, and a father in Israel, so that his death is deeply lamented by all that knew him, but our loss is his eternal gain.

His death was not anticipated at the time it occurred, but the counsel of the Lord must stand. He suffered from asthma for some time; then dropsy set in rapidly, and he became confined to his bed. The summons had gone forth. His brethren and sisters in the Lord visited the saint of God when thus confined, and his dying lips gave utterance to the same things as those which in health herejoiced to tell of,—"Salvation by Christ Jesus only."

On the Tuesday before his death a brother went to see him; when he was heard to say,

"Lord Jesus, come; O quickly come,
And fetch thy ransom'd pilgrim home."

He groaned, as though in pain; and when asked if in pain, he replied, "No! Not in body. My mind, my mind."

In his last days, and, indeed, minutes, the enemy was permitted to harass him for a short time on grounds he never had done before; suggesting to him, "You are a hypocrite. You are a hypocrite." He looked at his brethren, and said with much earnestness, "Do tell me, do tell me; am I deceived?" Then he exclaimed,

"O to grace how great a debtor!" &c.

Also: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then the enemy sent another dart, saying, "If there is anything left for the creature to do in salvation matters, it is too late now." He replied with all the strength he could, "Free grace only; free grace only."

The same person called to see him next morning, and found the outer man sinking, and the enemy still sending shot upon shot. Seeing the subtlety of Satan, he said, "My brother, I can see what this is. I have had to learn this lesson." His dear wife was wiping the perspiration from his brow. His family, standing around his bed, asked if I would pray. We bent the knee, and found access to the throne of grace. The King appeared for the poor tempted man, and the devil fled. The Lord sent these words into the soul of his servant: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," &c. Cannot we say, "This is our God; we have waited for him?"

W. NASH.

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