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THE

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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1860.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

DURING the many years which have now rolled over our heads since we first ventured to lay before our spiritual readers our Annual Address, dark clouds have at different periods hung over the scene, both as regards the world and the church. The Cholera, the Irish Famine, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, have, at different times during that period, cast a gloomy cloud over the nation; and most of us, as lovers of our country, or as connected by natural or spiritual ties with those on whom it has more immediately burst, have had either to suffer or sympathise. And, though less evident, or at least less susceptible of distinct mention than those national calamities which we have enumerated, the troubles of the church, as painfully witnessed or personally experienced by those connected with the churches of truth in this land, have been no less matters of gloom and anxiety to all those who truly love Zion and long for her prosperity and peace. But, without wishing to be unnecessary alarmists, and without professing any peculiar, still less any prophetic insight into the future, we believe we may say that at no former period since we commenced addressing to our readers a few words of friendly counsel at the opening year have the world and the church been shrouded in thicker gloom, or more evident symptoms of an impending storm been visible in the sky.

It is not for us, as professed followers of the Prince of peace, to intermingle in the strife and turmoil of political events, nor does it become us, as believers in the sovereignty of God, and subjects of a kingdom that cannot be moved, to tremble at every rustling leaf or be flurried by every breath of popular agitation as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind; (Isa. vii. 2;) but it is impossible at any time, and especially at the present period, were it even necessary or desirable, wholly to seclude ourselves from looking out upon the troubled face of affairs, as hermits shut themselves up in their cells and monks in their monasteries, professedly, if not actually, blind and deaf to all sights and sounds, such as are now agitating the length and breadth of the land. A man may as well live near the sea and neither see nor hear the roaring waves in such a storm as hurled the "Royal Charter" against the rocks, as we

at the present moment shut our eyes and ears to the troubled ocean spread before us. This, then, must be our excuse if, at the very outset, we drop a few words on a subject which at the present moment so occupies the minds of men of every rank and station.

A general persuasion that a time of imminent peril is at hand has seized the nation. From Caithness to Cornwall, from the Irish Channel to the German Ocean, in almost every town, men are arming themselves with rifles, and learning their use, as if the time might shortly come when they should have to defend their families and their homes from an invading foe. Nor does this appear to be a wild panic or groundless alarm, such as at various times has spread through the land, as the most thoughtful and far-seeing men, looking across the Channel, see preparations urged forward there which might soon convert present apprehension into a dreadful reality.

But though we could not well forbear alluding to these matters, as pressing on every heart, it is not for us to dwell upon them beyond the bearing that they have on our Annual Address, and more particularly on our position as professed followers of the Lord the Lamb. Times of tribulation in the world, and especially when the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, speak loudly to believing hearts. We see in the Old Testament how the prophets called aloud to the people of God before the Lord sent the sword, or famine, or pestilence, through the land. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city; hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." (Mic. vi. 9.) It is not well, then, for us to be heedless of the coming storm, or wrap up ourselves in vain security. Trouble is at hand; the cloud is in the horizon, at present, perhaps, no bigger than a man's hand, but who can tell how soon it may cover the sky, and burst in such a storm as our shores have never yet witnessed? Who at this time last year anticipated that the plains of Italy were to be deluged with blood, and thousands of lives to be sacrificed to the warlike ambition of princes? How soon might the same arms be turned against us, and even if repelled it would be, under the present mode of warfare, amidst such slaughter and destruction of life that, but for the consequences, victory would be almost as terrible as defeat. Now, as believers in the Son of God; as personally, experimentally acquainted with a throne of grace, and Him who sits upon it in power and glory; as witnesses for the truth of God in this land; as mourning and sighing over our sins and the sins of others; as dearly valuing our privileges, civil and religious; as hitherto sitting under our own vine and our own fig tree, no man making us afraid; and, to say no more, as citizens of no mean city, but dear lovers of our native country, and deeply interested in its weal and woe, what should be our position, as Christians, as ministers, as members of gospel churches, as alive from the dead by regenerating grace, as possessing power with God, and as privileged and enabled to bring our wants and desires before his footstool,—in this present crisis? Should it not be to present our prayers and supplications, in private and public, to the Lord of lords and King of kings, that he would

look down upon us from heaven his dwelling-place, and have mercy upon us?

In the last war, when invasion was not only contemplated but was fully prepared, the Lord in a most signal manner watched over this favored isle, blighted and withered all the hostile designs of its implacable foe, and in due time hurled him from his seat of power to die in captivity. The same ever-adorable Lord still reigns and rules, and can again protect us as he shielded us before. "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them;" (1 Sam. ii. 8;) and who are these pillars but the saints of God, the excellent of the earth, dear to God as the apple of his eye? We trust that, amidst all our declensions and backslidings, there are still in our midst a goodly number of these pillars of England, whose prayers and cries, and, indeed, whose very existence amongst us as the saints of God, will do more to prop up our beloved land than our fleets, our armies, or our riflemen. All these are but at best an arm of flesh, and may fail in the hour of need, as Egypt and Assyria failed the children of Israel when they leaned upon them; but the Lord is an unfailing help in time of trouble, and can deliver our beloved land as he delivered Hezekiah, Jehoshaphat, &c., from their invading foes. It becomes us, then, as looking to a higher help than an arm of flesh, not, on the one hand, to be unduly alarmed, as if invasion were certain and defeat sure, nor, on the other, to be unduly confident, as if our fleets and armies and clouds of riflemen would either deter the attack of an invading foe or repel him if he attempted to assail our island home. If, as a nation, we are left to confide in our warlike preparations, to the neglect of the Lord, he may leave us to reap the folly of our own devices; but if his people through the land are enabled to call upon his holy name, and trust in him, and not in an arm of flesh, he will in due time appear for our help and deliverance. But the cloud will most probably get darker and darker, and the danger more and more imminent, before the Lord's people will cry to him with all their hearts, and trust in him as alone able to deliver.

But enough of this subject for the present. We turn to the Church, the general aspect of which, we must say, is but dark and gloomy, too. The perils may not be so obvious—as they are usually most dangerous when least seen—but not less real. If, then, in all friendliness, and yet in all faithfulness, we attempt to unfold what we consider as peculiarly dark and gloomy features of the present time in the churches of truth, for with them lies our main concern, and to them do we chiefly speak, we trust that we shall not be hastily or indignantly met by the retort, "Physician, heal thyself;" "Art thou so free from these evils, or perhaps worse, that thou canst afford to reprove us? Self-constituted reprover of the churches, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, before thou attemptest to take the mote out of our eye." But may not all or any rebuke, reproof, warning, or admonition, from any quarter, be similarly met? If we, and those in our position, are to wait till we are perfectly free from all fault before we may venture to reprove or admonish others,

all reproof or admonition must at once and for ever cease. None may point out an evil, expose an error, rebuke a sin, or reprove a transgression, because the party condemned thereby turns from the reproof to fall upon the reprover. The pulpit must be silent because the pew requires perfection above before it will listen to it below. The grossest disorder may prevail in a church, and neither minister nor deacons be suffered to reprove any disorderly members, or carry out church order and discipline because themselves not free from visible faults and failings; nor dare one private Christian admonish or rebuke another, however entangled in a snare, or acting however inconsistently, because there may be infirmities still cleaving to himself. This would indeed be a most fearful state of things, and would afford the clearest indication possible not only of universal corruption but of universal connivance; and the church would resemble a huge jail where one criminal countenances another till all shame is gone, or the thoroughly corrupt establishment of some profligate nobleman, where all are too deeply steeped in vice for reproof or remonstrance. But, laying aside the unwelcome office of a public reprover, may we not view present matters under the following aspect? If a number of persons are, at one and the same time, suffering under any severe complaint or epidemic illness, one patient may surely say to another, "Brother sufferer, we are both very ill. But is there not some cause for this wide-spread illness? Let us look and see whether, as more specially regards ourselves, there may not be some untrapped sewer beneath the house, or some reeking dung-heap under the windows, or some slimy pool at the bottom of the garden, or some neglect of cleanliness of person or dwelling; or whether sun and air may not have been too much shut out, and we are now reaping the sad fruit of our negligence and folly in taking so little heed to these causes of illness?" In a similar way, if we see and feel epidemic sickness in the churches, we may, on good grounds, search and see not only the nature of the malady, but whether we may not be able to discover the cause, as the first step to the cure. In this spirit, let us, then, plainly point out some evils which seem to us to be undermining the health of the churches.

1. The first that we shall name as being, if not the most widely spread, yet the most important, is, *the breaking out of great and grievous errors* in various churches professing the doctrines of discriminating grace.

Not being wholly ignorant of Satan's devices, and led to it by a train of circumstances which we need not here enumerate, we had long suspected that there was a good deal of error, covered up with a form of sound words and a show of experience, secretly entertained by many members of professing churches. But we certainly were not prepared to find such a serious amount of it in the churches professing a high standard of doctrinal and experimental truth. Now, what has brought these errors to light? The distinct, clear, positive declaration of truth. It is this, and nothing but this, which at once detects and discovers error. Truth wrapped up in vague, general declarations is the sword in the scabbard, which, as it

wounds no conscience, so it pierces no error. Clear, plain, positive statements of divine truth are the two-edged sword which pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and this naked sword discovers the foundation of error unto the neck. How, for instance, John Wesley wrapped up his free will till Toplady unmasked him; and how Butler, Terry, the legalists, and the Jacobins in Mr. Huntington's day all held in secret their different errors, till that vigorous thresher winnowed them in his sieve, and drove them off the floor like chaff before his fan. The same thing is going on in our day. There are gross and grievous errors in the churches, and these will be undetected till the sieve and the fan come into the barn floor. If we are forbidden to hide our talent in a napkin, much more are we prohibited to wrap up the sword of the Spirit in a cloth; and this is done when men, through fear or carnal policy, wrap up naked truth in general statements, that they may please all and offend none. Now, just see how this acts in the case of a grievous error to which especial attention has been lately drawn in our pages. All will subscribe to the general statement "that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," because each puts his own interpretation upon the expression. The Socinian, the Arian, the Pre-existerian, the Sabellian, &c., will all allow that he is the Son of God in their sense of the term. But when you come to a more clear, precise, and positive declaration that Jesus Christ is the Son of God by eternal generation, and that he is truly and properly his only-begotten Son as the very mode of his subsistence in the Godhead, then the error of those who deny this foundation truth is discovered, as the spear of Ithuriel detected by its touch Satan as he squatted in the form of a toad at the ear of sleeping Eve:

"Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts
Discovered and surprised."

MILTON.

In a similar way the touch of heavenly truth has detected an error previously existing but working unseen, undermining the churches like a gangrene, but covered up with a form of godliness. The present necessary consequence of this has been strife and confusion. Ancient bonds have been broken, and anger and bitterness on both sides perhaps have been shown. Seeing this contention where quiet seemed before to reign, many who love peace at any price, and would sooner have a church seemingly united even if it involved the sacrifice of truth and a good conscience, rather than strife and division, look on with regret, if not anger, that such mere questions, as they call them, should ever have been brought forward to distract the churches; and they secretly, if not openly, condemn those who have done all this mischief. "We were peaceful before," say they, "but now, since the introduction of this controversy about the eternal Sonship of Christ, we are all strife and confusion." Yes; but what sort of peace was it? Was there ever any real union of heart and spirit between the lovers of truth and the lovers of

error? Was there ever any vital agreement between those who mourn and sigh as chastised for their sins and those who reject the doctrine of chastisement for transgression? Or was there ever any real soul union between those whose "fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ" and those who deny that He is the Son of the Father in truth and love? Much that passes for union in a church is merely a natural feeling of friendship and regard as worshippers in the same place, and as from time to time brought together in a kind of social religious intercourse. Real soul union is one of the rarest things in the world. There is much warm shaking of hands, and kind inquiries, and friendly looks and expressions, and a few words about the sermon or general soul matters, where the Holy Ghost has neither given spiritual life nor cemented spiritual union. When, then, God means to sift a church in his sieve, and search Jerusalem as with candles, he brings to light errors and heresies hitherto concealed; and this is the first snap which begins to break to pieces the false bond of union. This is cutting asunder the staff "Bands" to break the brotherhood between Judah and Israel. (Zech. xi. 14.) And the staff is often broken thus. A man of God sounds the trumpet through the camp with a clear sound, and proclaims boldly and plainly the truth, in doctrine, experience, or precept, which his own soul has experimentally tasted, felt, and handled. He does not do this in a controversial, angry, bitter spirit, as if for the very purpose of stirring up strife and contention, but as a part of the gospel entrusted to him—the burden of the Lord which lies upon his conscience, which he delivers for the glory of God and the profit of his people. The lovers of truth, who have been taught by the same Spirit, and known and felt the power of the same vital realities in their own souls, at once respond to the clear notes of the trumpet, and cleave to the certain sound, for it fills their hearts with peace and joy. Being thus blessed, they cannot but speak warmly of the truth, and of the instrument who has proclaimed it so faithfully and feelingly. But what response do they meet? The erroneous and the unsound, who have been hugging their errors in secret, are offended by the naked truth, as pointed, they think purposely, against their views, and are stirred up to opposition and anger. And now the strife commences; for those who have been blessed under the truth, and know it for themselves by divine teaching and divine testimony, will not, and must not, give way, and sacrifice truth and conscience, and even the Lord himself, to maintaining a false peace.

But we have said enough, and perhaps more than enough, on this subject. There is another prominent evil which has of late forced itself upon our observation, and that is, *the loose, Antinomian spirit so widely prevalent in the Calvinistic churches.*

In order to observe this, compare the loose, careless spirit and walk of many professors of doctrinal truth in our day with the vital, experimental, practical godliness contended for by Bunyan, Owen, Rutherford, Romaine, &c., or, to appeal to a higher standard, with the precepts of the Lord and his Apostles, and then see how deeply,

as a body, many churches and congregations professing the letter of truth are sunk into carnality and disobedience. As evil may be manifold in act and yet one in spirit, so this denial of practical godliness, by deed rather than by word, has assumed two distinct forms:

1. It appears under a *resting upon mere doctrinal truth* in a vain confidence of interest therein, without any vital experience of its liberating or sanctifying effect, or any fruits made manifest in the walk and life. Books, periodicals, and sermons are coming continually under our eye, sound in the letter of truth, in which there is not the faintest attempt to enforce vital, practical godliness, either in its experience in the heart, or in its influence on the life. The highest doctrine is set forth, in the most decided, unflinching way; free will, so called, is chased over hill and dale; the Arminians and Pharisees are soundly rated as the most weak and foolish of men; and shouts of victory are pealed forth to the triumph of sovereign grace. But there it begins and ends. A little shallow experience may be named; but of fruit inward or outward, a godly life, a Christian walk, not a syllable. Spiritual readers, judge for yourselves. Is fruit generally insisted upon as the mark of union with Christ? Such fruits as self-denial, crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts; labouring to know and do the will of God; repentance and godly sorrow for sin; mourning and sighing over a backsliding heart; a prayerful, meditative spirit, and that sweet spirituality of mind which is life and peace—are not these vital realities positively ignored, and not even named, much less insisted upon? It would almost seem, from the general neglect of enforcing upon believers practical godliness, as if the elect might do anything they liked, and that we are saved not from sin but in sin; delivered, not from the curse of the law to walk in the obedience of the gospel, but almost to do any abomination in which the carnal mind delights. (Jer. vii. 10.) Doctrinal preaching in many pulpits has become crystallised into a regular form, so that were the preacher to diverge from the established round to insist upon the vital experience of truth in the heart, and the fruits of the Spirit as manifested by a holy, godly walk in the life and conduct, a suspicion would spread from pew to pew that he was wavering in his creed, and was secretly introducing free will and Arminianism. There are very few men who dare be faithful to their own congregations and break through bands which they have themselves forged. Nor can a man be expected to preach his own condemnation. If a minister is not himself living under the influence of the Spirit, and seeking to know and feel the power of divine truth in his own heart and life, he cannot and will not insist upon vital, experimental godliness in others; and if the leaders in the church and congregation are sunk into carnality and death, they will cover up their own misdeeds by resenting all practical preaching as a departure from the truth, and will rather hurl back the arrow than allow it to stick in their conscience.

2. But there is another phase in this loose, Antinomian spirit, which is, a *resting in the doctrine of man's thorough helplessness*, and

in a knowledge of sin, without any deliverance, and scarcely a desire after deliverance from it. How many old professors are there, in almost every congregation where truth is preached, who never rise, and never have risen, beyond a confession of their sinfulness and helplessness. Were this deeply felt and groaned under, were there, in the midst of all this conviction, a spirit of prayer, a sighing and crying for help and deliverance, there would be good ground of hope that there was life at the bottom, and that the Lord would, in due time, appear; but when we know that an enlightened judgment and the convictions of natural conscience, with repeated disappointments in the attempts to break the bonds of sin, are amply sufficient to produce this sense of sinfulness and helplessness, we cannot ascribe that to the blessed Spirit which is but another form of Antinomian carelessness. But how little is this evil seen and faithfully met and exposed. On the contrary, what pillows are sewn under armholes, and poor, dead, carnal professors pitied and patted as dear children of God—weak indeed in faith, but precious souls. Is it not a solemn fact that many preachers of doctrinal truth are well satisfied if their hearers are not Arminians, and set down the reception of the truth into the mind as a sure evidence of divine life? Have such teachers ever seriously thought, or ever deeply felt, that men might cease to be Arminians to become Antinomians; that a change of creed is not necessarily a change of heart; that there is a form of godliness whilst denying the power; that a man may be called a Christian, and rest in the gospel, and make his boast in God; may know his will in the letter, and approve the things that are excellent, being instructed out of the word; may be confident that he himself is a guide of the blind, a teacher of babes; may have all the form of knowledge and of the truth; (Rom. ii. 17–20;) and yet, with all this confidence, all this knowledge, and all this profession, be but a servant of sin and Satan? It will be found in that great day that not only “many who are first shall be last and the last first,” but, more solemn truth still, “Many are called, but few chosen.”

Did time and space, and perhaps we may add, did the patience of our readers admit, we might mention other prominent evils, such as the general coldness and deadness—the spirit of strife and division—the disposition to harsh judgment and suspicion, and often to slander and detraction—the want of spirituality of mind and conversation; and the pride, covetousness, carnality, and worldly conformity so widely prevalent.

But we do not wish to dwell wholly on the disease, and omit all mention of the only full, glorious, and sufficient remedy. Thanks be to God, he has still in this land a seed to serve him, still a people whom he has formed for himself, and who show forth his praise. He has still his hidden ones, who, through much tribulation, are entering the kingdom; still his sighing, mourning people, who love and long for his appearing. He has not left himself yet without witnesses, for here and there he has his faithful ambassadors, who shun

not, as far as they are acquainted with it, to declare all the counsel of God; and we trust he is raising up others to take their place when they are called out of time into eternity. For the consolation of such, and of all who desire to know Jesus and the power of his resurrection, the Lord has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and to encourage us, as we feel to sink under our weakness, he graciously added, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." May we ever bear in mind that there is no healing for sin but by his precious blood; no shelter for the guilty and self-condemned but his glorious righteousness; no salvation but by his grace; and no sanctification but by his Spirit.

The coming year will, doubtless, bring its trials and afflictions, and these perhaps heavier than the past. The clouds that even now hang over the scene may become thicker and darker, as there is every symptom from present appearances; and, in addition to trials of a more public or general kind, we may each have an increasing share of personal or domestic sorrow. Shall we, then, sink under their weight as men without help or hope? Has not the Lord hitherto supported us under our loads and burdens? Has he not promised that "as our day is so our strength shall be?" that "he will deliver us in six troubles, and in seven no evil shall touch us," if indeed we love and fear his great name?

As regards our little monthly work, in reviewing the past year we may again raise our grateful Ebenezer, for indeed, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." All our wants have been supplied; needful strength has been given to fulfil our monthly task; and the blessing which maketh rich, we trust, has not been withheld.

Here, then, we pause, commending our work to the care of the God of all grace, and ourselves to the prayers of our spiritual readers, that life may be spared and health given to continue our labors; and that they may issue in the glory of a Triune God and the benefit of his believing people.

THE EDITOR.

THOUGHTS and meditations, as proceeding from spiritual affections, are the first things wherein spiritual-mindedness doth consist, and whereby it doth evidence itself. Our thoughts are like the blossoms on a tree in the spring. You may see a tree in the spring all covered with blossoms, that nothing else of it appears. Multitudes of them fall off, and come to nothing. Ofttimes where there are most blossoms, there is least fruit; but yet there is no fruit, be it of what sort it will, good or bad, but it comes in and from some of those blossoms. The mind of man is covered with thoughts as a tree with blossoms. Most of them fall off, vanish and come to nothing, and end in vanity; and sometimes where the mind doth most abound with them, there is the least fruit; the sap of the mind is wasted and consumed in them. Howbeit there is no fruit which actually we bring forth, be it good or bad, but it proceeds from some of those thoughts. Wherefore ordinarily these give the best and surest measure of the frame of men's minds. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Prov. xxiii. 7.)—Owen.

**PREFACE TO SOME UNPUBLISHED SERMONS
LEFT IN MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN ROBERT WATTS,
OF HITCHIN, HERTS.**

[Some of our readers will perhaps remember the experience of the late J. R. Watts, of Hitchin, as having appeared in our pages. (Vol. xvii., 1851.) We know, therefore, the man and his communication; and we believe that, as regards the former, he was one taught and blessed of God; and as regards the latter, that it was sweet and savory. A friend of ours has kindly put into our hands a MS. volume of sermons written by him. The circumstances which led to his writing them are detailed in a preface, which we give entire, as forming not only the best introduction but the best explanation of the way in which he was led to commit to paper his private meditations on various scriptures, and how they gradually assumed their present shape. We cannot say that, in our judgment, they possess any great depth or originality of thought and expression; but they have been commended to our conscience as written under the teachings of the Blessed Spirit; and as such we have felt induced to give them a more abiding record than they could otherwise have possessed.

It has sometimes struck us as a remarkable circumstance in God's mysterious dealings that John Rusk was led to commit so much blessed matter to paper, little thinking how his writings could ever come to light. He little thought, as he sat out of work, in poverty and hunger, writing book after book in his garret, that the Lord intended to spread them abroad and bless them to the hearts of his people, as he has done by their insertion in our pages.

We by no means think that the writings of Watts will be found at all equal to those of Rusk. Still, if they are at all blessed to the souls of God's people, we may view in this providence a glimpse of the mysterious ways of the Lord, similar to those to which we have already alluded in the case of Rusk. To his name alone be all the glory.]

Courteous Reader,—As I have of late had some leisure time upon hand, and wishing much to redeem it, I often begged of the Lord to direct me how I might employ it to advantage, as I believe idleness to be a great sin, and I bless God he led my mind much to love reading and meditating on the Scriptures; and I was greatly pleased in picking out choice passages from the blessed word, such as places that treated of God's everlasting covenant, and eternal life freely given us in Christ our covenant head before the world was; the glorious resurrection of the saints, and the dignity they shall be advanced to; the union between Christ and his church, &c. &c.; and how we might know that we had a right and title to these blessings.

I likewise gathered together several texts that come under the word "Hope," as, for instance, "The Lord Jesus Christ which is our hope." (1 Tim. i. 1.) And again, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul," &c. (Heb. vi. 19.) Also, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." (Col. i. 27.) And many more precious passages of Scripture which may be found under the word "Hope." Also the words "Covenant," "Rock," "Truth," &c. I drew together a good collection of sweet portions of God's most holy and comfortable word, which I often perused, meditated upon, and at length

got most of them by heart; and they served me for choice meditation when I lay down in bed and when I awoke in the morning; and when I went abroad they became to me as companions and familiar friends, so that I wanted no better company. In short, I could say from heartfelt experience, with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." (Psa. cxix. 103.) And again, "The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." (Psa. cxix. 72.) Really, reader, if there is such a thing as heaven upon earth, this is it. "Do not my words do good," saith the Lord, "to him that walketh uprightly?" (Micah ii. 7.) They really do, and all God's elect shall know it one time or other. It came to pass one day, as I was at my favorite and habitual employ, searching the blessed Scriptures for some more provision, I settled upon the word "Rock," and tried what choice texts I could collect from this small word. I gathered many, and among the rest this was one, "And set my feet upon a rock." (Psa. xl. 2.) I felt a little comfort from these words, and a light shone upon my mind that gave me some spiritual insight into the meaning of the words. I therefore wrote the text down in my little book as a companion to the rest, and added, "I really believe in my heart that the rock on which the Psalmist's feet were fixed was the dear Lord Jesus Christ himself." I did not intend to write any more, but *that* I felt myself constrained to write, because I felt some degree of gratitude and affection to our dear Redeemer, to whom the words refer. But after I had written this small scrap, fresh thoughts came to my mind, which I was unwilling to resist. I therefore wrote down what further occurred to my mind, till I had collected a sheet of paper upon the subject; and here my cruise failed for the present. But the refreshment I felt in my soul at that time drew me on gradually to search the Scriptures, yet not with any view to compose sermons, but only to seek for choice texts of Scripture for meditation, and I was often enabled through faith to call them *my own*. I came one day to this text, "Judgment shall return unto righteousness." (Psa. xciv. 15.) In Isaiah xlii. it is written, "He shall bring forth judgment unto *truth*;" and in Matt. xii. 20, the words are, "He shall send forth judgment unto victory." This subject, being differently worded by three inspired men, took my attention, and, as a light shone upon my mind by which I saw a beautiful harmony and connection in them, I wrote down my thoughts upon this subject, and made them all to point to our dear Saviour, and only Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. When I had gathered my fragments up I found more than from what I had written on the words, "He hath set my feet upon a rock." This included only a sheet, but now I got a sheet and a half of paper. I continued at this pleasing work for some time, collecting choice portions of Scripture, and was led sweetly on by the blessed Spirit of truth (John xvi. 13) till I really found myself so happy and satisfied in my soul that I wished for no other company on earth, and my path shone more and more till I was enabled to bring out of the good treasure of the heart things both old and new. (Matt. xiii. 52.) I

got at length so many sheets of paper that I had them bound, and called them "Meditations upon some passages of Scripture;" and then I left off for some time, not from searching the Scriptures, but from writing comments upon different texts. But, however, it came to pass after a certain time that the springing well (John iv. 14) in my heart began to rise again, and pretty high too, insomuch that I had the boldness to think I could indite a regular sermon from the Scriptures and my own experience, and this text presented itself to my mind, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) I wrote down the particular heads I saw in my text, and when this was done I put up a humble prayer to the Lord that he would be pleased to enable me to explain them. He condescended to regard my prayer, and my mind was sweetly led into the subject, and I found it was good for me to draw near unto God. My meditation of him was sweet, for I found it a truth that God's thoughts were precious towards me, (Psalm cxxxix. 17,) and, from the experience I had of them, I did, in composing this sermon, find them useful in explaining the heads of my discourse, which I confirmed by the Scriptures of truth. I humbly hope and pray that it may be as sweet to those that read it as it was to the poor author that wrote it. I collected from this text about eight sheets of paper.

I took encouragement from the assistance the Lord gave me in penning this sermon to write from another text, and as these words came to mind, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day," (Prov. iv. 18,) I began with introducing the subject, then laid down the particular heads contained in it, and when I had so done I found myself at a loss to explain them; but, after some wrestling with my merciful God in humble prayer, the subject began to open, and what he gave that I gathered; and as I knew it to be wholesome food, such as would stand the test of the Bible, and the experience that God works in the souls of his children, I boldly wrote it down, without revising it. And such as it is, reader, I now present unto thee; and I pray the Lord to give testimony to his own truth. The benefit I received in my own soul from those two discourses emboldened me to proceed in the work, and, as I went on, the blessed word of God became more familiar to me, and the experience I had of it was often brought to remembrance; and as I made a point of attending constantly to this work for some time past, I have written out about six quires of paper, which I hope may not be as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered, but may redound to the glory of my dear Lord and Saviour, and the comfort of thy soul, reader. "As every man hath received the gift," saith the apostle, "even so minister the same one to another," (1 Peter iv. 10-11,) which I have done according to the ability God hath given me.

I have already mentioned that I had hitherto confined myself to a sheet of paper, and for that reason I have broken off abruptly when I had more to say; and, in reality, it was my intention when I began these sermons to fill up only one sheet of paper,

and to continue it, through the Lord's help, for one year; thus to compose a sermon for every week in the year. This plan I supposed to be less fatiguing to read than a long sermon, easier to be remembered, and more agreeable to compose than discourses of an unlimited extent. I kept close to this intention for the six sermons in the beginning, but when I came to the 7th discourse, "If any man be in Christ Jesus," &c., (which words I proposed to speak from in four particulars,) I found that one sheet of paper was too narrow a compass, for I had not finished then the first general head of my subject; therefore I was compelled to carry it on to another sheet, making no doubt but that would conclude the sermon. The meditation of my heart, however, sprung up more copiously than I expected, and I was obliged to advance into the third sheet, at the end of which it was brought to a period. I have done so in several parts of this work. In some sermons I have confined myself to one sheet, but in others I was compelled to stretch beyond my original plan, for the reason I have cited. "Many devices are in a man's heart, but the counsel of God, that shall stand."

I have in different places written incorrectly, and was, therefore, obliged to interline many words, but I hope they are so intelligible as to be understood; nor have I composed the subjects as accurately as I could wish, so as to stand the strict scrutiny of a critical grammarian. The reason is evident; all that I have written is extemporaneous, written as it was brought to my mind, and being at times favored with a redundance of matter, I was obliged to pen it quickly that I might not lose any. Of course the style in some places is, therefore, not so correct as I could wish; but should the work ever appear in print, it will be first subjected to a revision, and then this small matter might be set to rights. But, however, I have a satisfaction to know, in my own mind, that the divinity is sound. It is consistent with the blessed word of God, I have no doubt, and in that light I am not afraid that it should appear before the best judges; it is also consistent with the experience of God's saints; and I do believe, by the comfort I have at times felt in the composition, it will meet with acceptance among the Lord's children; for I have advanced only what I know, by blessed experience, must be felt in the soul. Paul says, "The husbandman that laboreth must first be partaker of the fruits," (2 Tim. ii. 6,) and I can safely say, to the honor of my blessed God, that "the root of the matter" is found in my heart; this is the love of God, which in due season yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to the praise of his name, who is pleased himself to water me every moment, and to preserve me safe from every enemy. What then I have received from the Lord, that I hold forth to others, and do humbly pray that God would own and honor this feeble attempt to shew forth his praise, whom I love in sincerity of heart for making me to differ from the worst of men, and remembering me, even in my low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever. (Psalm cxxxvi. 23.)

I did not expect, when I first began these subjects, that I should proceed so far with them as I have, knowing what a difficulty there

is in ordering our speech aright upon divine matters, owing to the natural darkness that so often comes upon the mind and hides the things of God from the soul; but God has been kind to me in this instance. I will honor them that honor me, saith the Lord. In attempting to speak to the honor of his holy name from an unfeigned love and affection towards him, his children often find that God himself creates the fruits of the lips. (Isaiah lvii. 19.) A light is thrown upon the subject; the spirit waxes warm in love to it; we then begin to drop a word or two in defence of it, till, at length, we are bold in our God to speak the gospel of God with much contention. (1 Thess. ii. 2.) When the Lord opens our lips, then, but not till then, the mouth will shew forth God's praise. The good treasure of God's word, I know, is in the hearts of believers in Christ, but it is, in truth, like "a spring shut up;" nothing can flow out till God sets the spring in motion. Of this I have had many proofs in compiling these few sermons; at times I have had a plentiful supply of matter, brought freely to my mind in answer to a few simple petitions; I lacked wisdom, and the Lord, in answer to prayer, granted it. Ere long I have found myself as empty of matter as Nineveh of old, (Nahum ii. 10,) and as destitute of moisture as the valley of Baca. (Psalm lxxxiv. 6.) But all my springs are in the Lord, saith the Psalmist. (Psalm lxxxvii. 7.) This is indeed verified in the experience of all the saints. In ourselves we are nothing, but our fulness is in the Lord Jesus Christ, from which inexhaustible fountain we do, through faith, draw grace and strength to help us in every time of need. When faith is low we pray for an increase thereof, and it is sooner or later granted; when love grows cold we pray God to quicken us according to his word, and fresh life is communicated from Christ our life; when the natural darkness veils the understanding, we lament before God our foolishness, our blindness and ignorance, and beseech him to shew wonders in his law; these clouds then disperse, the Sun of righteousness shines afresh in our path, yea, shines more and more; but this comes from Jesus Christ, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom; (1 Cor. i. 30;) and this is the way the poor sinner goes on. If God shines he sees clear; if his faith is strong the Lord hath increased it; if love constrains it is a reflection of God's love upon his soul; and thus the Lord is all in all, and we poor creatures are only as clay in the hands of God, the heavenly potter, who forms us to become vessels meet for his own use.

I have been somewhat discouraged in the prosecution of this work, thinking, perhaps, that what I have written will be concealed; remain in private life like the author in his life, and after his decease will with him be buried in oblivion. It is not likely to appear in print for want of ability; then what benefit is likely to accrue to the children of God, for whose sakes, I think I may truly say, it was chiefly written? But these reasons I have waived; I have been obliged to pass from them and consider the saying of the wise man, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." (Eccles. ix. 10.) This I say, with Paul, "Time

is short." (1 Cor. vii. 29.) "Our life is as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.) It behoves us then when opportunity offers to embrace it, to serve our day and generation with the ability God is pleased to give, and leave the event in the hand of a covenant God in Christ, who hath said, "Them that honour me, I will honour." We should sow the seed that God giveth in the season thereof, and leave the harvest to his bounty and wisdom who oftentimes, by very simple instruments, is glorified, and his own children are refreshed, comforted, edified and established. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren," saith the apostle, "be ye stedfast, unmoveable, *always abounding* in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.)

A LOOK THROUGH THE LATTICE.

My dearest Friend,—You ask how it fares with me. Would I could give you a good account! but here I am, a vile monster, for all the mercies I have received and continually am receiving. I cannot feel as thankful as I ought, undeserving as I am of the least mercy; but, bless his dear name, here I have all I need. What a precious Friend and Brother thus to provide for such an unworthy wretch; and, better than all beside, to reveal his precious love to me! O! yes, him to feel and him to know; one glimpse of his dear face, one smile of that, O! how it warms this cold heart, and well repays days of darkness.

But do not think, my dear friend, that I am satisfied with now and then a glimpse or a smile; far from it; I would he were always near; I had rather want bread than want my precious Christ. How I love that charming name! He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. Ten thousand blessings crown that sacred head, which was bruised and mangled for me. What, for me? Yes, for me; or he never would have revealed himself to me, nor made me feel his love, if he was not bruised for me. But, to my shame be it spoken, doubts arise in my heart whether he is mine, and whether I am right; for this vile thing that I carry about in my bosom seems full of all manner of sin, so that I am forced to a throne of grace to ask to be preserved from it; evils that I could not have thought I was the subject of if I had not felt them; but I can truly say that I hate them. I want nothing but my precious Christ to be all in all. When I can feel him I am safe; but these seasons are few and far between.

I hope to come when Mr. — is there, if the dear Lord will; and may our blessed, covenant-keeping God come with him, and may the word be blessed to many poor hungry souls. It rejoices my soul to hear that the dear Lord is working in the hearts of his poor afflicted ones; may they be enabled to follow him in his blessed commands.

My love to the dear church, and to your dear self in particular, and believe me,

K.

Yours truly,

M. A. S.

A CHRISTIAN indeed is a strange thing, one that outwardly appears to live in the world like others; yet there is something within him unseen that is as different from what it is in others as heaven and earth.
—Dorney.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, A MEMBER OF MR. HUNTINGTON'S CHURCH.

My dear Sir,—Agreeably to your desire I have enclosed a brief account of the peaceful departure of Mr. William Taylor, whom I have known for many years. He was an industrious mechanic, one that was but little noticed or known, but a most exemplary disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some pleasing traits of his character as a Christian may be gathered from the closing scene of his pilgrimage hereto annexed.

Moreover, he was a member of the church under the pastoral care of the late revered Mr. Huntington, and continued to attend on his ministry to the end of his labours, soon after which, by reason of deafness, he was prevented from attending upon the public ordinances with us. This defect of hearing, with other infirmities, increased, and followed him until the number of his days were fulfilled, and finally closed at the age of threescore and ten years.

The subjoined account was penned down by an intimate friend who was with him during his last illness, and is as follows :

“About three o'clock on Monday morning (August 26th) our departed brother (Mr. Taylor) was seized with all the alarming symptoms of the cholera, which increased rapidly. In the early part of the afternoon an intimate female friend was sent for. On seeing her, Mr. Taylor exclaimed, ‘Ah! Mrs. H., are you come to perform the last act of friendship? The Lord reward you for all the kindness you have shown me!’—and then he fell into prayer for spiritual blessings to descend on those who had kindly helped him. Mrs. H., in reply, said, ‘It is the Lord, Mr. Taylor, who raises up friends in the time of need.’ He then said to her, ‘Ah! the Lord has dealt very graciously and very kindly with me; his tender mercies are great; he will never forsake the work of his own hands.’ After this he was taken with a violent fit of vomiting, which greatly exhausted him, and that was followed by severe attacks of cramp and spasms, in the midst of which he said, ‘O Lord, if it be thy will to remove this cramp; but O give submission to thy godly wisdom.’ He then burst forth into such a flood of praise as was truly astonishing, blessing and praising the Lord most earnestly for a considerable time. When he got into bed he said, ‘O, Mrs. H., we don't serve God for nothing. O what a mercy, in such an hour as this, not to have the Lord to seek *now*. Men may chatter about it when nothing is the matter with them, and all things go smooth; but to find God our help when we come into a dying hour—in distress and suffering—it is mercy indeed. Whom he loveth he loveth to the end. The faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God in Christ Jesus is precious indeed under such misery.’ At another time he said, ‘It is a hard conflict, the cramp and the other together, but it is done in wisdom.’ When one of his relatives came into the room, he said, ‘Ah, Mrs. B., almost gone, blessed be God!’ Being asked at another time, ‘How is all within?’ he replied, ‘All's right! O the kind mercy of God in Christ Jesus.’ After dozing some time, being asked, ‘How is it now, Mr. Taylor?’ he said, ‘Talking with God; I have much to do there.’ When he was tossing with agony, Mr. H. said, ‘Your sufferings are great, but I believe they will not last very long.’ He replied, ‘Let patience have its perfect work.’ Late in the afternoon Mr. H. called to see him again, but his agonies were so great and his features so distorted that he thought he would have no knowledge of any one, but he opened his eyes, and, with great vehemence, said, ‘Ah, I see you, my dear friend; God bless you; I have a hard conflict.’ Mr. H. said, ‘It is hard, but I believe it will soon be

over.' He replied, 'I believe it will.' At night another friend came to see him, to whom he said, 'God Almighty bless you, Mr. N., and confirm a good hope in you to the end, and fix you on the eternal Rock.' Mr. N. then said, 'Mr. Taylor, do you find that your experience? Do you find yourself on this Rock?' Mr. Taylor answered, vehemently, 'Yes, I do, and all the storms and tempests cannot move me, blessed be God!' About twelve at night all his powers were well-nigh exhausted, yet he seemed in prayer at different times, and when asked, for the last time, 'How was he within?' he said, with great emphasis, 'All's well'—which were the last words he uttered. His eyes were soon fixed, and he became motionless, except the action of the lungs and gaspings for breath. About nine in the morning of Tuesday his breath grew shorter and shorter, until half-past nine, when, without a struggle, his breath ceased. He put off mortality, and entered into his everlasting rest."

"Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours: and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

Sept. 2, 1833.

T. KEYT.

P.S.—As I feel at present unwell, I cannot venture out to-day, therefore have sent this by the post, being well persuaded the expense will be no object with you, more especially as the matter contained in this is not a trivial thing, being nothing less than a saint's translation from this dreary wilderness into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

May we, my dear friend, under the all-genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and the prolific, melting, and ripening operations of the ever-blessed Spirit, be made meet to be partakers of the glorious inheritance of the saints in light; and, if it be the good pleasure of God, that we may "finish our course with joy." Amen.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM MR. HUNTINGTON TO MR. BROOK, BRIGHTON.—No. 1.

[The breach which unhappily took place between Mr. Huntington and Mr. Brook is too well known for us to name; nor should we have alluded to so painful a circumstance were it not to explain why the present letter never before, as we believe, has been published. When Mr. H.'s letters were collected, after his death, no application, we believe, was made to the surviving friends and relatives of Mr. Brook for copies of the correspondence between them; nor, probably, would it have pleased Mr. Huntington's immediate friends for such letters to have been published.

Being favored, therefore, with a copy of several letters written to him by Mr. Huntington, before the breach took place, we feel a great pleasure, as admiring and loving both, to give them insertion in our pages. They have been kindly communicated to us by an old friend, a member of Mr. Huntington's church. The first that we give is, we think, one of the most characteristic letters of his that we ever read, and bears the genuine stamp in every line. We never remember reading or hearing from any pen or pulpit so exact a description of the feelings of a minister after preaching with some life and feeling in his own soul. But we know it to be true, and expressed in a way so pithy and so pointed, so humorous, and yet so forcible, as none but the immortal Coalheaver could have struck off with his wondrous pen.]

Beloved,—Yours came last night to Monkwell Street, and I am now up to scratch a few scraps in return. Be not ignorant of Satan's devices; his whole aim is to thieve, and rob God of his glory, and us of our peace.

He accuses God to men, and men to God, as may be seen in his tempting Eve, when he suggested that God, envying man's happiness, had forbidden their eating that fruit which alone could make them wise, and which to the eye was so pleasant, and to the taste so good; and he accused Job, that he loved, feared, and served him because he had increased his wealth. And to me he has done the same, telling me that God knew the work he had designed me to, and might have furnished me with some degree of learning, spelling at least; that I might not have recourse to a dictionary five times in a page, first for the sense, and then to know how to spell it. And he accuses God to you for giving you too much. But neither my ignorance nor your learning prevented his calling us any more than the wisdom of Moses, and the ignorance of Peter prevented theirs. There is no knowledge, council, nor device against the Lord, but what is hatched in hell. To make every saint discontented with his lot; to magnify the prosperity of others, and diminish our own; that all may murmur and none be satisfied; that God may be robbed of his honor, and man deprived of his peace, is the constant drudgery of the devil. "Wherein a man is called, therein let him abide;" that respects his situation and employment. If called circumcised or uncircumcised, care not for that; this respects his natural religion. "He that ministers, let him do it of the ability which God giveth;" this respects natural abilities; and these abilities are by some improved, and by others unimproved; but if God calls him to minister, let him use these, whether polished or covered with rust.

Wonder not at sudden changes; we that labor are not private saints. They feed, chew the cud, digest, concoct, and thrive; they trade for themselves, but ours is for the good of the public. Formerly, I came out of the furnace purged, and then filled, and went in the strength of that meat forty days. But such a fulness is now spent by one full, profuse, and overflowing discourse. And when some who have filled their vessel at my spring, and kindled their torch at my live coal, have come in afterwards to shine in my ornaments, then I have been so shorn of my locks, and so bereft of all dew, and my coal so quenched, that I was like a thief, ashamed to look at them, being dry and barren, poor and beggarly, hungry, cold, and naked. But these young asses, who only ear the ground, are not up to this. Whether we labor in irons or in oil, filled with gall or with honey, whether like flaming torches or like smoking flax, we are sure to suit some. God will make us all things to all cases, to gain some. I have stood in the pillory, been laid in the stocks by the heels, and been muzzled in the jaws, when, at the same time, not one in a hundred saw it or knew it. And if so confused as to contradict myself, and to speak unscripturally, and not common sense, so that the people could not understand me, nor make it out, yet they have concluded that "in the Spirit I had spoken mysteries," and that I had soared so high in wisdom as that they could not attain to it, it was too wonderful for them; when, at the same time, I blushed at my own folly.

Darkness and bondage are common in our calling. When we fall first into these we have no understanding or judgment; we labor to keep from drowning, and that is all. And when enlarged, we are so in love and enamored with the King, and so engaged with the flavor of the new wine, that we mind nothing else. This being the case, we describe both confusedly; it is needful, therefore, to take us again and again to drill, under more light and a better judgment; that we may consider and be more explicit.

God bless the rector. The Doctor salutes the little bishop and all.

Portsmouth, May 13th, 1807.

W. H., S.S.

A SIP FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

My dear J.,—You may be surprised to see a few lines commenced at this hour; but I am anxious to tell you what a blessed sabbath I have had. I thought if I waited until the morning, I should not then have time. C. and myself have been to C., and stayed this evening's service. We reached home a quarter before nine. I told you yesterday that I anticipated a blessing awaited me; and though Satan suggested to me that I might have an accident on the road, and should break my right arm, and perhaps my leg too, yet I felt that I could trust in the dear Lord even then. I have now to relate that I have had a sweet enjoyment of the Lord's presence this day, and have been blessed in my soul. O that I could convey to you on this paper the joys that I have felt and do now feel. I hope the few words I intend to say will be blessed to you also. S. uttered words in his prayer this morning that had been floating in my mind the last day or two; he seemed, in fact, to speak my thoughts, and my heart was drawn out in love and gratitude to think of the dear Lord's mercy to such a hell-deserving rebel. O the depths of his love! the exceeding riches of his grace! But for that love I should be in hell; and if sinner ever deserved hell, it is me. Ah! you will think I am writing bitter things against myself, but it is too true. I could not relate to any one, not even to you, my dear J., what wicked and blasphemous thoughts have crossed my mind ever since the dear Lord has visited me this morning; but, blessed be his name, he remembereth that we are dust; he knows that I hate these evil thoughts. My dear wife, if I ever needed your prayers, I do now.

Well do I remember the trial that succeeded the sweet visit I had from Jesus some months since; and it is the thought that some heavy calamity, some severe trial, will soon overtake me, that robs me of the delights of this day. O that I could rest with a stronger faith on his promise! O that he would give me grace to bear without a murmuring tongue every trial that may fall to my portion. I feel ashamed that I should again be so filled with unbelief. Surely God has no wretch like me to deal with! So good, so kind, so merciful, so gracious hath he manifested himself to me in one hour, yet in the next this poor, wicked, deceitful, rebellious heart is sinning against him. O that he will keep me in his fear day by day! But a few more setting suns, a few more trials, a few more tears, and then all will be well with us. I think now I could sing louder than all the wonders of his grace.

“Soon with that yonder sacred throng
We at his feet shall fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.”

I purposed telling you at the commencement that the text this morning was from Deut. xxxiii. 27, “The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.” The words were opened very sweetly; and, when speaking of the unworthiness of man and the eternal love of God, my eyes overflowed with tears. The sermon, yea, the whole service, was for me; for the hymn brought me, as it were, a crowning blessing:

“Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
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.
When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;

For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Well, some might think that was enough to satisfy a hungry soul; so it might for the time; but I feel, as was observed to-day, that I shall not be satisfied until I awake in his likeness. I want again another visit from him; for now I feel my sins to be tenfold more sinful, because I sin against so much light. O that he would keep me from sinning against his holy name! What a precious Saviour! I can see him agonising on the accursed tree; I can see those nails piercing his tender flesh, and that crown of thorns on his lovely brow. Didst thou endure all this for me, thou blessed Jesus, for one so unworthy as I? Didst thou bleed for me? Didst thou hang for me? Didst thou cry "It is finished!" and was I amongst thy redeemed ones? O! if I am not woefully deceived, I shall praise thee with immortal tongue in the realms of glory.

W., April 17, 1859, Sunday evening, 9 o'clock.

I have been looking over what I wrote last night, but am disappointed, inasmuch as it but faintly conveys the feelings of soul that I experienced throughout the day. I laid my head on the pillow weary with agitation, but with a firm hope and sweet assurance that, if I opened not my eyes again in this world, I should in a far better one.

Monday morning.

Affectionately yours,

G.

HE WILL REGARD THE PRAYER OF THE DESTITUTE.

Dear and Esteemed Friend,—Being on my knees this morning pleading before the Lord to come and visit my soul, and bless me in grace and providence, the following words crossed my mind: "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." I entreated the Lord to fulfil that gracious promise in my experience, for I so often feel to be destitute of everything of a spiritual kind, but, to the sorrow and grief of my soul, full of everything earthly and sensual; and yet, what a mercy, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute." There are times when we can look back when this was fulfilled at the time when we felt to be without a shelter, and full of misery and wretchedness; when we beheld a righteous and holy God, so that we fully expected that endless misery would have been our lot, and we felt that we must get a shelter of some kind before we should be fit to die. But we concluded the only way to obtain this was by us breaking off our sins, saying our prayers, going to a place of worship, becoming a member of some church, and partaking of the Lord's Supper. I thought this would be sure to take me to heaven. But the Spirit kept on discovering to me the malady within, till at last I felt just like the poor woman in the gospel—spent all I had and not one shade better, but much worse, and the running sore of sin increasing; all the ointment that human wisdom could make was of no avail; and my soul fully expected the wrath of God to consume me, for I, at these times, have been fearful to close my eyes when nature required her rest, lest I should wake up in hell; and when I have gone to sleep have awoke with great fright, and was glad when morning came and to find myself still spared. This was the way the Lord in mercy was pleased to take with the unworthy worm to kill him to his own righteousness, and bring him, in feeling, to be destitute; but O what slavish fears worked within, which produced bondage; but "he will regard the prayer of the destitute." And it

brings also to my mind when I went for the last time into my bedroom to cry for mercy, and yet I was quite as ignorant of the way of salvation as a new-born infant. I had never been accustomed to attend a place of worship, and had no Christian friend to instruct me; yet I trust I had the Spirit of God to guide me into every branch of truth, though at that time I did not know it, but, falling down on my knees for the last time, Christ was revealed to the eyes of my understanding. This was quite a new thing; for I did not know that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, but I felt such a springing-up of love towards him as I cannot tell you in writing; all my fears were gone, and the fear of meeting God as my Judge and consuming fire was also taken away; so that I felt now I could approach God the Father as mine, and in the simplicity of my heart I told the Lord I would do anything for him. (Peter-like.) I did not then know my own weakness, and what a coward in after years I should prove myself to be. Neither did I know the abominations of a desperately wicked heart, for I fully expected to get holier every day; but, alas! I seem to my own feelings to get viler and viler, more stupid and dull in the things of God, weaker and weaker every day, and very often, in my feelings, as if destitute of the fear of the Lord and love to God and his people. I can see no beauty in the gospel, or feel any appetite after the things of God, and all past favors and mercies hid, feeling nothing but grumbling and discontent. At these times, too, I too often envy the prosperity of the wicked. But if I were to write all the exercises of my mind—the boiling and bubbling up of corrupt nature—the awful thoughts against God and his word, I was going to say it would cause you to shudder, but I know you are not ignorant of these things. Well may it be written, “What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?” How low man is sunk through the fall! He is one mass of sin and filth; but he knows it not until the Holy Spirit opens the eyes of his understanding and sealeth his instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from him.

But I must come to a conclusion. Well, let us feel what we may, or be at the ends of the earth in our feelings, still “He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer;” and I am a witness to the truth of these words, both in grace and providence, for I have had the enemy and unbelief crying out, “How will you pay your way now? What will you do? There is no way out.” O, what sinking of heart! My poor mind has been tossed like the troubled sea, and I felt that I could not put words together to make a long prayer, but groaned out, like Hezekiah, “O, Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;” and at these times I have found that he will hear and answer “the prayer of the destitute,” but it may not be in the way we expect, for God sometimes works underground. But here I am as poor as ever, and cannot fall back upon past deliverances for the present, unless the Lord is pleased to strengthen my faith; but may the Lord go on to comfort us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

From yours in the truth,

T. S. S.

CHRIST would not entrust our redemption to angels, to millions of angels; but he would come himself, and in person suffer; he would not give a low and base price for us clay. He would buy us with a great ransom, so as he might over-buy us, and none could over-bid him in his market for souls.—*Rutherford.*

HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER AND PURIFIER OF SILVER.

My dear Friend,—Having heard through our dear friends at O. that you are sick, I have been led to think of you, and also to feel sympathy for you; and whether or not this sickness shall issue in the death of the outward man, yet I verily believe it will be for the glory of God, and the good of your soul. Why I am thus confident arises from the persuasion that you are one of the favored “heirs of promise, unto whom all things work together for good.” No evil (that can truly be called evil) shall happen to the just. “The just shall live by faith.” Through rich mercy, you have been made a partaker and recipient of that precious faith that saves the soul, that works by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world; a faith that stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

The faith that stands only in the wisdom of men knows no such changes, no such ebbings and flowings, such risings and sinkings, as those which are peculiar to that faith which is of the operation of God—a faith that has God himself for its author and its object, for its maintainer and finisher. This precious, invaluable grace and gift is bestowed upon his dear chosen according to the measure of the gift of Christ, just as it pleases the great author and finisher thereof to communicate it. Hence some are said to be weak in faith, others to be strong in faith, giving glory to God. But the most important thing is, not the quantity, but its quality. My dear brother, you do know and value this, for in the course of your pilgrimage you have had to walk through those waters and through those fires that would, on the one hand, have drowned your religion, and, on the other hand, have burnt it all up. The fire, it is said, shall “try every man’s work, of what sort it is;” and “a time of temptation [or trial] shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the face of the whole earth.” “But who shall abide the day of his coming, or who shall stand when he appeareth, for he is like a refiner’s fire and like fuller’s soap? He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.” What an unspeakable mercy, therefore, it is for you that you have experienced in this life the day of his coming, and that, although he has been pleased to sit as a refiner in your poor soul, it has been but to purge you from that dross and tin that would otherwise have been as so much fuel to burn you up. I doubt not that you have, ere now, been enabled to adopt the following lines as your own:

“He’ll purge away nought but my dross,
Then let him afflict,—I’ll adore,
And cheerfully take up the cross
My Jesus has carried before.”

My desire for you, my dear brother, is, that you may be enabled to suck out the sweetness and strength of that blessed promise, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.” “Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.” “They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but abideth for ever.”

Every fresh trial or affliction into which his dear children are brought is but to make room for a further display of his love and faithfulness towards them. “Thou hast,” says one of old, “in very faithfulness afflicted me. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word.”

My dear wife feels much sympathy for you, and desires her love. Also

give our united love to those near and dear to you, and believe me
 desirous of ever being
 Yours in love,
 Hoxton, Feb. 11, 1857. R. K.

I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.

My dear and beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus,—I have only just got your letter into my hand, having been from home. * * * I should like, if the Lord will, to spend the last Lord's Day in February with you at L.

I am almost unable at present to speak above a whisper; but I was fairly put to it at H., on Sunday night, and lost my voice; but the Lord gave it me again. I never was so much indebted to my dear Lord in all my life as I have been lately. Indeed, my liabilities increase, and so does his goodness, until his dear Majesty fairly constrains my poor, vile, hard, wretched heart to own that amongst the gods there is none like to him.

I have ever been a rebel of rebels. Lately, I had to go 33 miles to preach, and set off with one penny in my pocket, and when I crossed the river, that was gone; and as I had no prospect of paying, I could not borrow, neither could I let any one know of my case. I had been asking the Lord to show me his hand, and open it so as I could plainly see it was his. I had two hard crusts in my pocket; I stayed on the road, and dined with a friend, who would gladly have supplied me had he known my circumstances. Sunday came, and I preached to the poor from James ii. 5, "Hearken, my beloved brethren; hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" and I felt it, and enjoyed it much. Afterwards the devil brought up all my debts, and stirred up all the rebellion of my heart, exhibited my wife and children dying for want, and threatened me with a workhouse or an asylum. Yet the Lord blessed me with a little faith, and after I had written a letter to my wife, I borrowed a shilling to post it, to let her know that the Lord had sent me nothing, and detailing my hardships at full length; whereat the old man most dolorously wailed his sufferings in lamentable strains. I set out to the post-office with a friend and beloved son in the faith, when he commenced telling me that he had ten shillings gathered up for a purpose, but that it was impressed upon his mind to give it to me. I said I had been begging of the Lord, if he saw good, to grant me something to send my dear wife, not saying how I had left them at home; when he immediately gave it me. I had left the letter open, to put in sixpence of the shilling I had borrowed, while the Lord had designed to send an order for ten shillings, which unaccountable mercy so overwhelmed my poor soul that I longed for a private place to confess my unbelief, my black ingratitude, and my horrid rebellion; and to adore him for his goodness and mercy. And O, bless his dear name, how dear he has made his precious name to my poor, vile soul. I set out with, "I will make my goodness to pass before thee in the way;" and although I disbelieved it, yet he abode faithful.

And now, as I have no more room, I remain,

Yours, in the best of bonds,

T. C.

WHEREVER Christ is, clusters of divine promises grow out of him, as the motes, rays, and beams from the sun, and a family, as it were, and a society of branches out of a tree.—*Rutherford*.

A SCRAP OR TWO OF EXPERIENCE, AND A HINT OR TWO ON THE WILL OF THE EVER-ADORABLE AND EVER-BLESSED GOD.

WE are commanded, whatever our hands find to do, to do it with all our might, for time is hastening away. Scripture tells us our life is but a vapor, or night-time. The vapor is far spent, and the night-time is nearly over with some; for now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed, and the astonishing morning of eternity is at hand. Therefore, if we recollect things that are good, we had better mention them before our tongues are silent in the grave.

I remember once, when I was a church clergyman, a farmer driving me in a gig; and as we passed by a village, he said to me, "Do you want any money? For if you do, I will give you or lend you a ten-pound note, whichever you like." If a stone had fallen out of the skies into the conveyance, it would not, partly, have surprised me, or hardly or exceedingly very much more, for it was so entirely unexpected; and pride and disinclination would have made me unwilling to think of it. But it struck me now, after about thirty years back, that it was the hand of God. I know the closeness with which I was cleaving to the Lord by prayer at that time. How many times have I asked this of the Lord, that I might not get a wink of sleep when I have gone to bed (believing it would not do my health any hurt), but that I might pray to God all the night long! And what have you got by your prayers? I have got the providential bounties of God and the assurance of the salvation of my soul. And if you can do the same, you will do pretty well. You will have got the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

I never got much from God by saying, "Give me this, or give me that;" but rather, by waiting upon God, and saying, first, "Am I thy child?" and secondly, "What is to be done, Lord?" Hours and hours, and afternoons, and days, and weeks, in secret prayer have I waited in a waiting posture of soul before God, asking the Holy Spirit to enable me to look unto Jesus, and, like Jonah, to draw virtue from Jesus to heal all my sorrows. I never found a good deal of what is called prayer to do me much good. A good many prayers amount to this, secretly to get God to excuse them bearing the cross. I have heard many prayers, the secret drift of which was this, that it would be a good thing if they could give trouble the slip, that is, if they could escape it. How little value they put on the cutting operations of the Spirit of God; how little value they put on the bitter herbs of tribulation the elect are predestinated to eat Christ with. Bitter herbs, the bitter dispensations of providence and grace, are as needful as the sweets of grace. I look at those who are dictating to God for the sweets, and are as shy of the bitters as a dog is of the whip, and I ask, What do these get from God? Not much. They have no hearty union with God in his will; they have a secret clash with God as regards the bitters. Repentance is not so sweet to them as faith; they cannot say, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." You will find these men, most men, more or less, secretly at

war with God; their language is this: "Give me this and give me that, and excuse me in that;" whereas, I believe that sound godliness and wisdom would wish for their repentance to be as sound as their faith, and their gospel obedience as sound as either.

I know what it is to get answers to my prayers through the bitterest and most roaring tempests of sorrow as well as through the most conspicuous fountains of joy felt; and generally through life, often to my dismay and anguish, have found that I have had to be led in paths that I have not known.

"Deep in unfathomable mines," &c.,

often has repentance never to be repented of to be worked out.

A person that I used to hear many years ago, at prayer-meetings, praying for all the sweet blessings of the covenant of grace, and whose repentance and longing for the bitters of godliness as well as the sweets I never could well see, said formerly to me, "No wonder you do not get anything from God; you do not ask for anything." No; I used to be at that time afraid to ask for sorrows, and so asked comparatively for nothing direct, but communed with God about what was to be done; but am not afraid now to ask the blessed God for sorrow, but say, "Accomplish in me *all* thy will, and let that will be mine." "Epaphras, who is one of you, saluteth you, always laboring, or striving, fervently for you in prayer, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

Here I make two remarks. 1. I pray that I may not suffer as an evil-doer, nor be buffeted for my faults; and that I may be kept from evil, that it may not grieve me. 2. That if any one through grace is enabled to have a perfect union with God's will, whatever that will may be, he is more likely to be gently dealt with than those who are half suffocated with self-will.

Great men do not like people that are always saying "Give me this, and give me that." Kings would not. So we know not how to order our speech before the blessed Lord. And the safest prayer is indited prayer,—indited by the Spirit of God. The Scriptures and our feelings are our guides in prayer under the Spirit of God felt. Godly people, who have the Spirit of God, and are elected, are not thus weary of prayer. After elect souls are brought into a personal felt union with the Son of God spiritually, they are rapt in wonder, astonishment, and praise. The quickening influences of the Spirit of God are their wonderful topic all the day long. If God smites them, they fall under it; if he checks them, they halt; if he smiles on them, they run the way of his commandments. No miser loves gold half so much as a godly person is rapt in the influences felt of the Spirit of God. "Can it be possible," says he, "that God who made the earth, the sea, and the skies, and all that in them is, can and does commune with me in Jesus Christ as a man communes with a friend, as a father with his son or daughter, or in the nearer ties still of virtuous husbands and wives?" O, astonishing! And yet the Scriptures lead us to expect that such shall be the case

between God and the elect. And when souls experimentally find it so in themselves, they are like the chariots of Amminadib; they are all on fire, as it were, with the golden gloss of the Sun of righteousness shining on their souls. What makes godly people know it comes from God is, because their repentance is as firm as their faith, and their gospel obedience as sound as either. While replenished with quickening grace felt, softened by the dews of heavenly influence, soothed by the becalming influences of the Spirit of God, godly people go on confessing their sins, watching and praying against their besetments, having continual and unspeakable indignation against themselves on account of their shortcomings; they live a sort of heavenly life upon earth. Instantly serving God night and day, they hope to come to the ravishing fulfilment of all the promises where sorrow and sighing shall be no more for ever and ever. Having been enabled through grace to hunger and thirst to be delivered from the love and practice of sin, they will be delivered from its guilt and punishment; having had godly sorrow given; never to be repented of, and vital faith, and, as the fruits and effects, a genuine love to holiness universally, they are sure enough to be saved; and that has been my case, notwithstanding every mourned-over shortcoming.

Abingdon.

J. K.

IN case of strong or violent temptations, the real frame of a man's heart is not to be judged by the multiplicity of thoughts about any object. For whether they are from Satan's suggestions, or from inward darkness, trouble, and horror, they will impose such a continual sense of themselves on the mind, as shall engage all his thoughts about them, as, when a man is in a storm at sea, the current of his thoughts runs quite another way than when he is in safety about his occasions. But ordinarily, voluntary thoughts are the best measure and indication of the frame of our minds—*Owen*.

No sooner is a ship built, launched, rigged, victualled, and manned, then she is presently sent out into the boisterous ocean, where she is never at rest, but continually fluctuating, tossing, and laboring, until she is either overwhelmed and wrecked, or, through age, grows leaky and unseviceable, and so is knocked to pieces. So no sooner come we into the world as men or as Christians, by a natural or supernatural birth, than we are thus tossed upon a sea of troubles. "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." The spark no sooner comes out of the fire than it flies up naturally; it needs not any external force, help, or guidance, but ascends from a principle in itself; so naturally, so easily does trouble rise out of sin. There is radically all the misery, anguish, and trouble in the world in our corrupt natures. As the spark lies close hid in the coals, so does misery in sin; every sin draws a rod after it. And these troubles fall not only on the body, in those breaches, deformities, pains, aches, diseases, to which it is subject, which are but the groans of dying nature, and its crumbling by degrees into dust again; but they fall also on all our employments and callings. (Gen. iii. 17.) These are full of pain, trouble, and disappointment. (Hag. i. 6.) We earn wages, and put it into a bag with holes, and disquiet ourselves in vain.—*Pavel*.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE JOHN STARKEY, SHEPHERD, NEAR SUTTON COLD- FIELD, WARWICKSHIRE.

The greatest part of this account was written by himself during his long illness. At the age of sixteen he went with his parents to hear a clergyman in the Established Church who was lately come, and was preaching a new doctrine to the people. His account of what he then felt is as follows :

“The words spoken made a great impression on my mind. He spoke of the day of judgment, and the dreadful state of the soul standing at the bar of God in its own righteousness, and the necessity of being clothed with the righteousness of Christ. I was also about this time impressed at the funeral of a young friend with these words, ‘I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.’ So strong was the impression on my mind, that I could think of little else, and often said to myself, Am I prepared to die? But I did not know why it was so with me; it made me very sad. I sometimes thought of praying; then I would think, What weakness! and I felt ashamed; and the enemy would say, You have no call to pray; you have no sins; therefore you have nothing to fear. Thus Satan lulled my soul to sleep. I was oftentimes disturbed by the still small voice; but I was upon the enchanted ground, and did not understand it.

“My father removed to a neighborhood where there was a Baptist chapel, and I became a regular hearer for about two years. At this time several came forward as candidates for the ordinance. Amongst them were some of my family; and, partly through the persuasion of my friends, and the good opinion of the minister of my sincerity, I became a candidate, was baptized, and confirmed the same by partaking of the Lord’s Supper. I thought I had left all my sins behind me in the water, and was become a disciple of the blessed Jesus, and a favorite of heaven. Thus once more I built my soul’s salvation upon the sands. The still small voice, however, pursued me, and often sounded in my ears that my religion would not do, that it would not stand in the evil day; but I little regarded these secret admonitions. I was now about to leave my father’s house and my religion too. A friend of mine sent for me to come to Birmingham, and I engaged myself in a family belonging to the Established Church. They ridiculed my religion. After this I went to live with my brother, who said that all religion was priest-craft. Then the storm arose, and the wind blew and beat upon my house, and it fell. Here I am ashamed to say I drank down iniquity as the ox drinketh in water. Six days were spent in the warehouse, and the evening at the playhouse or some other place of amusement, and the seventh day in eating, drinking, and going to pleasure-gardens. But God, who is rich in mercy, stopped me in one moment within one step of ruin, with these words, ‘Can a man take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one

go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?' I was now cast upon a bed of sickness and sorrow. O how did my sins stare me in the face! In this condition I was left to the care of servants, and my soul in the hands of Satan. I began to loathe my situation, and longed to be better, that I might leave it to return to my father. But I soon left home again to live with an uncle who was joined to the Wesleyans; and I became a regular attendant at the chapel, and a teacher at the Sunday-school. Now I thought that I was fairly paving the way to heaven. Thus was my poor soul again furnished with a fresh supply of husks. But I took offence at something, and left both the school and chapel. I was once more wrecked upon the enemy's coast, and was soon made a willing slave to all his evil ways. It is a shame for me to say that the alehouse and race-course, and all such places, were my sole amusement. But it pleased God once more to lay me on a sick bed, and I cannot describe the state of my mind. All my sins were set in order before my face, and a fearful looking for the wrath of God. I even feared the house might fall upon me, or, if I went to sleep, I should never wake more. But, on my recovery, all my good resolutions failed, and I returned like the dog to his vomit. But though I so continually turned from the Lord, he still kept his eye upon me. Returning one Sunday from the alehouse, I was seized with a trembling which is impossible for me to describe. I said, 'O, I shall be lost.' My sister, who had been waiting for me, told me to pray, and pressed me very much to cry to the Lord. At length I said, 'Lord, I believe thou canst help me.' The Lord did then appear for me in a most wonderful manner; he delivered me from the dreadful temptation under which I lay, and out of the mouth of the lion and out of the paw of the bear; but I soon fell into my former habit of frequenting the alehouse, and ran into greater lengths than ever in that sin. The Lord often gave me warnings, which I little regarded. But at length I found the Lord did not continue to lop off these branches, but at last laid the axe to the root, and this gave me a disrelish for alehouses and alehouse company. Nor did I like what I heard from the preachers. I did not think they spoke the truth. They said that salvation was free for every one if they would but accept it, and that it was at our own option if we had it or not. Others would thunder all the terrors of a broken law upon my guilty head, and then set me to mend it by a few good works. I knew that there was a something I must be brought to understand which as yet I was unacquainted with. I felt very unhappy because of my sins; I thought them too great to be forgiven, but sometimes I had a secret hope it would not always be so. One time these words impressed my mind very much, 'I have found a ransom.' Although this comforted me a little, yet my sins began to appear greater than ever, and the enemy was continually tempting me to commit a sin which could never be pardoned. I was often tempted to give all up, but I was never quite given up to the power of the enemy. I was again laid on a bed of sickness, from which I thought I should never recover. The enemy seemed to hedge me in on every side; but the Lord appeared in a wonderful

manner, which I trust will never be forgotten by me. 'The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered.' But I was again suffered to wander in the dark, except now and then a small glimmering light appeared to shine upon my dreary path, and then leave me in all the horrors of Egyptian darkness. In this way I continued about three years. Being at my sister's house, at Aldridge, in the summer of 1848, I was complaining of the preachers. I had heard all sorts, but I could get no good. She said, 'Have you heard of Mr. Bourne, from London, that preaches at Maney?' 'No,' I said. She replied, 'He will preach at my house at Aldridge on Thursday night; you can come and hear him.' So I promised to go. Well, the time came; but O what a striving there was within me to go, and sometimes not to go. Well, thinks I, I will go because I promised; but what is the use of my going so far? I have heard as good preachers as he. When I arrived at home, my wife said, 'Are you going to Aldridge to-night?' I replied, 'I do not know what to do.' 'Well,' she said, 'please yourself; I think I shall go and hear what this Mr. Bourne has got to say.' Accordingly, I started, but made a sudden stop before I had walked a quarter of a mile; it looked like rain, and I thought I would turn again. It looked very dark; and my mind was as dark and divided. Well, said I, shall I turn back, or shall I go? and it was much impressed upon me not only to go, but to make haste. I then went as fast as I could, and was surprised to see how fine the evening turned.

"No sooner was I seated than I found I was too late to hear the text, but the first words I heard took my attention: 'It is your mercy and mine to lay these things to heart.' Well, thought I, what a pity I am too late to hear what these things were. But Mr. Bourne proceeded to set forth the inability of the poor prodigal son to help himself. All the love was in the father, who saw him afar off, and ran and fell upon his neck, and kissed him. O what love and what kindness was set forth in the rest of the discourse; it sank deeply into my heart. Well, thought I, these things are set forth in a different way to what I ever heard before; I believe what Mr. Bourne says is true; and I felt a kind of drawing towards the people, when I heard them speaking to each other after the service was over, such as I had never felt towards any people before. It was agreed for me to return with them in the cart. As soon as I was seated, the conversation began. What was it about? Was it about buying and selling, and getting this world's goods; or the dearness of provisions, the badness of the times, or this bad servant or that bad master; or what Parliament had done or intended to do; and a hundred other things that are conned over by the generality of professors when they return from church or chapel? O no! They were telling each other of the goodness of God to them, and what the Lord had done for them, and the sweet promises of Christ to do still more for them.

"Well, thought I, this is what I never heard before; but I suppose they are only doing it on my account. So when I was getting out of the cart, Mr. Bourne bade me Good night, and said, 'Starkey, did you ever get answers to your prayers? You will never be saved

if you do not.' I said very little, and felt ashamed; but when I got out of the cart I said to myself, I am determined to follow it behind, and listen if they talk in this manner when I am gone; and to my surprise I heard every word they spoke of the Lord's dealings with one and another until I got to the top of the hill. Though the enemy whispered, 'They are only a set of enthusiasts,' yet still my heart was increasingly drawn towards them, and I felt that all they said was true in spite of all contradiction.

"I went to Maney to hear Mr. Bourne once or twice; but did not feel any particular power; but on the third time, which was the last, the order was gone forth, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?' but the kind-hearted Dresser of the vineyard said, 'Let it alone this year also, and I will dig about it, and dung it; for how can I give thee up, Ephraim?' Now the work was about to begin in earnest; and his servant was provided with a proper order for the work, taken out of John xiv. 22, 'Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to us and not unto the world?' Mr. Bourne described what were the peculiar manifestations that Christ showed to his people, which the world can know nothing of. I did not then understand; but they appeared most beautiful, and I said, 'O that I had such a manifestation of God's love to me; but I have neither part nor lot in the matter.' After the service was over, Mr. Bourne, seeing me waiting for my sister, and knowing I had come a long way, said, 'I hope, Starkey, you have not come so far for nothing.' I said, I did not repent coming. Mr. Bourne replied, 'These manifestations are the comfort of my old age.' These things made such an impression on my mind, that I could not get rid of them. I began to think that something very serious was going to happen to me; perhaps I should die. O! then did my sins begin to rush into my mind one after another; and as they came, every one appeared blacker and blacker, till they appeared before my eyes as it were a dreadful list. They appeared like a great army of sins that I had forgotten, and these seemed the blackest. I thought I was the wickedest man of all living upon earth, so that it was no use my thinking of heaven or praying, for the Lord would not hear me. It appeared as if the measure of my iniquity was full, and I thought the Lord was about to cut me off. I cannot describe the dreadful state of my mind at this time. My sins were continually before me; I was ready to give all up; but these words came as a stay, 'I have found a ransom.' Hope came with these words, and I believe I could then pray for the first time, but it appeared in a very weak manner, and I could get no further answer, the sight of my sins so cast me down.

"One night, after being much exercised and tempted to give all up, I began to think if the Lord should cut me off in my sins, how dreadful my state would be! Then I cried in earnest to the Lord for mercy; I said, 'Lord, look down upon me and help me, for thou knowest that I cannot do anything of myself; Lord, thou knowest the desire of my heart; be pleased to look down with mercy, for Christ's sake.' My sins now appeared like a great high wall before me, which seemed to reach to the clouds, and shut out all my prayers.

I cannot describe the manner in which they appeared; but it was as if somebody said to me, 'Mercy is above the clouds,' at which my heart seemed to leap within me, and I then felt myself much comforted. But the next morning I was in as great trouble as ever, and my prayer did not seem to be heard at all, though I cried to the Lord night and day with many tears. In this state the friends came from Maney to see me. They encouraged me to press on, but I was in a worse state than ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCRAP FROM A DIARY.

Divine favor will show itself in a thousand different ways; and the believing people of God have now and then something to say to the praise of the riches of his grace.

On the Sunday evening now past my soul was well filled with the love of God in Christ to me, an unworthy creature. I could not tell to any one how deep and strong the love of God was. In this frame I continued, and during sleep the things of God were the joy of my spirit; though to describe definitely the points I cannot. The fulness of the same, however, so worked in my heart, that I awoke; and the instant perfect recollection was restored, my soul burst out in the following language: "O, Lord Jesus, thou art mine!" The grace connected with this was so exceedingly precious, that I felt I could bind it for ever to my heart. I thought, Surely I know what Simeon felt when coming into the temple, he took up the holy child Jesus, and felt he had received the richest treasure possible; and, finding the fulness of the love of God manifested to him, cried out, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I therefore here record this sweet overflowing of the love of the Lord Jesus, whose I am, and whom, until death, and for ever, I desire to serve; whose grace in me was not bestowed on me in vain, although there is no credit due to me. And this being so, I feel I have a theme of wondrous love to declare, in the face of all my sin and unworthiness. It seems to me that all the acts of the Lord to me are thoroughly to convince me of the sweet truth that "salvation is of grace." And how can any subject for one moment bear comparison with that in which my soul has rejoiced so much, to the praise of the glory of his grace?

O Lord Jesus, as thou hast begun, so continue, until mortality is swallowed up of life. And I know that my first thought in perfection then will be, "O, Lord Jesus, thou art mine."

Feb. 7th, 1859.

S.

No state so stable and sure as the covenant of grace. Christ is surety for the believer, that he fall not away. Christ's honor is engaged, he shall not have shame of his surety: "I know I shall not be ashamed," saith Christ. (Isa. l. 7). It his honor to raise me when I fall.—*Rutherford.*

POETRY.

MYSELF.

DARK my mind, and unbelieving,
Anxious, restless, full of fear;
At the past and present grieving,
Distant troubles bringing near.

Like a shadow, life is fleeting;
Feeble is my house of clay;
On it wintry storms are beating,
Tending to its last decay.

Burden'd oft with sin and sorrow,
To a throne of grace I go;
But, alas, the coming morrow
Undiminish'd finds my woe.

God his face of love is hiding,
Darkness veils his awful throne,
And the solemn voice of chiding
Is the voice I hear alone.

Shall I, then, with heart desponding,
Cease before that throne to bend,
And to Satan's wiles responding,
Strength to his temptations lend?

Would this moment saw me dying,
Waiting at that throne for peace,
Rather than my heart stop crying,
Or its feeble praise should cease!
Dec. 6th, 1858.

Feeble ever, and unstable,
In myself I ne'er confide;
But, Lord Jesus, thou art able
Still to keep me near thy side.

Health and peace my soul refuses
From all sources here below;
From thy wounds, dear Lord, and
bruises
All my hopes of comfort flow.

Deign, then, Lord, again to hear me,
Be my tower, shield and sun;
Let thy presence guard and cheer me
While the race of life I run.

From my breast vouchsafe to banish
Darkness, unbelief and sighs;
Bid the gloom of night to vanish
And the star of hope to rise.

Let no evil thing delight me
While life's journey I pursue;
Nor the face of death affright me
When the grave is full in view.

Draw me, Lord, and keep me near
thee,
Raise my heart to things above;
And when dying let me hear thee
Speak in accents fraught with love.
J. R.

COMING UNTO JESUS.

(Altered from a popular Hymn.)

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to
thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
For thou alone canst cleanse a spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, when toss'd about
With conflicts and with many a
doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Righteousness, joy, peace to the
mind,
Yea, all I need in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve;
Because thy love made me believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thy love make known;
More of thy Spirit may I own;
Now to be thine—yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
A. H.

WE cannot either see our need of, or set a proper value upon; much less shall embrace the mercies of Christ, until the Spirit of light has shewn us to ourselves.—*Poplady*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

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

A SERMON BY THE LATE JOHN ROBERT WATTS,
OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

“My heart is fixed, O God; my heart is fixed. I will sing, and give praise.”
Ps. lvii. 7.

David, when he wrote this Psalm, was pursued by his inveterate enemy, Saul, who narrowly watched the Psalmist to put him to death; but the man after God's own heart always found a place of refuge in his covenant God. In six troubles he had been his hiding-place, and in the seventh he was persuaded that his Friend, who loveth at all times, would never desert him. The good man therefore, believing that he had an unchangeable and almighty Friend to apply to, was not dismayed at his malicious foe, but went and sought the face of his God by private prayer, as we read in the first verse of this Psalm, “Be merciful unto me, O God; be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast.” And, blessed be God, the same place of refuge belongs to all God's distressed children, as it is written, “In the fear of the Lord is a strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge.” (Prov. xiv. 26.) If they did but call a little oftener upon their God in times of trouble, instead of giving way to unbelief and discouraging thoughts, they would not be so much cast down as they often are; for although the Lord is most surely a refuge to his children in every trouble, yet he himself says, that “I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.” (Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.) “Call upon me [saith God], in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” (Ps. l. 15.) The Psalmist experienced this truth often, which greatly emboldened him when Saul was at his heels; and he says, in the second verse of the Psalm whence my text is taken, “I will cry unto God most high, unto God that performeth all things for me.” Nor had he been long at this blessed privilege before he discovered the benefit thereof; for, in verse 6 he says, “They have prepared a net for my steps. My soul is bowed down; they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.” The Psalmist finding the powerful efficacy of his humble petition, and that his faith in his God was thereby greatly strengthened, and a sense of gratitude felt in his soul, then declares, in the

words of my text, "My heart is fixed, O God; my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise."

There are three things which, by the Lord's help, I will treat of from these words:

1. The *restless, unsettled state* the soul is in, before the Lord is pleased to fix the heart, and the cause thereof.

2. *What it is that fixes* and establishes a person in the goodness of his state before God.

3. *It is just and comely* for such a one to *sing and give praise*, which they do; and I will show you, from scripture and experience, what is the subject matter of their song.

Now for the first of these:

I. When God made man he made him upright, and he enjoyed sweet communion with his Creator; but when Eve listened to the serpent and ate of the fruit which God had forbidden, and gave also to Adam and he did eat, they both fell from the happy state in which they were created; became obnoxious to God's wrath, and likewise their posterity. Hence proceed all the miseries of this present life, and all the punishment that awaits us beyond the grave, unless the breach between the Lord and us is made up, through Jesus Christ. But all those whom he is pleased in mercy to bring into a state of reconciliation with himself, he makes to feel the wretched state they are born in, through the original sin of our first parents; for unless we feel our own depravity by nature, we shall not, indeed, we cannot, prize the great Physician whom God hath appointed to heal the wounded spirit of the poor sinner. Therefore, our Lord tells us, that "The whole do not need the physician, but the sick." (Matt. ix. 13.) They do; and are glad to hear there is one provided by God. But when the Lord sends an arrow of conviction into the soul, and the poison thereof drinks up his spirit, (Job vi. 4,) the poor creature is greatly alarmed, and fears that the good Physician will have nothing to do with him, as he greatly suspects that his sins are of so heinous a nature that there can be no hope for him, even in the mercy of God. (Jer. ii. 25.) Formerly, he thought, before the Lord wounded his soul, that God was so merciful that there was not the least doubt of his salvation, if he did the best he could. The mercy of God, he vainly supposed, would make up for all his short comings without paying any regard to the awful denunciation of God, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 4-20.) But now the Lord has set his sins before him, and made him to feel the spirituality of his holy law, (Rom. vii. 14,) and that by the application of it, he is become in his own eyes exceeding sinful, he runs into another wrong notion,—that there is no mercy for him. He feels himself to be such an abominable sinner that he thinks there never was such a character as himself; and he strongly suspects that God cannot, consistently with his justice, save such a wretch as he. If any one tries to administer a little consolation to the poor soul in this state, he will say, "My soul refuses to

be comforted, I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy; and if you knew what a wretch I am, you would not attempt to hold forth the promises of God's word to me as you do." He thinks they belong to any one sooner than to himself. "O!" says he, "that I could but hide myself from my Judge, but he hath set my secret sins in the light of his countenance; (Ps. xc. 8;) and he reflects wrath and indignation upon me for the same, and I tremble at the awful consequences of falling into the hands of the living God as a consuming fire." At times, however, a light shines into his soul, discovering Christ, the Physician, who he believes can heal him of his wounds if he is willing; as it is written, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up." (Matt. iv. 16.) This raises his soul to a hope that sooner or later the Lord will bring him health and cure; (Jer. xxxiii. 6;) but his hope being kept at bay, and his distress of soul becoming more grievous, his spirits droop again, his hope gets languid, and his fears of falling short of the grace of God almost overwhelm him with dread and horror. "Fearfulness and trembling have come upon me," saith the poor distressed soul; "and horror hath overwhelmed me;" (Ps. lv. 5;) and in this pitiable case the poor creature remains till the set time arrives to bind up his broken spirit. (Isa. lxi. 1.) Sometimes in hearing the word preached, in reading the Bible, or in conversation, he gets a little encouragement; hope gathers strength; but Christ, the desire of his soul, being kept at a distance, his fears prevail lest he should at last perish for ever from the presence of God; as it is written, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" (Prov. xiii. 12;) and sick it will continue to be till the desire is accomplished, which will then become truly sweet to the soul. This is the unsettled state the poor sinner is in, till it please the Lord, in the multitude of his mercies, to appear for his deliverance.

II. I will now show you, in the next place, *what it is that fixes* and establishes a person in the goodness of his state before God. After the sensible sinner has gone on in this low, desponding way for a length of time till all hope of saving himself, in whole or in part, gives way, he finds himself plunged deeply in arrears to divine justice, and not a mite of his own to discharge his debts with; and he sensibly feels himself cooped up in prison, fast bound in affliction, and holden with the cords of his own transgressions. (Job xxxvi. 8.) He then looks on the right hand, but no help is to be found; all refuge completely fails, and none cares for his soul. When he cries unto the Lord out of the depths of his lost and undone condition, "Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul," &c., (Ps. cxxx. 1,) his cries enter in the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. He sends from above, and draws him out of the horrible pit into which, through sin, he is deeply sunk. A comfortable sense of God's everlasting love now sweetly operates upon his wounded spirit, and constrains him to say, with the testimony of the Holy Ghost in his soul, "O Lord, I will praise thee for thy unmerited love to my soul; though thou

wast angry with me in thy righteous law which I have broken, yet is thy anger turned away from me, by the sacrifice of my blessed and ever adorable Surety, whom thou hast in tender mercy to me, a poor sinner, appointed to discharge the infinite debt which I, through sin, have contracted; and as a proof that thou hast cast all my sins behind thee, thou comfortest me with a sweet sense of thy pardoning love." He now lays a humble claim upon God, as his own covenant God and Father in Christ, approaches him with a holy boldness and a humble reverence, the cause which separated God and his soul being removed, and he views him now, not as an inexorable Judge, and a consuming fire, as he did when he labored under a feeling sense of wrath revealed in a broken law, but as the Father of mercies and God of all comfort to him in Christ. The Bible, which used to reflect wrath from God to him as a sinner, and which made him go mourning all the day long through fear of the awful consequences of dying in his sins, now appears like a new book to him; for instead of setting him a task to perform in his own strength, and threatening him with everlasting punishment in case of non-performance, he finds now, when he reads it, that through faith God speaks to him in unconditional promises, and assures him that he has loved him with an everlasting love, (Jer. xxxi. 3,) and has sent his dear Son to die for the sins which he has committed, and to magnify the law which he has broken, for whose sake God will never more impute sin unto him. (Ps. xxxii. 1.) The Bible and he are now upon the most friendly terms, and he embraces every opportunity of searching the scriptures, for look which way he will in those sacred oracles, all speak pardon and peace to him in the Beloved. (Eph. i. 6.) If he reads that all are cursed who continue not in all things written in the book of the law to do them, (Gal. iii. 10,) "Ah!" says he, "this curse has passed away from me now; for through faith, Christ is become my law fulfiller, (Gal. iv. 5,) and his obedience is placed to my account, (Rom. v. 9, and iii. 21, 22,) and God, my heavenly Father, is well pleased with me in his dearly beloved Son." If he reads, "He that believeth not shall be damned;" (Mark xvi. 16;) "This text," says he, "does not belong to me now; for God hath wrought in me the good pleasure of his will, and hath made me a happy partaker of the faith of God's elect, (Titus i. 1,) and through this precious gift, Christ and I, a poor sinner, are now become one. (Eph. v. 32; John xvii. 21; 1 Cor. vi. 17.) Christ now dwells in my heart by faith, (Eph. iii. 17,) and all that he hath done and suffered to save his elect is placed to my account." If he looks to the free promises of God by faith, he believes that they all belong to him, and will be punctually fulfilled in due time, being all of them confirmed with a divine Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus; (2 Cor. i. 20;) and he really believes that his own covenant God will never finally leave him nor forsake him. (Heb. xiii. 5.) If he reads the precepts of the gospel, he carries them all up to the promise of God, and puts his Lord in remembrance, that without him he, a poor sinner, can do nothing, (John xv. 5,) therefore humbly entreats him

that, having promised that he will work in him both to will and to do, (Phil. ii. 13,) that his God will strengthen him to do his will; and in answer to the humble prayer of faith, he finds, through Christ strengthening him, he can do all things that the Lord enjoins on him. (Phil. iv. 13.) Thus the Bible and he, a poor sinner, meet together in eternal friendship through Jesus Christ, and he can say with the Psalmist, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth; (Ps. cxix.);" "Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart!" This then is the thing that fixes the heart of every sensible sinner, namely, God's everlasting love shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost; (Rom. v. 5;) and until this is enjoyed, he never will be fixed, nor indeed can he, when he feels the awful state he is in before God as a sinner.

III. Our last particular is, the *employment* of the good man, which consists chiefly in *singing the praises* of his God; and I will tell you what his melody consists of. First, the burden of his song is the mercy of the Lord. "I will sing aloud of thy mercy," saith the Psalmist. (Ps. lix. 16.) It was the pity and loving-kindness of the Lord that determined him to save us from sin and hell, when fallen from him in our first head, Adam. It was the same mercy that made him send his well-beloved Son to die in the stead of sinners, when they had forfeited soul and body to God's injured justice. It is through God's mercy in Christ Jesus that we are saved with an everlasting salvation, as saith the apostle, "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." (Jude 21.) This mercy hath no end; it is not only from everlasting, but will continue to everlasting. (Ps. ciii. 17.) So we may well sing of mercy first. This then shall be the first note in our divine song, "His mercy endureth for ever." (Ps. cxxxvi.)

2. Judgment comes next. "I will sing," says the Psalmist, "of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing." (Ps. ci. 1.) The judgment of God revealed against us in a broken law is for ever gone from us; the sentence has been executed upon our divine Surety; and we have a legal discharge from prison, God being faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

3. The next key we strike in this melodious song is, power; as saith the sweet singer of Israel, "But I will sing of thy power;" (Ps. lix. 16;) and as David sung, so may we, for it is by the power of God every child of his is kept, through faith, to salvation; it is by the power of the Lord that we conquer every enemy; it is by the same power we arise after sin and Satan has given us a fall; and it is by God's power that we shall be raised from the grave in the likeness of the second Adam. "The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power to his people." (Ps. lxxviii. 35.) Blessed be God, therefore, we will sing a little of his power, for it is now through faith in our dear Redeemer on our side, and will remain so for ever.

4. But we will continue the divine anthem a little further. "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness." But pray why, David? "God hath sworn

by his holiness," saith the prophet, "that he will not lie unto David." (Ps. lxxxix. 35.) "His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me." Therefore we will sing now and then of the certainty of our eternal salvation; the promise and the oath of our covenant God secure our best interests, and there is sufficient ground for a strong consolation at all times. (Isa. liv. 9; Heb. vi. 18.)

5. But there is a little more to sing about yet, as it is written, (Ps. cxlix. 5,) "Let the saints be joyful in glory, and let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand," &c. "This honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord."

Thus, you see, brethren, that according to the scriptures, we poor believers in the Lord Jesus Christ have got a few spiritual songs to delight ourselves with. The path of the kingdom is indeed through tribulation, but the way is not all rough. Wisdom's ways are most certainly pleasant, and she affords us many a delightful subject to sing of. We may sing of mercy and of judgment; we may sing of the Almighty power of God that keeps us to eternal life; also, of his faithfulness to the covenant engagement with Christ, and to us in him; and the poor Psalmist was so pleased with these exalted subjects, that he says that "he would sing praise to his God while he had his being." (Ps. civ. 33.) But our enemy, Satan, does not admire this singing work; he wishes us to be poring over the body of sin and death; but here we may look till we are as low as the earth. This is not running the race set before us, looking unto Jesus; (Heb. xii. 1;) far from it. May the Lord be pleased to increase our faith, and we shall glorify his holy name.

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace rest upon your soul, and the sweet witnessing of the Spirit be enjoyed within your heart, so that the spirit of adoption might cry within your conscience, Abba, Father. Then you will feel your hope anchored, your faith strong, your love warm, your heart burn, confidence firm, evidences bright, tokens sure, waymarks right, paths straight, God faithful, Christ precious, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, the Bible sweet, the throne of grace open, self denied, God obeyed, the Lord's people cleaved to, the world under your feet, the cross taken up, sin burthensome and bitter, grace shine and glitter, your back upon the world, your face set Zionward, your conversation in heaven, the glory and honor of the Three-one God in view, and a holy longing, panting, hungering, and thirsting after the crown of righteousness, which is ready to be put on the head of every elect vessel of mercy; and a complete one it is; not a corruptible crown, but an incorruptible, which shall never fade away. This is worth fighting for, seeking after, and suffering under the weight of the body of sin and death, and also to endure all the frowns of men and devils, and to undergo all the hard speeches of scorners, and the cold looks and bitter words of some of the Lord's people. The Lord draw your heart heavenward, and cause your soul to rejoice in a free and a full salvation, is the desire of

Yours in the truth,

Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1853.

T. G.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE JOHN STARKEY, SHEPHERD, NEAR SUTTON COLD-FIELD, WARWICKSHIRE.

(Concluded from page 35.)

One night, while I was mourning over my sad condition, that the Lord did not seem to hear my prayers, these words came and sadly cast me down, "When I would have healed Israel, then the iniquity of Ephraim was discovered." Now, I thought, I had committed sins that could not be pardoned. The night following I had a dream; I thought I was on a large common, on which there was a very long, wide road, with a great many people on it, all going the same way. I was with them, and getting nearly over the common; but those who were just before me, when they got to the end of the common, seemed to go down into a valley, and I saw no more of them; but one took me by the arm and led me on one side into a beautiful valley, and I saw here and there a traveller. One of them tried to remove the rock that was over against me, and as the rock appeared, the ground became like a quagmire, and I began to sink. I felt alarmed, and perceived I was over a gulph, and I was sinking into it. I thought how strange it is that thousands who travel this way do not perceive their danger till they fall into it. I was sunk so low that I thought I could perceive the solid rock above me; but O the horror of my mind in this dreadful situation, as not able to help myself! I tried to get on the rock, but it was too high; and I looked for some place to set my foot on, but in vain. I sank so low in the mire that I seemed to be quite covered all but one hand; and I cried earnestly, "O that one would come and take me out of this horrible place!" At this moment one came to the side of the pit and looked down upon me, and just as I was sinking he stretched out his hand and set me upon the rock, and said, "Take heed to thy ways." Upon this I awoke, and Ps. xl. was applied to me with the sweetest power. "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry; he brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and 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." I cannot sufficiently praise him while I am in this vale of tears. I now know how the Lord manifests himself to us as he does not to the world.

One morning while I was mourning over my helpless condition, the Lord sent these words with sweet power, "The lame take the prey." He told me it was the poor, the halt, the maimed that gained the prize, and these should show the triumph of a Redeemer's kingdom. I had now such a beautiful view of the love of Christ to me, and that he did indeed manifest himself unto me by the Spirit's application of the word. In reading Luke iv. 36 I was much struck with the people's amazement at the power of the Lord's words, and I said, "Lord, hast thou a word for me? one word will be enough." and the Lord answered me, "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Then

did I again clearly understand what was the manifestation of the Lord to his people. The Lord does now very frequently make me these short visits, and they are like refreshing showers. The enemy often comes to tell me of my numerous family, and what will become of them; and when I look at them sometimes I am cast down; but the Lord has been pleased to send me these words, "Cast thy care upon the Lord, for he careth for thee." I had a great desire to know if the Lord's people were tried and tempted as I am; and he told me, "The same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world." I thought, What will the people say of me? Why, they say, "This land that was destitute is become as the garden of Eden." A Wesleyan minister called on me one day and said, "O poor Starkey, are you not very melancholy in this sick room, with six small children?" I said, "O no, I am never alone, this is the happiest place I was ever in in all my life; the Lord is my portion; before I lay here I knew nothing of the Lord; but since my affliction, the Lord has come with such abundant mercies, that I want for nothing, either for body or soul." I was glad when this man had gone; my heart was shut up against all he said. Another of this sort called and said, "I have come and brought Christ with me, if you will accept him." The hardness of this speech shocked me. I trembled and said, "These are my Master's words, 'I have chosen you; ye have not chosen me; no man can come unto me except the Father draw him.'" I could say no more, so he went away.

Once a clergyman called and said, "Starkey, you must now give yourself to God." I felt at this time as if I could teach him; I did not want his teaching; for I felt I knew better than he. Though this was true, I found after he left me that the Lord had marked the pride of my heart, and down I sank into deep trouble, fearing all my religion was vain, and that I had been deceived. Nobody knows the depths of sorrow and bondage I fell into. But in about three days, after much sorrow, these words came with heavenly power, and brought me up out of this trouble: "Shall the prey be prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered, for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children; and all flesh shall know that I am thy Redeemer, the mighty one of Jacob."

O the humbling effects of this visitation! how it broke my heart all to pieces, and made me beg ten thousand pardons. I used to think a sick room the most dismal thing in the world; but I do not think so now. The Lord's mercies know no bounds, for though he may seem to hide himself for a time, he is a very present help in all my troubles. O to think of the goodness of God to me, cast upon this wide common; that he should come and seek and save such a lost sinner, who went to such great lengths of sin; that he should bind up such a broken-hearted sinner. When I am cast down with doubts and fears, he comes to tell me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, for the Father himself loveth thee;" "My

peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled." These are the sweet manifestations of the love of God that are the life of my soul; all things else appear lighter than vanity. Humility and love are the greatest blessings we can know. But I find many changes. After all this, for two or three days, I was exercised with fears, that I was not a chosen vessel of the Lord; that it was all a delusion, and that thousands had gone further than I had, and came to nothing. At last, I besought the Lord that if the work was his that he would come and give me some fresh token of his mercy; and these words came with great sweetness and power, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." O how ashamed I was at my hard and unbelieving heart.

One night, when all my little family was gathered round my bed, several remarks were made by them of the loss they would feel if their father should die, which made my bowels yearn over them, and nature gave way. I felt a need of something to rest my sinking spirit upon. I was led to cry to the great Physician, and he sent me a most delightful cordial, which raised my sinking spirit above all trials and corroding cares, "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." "Thy people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation and in strong dwellings." These words were very sweet to me, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." I now felt very ill in body; and thinking myself very near my end, I besought the Lord, that as he had been so kind to me, he would still support me, and guide me till death, and that in mercy he would give me some token that he would be with me in that trying hour. These words were brought to me with much comfort, "It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." My outward circumstances would every now and then sensibly depress me, having nine in family, and only 8s. per week from my club. By the time Friday night came, all my money was spent; and we had little to eat in the house; and I would never go upon trust. I began to fret and was very unhappy, as we had always made it a rule to have some meat on Sundays. I was resolved to lay my case before the Lord; and he heard and answered my prayer, and before Sunday there was a supply from different quarters whence I least expected. The Lord confirmed his promise to me, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." From that time I have not known the want of anything. The rays of divine love have again burst through the dark cloud which has been gathering around me for some time, and which filled my soul with trouble and mourning. These words comforted me from Jer. xxxi. 18-20, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus, Thou hath chastised me as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. Turn thou me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God, &c. Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake

against him I do earnestly remember him still," &c. I had another sweet promise in Isa. xlv. O how sweet are these promises to my soul; I may truly say, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage."

We add a few particulars of Starkey, continued down to his death, which took place Wednesday, January 29th, 1851.

"The Lord has promised me that the God of peace shall bruise Satan under my feet shortly, for he has laid help upon One that is mighty. He has told me, 'Be watchful, and sober, and let your loins be girt about with truth, and your light burning, and you yourself like unto a man that is waiting for his Lord; that, when he cometh and knocketh you may open to him immediately.' Although old sins and old fears may arise, the Lord has promised whenever they do I shall find a fountain open for sin. My weakness increases; but the presence of the Lord removes my fears, and he tells me the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath he puts his everlasting arms. Weak I am in body; but my spirit is preserved by the mighty power of God, through faith, unto salvation. 'Hold that fast, and remember your life is hid with Christ, in God. Therefore do not sleep as do others; but watch and be sober; take heed, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things thine eyes have seen.' I was much comforted with Ps. cxi., and this followed, 'The Lord is faithful who shall establish you and keep you from all evil.' I was also much comforted with the sermon on Sunday. It was said in it to be a great work of the Lord to convince of unbelief, because all men are naturally shut up here, and none but Christ, who has the keys of hell and death, can say to such prisoners, 'Loose him, and let him go.' With the word of such a King there is power, and we then can believe to the saving of the soul. I am often oppressed, and tempted to think my afflictions are long and heavy, and at times I seem ready to faint under the rod; but the Lord is very gracious and tender to me, and tells me, 'Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it;' but the Lord assures me my house and my hope will stand, because it is founded upon the Rock; and death shall be swallowed up of victory. He says 'Where I am there shall my servant be also,' and 'him that serveth me, him will my Father honor.' Blessed are all they that wait for him."

He recovered so far as to go to chapel, and was greatly refreshed. Those words in the Song were very sweet to him, "O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock," &c. As his end drew near, the enemy sought to fill his mind with many cares; but he found the Lord cared for him. The day that he died, he said he found what his dear friend, Mr. Bourne, used to speak about was now fulfilling in him. He had got to the place where two seas meet; the sea of time was quickly closing, and the endless and boundless ocean of eternity was opening to him, with endless life, and boundless bliss. "My hope," he said, "is fully fixed on the Rock of ages. I wonder at the condescension of God the Saviour, how he should pick me out

of such a place, and show me such mercy; he has set my feet upon a rock, and ordered all my goings. None are safe but those who are upon this rock. Am not I a brand plucked from the fire?" When the doctor spoke of his precarious state, he replied, "The Lord does all things well." He made an attempt to sing the high praises of God, but his voice failed him; he remained exceedingly calm, composed, and gloriously happy, and in that state of heavenly composure breathed his last.

[What a sweet and simple account of the dealings of God with a vessel of mercy! What truth and reality breathe through every line! In it we see the riches of God's grace, and the power of vital godliness. Where is this divine religion gone? Has it left the earth; or are there a few hidden ones still who are enjoying or breathing after the enjoyment of such heavenly realities as filled Starkey with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and gilded his dying bed with the rays of opening and eternal bliss?]

A LETTER BY THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

My dear, kind, and generous Friend,—I should think myself highly ungrateful were I not to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your unmerited favor. I assure you, dear madam, I should have answered yours before now, but I have been extremely unwell, and brought very low, both in body and mind; and I thought, a few weeks ago, I should soon reach that land which flows with milk and honey. But my dear Lord has been pleased in a great measure to restore me, that I may still taste a little more of the wormwood and the gall. Ah, my dear madam, I am truly surprised at your kindness, and well assured I am that you must in fact entertain a much better opinion of me than I dare to do of myself; for I am led to view myself a poor, helpless, worthless, needy sinner; yet for ever blessed be my God for his matchless grace, I was a sinner saved, being saved before time, and shall be saved through time, and saved when time shall die and be lost in eternity! O what a mercy for a poor, black, filthy, guilty, ruined, lost, and undone sinner to be complete in Jesus, white in Jesus, holy in Jesus, and safe in Jesus, and one with Jesus! This, I hope, dear madam, is your privilege and mine; then who shall lay anything to our charge?

My dear madam, you must be aware that I have no other way to return your favors than by acknowledging them. But O! my dear friend, though I cannot, I know who can; and my prayer to my God, Father, and Banker shall be, that he may return a tenfold secret blessing into thy soul, and an hundredfold blessing into thy lap. I am at present so very weak, that my trembling hand almost refuses to guide my pen; therefore I must conclude, with my ten thousand good wishes, and a share in my poor lispings at my Father's feet, that if I should never more have the pleasure to see you in the wilderness, yet, when the jewels are gathered together, may we be there!

My kind and affectionate remembrance to Mr. and Mrs. B., and my affectionate regards and grateful thanks to yourself.

I remain, in the everlasting bonds of covenant love, your obliged friend and servant,

Sudbury, March 28, 1821.

DANIEL HERBERT.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL HOLD ON HIS WAY.

Dear Sir,—I once more, with a fearful heart and trembling hand, take up my pen to write to you an account of a few more of the Lord's dealings with my soul. I have had this scripture upon my mind very frequently of late, "The righteous shall hold on his way," (Job xvii. 9,) and it has been a stay and comfort to my soul; for I do hope that God has taught me how an ungodly sinner is constituted righteous. It is not for anything that he has done or can do, but it is for what Christ has done, and which is imputed to him—that active and passive obedience which was without a single flaw or stain, and which is, by free grace, made over to the sinner's account. Here it is, Sir, that I am looking to be found righteous. I am convinced of the worthlessness of my own righteousness. It is but as filthy rags, and I have been made willing to renounce it for this glorious robe of Christ's righteousness, which hides my soul from the curse of the law, and in which I am complete, perfect, without spot, righteous through the righteousness of the God-man Christ Jesus, who "of God is made unto [his people] wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." And when my soul is feelingly here, I fear not "the terrors of law and of God," nor death itself. I can then look the grim monster in the face, and see Christ destroying the sting of death, which is sin; and feel a peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The man that has felt this is a righteous man; not in himself but in Christ. He is without spot as he stands in him; and he can say,

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found;
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

The feeling thus implanted in his heart shall never be finally removed, though it may be, at times, to his feelings. Now, this man shall hold on his way; he shall go on; in spite of all he shall stand, and having done all shall stand; for this reason, that God the Father has predestinated him to an inheritance, and that inheritance is beyond the grave; it is reserved for him, and he is "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." How safe, then, is that man's soul. God is keeping him amidst all the storms that he is passing through. He is keeping him when evils compass him about; and I think that this is the grand reason why this poor soul holds on his way, namely, because God the Father has predetermined that he shall so do; and who are they that can hinder it? But there is another reason why he shall hold on his way, namely, because God the Son has redeemed him, bought him, suffered in his stead, drunk the wrath of God due to his sins, magnified the law and made it honorable for him; in short, has obtained eternal redemption for him, and therefore he must hold on his way. They cannot perish for whom Christ died; for, "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." But there is yet another reason why this poor soul shall hold on his way, namely, because God the Holy Ghost has implanted a divine life in his heart, called "the incorruptible seed" of the word of God, "which lieth and abideth for ever." I may safely say, that they shall hold on their way, who have this life implanted within them, for they shall live for ever. Not all the sin in the world, nor all that men and devils can do shall ever put out this life in a poor sinner's heart. He may have many things to pass through, but he shall pass through them; he shall not be left in them. He shall have to wade in deep waters, but he shall not sink in them.

And now, dear Sir, I must tell you what I know in some small measure about this matter, which God has taught me, so that I can bear testimony to it, and can experimentally "set to my seal that God is true" to his promise that, "the righteous shall hold on his way," in spite of all his doubts and fears. My poor soul, after its deliverance, found something which I little expected. I thought before I was delivered that afterwards I should live in the sweet enjoyment of Christ; but my soul was soon again tried upon the point. My enjoyments went, and I sank so low that I thought it was all a delusion. My former confidence was to me as nothing, for I thought that had it been a right one, I should not now have these fears. But I have not yet lost them; they haunt me still. It is, however, a mercy that they do not alter the case, and that while I feel them my soul is encouraged to look to that God who keeps in his own name those whom he has given to Jesus. (John xvii. 11.) And though I fear I shall fall, give up my profession, and so bring a disgrace on the cause of Christ, I have a good hope that God will keep me; and will lead me safely through all the snares and besetments laid to entrap my feet, and the feet of all his dear saints. "The righteous shall hold on his way." That God who has brought me through ten thousand fears is able to keep me still, and to him my soul cannot help but look. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe," is the language of my heart. But the righteous shall also "hold on his way," in spite of the evils of his heart as well. This, likewise, is a truth which I have been made to feel. I firmly believed that when God delivered his people's souls sin was so kept down that they were delivered out of the reach of it; but, alas! what a monster of iniquity I am. O, I blush to think of the feelings which I am the subject of. I declare that I feel to have every evil in my heart, and often question whether it is possible I can be a child of God, and yet have such an awful train of thoughts as I have going out against the God of my mercies. But,

"'Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with him one never sees;
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet to dread the thought of ease."

True faith has much to contend with, but it is "the work of faith with power," and if it were not it would most assuredly come to nought. Indeed, I have felt all to be well nigh gone. There has not been, to my feelings, a single ray of light left, and my poor soul has been trodden down by these "foxes" which "spoil the vines which have tender grapes," (Song ii. 15,) and I have exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me," &c.

If I know anything about afflictions, there is no affliction befalls a Christian like this, for it is an inward one. Whether he will or not, sin is always there, and he is seldom out of the sound of the noise of the archers. But though they fight and war, they shall not reign; for "the righteous shall hold on his way;" and we shall one day lay down this vile body of sin and death, and then this evil heart shall never rise again in rebellion against God.

Again. "The righteous shall hold on his way," in spite of all his backslidings and wanderings from God. This is also a truth which my soul has been in some measure taught to feel. When the evils of my heart worked, and I was left without a feeling sense of God's goodness, I became careless. I had joined the Lord's people at M., and had sat down with them with great delight. But all this went. I went to chapel, but could not hear, my heart being in the world. I got immersed in the things of this life, and my soul became barren, hard, and careless. I began to neglect the house of God in some measure, and was in that

state that I could not pray. I felt persuaded that I was wrong, but how to alter it I knew not. When I tried to pray it was all to no purpose. I began to think all was over, and really believe others thought the same; for though they could bring nothing against me outwardly, yet there were the inward evils of my heart. I became worse and worse, and so did the things in which I was engaged, until I got desperate. I was resolved to leave wife, work, and country, and go where I thought I should be at rest; for it seemed impossible to go on so. Sometimes I stayed at home for four Lord's Days together. One Lord's Day I thought I would read the newspaper; but, alas! that would not do. I went into the fields; and the war being then in the hottest, I was planning how to pitch a battle for them. When I got home, the first thing which struck my eye was the Bible, and the first passage in it which caught my eye was that of Abraham, in which he calls himself "dust and ashes;" and in my heart I said,

"If dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to speak with thee," &c.

Yes; I felt to be the greatest wretch in all the world; and if ever a poor soul groaned out its desires before God, I believe I did that afternoon, and there was a little relief; but I soon had to say, with Hart,

"I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel,
I sigh, and cry, and mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still."

At last I made up my mind to go and enlist in the army, and actually went eight miles to do so, but was prevented, and returned home as barren as ever. I made a second attempt, and this time went ten miles; but these words were brought home to my mind, "I will never leave thee." "Lord," I said, "let me go." He replied, "I will never forsake thee." Then I said, "Lord, it is enough; let me live to thy honor and glory."

Dear Sir, it is thus my soul has experienced the truth of the words, "The righteous shall hold on his way." I thought I should have sunk to hell when my vile transgressions were brought to view; but the Lord brought this passage also sweetly to my mind, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxi. 20.) I had been engaged in a certain work which the Lord showed me was wrong; and I saw how my heart had been taken up with it; and that God had spoken against me in this and that, but I had rebelled against him. Now, however, I was made willing to give it up, and to feel myself a debtor to that mercy which sweetens every bitter cup.

But I cannot tell you of all which I have had to contend with. I can only say,

"Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;"

but this home is at the *end* of this way.

Sure I am that, whatever men may say, "the righteous shall hold on his way," through evil report and good report, from friend or foe, opposition without or within, from the devil or his own evil heart. Yes! "Whatever evils he may meet, he shall get safe at last." This is the only comfort my poor soul has in this desert land, and I do trust that the strong arm which has been my help in days that are past, will be my salvation in days to come. That God may bless this poor scrawl, and

that some poor soul may be brought thereby to see and feel that "more are they that be for us than all that be against us," is the prayer of,

Yours in the truth,

Middleton, Nov. 9th, 1858.

R. B. P.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. PAULISON, OF
HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY STATE, AMERICA.

My dear Friend,—Your letter was received in due season. It breathes that peculiar spirit which is possessed only by those who have been breathed upon by the Lord of life. To all the vessels of mercy the Lord Jesus says, as he did to his disciples, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." As with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, so, out of the abundance of a believing heart the child of God speaks or writes, when he sets forth the realities of the kingdom of God. And he does it with a certain savour and simplicity which the children of God discern and love, and which designate the individual in whom they manifest themselves as having been with Jesus, and as having participated in the savor of his good ointments. I have shown and read your letter as extensively as circumstances allowed, and the contents are heartily approved of by a goodly number; the language is understood, and the experimental truths set forth are identified as sealed up in their peculiar beauty, force, and power, among the household of faith. Christians on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean belong to one family. Locally, they may be separated far enough from each other, and through a lamentable spirit of strife and division (of which alas! I witness not a little) there may be temporary alienations, but in Christ they are gathered together into one. Their unity in Christ continues through all their visible estrangements from each other; and all the disorders which attend the body in this state of woful imperfection, shall for ever and entirely be done away "when he that sits upon the throne shall make all things new;" (Rev. xxi. 5;) "and the time of the restitution of all things shall have come." (Acts iii. 21.) On what an immoveable basis has God from everlasting determined to erect that kingdom which is destined to stand for ever. The good pleasure of his will and the counsels of his infinite wisdom are the eternal spring whence the whole device of mercy originated, and an everlasting, well-ordered and sure covenant established in Christ, and ratified by his blood, is the platform on which the whole superstructure rests. All contingencies, uncertainties, peradventures, and probabilities, are entirely set on one side. God's mind on this subject is like his promises in Christ: "Yea, and Amen." No confidence is put in the creature. No issue is left dependent in the smallest degree upon the will or power of the creature. The end, the glory of the triune God in *the salvation of the elect*, is determinately fixed, and God irresistibly accomplishes and works all things after the counsel of his own will. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Every promise in Christ shall be fulfilled. Every elect sinner gathered in, and kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation. A thousand varied subordinate influences and agencies, some evil and some good, are employed in this stupendous work; but these influences and agencies are his servants, who "builds the temple of the Lord, and bears the glory." He employs them, but is not dependent on them. He powerfully controls them and irresistibly manages them, whether they be devils, saints, men, or angels. An immutable decree, the bond of everlasting love, the blood of the covenant, the seven Spirits which are be-

fore the throne, ten thousand promises which shall stand, the inviolable truth of God, when the heavens shall pass away, and time shall be no longer; all these linked in with the consideration, that the God that decrees also executes; that everlasting love works by Almighty power; that he who died upon the cross is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of hell and of death; that the grace which is the heritage of the saints, the Spirit of God is all-sufficiently able, and stands engaged to dispense in every time of need, from the fulness of the Lord Jesus; that the promises secure to the saints just what they need to carry them safely through the wilderness. All this, and a vast deal more declare that, come what will, Zion, with all her subjects, is safe; and that, as to the certain issue in regard to every follower of the Lamb, it matters not whether he travel a road bestrewed with flowers, or one where dangers thicken all around, and make the issue to a faint heart and an unbelieving spirit appear doubtful. This is faith's stronghold. (Nah. i. 7.) Here she runs in every time of trouble. (Prov. xviii. 10.) Here the believing soul hides. (Is. xxvi. 20.) And when here, we look not at the things which are seen, viz., present difficulties, obstacles, apparent impossibilities, but at the things which are not seen, that is, by an eye of sense, but which are revealed to faith, viz., the immutability and faithfulness of the Saviour, the provisions of the covenant, &c.

O my esteemed friend, did my believing practice bear a fuller proportion to my convictions of truth on this subject than it does, I should be much more stable than I am. "My mind would be habitually stayed on God, and I should be kept in perfect peace." (Is. xxvi. 3.) But, alas! my heart will not keep pace with my judgment, and nothing but the immediate influences of the Holy Spirit will bring the power of truth into my soul. But when the Comforter publishes the name of the Lord, "Then his doctrine drops as the rain, his speech distils as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." (Deut. xxxii. 2, 3.) God keeps his people dependent, and he is very faithful and loving to a poor, dependent people. A proud heart wants a stock in hand, aspires after independency, though it should stand in grace received. Even this the Lord will not allow; he will have his people trust in him immediately; and to this he shuts them up, by a variety of pinching dispensations, of which we may sometimes think it strange, and under which, at other times, we behave like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. But the Lord is of one mind; his work is before him. The counsels of his love shall stand, though pride, ignorance, and carnal reason may rebel; and we are brought in the issue to acknowledge that his way is best, and that in very faithfulness he afflicts us.

The remembrance of former days of prosperity, when you went with the multitude to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day, (Ps. xlii. 4,) does no doubt impart a sort of a mournful pleasure to your soul. A pleasure, because these were good days; and a mournful pleasure, because they are past. But your God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. (Phil. iv. 19.) The seed which was sown in your soul many years since, is still there. And, although the house in which God recorded his name may be now closed, yet you are still a plant in the house of the Lord, in the better sense of the word, and you shall flourish in the courts of our God, and still bring forth fruit in old age. (Ps. xcii. 13, 14.) When you were a child, you were trained up in the way you should go: and now, when you are old, you shall not depart from it. (Prov. xxii. 6.) The day has come in which the glory of Jacob is made thin, and the fatness of his flesh has waxed lean; and now a man shall look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of

Israel. (Is. xvii. 4-7.) The Lord has made provision for the comfort and support of Zion and of her subjects, in her lowest state of oppression and adversity. Though her visible order be much broken up, her friends scattered, her teachers removed into a corner, though her desolations appear to be perpetual, and there be a conspiracy to burn up all the synagogues in the land; though we see not our signs, and the weary heritage of the Lord despondingly inquires, "How long?" yet there is enough then, yea, an abundance for faith to stay itself on, and to encourage him that stands on the watch tower to look for the morning light. "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." (Hab. ii. 3.) I do not know that there is a condition to which the promises of the word of God are more abundantly directed than that in which Zion now is, and to that into which, it appears, she is still sinking. Your soul, no doubt, has often been, and will be, refreshed by them. Well, faith is the substance of things hoped for, and when the glory of the Lord arises upon your soul in a word of promise sweetly applied, is it not as though the rays of Zion's future glory were already beginning gently to beam on her, although as to present matter of fact, she is in a mourning, widowed condition? Faith is possessed of a most wonderful power to change the face of things, because it apprehends and discerns the smile and favor of God, as reflected from his blessed word. And what can look dark when he smiles? The dismal gloom that overhangs our souls when his face is hid, and temptations abound, is entirely dispelled, and the dark shade of Zion's present condition is lost sight of, in the glory and light of her future prospects, reflected upon the soul by the promises of the gospel. With these lights and shadows my soul moves in close harmony and concert. When the cloud is upon me, all to me is dark; and when the light of God's countenance is lifted up upon me, I am light in the Lord. This is the dawning or the breaking forth of my everlasting light. My God is my glory, and my days of mourning come to an end. This is the blessed sun rising, towards which the face of the heavenly pilgrim is always set. Mount Zion, with her glories, stands reflected in these beams, and towards her gates we direct our steps. (Jer. l. 5.) And though the days of darkness, as you remark in your letter, are many, yet, we may be assured, that the ransomed of the Lord shall come to this glorious mountain of his holiness, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. (Is. xxxv. 10.)

I need not tell you to wait for the light when your soul is in darkness, for in this you have been exercised all the days of your pilgrimage. The faith of God's elect instinctively turns towards its blessed object and author, and believes that he is behind our wall, when we cannot see him, and waits till he looks forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. (Sol. Song ii. 9.) It is a most consoling reflection that the word upon which he caused our souls to hope when we first believed abides for ever, for it is himself, his mind, his will, his grace, his love. The changes through which we pass afford him an occasion of teaching us that he is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The belly of hell, if a child of God be plunged into it, shall be the way to the third heaven, and we shall know that even by these things we live, and that in all these things is the life of our spirit. Every thing changes but the immutable Jesus; and through vicissitudes and changes we cease from that which can be moved and shaken, and are brought more clearly to discern him who is the Rock of ages, who abideth faithful, and cannot deny himself.

I am yet supported in the work of the ministry, and divine strength appears to be made perfect in my weakness. My spiritual infirmities are many and great. My path is uneven, and my spirit disposed to faint under tribulation, but I am not given over unto death. The Lord undertakes for us as we cease from our own wisdom and strength, "passing through the sea with affliction," and "riding upon his horses and chariots of salvation." He gives us a little reviving now and then in our bondage. His word does not return to him void. The weary spirits of his people are refreshed, but the adversary is busy, and the times upon the whole are with us such as we may calculate on until the end of Daniel's wonders shall have come. (Dan. xii. 6.)

Mrs. Fradgley has written, and will speak for herself. I trust that my apparent delay in writing will not discourage you from continuing this exchange of sentiment and feeling, if it is agreeable to yourself; and you may certainly, as the Lord spares me, expect my returns. May the Lord, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, favor you with much of his presence, smooth your declining path, and let you gently down to slumber in the arms of death.

Yours in gospel ties,

Hackensack, March 22nd, 1836.

C. Z. PAULISON.

[Mr. Paulison was a truly gracious and experimental minister at Hackensack, New Jersey, United States. He was a friend and correspondent of Mr. Keyt; and we have at various times inserted letters written to Mr. Keyt by him. The above letter was, we believe, sent in answer to one written by Mr. Keyt.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARK.

My ever dear Friend,—Once more the poor old scribbler sits down to write. I find it heavy labor when the spring seems shut in; when the fountain forbears to play its streams; when the mind seems weighted; the heart seems heavy; the spirit forbears to shine; the soul to have but little flowing; when one seems contracted to a span; when night seems to have closed in upon the judgment and understanding that has issued from the marriage union to our Maker and Redeemer—our Husband. Alas! alas! how short was the time the few favored souls were privileged to bow in awful wonder and adoration, deep sorrow and humiliation, brokenness of heart and contrition, love and fear, tears of grief and joy, hallowed awe and reverence, around the bloody cross, when the Lord of life hung expiring; when he became, in its deepest nature, the man of sorrows; when he bowed his mournful head in death, when the thorny, bloody crown, pierced his hallowed, sacred, sinless brow. He bore the crown of shame that his people might be crowned with loving-kindness here, and receive the crown of glory hereafter. That dear cross, where wrath and justice strove, and gripped and grappled hard with love. Love for whom? For sinners, vile and base; a hardened herd, a rebel race. That dear cross, on which our debts were paid; on which all the penal and eternal wrath due to a favored people was endured. That dear cross, on which our great High Priest expiated the sin of an elect world. He for ever put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. That dear cross, on and in which the Trinity met and reconciliation effected by the blood of the Lamb; and it is in the ministration of the Spirit in and by that blood to the conscience that the favored soul becomes reconciled with God. What shall I write? O, that I could write

you the solemn views of precious faith; the solemn appropriation of precious faith; the solemn pleadings of precious faith; the solemn confirmation of the soul's interest; the immortal unction enjoyed in the soul from the precious blood of the cross; the views and feelings I had of the piercing nails, the entrance of the bloody spear into his dear, his sacred heart. But here I must sit down as usual, under such poverty and beggary on my part, even in the attempt to set forth the glory of his dear cross; but I hope I had the glory not only made to pass before me this morning, but had it in measure revealed in me; and I assure you, were it in my power, I would lift up poor downcast Zion into the sublime enjoyment of the same hallowed, the same immortal blessings. The blessing of the Lord it is that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith.

I had written over another sheet of note paper, describing the devil's exhibition I witnessed on the platform after I left you; but I forbear to send it to you, but think to do so to my brother, T. G. I was in the room and on the platform about two hours and a half. The legion of devils I saw in one, the seven devils I saw in another, and another of the same herd, was fearful. Though the archers hit me and wounded me in conscience, I feel some gratitude for their being dethroned in me and cast out. O, who can count the immortal value of the triumph of sin, death, the world, and hell's conqueror? I came near my destination here under many exercises and fears, fearing it would be the last visit; that it was no use; that it was not the Almighty's will to fix the standard here; but, just at the top of the Old Market, these words gently dropped, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." This encouraged me a little, under my hard bonds and fears. The people here, the few, received me very smilingly and with welcome, which a little encouraged me.

Sabbath Day I had this text: "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law but under grace." In the morning I had solemn power. The people profess to have received the word as an establishing word, and a word that causes greater separation from a dying world; this, I hope, is the Almighty's sanction. O, how I again view the solemn responsibility of standing forth in the eternal name.

I long much to hear from you, and how it is with the little church under your roof; how you prospered on the last Sabbath; how in-door matters are going on. I also long very much to hear how it is with my loving and much-loved friends, the C.'s. O, do write to me. I want to know, especially, if there is another dying sheep among them. Hardness I must endure here. Yesterday, I had another set-to with a man who says he has the power to exercise faith. In the controversy I found we were quite distinct in our faith; and I asked him, "How we could meet above if our faith were not one?" He said, fearlessly, "We should." I said, "I was not so certain." Many things and points were urged in the battle, but we neither had union nor peace.

Adieu, with love to mother and Mary.

Yours in love,

Bristol, 22nd July, 1851.

STEPHEN DARK.

WHILE Job was *afflicted* only, he retained, and was even confirmed in, the ideas of his own excellence; for mere affliction, or indeed anything barely external, is totally unable, of itself, to regenerate the will and renew the heart; but no sooner did God vouchsafe to *second* the afflictions of Job, by his efficacious influence and the exertion of his almighty arm, than Job becomes a new man, to what he was.—*Toplady*.

THE SACRIFICES OF GOD ARE A BROKEN SPIRIT.

Dear Brother,—As the God of all grace has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, so the dear Lord has been so kind and gracious as to give me a good hope through grace, and once more restore my soul to a lively hope in his mercy in Christ Jesus my Lord, so that I can say, with the Psalmist, “He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name’s sake.” And what a heavenly leading it is, when the blessed Spirit of the Lord is pleased to take our dark and benighted souls and fix them on a precious Jesus, there to view him, in all his glory, as our Advocate, our High Priest, and as our God and Saviour; for, if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. O, what a blessing to have him as our Advocate, to plead our cause before his Father’s throne, and to support us in all our sinking moments and trying dispensations in providence and grace. How it has often humbled me at his blessed feet, and I have said, “Lord, take me, vile and sinful as I am, and plead for me; support me, and defend me from all the temptations of the enemy of my soul, and suffer him not to gain any advantage over me, but keep me very much at thy blessed feet with humiliation of spirit, and to have my soul broken down in sweet contrition before thy throne.” O, what glory there is here; what a soul-humbling view we have of ourselves in this spot; we can then let the Lord manage all things for us, and they will go on well. Then I can let the Lord do all things for me; I to be nothing, and the Lord be all in all. O, what a blessing, when our soul can sit still and see the Mediator of the blessed covenant do wondrously for us and our soul. I look on. I can say for myself that the Lord does not leave my soul destitute of such blessed feelings. Blessed be his precious name! No; he was pleased, this morning, when in his sanctuary, to break my heart with humility; and I could feelingly wash his feet with my tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head. When these two lines were sung:

“And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,”

O, my dear brother, they were accompanied with the sweetness, and dew, and unction, and power that we feel in the paths of the Lord. Surely we do at times find his word fulfilled in our experience, where we read, “Thy paths drop fatness.” This is a feeling religion; and what would it be without feeling? It is a feeling religion that I love to enjoy, for it enables me to abase myself in the dust, and exalt my Lord and Saviour, so that I can say with pleasure and delight, “Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and the forgiveness of sins.” What a blessed thing it is to have true repentance in the soul that needs not be repented of. I can say for myself I do esteem it more than all the world calls good or great. O that the Lord may give us true repentance in our souls, and a godly sorrow over our sins, and after him; for I must confess that I cannot repent except the Lord give me repentance. I do feel myself to be poor and needy in these things; but, bless the Lord, he is exalted to give repentance to Israel.

What a great mercy when we can see that everything is given to us of God. “A broken and a contrite spirit, O God, thou wilt not despise.” O, dear brother, I remember once the Lord breaking in with love and mercy to my soul, with these words: “The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.” They came with such power that I think at times I shall never forget it. O the sweetness and powerful effect they had upon my soul!

I really thought I should sink under the feeling of it; I thought that my soul would burst in weeping and praising the dear Lord for his goodness to me. My soul exclaimed, "What! thou my shepherd, Lord; and I have been sinking and fearing that I was not one of thy dear sheep, and afraid I had neither part nor lot in the matter? What! and thou my shepherd? Can it be so, Lord? Can it be for such a sinner as I, Lord? for I am a great sinner, and deserve thy displeasure for ever. But if thou canst view me in thy Son Jesus, it is in him that thou canst view me holy as thou art holy; for he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." O my dear brother, there is such sweetness in these words, that we whom God the Father views in his beloved Son—that we should be made the righteousness of God in him. O what blessed feelings, what child-like disposition, thus to plead with the Lord,—not to dictate, but to plead with the simplicity of a child.

O what soul-humblng views I have had of the Lord being my Father, and could see everything as coming from a Father's hand to me. If it was a good hope, I could say it is my Father that gives it me; if it was a comfortable frame of mind, I could say it is from my Father. O what a sweet resting is the finished work of a precious Jesus. Go where I would, in my going out and my coming in, my lying down and my rising up, I could see my Father's hand in everything that I did. I could see him as my Father in it all. I could see that not a sparrow falls to the ground without my Father's notice; and I was in such a child-like disposition, that I felt assured I was one of the Lord's dear children. And truly I knew the blessedness of those words, "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I was in such a sweet and blessed enjoyment of the Lord's presence for more than a week, that I could do nothing but admire the goodness of my Father's hand. I could say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." For this my soul desires to love and adore the dear Immanuel, and to weep to the love and mercy I have found.

April, 1859.

A WAYFARER.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

. . . The Lord bless you, my dear Mary, and grant you his gracious and comforting presence to support you in all your trials, and bring you through all to praise his name to the countless ages of eternity; and O, that you may be enabled to cast all care upon him for body and soul in this time of great trial, and sensibly feel the everlasting arms underneath you; for blessed be God, you and I can say, though now afflicted,

"Not all the pains that ere I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my heavenly Father please."

O that we could say the same for our dear H., but, blessed be our God, the same free grace that has reached our hard hearts can, and I trust will, reach hers. Let us commit her to the Lord by his own appointed means of prayer and supplication. May his abundant blessing rest upon you, prays,

Your affectionate cousin,

Leicester.

M. B.

Obituary.

EDWARD WARNER, OF WITHAM, ESSEX.

He was born at Woodstock, Oxfordshire. His mother died when he was young, and the example of his father, an ungodly man, was bad in the extreme; so much so that as he grew up his sabbaths were spent in all manner of sport, chiefly fishing, gambling, and card-playing. He removed to Witham in 1850; was very fond of company, got married, and lived, Gallio-like, "caring for none of these things." (Acts xviii. 17.) Indeed so reckless and indifferent was he, he cared not where or how he obtained a living, and got into debt wherever he could; in fact,

"He was a wretch defiled by sin,
At war with heaven, in league with hell;
A slave to every lust obscene;
Who, living, lived but to rebel."

About four years previous to his death he joined a party on the Lord's Day to play at cards. As he was about commencing, conviction seized his very soul, and a sense of his awfully sinful conduct forced him to leave his companions. No more card-playing for him. Now, great concern about his soul commenced; he was deeply taught his poor, fallen, vile, guilty, lost, and undone state, and his utter hopelessness and helplessness to perform anything to relieve himself from under the curse of God's holy, just, and righteous law. One of his workmen attended the Baptist Chapel in this town, to whom he opened his mind, and was induced to go and hear the gospel there. The debts he had contracted now hung heavily on his guilty soul; his circumstances every way tried him; he was brought to where "there is no strength," "shut up or left," "without hope," "to the stopping of mouths."

The ministry of the word was often blessed to him, hearing his footsteps traced out, his state described; and now and then "a little hope," or a "Who can tell?" would spring up. He was most regular in his attendance on the means; whoever was absent he was sure to be there, listening, hungering, thirsting, for the bread and water of life, which, if a man partake, he shall never perish. He was a man of few words, very retiring, seldom spoke to any one, sat just within the door, and was the first to leave. If a little hope did spring up it was soon lost in doubts and fears; and so jealous was he of false hope and vain confidence, that when he felt a little melting, humbling sweetness under the word, he was soon robbed of it. On one occasion his soul was much blessed from what his minister was enabled to advance from Rev. i. 18. About two years before his death his soul was set at happy liberty by the application of the following scripture, "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward." (Isa. lviii. 8.) Jesus was here revealed as his life, light, health, righteousness, care, protection,

and everlasting preservation; his all in all; he was now delivered from all his guilt, darkness, bondage, fear, and wrath. He sincerely loved God's people, the services of his house, and the ordinances and precepts of his word. He endeavored as far as possible to redeem himself; and had it not been for his debts, he would have joined the church when the Lord so wonderfully blessed him; but he kept back lest the cause of God and truth might be reproached thereby. Had not affliction and death intervened, he would soon have been in that most desirable situation Paul exhorts to, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." (Rom. xiii. 8.)

Having been hurt on the back of the head when a youth, he was often subject to head-ache, producing at first, sickness, giddiness, and then fits, which returned periodically; this affliction, together with an increasing family, and only himself to labor, kept him in a low place concerning temporals. The word from his minister was so blessed to his soul on Lord's Day, Sept. 18th, that he could not rest, and was constrained to cast in his lot with us. His testimony was well received by the church, and he was baptized with another the following Lord's Day; his peace of mind was great, and he rejoiced exceedingly. About three weeks after his baptism the following scripture was blessed with great power and sweetness to his soul, "But there the glorious Lord will be unto us [unto *me*, he said, the words came] a place of broad rivers and streams," (Isa. xxxiii. 21,) which filled him with all joy and peace in believing. He was well taught in the scriptures; they were his companion, his daily study.

He possessed no ordinary mind; some even looked forward to the day when the the Lord would bring him forth to testify of what he had tasted, handled, and felt, to others. But God was ripening him for glory. On the return of his fits he had this dream, which much refreshed him; he saw in his dream two companies of people, one all life, joy, dancing, singing, jumping, shouting; the other laid flat on the ground, motionless, as if dead; he also beheld a stream of water flow to both parties, when the scene was soon changed,—the merry and gay were all drowned in the stream, while the others were made to move, rise, sit, stand, and walk. Here he saw the mystery of the gospel, and the end of all mere professors. He became very ill, the fits returning more frequently and with greater power. Medical aid was of no avail although a second doctor was called in; and the worst fears were entertained of his recovery.

The writer of these lines frequently visited him, and saw him in some of his fits which were most distressing to witness; nevertheless he was blessed with remarkable patience; not a murmur escaped his lips, and he was exceedingly thankful for the least kindness shown him. The day before his death he begged the Lord to take him to himself, adding, "I can part with wife, children, [five little ones, and one not yet born, who, together with their mother, are wholly dependent on the parish for support] friends, all, all, to be with a precious Jesus, 'to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'"

I saw him a few hours before his death; he was calm and resigned. Being Saturday night, he said, "I wish I could be with you to-mor-

row; but I long to depart. O that the Lord would take me! I long to be gone." A friend, sympathising with him, said, "Poor Edward." He replied very sharply, "I am not poor, I am rich." He had no fear of death, nor the least doubt of his ultimate happiness and glory; he often spoke of the sovereign goodness of God, to those who sat up at night with him, being God-fearing persons, in bringing him from a state of open sin and rebellion, out of the world and its follies, from mere professors and their hypocrisy; revealing the Lord Jesus Christ in him, the hope of glory; giving him a place among his saints, and a good hope through grace of appearing before him in glory.

He had a strong union to, and fellowship with, the spiritually poor and needy, tempted and tried, sick and afflicted. To a dear Christian friend he said, "Is this affliction for life or death?" His friend replied, "It will be well with you in either." "Yes," he said; "surely he said unto me, I will be unto thee a place of broad rivers and streams." These were the last words he spoke. He was again seized with fits, which continued five hours, when death put an end to his sufferings at four o'clock on Lord's Day morning, Nov. 13th, just seven weeks from his baptism. Aged 28. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Witham, Dec. 19th, 1859.

J. F.

MAY not many gracious hearts turn in upon themselves with shame and sorrow, to consider how unsatisfied they have been in that condition which others have preferred and esteemed as the greatest of all outward mercies? I have indeed been fed with food convenient, but I am not contented. How has my heart been tortured from day to day with anxious thoughts concerning what I shall eat and drink, and where-with I and mine shall be clothed? I pretend indeed that I care but for a competency of the world, but sure I am my cares about it have been incompetent.—*Flavel*.

HE saith, "In the beginning was the Word." By this word "beginning," sending us not to such a beginning as Moses meaneth, when he saith, In the beginning God made heaven and earth," for there is a beginning in time; whereas this with St. John is rather a beginning afore all times than of any end, as full well he doth teach when he saith, "and the Word was with God;" as though he might say, The beginning whereof I speak is not a beginning of any end, as is with Moses, but such a beginning as was before any time, that is, such a beginning as was not with man or any creatures, but such a beginning as was with God." As for other reasons that men may gather out of this word "Logos," "the Word," I will neither improve nor approve, further than by the testimony of God's word I am taught Servetus's folly, which thinketh that the Word, that is, the second Person, was not before the creation of the world, but in the creation of the world, (as some espied out,) if men would make a distinction betwixt the two relations which the Word hath, one to Godward, another to manward; for it may not be gathered that because the Word had no relation to us-ward but in the creation, therefore it had no relation to Godward; as this which followeth doth well teach, saying, "the same" (he meaneth the Word, the Son of God) "was in the beginning with God."—*John Bradford*.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

WE attempted on a late occasion, in our Review of Dr. Cole's work,* to lay before our readers some thoughts upon the subject of our Lord's sacred humanity; and it was our desire and intention to bring our meditations upon that sweet and solemn theme to a close with the closing year. But the subject gradually and almost insensibly grew under our hand and opened itself more and more to our thoughts until we found that the limits of a Review were a field too narrow to embrace even our scanty and feeble meditations on the great mystery of godliness, "God manifest in the flesh." We therefore intimated our wish to pursue the sacred subject under another form, if life were spared and grace given, with the opening year. We now, then, redeem our pledge and resume the subject; but have adopted a different title, that we may allow ourselves a wider and freer scope for our meditations on so sweet and fruitful a theme than the usual character and limits of a Review would allow.

If our readers will kindly look back to our Dec. No. they will find that we last stood at the foot of the cross. There we saw by faith the blood-shedding and death of our adorable Lord; we viewed him yielding up his life by a voluntary act of his holy will, and heard his gracious words, "It is finished," just before he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. But we leave him not there. We have seen him die and by faith now view his sacred body still on the cross. But he did not long hang there as a spectacle to angels and men.† His immediate disciples had fled, but there were those who came to perform those offices of love by which a safe and secure place was provided wherein that sacred body might lie. We see, then, by faith, that pallid body, of which not a bone was broken, (though hands and feet were mangled and torn, and side pierced,) taken down with all believing reverence and adoring affection by Joseph of

* When we took the opportunity of Dr. Cole's work to lay before our readers some thoughts upon the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord, as a sequel to what we had written on his eternal Sonship, we were not in the least aware that the pamphlet was originally written by Dr. C. against two ministers whom we much esteem and love as servants of God, Mr. John Vinall, of Lewes, and Mr. David Fenner, of Hastings. No doubt these good men, and eminent servants of God, erred in using the word "mortal" as applicable to the sacred body of the Lord Jesus Christ, but it was more from the imperfection of human language than because they believed there was any inherent mortality in the humanity of Jesus.

Our object, in taking up Dr. Cole's work, was not to revive a forgotten controversy, still less to wound the feelings of those two good and gracious men to whom we have referred, but to lay the truth before our readers which Dr. Cole has so ably handled, as well as to furnish a convenient heading as the title of a Review.

† As the blessed Lord breathed out his life about the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon, and the preparation of the Passover began about four o'clock, it would seem that his dead body did not remain above, and most probably under, an hour upon the cross before taken down for burial.

Arimathæa and Nicodemus, aided, doubtless, by those holy women whose names the Holy Ghost has recorded as afterwards "beholding and sitting over against the sepulchre" where that pure body was laid.

As the original penalty was, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die;" and as "the wages of sin is death," the Surety and Sin-bearer must endure the penalty, and literally, actually die in the sinner's room and place. Thus there was a necessity that the Redeemer of sinners should die; but as the Son of God could not die, Deity being incapable of suffering and death, the blessed Lord took a nature which could die—not by inherent mortality or external violence, but by a voluntary act*—as voluntary as that by which he assumed that nature in the womb of the Virgin, or resumed his body at the resurrection.

Our thoughts, then, now lead us to the body of Jesus in the grave; and here we see much to engage our meditations. The first thing that strikes our mind in beholding his lifeless form is the separation of body and soul which took place when the adorable Lord by a voluntary act laid down his life. The last words that the Redeemer spoke were, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." By his "spirit" we are to understand his human soul which at once went into paradise, into the immediate presence of God, as he intimated in the words, "And now come I to thee." (John xvii. 13.) Nor did he go thither that day alone. A trophy was soon to follow him—the soul of that repenting, believing malefactor, who, a partner with him in suffering, had become by his sovereign grace a partner with him in glory.

There was, then, an actual separation of the Redeemer's body and soul; but this did not destroy or affect the union of his Deity with his humanity. That union remained entire, as his holy soul went into paradise in union with his Deity, and thus he was still God-man as much in paradise as he was at the tomb of Lazarus, or at the Last Supper. But his sacred body, though by the act of death life was gone out of it, still remained as before, "that holy thing." Death did not taint that sacred body any more than sin did not taint it in the womb of the Virgin. The promise was, therefore, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, [rather, in Hades, or that paradise in which it was after death,] nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." (Ps. xvi. 10.) This holy body was essentially incorruptible, as being begotten of the Holy Ghost, by special and supernatural generation, of the flesh of the Virgin; but as in all other acts of the sacred Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were all engaged that no taint of corruption should in death assail it. The Father promised, and, as a God that cannot lie, performed by

* It is remarkable that three of the evangelists use three distinct words, (in the original,) to express the voluntary way in which the Lord Jesus yielded up his life. In Matt. xxvii. 51, it is "yielded up the ghost," literally, "dismissed his spirit;" in Mark (xv. 38) and Luke (xxiii. 47) it is the same word, "he gave up the ghost," literally, "breathed it out," and John (xix. 31,) "gave up the ghost," literally, "delivered it," all implying a voluntary act.

his almighty, superintending power; the Son, by the same innate, active, divine energy by which he assumed that body in the womb of the Virgin preserved it untainted, uncorrupted in the grave; and the Holy Ghost, who formed that body in its first conception, breathed over it his holy influence to maintain it, in spite of death and the tomb, as pure and as incorruptible as when he first created it. These things are indeed difficult to understand or indeed conceive; but they are heavenly mysteries, which faith receives and holds fast in spite of sense, reason, and unbelief. For see the tremendous consequences of allowing any taint of corruption to assail that blessed body. Could a tainted body be resumed at the resurrection? Corruption would have marred it as it will mar ours; and how could a corrupt body have been again the habitation of the Son of God? We are often instrumentally preserved from error not only by knowing and feeling the sweetness and power of truth, but by seeing, as at a glance, the tremendous consequences which a denial of vital, fundamental truths involves.

But we pass on to Jesus in the tomb. A sepulchre hewn out in the rock, and therefore pure, clean, and dry, and "wherein never man before was laid," so as to be free from any taint of corruption; a great stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre to preserve the sacred deposit from external violence or unbecoming intrusion; Roman soldiers forbidding all access of strange feet into the sacred precinct; a guard of angels watching over that body in which their God and Creator had dwelt;—how all these circumstances tended, and all worked together to the same result—the safe guardianship and inviolable preservation of that holy body which the Lord had assumed for the redemption of his people.

But may we not gather up some profitable instruction here? The holy women who mourned and wept at the cross did not forget their dear Lord at the sepulchre. Thither their thoughts ran during that Sabbath Day on which they rested according to the commandment; and with the first dawn of the next day—the first day of the week, they sped their steps, with spices, to anoint that dear Object of their faith and love. The mystery of the resurrection was indeed hidden from their eyes; but they ceased not to love in death and in the sepulchre that sacred form which they had loved in life. May not our thoughts turn to the sepulchre too; and may we not, with these gracious women, resort thither as to the sleeping-place of the body of Jesus? Nature shrinks from death, even apart from that which following after death makes it to so many a king of terrors. Even where grace has set up its throne, and mercy rejoices over judgment, many unbelieving, infidel thoughts at times will cross the mind and perplex the judgment about the separation of body and soul, and the launching of the spirit into an unseen, unknown world. Faith, it is true, can subdue these perplexing thoughts, better hinted at than described, but faith needs some solid ground on which to build and rest. If, then, the soul is blessed with any assured hope or sweet persuasion of interest in the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ, so as to remove guilty fears,

how strengthening to faith is a view of his death, not merely as the only sacrifice for sin, but as the exemplar, so to speak, of our own. We shall all have to die, and therefore to look by faith at the death of Jesus may be a profitable subject of meditation as a relief against the perplexing thoughts to which we have before alluded. Into his Father's hands the dying Lord commended his spirit. The Father received it, for him the Father heareth always; (John xi. 42;) and thus his spirit returned unto him who gave it. (Eccl. xii. 7.) Thus, by the act of dying, the soul and body of the blessed Redeemer were, for a time, fully and actually separated—as fully and actually as ours will also be at death. But follow by faith that soul of Jesus when he breathed it forth, and view it at once and immediately entering paradise, into the blissful presence of God. What food for faith is here! How strengthening, how encouraging to a believing heart which has often been perplexed by such thoughts as we have named, to view the soul of Jesus thus passing at once into paradise. And may we not, by faith, view the soul also of the believing malefactor, when the time of release was come, winging its flight into the same paradise whither the soul of Jesus had preceded it? If we know anything painfully and experimentally of the assaults of unbelief, the arrows of infidelity, and the fiery darts of the wicked one, and how they are all quenched by the shield of faith, we have found that faith, in order to stand firm, must have the word of truth, a "Thus saith the Lord," upon which to rest. Let us now, then, see how this stands as connected with the death of the blessed Lord. Fortified by his holy example, if blessed with faith in his Person, blood, and righteousness, the dying believer may commend his spirit into the hands of Christ as did martyred Stephen, in the same confidence that the Lord Jesus commended his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father.

But there is another sweet and blessed thought connected with the grave in which Jesus lay. We may have seen the grave open its dark mouth to receive a dear friend and brother, or some fondly loved relative, who has left a sweet testimony behind of his interest in the finished work of the Son of God; and as we have looked down into that narrow cell, seen the coffin lowered slowly into it, heard the clods fall heavily on its lid, and felt how the beloved object was buried out of our sight, no more again to walk with us here below, how nature has shrunk from each gloomy sight and sound. What could then relieve the burdened mind, and soothe the sorrowing spirit, but a sweet persuasion by faith of these two things: 1st, That the soul of the departed one was with the Lord, which was far better than again to be burdened with the body of sin and death, now for ever laid down; and 2nd, That the Lord Jesus, by lying himself in the grave, had consecrated it as his people's sleeping place, and perfumed it, as it were, by permitting it to be the deposit of his own incorruptible body.

What a trial to their faith must the death of Jesus have been to his disciples and believing followers! When their Lord and Master died, their hopes, for the time at least, seem almost to have died

with him. This seems evident from the language of the two disciples who were journeying to Emmaus. "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." (Luke xxiv. 21.) How staggering to their faith that the Lord of life should be put to death; the King of glory be covered with shame and ignominy; and that he, whom the heaven of heavens could not contain, should lie in the narrow precinct of a garden sepulchre.

But another thought strikes our mind as arising out of this fruitful subject of spiritual meditation—the *apparent triumph of evil* and of the powers of darkness, in the death and burial of the Lord Jesus.

To the eye of sense, truth, holiness, innocence, all fell crushed by the arm of violence as Jesus hung on the cross. To the spectator there, all his miracles of love and mercy, his words of grace and truth, his holy spotless life, his claims to be the Son of God, the promised Messiah, the Redeemer of Israel, with every promise and every prophecy concerning him, were all extinguished when, amidst the triumph of his foes, in pain, shame, and ignominy, he yielded up his breath. We now see that, by his blood-shedding and death, the blessed Lord wrought out redemption, finished the work which the Father gave him to do, put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, reconciled the church unto God, triumphed over death and hell, vanquished Satan, magnified the law and made it honorable, exalted justice, brought in mercy, harmonised every apparently jarring attribute, glorified his heavenly Father, and saved millions with an everlasting salvation. But should we have seen this as we see it now, had we stood at the cross with weeping Mary and broken-hearted John, heard the railing taunts of the Scribes and Pharisees, the rude laughter of the Roman soldiery, and the mocking cries of the Jewish mob, viewed the darkened sky above, and felt the solid earth beneath rocking under our feet? Where would our faith have been then? What but a miracle of Almighty grace and power could have sustained it amidst such clouds of darkness, such strength of sense, such a crowd of conflicting passions, such opposition of unbelief?

So it ever has been, so it ever will be in this time state. Truth, uprightness, godliness, the cause of God as distinct from, as opposed to error and evil, have always suffered crucifixion, not only in the person, but in the example of a crucified Jesus. It is an ungodly world; Satan, not Jesus, is its god and prince; and, therefore, not truth but falsehood, not good but evil, not love but enmity, not sincerity and uprightness but craft and deceptiveness, not righteousness and holiness but sin and godliness prevail and triumph as they did at the cross. This tries faith; but its relief and remedy are to look up, amidst these clouds, to the cross, and see on it the suffering Son of God. Then we see that the triumphing of the wicked is but for a moment; that though truth is now suffering, it is suffering with Christ; and that as he died and rose again, so it will have a glorious resurrection, and an eternal triumph.

One or two thoughts more, before we close this part of our present subject of meditation.

To be partakers of Christ's crown, we must be partakers of Christ's cross. Union with him in suffering must precede union with him in glory. This is the express testimony of the Holy Ghost: "If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (Rom. viii. 17.) "If we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.) The flesh and the world are to be crucified to us, and we to them; and this can only be by virtue of a living union with a crucified Lord. This made the apostle say, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) And again, "But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." (Gal. vi. 14.) An experimental knowledge of crucifixion with his crucified Lord, made Paul preach the cross, not only in its power to save, but in its power to sanctify. But as then so now, this preaching of the cross, not only as the meritorious cause of all salvation, but as the instrumental cause of all sanctification, is "to them that perish foolishness." (1 Cor. i. 18.) As men have found out some other way of salvation than by the blood of the cross, so have they discovered some other way of holiness than by the power of the cross; or rather have altogether set aside obedience, fruitfulness, self-denial, mortification of the deeds of the body, crucifixion of the flesh and of the world. Extremes are said to meet; and certainly men of most opposite sentiments may unite in despising the cross and counting it foolishness. The Arminian despises it for justification, and the Antinomian for sanctification. "Believe and be holy," is as strange a sound to the latter as, "Believe and be saved" to the former." But, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," is as much written on the portal of life as, "By grace are ye saved through faith." Through the cross, that is, through union and communion with him who suffered upon it, not only is there a fountain opened for all sin, but for all uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1.) Blood and water gushed from the side of Jesus when pierced by the Roman spear.

"This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the spear, it gushed from the heart,
With blood and with water; the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one."

"All my springs are in thee," (Ps. lxxxvii. 7,) said the man after God's own heart; and well may we re-echo his words. All our springs, not only of pardon and peace, acceptance and justification, but of happiness and holiness, of wisdom and strength, of victory over the world, of mortification of a body of sin and death; of every fresh revival and renewal of hope and confidence; of all prayer and praise; of every new budding forth of the soul, as of Aaron's rod, in

blossom and fruit; of every gracious feeling, spiritual desire, warm supplication, honest confession, melting contrition, and godly sorrow for sin—all these springs of that life which is hid with Christ in God are in a crucified Lord. Thus Christ crucified is, “to them who are saved, the power of God.” And as he “of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,” at the cross alone can we be made wise unto salvation, become righteous by a free justification, receive of his Spirit to make us holy, and be redeemed and delivered by blood and power from sin, Satan, death and hell.

Nor is there any other way to *become dead to the law*, our first husband, so as “to be married to another, even him who is raised from the dead, that we may bring forth fruit unto God.” (Rom. vii. 4.)

By the baptism of the Holy Ghost, (of which water baptism is a type and figure,) we are baptized into Jesus Christ, and specially into his death. (Rom. vi. 3.) By his blood shedding and death he fulfilled the law, bearing its curse, and thus he “blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, nailing it to his cross.” (Col. ii. 14.)

But as this opens too wide a field for present meditation, and we have sufficiently trespassed on the kindness and patience of our readers, we shall, with God’s blessing, defer our thoughts upon this subject to a future number.

POETRY.

A RETROSPECT.

<p>Life has its morning, young and bright; Its joyous noon; its solemn night. Its risen sun soon spans the day; Soon rush its swift-winged hours away.</p> <p>Life is a journey; rising still, We midway reach its loftiest hill; We scan the past; then strive to explore The shadowy vale which lies before. The height is pass’d; and sinking low, My sun has lost its noontide glow; Adown the steep I slowly wind, And leave earth’s scatter’d hopes behind.</p> <p>Sometimes a lingering look I cast On scenes far shrouded in the past; So faint, their misty outlines seem The fragments of a troubled dream.</p> <p>Full many a scheme of bliss untold, In ruined heaps, those scenes unfold;</p>	<p>And forms once loved—once brightly fair, Like mocking spectres hover there.</p> <p>Each joy, each pleasure was a cheat; A bitter draught each promised sweet; No specious good I dared to taste, But left its poison in my breast.</p> <p>In folly’s tangled mazes lost, I counted not the fearful cost, But hurried with the crowd along, And sought destruction with the throng.</p> <p>O, wondrous mercy! matchless grace! An eye unseen beheld my case; Saw me cast out, and in my blood; Pitied, and forth my helper stood.</p> <p>Defiled, and self-condemn’d I lay; Hell claim’d me as its lawful prey; But mercy snatch’d me from the pit, Cleansed, clothed, and paid my dreadful debt;</p>
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Woo'd me to leave the ways of death,
 And pointed out the narrow path,
 Bless'd with his smile, kept by his grace,
 Fenced with his love, and paved with peace.

Since then he prompts me what to do;
 Gives bread to eat, and strength to go;
 Tells me he'll always be my friend,
 And keep me to my journey's end.

Now, all this love and tender care,
 Which all his blood-bought children share,
 Is sovereign, special, rich, and free;
 I sought it not till he sought me.

He told me at my love's first dawn,
 Why I with love had thus been drawn;
 "An everlasting love," said he,
 "Is that with which I've lov'd thee."

And though I oft would wander wide,
 And leave my Friend's protecting side;
 He will not let me quite depart,
 So kind and faithful is his heart.

I often fear I've missed the way;
 So prone my treacherous heart to stray;
 So cold, so dead, I often try
 To prove my hope is but a lie.

So dismal, dark, the way appears;
 So thick the hosts of doubts and fears;
 The springs all dry, the manna gone;
 I languish helpless and forlorn.

But then my faithful Friend draws nigh!
 Gives grace on grace, a rich supply;
 Shews me the way the flock have gone;
 And leads my fainting footsteps on.

And there he whispers words of love,
 And bids me lift my thoughts above;
 Points to the eternal hills that stand
 Far distant in the promised land.

At once the scene a change comes o'er;
 (Man never spake like him before!)
 His voice bids doubt and darkness flee;
 Gives life, and joy, and liberty.

Thus on I plod from day to day,
 Guided through life's mysterious way;
 Assured that he who holds me fast
 Will conquer all my foes at last.

L., Dec. 26th, 1859.

W. S. R.

I BELIEVE that occasional retirement from the dissipating vanities of life, and seclusion from the tumults of the world, are as beneficial to the soul now as they were in the days of Nathaniel. Such a season is, generally speaking, the most proper both for self-examination and for holding undisturbed intercourse with the Father of spirits.—*Toplady*.

AND is the world so full of trouble? O my soul, what cause hast thou to stand admiring at the indulgence and goodness of God to thee! Thou hast hitherto had a smooth passage, compared with what others have had. How has divine wisdom ordered my condition, and cast my lot! Have I been chastised with whips? others have been chastised with scorpions. Have I had no peace without? some have neither had peace without or within, but terrors round about. Or have I felt trouble in my flesh and spirit at once? they have not been extreme either in time or measure. And has the world been a Sodom, an Egypt to thee? Why then dost thou thus linger in it, and hanker after it? Why do I not long to be gone, and sigh more heartily for deliverance? Why are the thoughts of my Lord's coming no sweeter to me, and the day of my full deliverance no more panted for? And why am I no more careful to maintain peace within, since there is so much trouble without? Is not this it that puts weight into all outward troubles, and makes them sinking, that they fall upon me when my spirit is dark and wounded?—*Flavel*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1860.

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

A SERMON. BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY. *
PREACHED AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD,
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1ST, 1842.

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.”—ISA. lxi. 2.

OUR text contains one part of the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ; for as a solemnly-glorious minister of the New Testament he was anointed by the Lord for that important work. And the two things mentioned in our text his Majesty proclaims in the word and in the conscience of all whom he takes to heaven. A man whose notions are all that he has of religion—a mere knowledge of it in the judgment, can be satisfied with the proclamation made in the letter of the word; but I believe that any man and every man that can feel satisfied with that is a stranger to God. God brings his people to feel that their disease is deep, and lays it upon their heart; and they must have a proclamation that reaches the disease and comes to the heart. The gospel of God must come to them “not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” And when the blessed Redeemer, by the power of his Spirit, “proclaims the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God” in the conscience of a poor sinner, if the sinner is sunk as low as sin can sink him, it lifts him up, and brings him to have a peace which the world knows nothing of—a peace and joy in believing; and thus he knows experimentally that there is a solemn reality in God’s truth and in God’s kingdom; and that God’s kingdom stands not in word but in power.

It is now fifty years since God first made a proclamation of this in my conscience. I have had many other visits since then; but I really cannot go on without fresh visits to the present moment. I have heard that there are men very high in a profession of religion that say they do not care if they never enjoy the presence of God again upon earth; they know they shall go to heaven. But for the soul of me I cannot make out what such men want to go to heaven for; they might as well almost go to hell as heaven, if they are not to have the sweet and blessed presence of the Lord. And if the presence of the Lord here, in this vale of tears, be of such little moment that they do not care whether they have it again, I believe in

my heart they are strangers to God and vital religion; for wherever the Lord, in the riches of his grace, reveals this blessed truth under his divine anointings, and grants the sinner an unctuous feeling of his presence, he wants it again and again, and will be thirsting for it till his dying moments.

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God.” I shall endeavor, as God shall assist, to make a few remarks upon these two things:

I. *The day of vengeance of our God and the acceptable year of the Lord.*

II. *The proclamation of them by the blessed Lord of life and glory.*

I. Now, we read in the word of God of some awful displays of God's vengeance and wrath; and yet our text speaks as if there were but one “*day of vengeance.*” Why, was it not “the day of vengeance” when he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah? Was it not “the day of vengeance” when he swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and their company, and they went down alive into the pit? Was it not a “day of vengeance” when he hurled Satan and his adherents from their high, towering thrones, and sank them into the blackness of despair? Was it not a “day of vengeance” when he drowned the Egyptians in the Red Sea? And are not the damned in hell, devils and damned spirits, feeling the “day of vengeance” now? And yet, put it all together, it is as nothing compared to the day of vengeance in our text. Therefore the Holy Ghost fixes upon this important subject as the day of vengeance that outstretches all the rest. And what was it? The day when divine Justice unsheathed its sword, and the wrath of that incensed justice was poured, with all its inflexible fury, upon the God-man Mediator; when all the sins of the church, heart sins, lip sins, sins however circumstanced,—were gathered together, put upon the Surety, and the whole of the wrath due to the millions of God's elect was poured into the heart of their covenant Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. That was the day of vengeance with a witness. Here Justice exacted the utmost mite, and made no abatement; and his solemn Majesty paid the debt to the full. Sin may appear a trifling matter to some of you; you may be sufficiently hardened to laugh at it, to trifle with it; but it did not trifle with the Son of God—it broke his heart, it tortured his soul, and harrowed up his mind; and with all the majesty and glory of his infinite Godhead, he had but strength enough to bear up under the tremendous wrath that he had to endure for his people. This was the day of vengeance; for here the wrath of God was poured out to the uttermost. Neither did divine justice look upon sin as a trifling matter. If God the Father loved the people with an everlasting love—and he did; if he fixed his heart upon them in eternity; if he considered them his jewels, the crown of his glory; and yet this people could not possess the bliss he provided for them till justice was satisfied in the Surety, and sin was punished

there, sin was no trifling thing in the eyes of God. The wrath of God poured upon devils and damned spirits is for their various transgressions; but here is the holy, the harmless, the innocent Lamb of God, the glory of heaven, and he for whom all things were created, he for whose pleasure all was made,—standing as Surety for sinners. And though he was the Father's infinite delight, the people whose cause he had espoused must be set free, and the wrath of God must be poured upon the Surety, and poured to the uttermost. Thus Jehovah demonstrated his holy, his righteous indignation against sin; and it was the day of vengeance.

We must not go to some few trifling things that we suffer here to know what an evil sin is; nay, if we could possibly sink into the regions of the damned, and hear their yellings and behold their tortures, and return back, we should come far short of knowing the evil of sin. It is at Gethsemane, it is at Golgotha where the God that supported all worlds, in union with our nature, and that nature in union with Godhead, bled and was tortured, agonising, with indescribable misery, as the effect of sin—it is here we see what an evil sin is.

“ On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell.”

Can you trifle with sin? can you sport with it? can you speak of it as a light matter? Is there a hardened wretch here that can do this? Conscience, where art thou? Good God! arouse them to feel what an awful thing sin is; and let their hearts tremble before thee on account of their various transgressions. Lead them to Golgotha; lead them to Gethsemane; and let them have a feeling of the fellowship of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then they will know a little of the solemnity of our text, “the day of vengeance,” for there it was executed with all its awful terrors and its tremendous power.

And now, before I proceed, have you a hope, a spiritual hope, that Christ suffered for you; that he weltered in blood for you; that he was wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities, and that the chastisement of your peace was upon him? And do you find, now and then, a sweetness in this truth, that with his stripes you are healed? Can you profess to cherish this hope, and yet trifle with that which tore his heart, which tortured his soul, which brought vengeance upon him as your Surety? Can you play with it? Is it a trifling matter with you? If it is, your hope is a damnable delusion, and you know nothing at all of the life and power of vital godliness in your soul; for wherever the Spirit of the living God brings a sinner to have a good hope through the precious atonement of Christ, the glorious and solemn sufferings of Christ, he knows what it is to be a little in that spot: “They shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son; and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.” And when we have done for a season mourning over ourselves because of the light, and life, and love of God made manifest by blood, we shall have a solemn mourn-

ing for the Lord of life, that he should suffer vengeance for such reptiles as we are, for such brutes as we are; and so we shall know something of being humble at his feet, whilst we bless God for the mysteries of his cross.

Now, do you know anything of this in your own souls? Has God ever presented it to your conscience? Has he brought you to feel something of the solemn sufferings of a once-slaughtered Christ, and to feel that it was your sins which were the daggers that pierced his heart—your sins that pressed blood through every pore? Sometimes when I have been led to feel the horrible oozings up and workings of a corrupt nature, (and I should be worse than a vagabond if I said I never did,) and when God the Spirit has then led me in faith and feeling to Gethsemane, dropped a little of the atoning blood of Christ into my conscience, and brought me to feel a sweetness in the efficacy of his blood, I have been brought to bow before him with contrition of soul, and say, “Lord, it is such a salvation, that I wonder thou couldst bestow it upon such a wretch; I wonder that mercy should be given to such a brute.” But so it is; and God is exalted, self abased; Christ reigns, and the conscience triumphs in the efficacy of his precious blood, and adores God for such a blessed method of pouring out his wrath upon his Son that we might go free. Sinner—trembling, broken-hearted sinner,

“Sinner, thou hast done the deed;
Thou hast made the Saviour bleed.
‘Justice drew its sword on me;
Pierced my heart to pass by thee.’”

God help thee to feel it, and to glorify God for such amazing grace, such matchless grace, manifested to sinners.

But we pass on to make a few remarks, secondly, upon the *acceptable year of the Lord*. This solemn day of vengeance was at the same time an acceptable year of the Lord. Here was the glorious body and substance of the jubilee; and the holy prophet seems to have this in view. Through the finished work of Christ, the blessed obedience and righteousness of Jesus, the real spirit of the jubilee is proclaimed and made manifest, both in the word and in the sinner's conscience. A word or two, then, on this point as connected with the jubilee.

In that solemn year when the proclamation went throughout all the land of Israel, all the Hebrews had their debts discharged, their legal servitude put an end to, and their mortgaged inheritances restored. A proclamation was made of plenty without labor. No farmer, no person that kept a vineyard, was to sow or reap for himself, but the fruits of the earth were free for every Hebrew to pluck and partake; and this was the acceptable year of the Lord.

Through the person, blood, and obedience of Christ every spiritual Hebrew has his debts discharged, for “he is not a Jew,” says the Apostle, “which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter.”

Now, has God cut off all your legal hopes, cut off all your legal

expectations? Perhaps some one may say, "He has; and yet I am not happy." Perhaps, if you examine closely, he has not quite cut them off. Say you, "I have no hope in anything I have ever done." But have not you a little hope at the bottom that there will come some favorable juncture when you shall be able to manage a little better than you do now? "Why," say you, "if I had not that I should despair." And the sooner you despair the better, poor soul. You are not entirely a self-despairing sinner while you can have any hope of mending the matter in time to come; but when you are brought to be entirely hopeless, both now and for time to come, as it relates to anything you can do to help yourself—here is the acceptable year of the Lord. Christ has paid the debt fully, cleared it, discharged it, without leaving one iota undone. He has "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," made an end of it and finished it. Justice, when the Surety died, acquitted the believer; and here it is, poor soul, that it is an acceptable year to the Lord. Justice is satisfied. And when God brings it with power to thy conscience, it will be an acceptable year to thee; for thou wilt be satisfied, and say, with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

If a Hebrew had sold himself, or hired himself in service, the acceptable year of the Lord proclaimed liberty. No master could keep him if he wished to go. And so, if God has given you a heart really, truly, feelingly to be at liberty, (ponder over it, and ask whether he has,) though you have "sold yourself for nought," you are "redeemed without money." Though you have become the slave of sin and Satan, and are under bondage and fetters, if the Spirit of God has made you willing to be saved in God's own way, here is the acceptable year of the Lord. Legal servitude must be given up when this is proclaimed in the conscience. Conscience must rejoice in liberty, and in that liberty which is accomplished by the Son. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Well," say you, "I feel as if I were willing; and yet I am not quite set at rest." Perhaps not quite willing. There is some little lurking, knavish thief or other in some corner of thy heart that wants to cling to self, wants to cling to something of thine own. Thou art not yet an entire believer, willing to be saved in God's own way, by the precious blood of the Lamb and the acceptable year of the Lord. If God bring thee there, Christ has discharged thy debt, the Son has made thee free, and thou art free indeed.

But further. Is it the case, that you have sold all that you have; forfeited every morsel that you ever possessed in Adam the first? Yes, you have. Some people tell us Christ came to restore that. So he did; but that is not all he did. He brings a better life than ever Adam had to lose; and that is a mercy for God's people. He came to give us life, and to give it more abundantly; to give a glorious life in himself. Thine inheritance that thou hast mortgaged or sold by thy sin in Adam the first was at best but a glorious earthly inheritance. But the Lord the Redeemer has secured for thee not only a glimpse of an inheritance here, but one

that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God." Do you feel you need keeping by the power of God? I do; and I solemnly declare to you to-night, that, old as I am, I never felt myself more liable to stumble, nor ever felt a greater need of God to keep me than I do now. I feel in my very soul that if God does not keep me I shall bring disgrace upon his name; I know it, and feel that such will be the case. But then that blessed God who has made manifest this acceptable year has engaged to "keep the feet of his saints," and to watch over their path by night and day. And then there is an inheritance secured by the love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he has gone, poor child of God, through the channel of his own obedience, to take possession of it himself.

There is one text which has confounded me scores of times. Says he, "I go to prepare a place for you." "To prepare a place;" that is very strange. Is not heaven already prepared? It would appear as if created heaven was not glory enough for God's people; and I do believe it is not. I do not believe created heaven is what God considers sufficient glory for his people; and therefore Christ, as their Mediator, as their Head and Representative, has "gone to prepare a place for them." How? To bespangle heaven with his blood and righteousness, and to exhibit to view the glory of his own work, and to bring his saints into the blessedness of the glory of that work, that they may glory in that only. Through his blood and righteousness he has ascended up on high to bring this to pass; and this is the acceptable year of the Lord.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR new birth does not free us from troubles, though then they are sanctified, sweetened, and turned into blessings. We put not off the human, when we put on the divine, nature; nor are we freed from the sense, though we are delivered from the sting and curse, of them. Grace does not presently pluck out all those arrows that sin has shot into the sides of nature. "When we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side: without were fightings and within were fears." (2 Cor. vii. 5.) "These are they that came out of great tribulations." (Rev. vii. 14.) Paul and Barnabas acquainted their new converts that "through much tribulation they must enter into the kingdom of God." We find the state of the church, in this world, set out by the similitude of a distressed ship at sea: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests, and not comforted;" tossed as Jonah's ship was, for the same word is used in both places; tossed, as a vessel at sea, violently driven without rudder, mast, sail, or tackling. Nor are we to expect freedom from these troubles, until harbored in heaven. O what long catalogues of experiences do the saints carry to heaven with them, of their various exercises, dangers, trials, and marvellous preservations and deliverances out of all! And yet all these troubles without are nothing to those within them, from temptations, corruptions, desertions. Besides their own, there come daily upon them the troubles of others. Many rivulets fall into this channel, and fill, yea, often overflow the bank. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous."

—*Flavel.*

THE BANQUETING HOUSE.

My dear Brother in Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I have had a great change in my feelings since I saw you last; and I shall proceed to give you some account about it. I went over to L. in a month after you left our house, to hear the word. Mr. S., in whose house the meeting is held, spoke from these words, “I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be; there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel.” (Ezek. xxxiv. 14.) My soul felt lifted up, and I wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth; there was such clearness, and depth, and life in it that it made me rejoice with joy and singing. When it was over, I could have told him all that the Lord had done for my soul. From that time I had many liftings up of soul; sometimes as if I was mounted upon the wings of eagles. I heard another discourse in a few Lord’s Days after from these words, “I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” I was filled with joy and peace in believing.

On the first Lord’s Day in November, when I was on the road to L., I had a soft, contrite melting down of soul come over me, so that I told the Lord that he knew that I loved him, for I felt such a flame of love going after him, when these words came, “He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love;” and these words, “She came into the presence chamber, and touched the sceptre; and he said, What is thy request, Queen Esther? it shall be granted.” Such unutterable joy, peace, and love flowed into my soul that it came with a full assurance that it was I who was brought into the banqueting house; my fears, doubts, bondage, and unbelief were all gone, and I stood contemplating the blessed Lord, filled with wonder, love, and praise. He showed me how he had led me all the way, for he was the Guide of my youth, and now he is my blessed Father; and I called him all the endearing names that my soul could think of. I was taken up into union with Father, Son, and Blessed Spirit. I felt to commune with him more than a man with his friend, for before I called he did answer. “Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee.” It is impossible for tongue or pen to describe what I felt; it was indeed a good day to me.

O, my dear friend, I have really come into a land which flows with milk and honey, for not a day has passed over my head since my deliverance that I have not put my feet upon the necks of mine enemies, and triumphed through the blood of Christ. It comes sometimes into my heart, and even into my mouth; and it makes me shout out praise to my everlasting covenant God and Father; and I feel blessed with brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit. One day that I was on the engine I was blessed with such a savor and unction of the Spirit that I cried out and said, “Lord, it is enough.” One morning I felt as though Satan had brought me into confusion, but these words came quickly into my mind, “They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.” I had for more than an hour such holy communion with the Lord that it was as if he had taken me up to himself, and made it all over afresh.

Though this is but a brief account, I shall not detain you any longer now; but I feel sometimes as if I could fill a volume. I wish you all the blessings of the new covenant; and I cannot help adding a few more words. My dear brother, during the time that I lived in W., and the former part of my residence at E., my soul was brought into woeful

captivity; but, blessed be God, he hath turned again my captivity as the streams in the south; and I could say, with the church of old, "When he turned again the captivity of Zion, then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing."

I had a dream a fortnight before my deliverance. It was as follows: I dreamed I was walking over some heavy ploughed fields, with a wallet on my back; and I thought there were some hard substances in each end of it as it hung over my shoulders, and I could not remove it. As it became very heavy, I could not walk under it; but when I got half way to L., it fell off of its own accord, and then I walked along easily and comfortably. After my deliverance, I thought of my dream, and Isa. x. 27 came into my mind, "And it shall come to pass in that day that his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulder and his yoke from off thy neck, and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing." I found, my dear brother, that I had been under this yoke for above nineteen years, though I had had at times joyous feelings and liftings up of soul; and then I thought the Lord loved me; but now I can say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." O, my brother, my mouth is opened unto you, my heart is enlarged. I thought, just after my deliverance, that I should sink into my old place again; but I find that he leads me into green pastures and by the side of still waters, for he hath indeed restored my soul. He hath revealed the Lord Jesus Christ out of heaven to me, for by faith I saw him in heaven, clothed with a body like our own, interceding before the glorious throne of his Father for me, and he told me he had reconciled me to the Father because he took all my sin, guilt, and shame, and nailed them to his cross; and therefore he assured me that I was a pardoned sinner. I searched for my guilt, but could not find it. That scripture (Lev. xvi. 22) came into my mind, and I had such a melting down of soul under it. The following passages also flowed into my mind, and I lived on them all the day after: "It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me;" "Last of all he was seen of me also, as one born out of due time;" and, "Who loved me and gave himself for me."

It appears, my dear brother, that Paul labored all his days after the Son of God was revealed to him to make known the mystery of Christ, for he says, "That I may make known the mystery of the gospel." I have had these words following me for some years, "The streams of that river which maketh glad the city of God;" and now I find it a river to swim in; for my feet are taken off the sand, and the waters bear me up. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name." "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him." "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." My soul is filled at times with raptures. But I shall not detain you any longer.

May he who dwelt in the bush pay you a love visit, and bless you both in providence and grace, and assure your heart that he is your God, for he says that "they shall be my people, and I will be their God." Amen and amen.

Give my love to your partner and all inquiring friends.

I remain, your affectionate Brother in the Bonds of the Gospel,
Dec. 13th, 1859.

J. R.

[The writer of the above sweet and experimental letter is an engine-driver on a railway. The Lord's name be praised that he has yet, in this day of empty profession, some to whom he still manifests himself, and who can speak of him as revealed by a divine power to their souls, and as formed in their hearts the hope of glory.]

MR. HUNTINGTON'S DYING TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF VITAL GODLINESS.

Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—I am come at last, according to my promise, which ought to have been fulfilled before. But, alas! I have sometimes leisure upon my hands, but no heart to work; no oil in my cruse, no spring in my well, no overflowings in my cup. At other times the wind blows, the spices flow out, and the spring of divine life rises; when perhaps I want leisure. And sometimes the poor tabernacle is weary or infirm, when much study becomes a weariness to the flesh. Never right, dear Joseph, nor can be; something will ever be out of joint, off the hooks, impaired, or displaced; something wanted, something missing, something deficient; until that blessed period arrives when we shall see him as he is, be changed into his likeness, bear his image, be clothed with his immortality, shine in his rays, swim in his pleasure, burn in his love, triumph in his victory, bask in his glory, and be filled with all his fulness; made perfect in one, see as we are seen, know as we are known. Then shall the high praises of God be in our mouth and eternal joy upon our head; and our sweet, unwearied, unmolested, uninterrupted, and unceasing employ be celebrating the perfections of God and the Lamb for ever and ever! This, my dear brother, is the glory set before us, for which we must endure the cross and despise the shame.

The great God and our Saviour, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light, shall be revealed; his glory shall cover the heavens, and the new earth shall be filled with his praise; he shall come to be admired in his saints, and to be had in honor of all that are about him. Then will the marriage of the Lamb take place, and the long-loved, long-looked-for, long-espoused Bridegroom appear, with all the angels following him; and the bride made ready go out to meet him, with all her train of virgins and companions following her. These shall be brought; “with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King’s palace.” (Ps. xlv. 14, 15.) Then shall the wedding garment of an imputed righteousness adorn us, the Holy Spirit shall make us all glorious within, and the atoning blood of Christ purge us from every corruption, stain, and wrinkle; peace shall adorn our feet, and life, righteousness, glory, and honor shall crown our heads. Thus will the Lord present us to himself a glorious church, and she shall reign with Christ a thousand years. After that, he will present us to his Father, with a “Behold me, and the children which thou hast given me.”

Covet earnestly, in every prayer of thine, the best gifts. Covet life, and love, and the Spirit’s witness in thy heart; covet that assurance with which he seals us up to the day of redemption; covet his adopting cry of “Abba, Father;” covet his consolations, his devotional sensations, and his enlarging operations; together with all his inward instructions, revivals, renewals, humbling meltings, and self-abasing influences, with which he favors poor, helpless, worthless sinners, and then thou wilt see and feel for thyself that the kingdom of God stands in power, in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These things swell the heart with heavenly glee and the mouth with melody. “They shall speak of his kingdom, and talk of his power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.”

I am at present very weak and low in body; but, blessed be my God who favors unworthy sinful me with heavenly rays, distant views, and budding hopes. Dear Joseph, adieu!

March, 1813.

W. H., S.S.

[Reading, a short time ago, the “Posthumous Letters” of the late Mr. Huntington, we lighted upon the above letter, and felt it to be very

sweet and precious, especially the last paragraph but one. It struck our mind to look at the date, which we found to be March, 1813, and then we recollected it was only about three months before he died, (July 1, 1813,) and entered into the possession of the blessed things named in the above letter. We read it then as his dying testimony, and in this spirit, and under this title, we have given it to our readers. Such a testimony was never more wanted than in the day in which we live.]

MEDITATION FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF
MR. DARRACOT, FORMERLY MINISTER, AT WELLINGTON,
SOMERSET.

Is this the voice of my dear Lord, "Surely I come quickly?" Amen, says my willing soul, even so, come, Lord Jesus; come, for I long to have done with this poor low life, its burdens, its sorrows, and its cares; come, for I grow weary of this painful distance, and long to be at home, long to be with thee where thou art, that I may behold thy glory; come, thou blessed Jesus, and burst asunder these bonds of clay which hold me from thee; break down these separating walls which hinder me from thy embrace. Death is no more my dread, but rather the object of my desire. I welcome the stroke which will prove so friendly to me, which will knock off my fetters, throw open the prison doors, and set my soul at liberty; which will free me (transporting thought!) from all that body of indwelling sin under which I have long groaned in this tabernacle, and with which I have been maintaining a constant and painful conflict, but of which all my weeping and praying, all my attendance on divine ordinances, could never really cure me; the stroke which will perfectly and for ever free me from all my complaints, give me the answer of all my prayers, put me at once in possession of my warmest wishes and hopes, even the beautifying and beatific presence of thee, O blessed Jesus, whom, having not seen, I love. This world has no charms to attract my heart, or make me wish a moment's longer stay; I have no engagements to delay my farewell, nothing to detain me now; my soul is on the wing, joyfully do I quit mortality, and here cheerfully take my farewell of all I hold dear below. Farewell, my dear Christian friends. I have taken sweet counsel with you in the way. I leave you for sweeter, better converse above. You will soon follow me, and then our delightful communion shall be uninterrupted as well as perfect, and our society broken up no more.

Farewell, in particular, my dearest wife. How has our friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven! How tenderly and closely are our hearts knit together! Nor shall the sweeter union be dissolved by death. Being one in Christ, we shall be one for ever. With what sweet eternal thankfulness shall we remember that word, "Christ is all and in all."

WHEN a poor sinner gets liberty to be most sensibly vile and weak, then grace triumphs most.—*Dorney.*

Obituary.

GEORGE STEWART HAMMOND.

Esteemed Friend in Jesus,—In the fear of the Lord I desire to send you some account of the experience and departure from this sinful world of my beloved youngest brother, George Stewart Hammond. He entered into rest the 25th of August, 1859.

In a book he thus records his first stop in the course of sin and ruin. "One evening in September, I went to hear Mr. Tiptaft, (at Landport, Portsmouth,) out of mere curiosity I should judge, and after I came out, saw my brother Alfred. I spoke to him, not thinking what would follow. The words he spoke were, as near as I can remember, 'You are not going this way.' (This was at the parting of the road, one going to Portsmouth, the other to Portsea.) Through this I was struck, 'Suppose that God should say so?' I felt such a change wrought in me that I went home with my head bowed down, crying, and with a cry in my heart, 'What shall I do?' The effect was so great, that it was like being in a new world; and the power was so effectual, that it brought me from the world, and from a life of sin and wickedness to seek for pardon. I found 'where the word of a king is, there is power.' I did not notice the change it made in my situation that evening so much as on the following morning, when I went down to open the shop; for I seemed to hear with different ears, see with different eyes, and speak with a different tongue, and for some time did not know what to make of myself, for I could no longer do what I used to do, as my conscience was very tender. It made such a difference in the house and in my course altogether—being before guilty of swearing, lying, &c., and every other thing that was evil, which was chiefly done in secret."

After this he copied off the following hymn of Mr. Hart's, on "Good Friday:"

"That day when Christ was crucified,
The mighty God Jehovah died
An ignominious death.
He who would keep this solemn day—
And true disciples safely may—
Must keep it firm in faith.

For, though the mournful tragedy
May call up tears in every eye,
Yet, brethren, rest not here;
Would you condole your dying Friend,
Let each into his soul descend,
And find his Saviour there.

This only can our hearts assure,
And make our outward worship pure
In God's all-searching sight.
When all we do with love is mix'd,
And steadfast faith on Jesus fix'd,
My brethren, then we're right."

Underneath this hymn he wrote—"It is my belief that if I die

without the knowledge of the above hymn in my heart by the teaching of God the Holy Ghost in my soul, I shall go to hell." Again, he wrote, "I believe, as far as I know my own heart, that if I had the whole world offered me not to long at times to know Jesus and him crucified as suffering and dying for me, I do not believe I could stop the desires after him. Yet I cannot seem to read the scriptures with any particular comfort as regards my interest in them. It is my desire that if God the Holy Ghost has not quickened me to feel my lost estate as a sinner, and led me to cry for mercy, that he would be pleased to do so, for at this time I feel so dead and unconcerned that it seems as if I was deceived."

Years of exercise of mind he passed through after this, sometimes rising, at other times sinking; now fearing, then hoping; believing, and doubting—waxing and waning more or less till very near the termination of his life.

He had been married twice, and painfully knew losses and crosses, sorrows and sighing, trial and temptation, cares and perplexities; but out of them all the Lord delivered him. Consumption had preyed upon him for many years, and brought down his body almost to a skeleton; coughing and expectoration (sometimes bringing up blood) at length overcame him.

He had many tokens of the favor of the Lord, but could not feel satisfied; he waited and longed for a brighter manifestation. The following words were blessed to him: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled within me," &c. At another time these words were heart-breaking to him: "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee." I well remember how he was overcome at the opening of a Sabbath school in connection with our little chapel, at the giving out of part of that hymn of Doddridge's:

"Jesus, I love thy charming name," &c.

As a family, we used to notice that he was particularly tried in many ways, so crossed in providence and his way so shut up; and yet the Lord was good to him in a pecuniary way.

Tuesday morning, October 21st, 1858, I wrote in a book: My dear brother George said he felt worse, and as if the disease was gaining ground. I asked him concerning the state of his mind. He replied that he was persuaded the Lord would not give him up, and he had reasons, for some passages of scripture had lately supported his mind; and he felt that he would rather die now with the hope he had than live a hundred years longer and lose his hope. These are the passages he mentioned as blessed to him: "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed," &c.; "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn; this is the heri-

tage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord;" "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth and for ever." This was good news to me, but towards the end of his days upon earth he was much shut up in unbelief, and sorely tried with despairing thoughts and questionings that all was not right. He painfully felt that if the Lord hides his face none can behold him; and "if he shut up, none can open;" and now he was sinking fast in body.

On the 10th July, 1859, I wrote: My dear brother George is weaker in body, and requiring help even to walk round from the chapel. He said he felt sinking, and was like one depending on the will of another to save or to damn, but before he left the house he was broken in spirit, and felt that promise which had been sweet to him before, "The mountains shall depart," &c.; and these words came:

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

He said he could see and feel that Jesus had done all things well for his people, but *My Jesus* was what he wanted to feel.

About the 20th of July he was told by the doctor to go home; he considered him in a dying state—remarking that his lips were bloodless. I felt concerned greatly for his soul's welfare.

"Source and giver of repose,
Simply from thy smile it flows;
Smile into my brother's heart,
Bid his sorrows all depart."—TOPLADY.

August 17th.—Went to see him. He felt it would "soon be over." Said "he wanted to feel victory, and found a going out after it in the night. He wanted Jesus—he was a refuge, a home, a hiding-place; it was not the grandeur of the place, it was Jesus made the heaven; a propitious look." Dr. Hawker's portion for the evening of August 15th seemed to be the feeling of his heart. He said, "Jesus, not Mary—my heart is fixed—none but Jesus—mercy!—the righteousness of Christ is wanted; his name shall be called Jesus—I have lived upon that for days. He hideth himself; I want him to look on me as he did upon Peter; I want to feel my bowels moved for him. O that he would say, Come up higher!"

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And spread it all around."

He said, "It must cover all over; 'not the shadow of a spot.'" After this he said, "If the Lord will come, and when he does come, won't I sing!—I shall go all the way singing, and when I get home I shall sing the loudest of any." Blessed be the Lord for his goodness to my dying brother! How my heart was broken and my mind relieved the day before his death. When I saw him he said that some words had come, and they were very sweet:

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end;"

And,

“Ofttimes when the tempter sly
Affirms it fancied, forged, or vain,
Jesus appears, disproves the lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again.”

“I have not seen him yet; a look through the lattice will do.” No desire to read, no prayer, no nothing; only, “Lord, have mercy; Lord, save me; Lord help me,” and such short ejaculations. He felt that his bonds were loosed, but not broken; his countenance and his manner manifested the blessed change. How he longed for the Lord to come, that he might, as he observed, “go singing away.” Wanted “the time of the singing of birds to come.” I said to him, “What a mercy you are willing to be saved in the Lord’s way.” He replied, “There is no other.” Alluding to Mr. Hart’s experience he said, “It is not whether I would be saved or no, but whether the Lord will save me. If I should go right, my voice will drown all the rest.” The doctor spoke of its being a rare occurrence, and considered him in a blessed state. They talked together of his dying, and the doctor said he might go in a few hours; but my dying brother showed no terror, no dismay, but was quite calm and collected. He told the doctor he was “like a washerwoman who had done her day’s work and wanted to go home.” “I want to be gone; I want him to come and kiss me away.” The doctor took his hand and bade him good bye; “hoped he should meet him in heaven;” he had no doubt on his (my brother’s) side. He held the doctor’s hand, wished him “the blessing of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,” and said “he did not know whether he had ever been in Doubting Castle; it was a dreadful place;” and how the Lord gave his people a promise, and enabled them by faith through grace to turn the key. “The iron bars would give way before Zerubbabel;” he said “Zerubbabel was a long name; it was Jesus.”

I feel I cannot describe what he uttered by his words, his looks, his motions; but my heart was much affected. Blessed be the Lord for his grace and goodness to my dying, living brother! How feelingly and solemnly he spoke to the doctor of the pains of hell which got hold of him a few days before he departed! He said his present state (though then breathing with difficulty and suffering much) was heaven to the other. My desire is that neither myself nor the medical attendant may ever forget what we witnessed at this time.

Some of his last expressions on the evening before his soul departed were, “Seek not great things; seek them not.” “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I trust in him and shall not be ashamed—and there is salvation in *that*.” “Ah! perhaps you may think of me, a poor, sinful, God-dishonoring wretch; though he has shown me love, how I have abused it.” “I hope you will get some rest; the Lord was good to me last night.” “Don’t murmur nor repine, if you are the Lord’s people with the blessing in your hand; for there is a cup filled for me which I must drink.” (Meaning a cup of suffering.)

He went to rest the following morning, (Thursday,) about a quarter to eight o'clock.

I think he must have been about 20 years of age when the Lord stopped him. He lived to be 39, leaving four orphans—but, bless the Lord, not unprovided for.

Yours, in the truth of the gospel,

Gosport.

ALFRED HAMMOND.

[What we want is, *realities*. How much better is the above simple, broken account of a poor tried, exercised soul, saved by sovereign grace, than a fine smooth tale, of which the top and bottom is that vain confidence and dead assurance which is the religion of the day.]

INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Knowing that many, with myself, have been anxiously hoping the Lord might direct you to notice, in the “Gospel Standard,” the present almost unprecedented commotion caused by what is called a religious revival, I am induced, (I trust from right and sincere motives,) to beg of you, not only for myself but for many of your readers, to express your thoughts respecting the most prudent and scriptural course for those who know and love the truth as it is in Jesus to pursue in the face of all the religious excitement and clamor of the present day.

I do not advert to any work in Ireland, but to that which is characterised by the term Revival in our own country. Plymouth, for instance, like many other large provincial towns, has received what the people call an outpouring of the Spirit; and, as the result, there are every day at noon immensely large prayer-meetings, comprising some of all denominations, who professedly meet for the specific object of invoking God's blessing upon an unregenerate population; or, to use the very words of those who take part therein, to pray for the evangelisation of the town, and the conversion of thousands to God.

Now, when these meetings were first called, I gave no heed to the announcement, feeling it was only another of the many exciting paroxysms of the Plymouth Brethren, or a gathering of Wesleyans, acting under some new impulse of the flesh. Neither am I aware that even now there is at the bottom anything much better or more spiritual, that is, *viewing it as a body*. At the same time, I wish to speak cautiously; for as in the sweepings of the goldsmith's shop there may be a few filings of the precious metal, so, amid this vast assembly of zealous worshippers there may be, yea, I believe there are, some of God's dear children; and it is this fact that has most painfully tried and exercised my soul before the Lord, to know whether I am pursuing a right course in disavowing all union with such meetings, so far as taking any part therein.

I have felt it rather a duty than otherwise to step in on one or two occasions, for the special purpose of so far acquainting myself with the character of the same as to be able to judge righteously; and,

moreover, that I might not act or speak against that of which I was ignorant. My visits have only tended to confirm my prior convictions, that where there is no agreement there can be no true spiritual worship, that is, If the Spirit has taught me salvation is all of grace, then there can be no power or comfort attending either the ministry or the prayers of those who contend for it by works; hence it seems to myself as important on the part of those who know and love the truth in its vitality and power to separate themselves from all the drivelling doctrines of the day, and from those who hold not the truth in sincerity, as it is important to live separate from the world. I have felt much power and sweetness in my soul by the abiding of the apostle's words, "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us." But some say, If you cannot agree with all you hear, nevertheless, go and pray as you have learned Christ. But carry this out as a principle, and what would become of all exclusive adherence to the pure doctrines of the gospel, and indeed all that is spiritually dear and precious? If one minister can meet with and take part in the services of those who teach for doctrines the commandments of men, and evince decided enmity to God's sovereign way of saving his elect people, what is this in the eyes of others but equivalent to an avowed fellowship with their principles? And, moreover, would it not be superstitious formality for a minister to maintain one thing in his own pulpit, on the Lord's Day, and then co-operate during the week with those whose sentiments are as contrary to those he professes as light and darkness are opposite. Indeed, I feel if I could walk in union with and take part in the worship of such, in their chapel during the week, it must be plausible deceitfulness to affirm that I could not feel as much union with the same people in taking a similar part in the service of our own chapel. I am aware there might be, perhaps, a valid exception pleaded here; for instance: If I hear of a few of God's dear people meeting for prayer, and I know there is perfect agreement touching the great truths of the gospel, and equal agreement that even these truths must be experimentally known and realised, in their life, fulness, and power, and the only point of difference be relating to communion, viz., that they contend for open while I contend for strict—then I do not say I should object to meet with such, and pray with such, or for a moment object to ask such to pray with the members of this church over whom I labor, inasmuch as we should both be looking for salvation exclusively through the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, both conscious that nature cannot work the soul up into a gracious disposition, or do anything pleasing to God; and that without the Saviour's blood, his righteousness and fulness, we must, however morally good, perish eternally. But even here it is painful not to enjoy perfect agreement respecting church order, and often I feel it keenly that when we come to the table of the Lord we must part; but so it is, and their departure from apostolic rule must not guide others, who see it to be wrong.

Strict communion I hold most dear; it was unquestionably the order of the first churches; and if ever one period of the church's existence required it more than another, it is the present—a period in which professors satisfy themselves with dry and sapless notions of divinity, and look but little after the power of it in their own souls. Religion now, like the chameleon, wears many colors, assuming a pleasing face for everybody,—so much so that every common newspaper, and even the world itself, seems pleased with it, thus proving to every man that has spiritual light much of it is not of God. In Noah's days, general corruption rose so high as to carry like a rapid winter flood everything before it, but Noah was perfect in his generation; he made head against the stream of corruption, hence was the only man who, with his family, found favor with God. And he who, in the present day, seeks unfeignedly after God's favor and God's protection, must stand as much against the stream of fashionable religion as open reprobacy; he must expect to be something like Noah when he was building the ark—a laughing-stock to the world.

But to return to the point in hand. Without pretending to say how much there was of the Spirit, or how much of the flesh, in the assemblies alluded to, or how many there might be of whom we could hope well in point of grace, the question is—If there be such an admixture of law and gospel, such hymns sung, and sentiments expressed, as are diametrically opposite to what Paul calls “the glorious gospel of the blessed God,” is not a believer, if he cannot go without being rather grieved than comforted, and plagued than profited, and who feels every meeting, for the most part, to be as cold as this morning, quite justified in staying away? I am well aware many think me very stiff and bigoted, but as Paul said, of flattery on the one hand and persecution on the other, “None of these things move me;” so I hope the Lord by his Spirit has taught me not to look to man, and that bodily exercise profiteth little. Hence to engage in prayer, be very religious, and seek to get up revivals, is nothing unless we can eye the commandments by faith, knowing that what is not of faith is sin, and serve the Lord out of a principle of love, remembering God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labor of love. But I fear, greatly fear, from the very hardness and want of vitality in most of the prayers I have heard in these public gatherings, that there is much of the predominant principle of self-love and slavish fear, and *not* the spirit of *godly love, and of power, and of a sound mind*. The body prays, but the soul seems inactive; and more than this, there is all that confidence expressed, as if the soul, when once regenerated, was never capable of doubting or fearing again. The addresses, “Father,” “My God,” “My Saviour,” are so fluently uttered, that anything like the disciple's prayer, “Lord, increase our faith,” seems, at least to me, quite out of the question. No crying for deliverance from poignant temptations, or complaining, with Habakkuk, “Rottenness hath entered into my bones,” or with Job, “Behold, I am vile.” I would not wish for a moment to set my experience up as a standard for others:

but I only know, if many of whom I speak are taught and led of God, they have, if they be honest in their prayers, a much easier path to tread than that in which the Lord ever has, and is *still leading me*. I hope I can record my joys, and, like old Jacob when he was called to meet Esau, plead with the Lord *this* and the *other* sweet season in which a promise was applied with power: "And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;" and again, "Fear not, Jacob, to go down into Egypt, I will go with thee." Yet, for all this, I find there is not a contest in which I engage but the enemies without and within are a match for my soul, except as the Lord gives me faith to overcome. One's corrupt nature is set on fire of hell. Satan, again, is so subtle in all his specious seductions that the wisest saint, of himself, cannot outwit him. The world, again, is anything or everything, a friend in guise or an enemy in ambush; and often it seems as if the entire host was waging war against the soul. It is no uncommon thing to hear Plymouth Brethren say, "O, believe only;" but I wish John Rusk's definition of this text were well known in heart experience by this people as a body. Then would they discard many of their present vague notions, and more freely acknowledge that the God who imparts faith must give life and vigor to faith, or it will never act under creature impulse.

I have written a much longer letter than I intended; and I do not wish you to make use of all I have written, or of any part of it, if you deem it inexpedient. At the same time allow me to ask the favor of the abstract question and a few remarks from your own pen in reply. The point which has most exercised my own soul is not whether one whom the Lord has taught his truth is to have any union with those who oppose it. This, I am thankful to say, is a settled point with me. But rather, am I right in continuing to have no alliance with the meetings referred to? Or should one, if he feel he is doing it with a single eye to God's glory, attend such services, and take part therein, that the truth as it is in Jesus may be spoken out fully and clearly?

Plymouth.

Yours sincerely, in the Gospel,

C. H.

ANSWER.

WE have very frequently been asked our opinion of the Irish revivals, and have also lately received several communications on the subject of the prayer meetings which are now being held in so many places similar to those described by our correspondent.

Some people find no difficulty in giving an offhand opinion on every subject, earthly or heavenly, natural or spiritual, that comes before them; and others, led by the mere impulse of the moment or influenced by prejudice or party spirit, cry up this thing to heaven and cry the other down to hell with about as much feeling or conscience as the town-crier. As regards ourselves, whether publicly or privately, we feel slow to offer an opinion on any subject which we have not well considered, and for which we cannot give some reason satisfactory to our own conscience and that of others. Applying this to the Irish revivals, we have long felt that we have not

sufficient elements before us to enable us to form in our own mind a decided opinion of what they really and truly are as weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. This consideration has, indeed, been the main cause of our silence about them, as we felt it to be equally wrong to speak for them or against them until we had some safe ground to go upon. What, then, we now offer is written in that spirit—willing to receive them if they be of God, willing to condemn them if they be not. Many things in them, at first sight, look well, and we would wish to give them their due weight. Of course we speak only from the accounts we have read of these revivals, of which several have been sent us; for we have never seen or conversed with a single person professedly awakened by them, nor with any one who has. To take, then, both sides—the things for and against, the marks favorable and unfavorable. And first, as is but right and fair, what is in their favor. A very deep conviction of sin apparently laid on the conscience by a sovereign, discriminating, and invincible power, in some cases to the causing of the greatest horror and dismay; very earnest cries for mercy; a looking to Christ and Christ alone for pardon and peace; a manifestation of his atoning blood and love; great peace and joy in believing; warm and affectionate love to the saints; a thorough renouncing of all ungodliness; a great delight in the scriptures, and continual reading of them—all these marks which we have read as attending what is called the work of the Spirit in Ireland are, if counterfeits, very striking resemblances to what is most blessed and true. All, whether friends or foes, testify to the change produced in the life and conversation of the converts, for some of the vilest and most openly licentious and profane characters have experienced this change, which they themselves invariably ascribe to a divine power, for which they did not wish, but which they could not resist when it came upon them.

But in order to help us to judge righteous judgment, over against these favorable marks we have to set the unfavorable. The suddenness and celerity of the work in every recorded case does not look well—at least it is not like the usual dealings of God with the vessels of mercy, as seen in those whose experience is generally received as gracious men or ministers. Take, for instance, the experience of Augustine in ancient days, or that of Bunyan, Owen, Barry, Hart, Huntington, John Warburton, William Gadsby, or, not to confine oneself to ministers, even the many Obituaries of gracious persons which have appeared in our pages. Where do we find in all these a single instance of condemnation and justification, law and gospel, hell and heaven, wrought in their soul in the space of half an hour? Most of the saints of God have had to groan and sigh for months, and some even for years, under bondage and misery before they were delivered by a manifestation of pardoning mercy. So quick a conception, then, and so speedy a deliverance, rather resemble, to our mind, the quick accomplishment of the hopes of Hagar than of the long-delayed desires of Sarah. In these Irish revivals a person shall go to a meeting quite profane, or at least utterly careless and indif-

ferent; he shall then and there, at the same time with several others, be what is called "struck," when he falls to the ground almost in convulsions, cries aloud for mercy, and often gets pardon sealed upon his conscience before he leaves the place. God we know can work in this sovereign, expeditious way as in the cases of the dying thief and the Philippian jailer. But these Irish conversions, at least as so related, strike us as more resembling the Wesleyan and Ranters' conversions than the sober, solid, deep, noiseless work of grace in a vessel of mercy. Again, the ministers under whom these conversions are wrought, and the people who carry on these revival meetings, hardly strike us as yielding favorable symptoms that the Lord is working in and by them. Are they men of truth? Do they know the truth? Do they preach the truth? How long have they known it and preached it? Most of the ministers by whom these revivals have been carried on, if not avowed Arminians, are running in that channel, holding that Christ died for all men, and that it is the duty of every man to believe in Christ and to be converted and saved, though they would hardly say he could convert and save himself. These are not favorable symptoms in the eyes of those who have been brought out of these errors into the clear light of the gospel of the grace of God, and who therefore know what their own state was when they held them. Nor do we yet know how these converts will stand, or how they will endure when the present excitement is past. The Irish are an excitable people. Father Matthew stirred Ireland to its very centre as much by teetotalism as O'Connell did by calling for a repeal of the Union. Millions became teetotalers, as millions became repealers; but all confess that as much whiskey is now drunk as ever, and that repeal is as dead as O'Connell himself. We must wait, then, and see whether these revivals will stand, or share the fate of teetotalism and repeal.

Will these converts come out of their present muddy systems? Will they come out boldly and zealously for truth? Will they abandon their false churches and their unsound ministers? Who can at present tell whether, when the present effervescence subsides, they will not sink down into the general bulk of dead professors with whom we in this country are overrun? If they be God's converts this is but the beginning, and they will find the middle and end a different matter. Again, they to our mind resemble too much the American revivals, of which all who have visited the United States that have known truth for themselves have expressed to us, both by letter and word of mouth, the poorest opinion.

We throw these things out for our readers to consider for themselves. We have put into the scales, as far as we can, fair weights; let them hold them up and see which way the scale falls; and this they may do without wrath or bitterness, distrust or prejudice. "The spiritual man judgeth all things." "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." "Believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, whether they are of God." We may, then, exercise our spiritual judgment on these matters; and whilst we should tremble to speak one word against anything which wears marks of being the work of the Blessed

Spirit, we may fairly and believingly examine it in the light of scripture and experience.

After what we have said, our readers may be surprised to see us add the expression of our sincere wish that this movement in Ireland may go on; and in so doing we will give our reason. Anything that fairly meets Popery, confronts it, overthrows it, or undermines it, must be a blessing to that unhappy country; and this is what these revivals, so far as they extend, seem likely to do. Wherever they come they strike deadly blows against the whole system of Popery, and this makes the priests so abhor and revile them. These converts, whether naturally or spiritually such we will not determine—are full of warmth and zeal, great Bible-readers, fearless and undaunted opponents of the mass and the worship of the Virgin, and determined adversaries of the whole Popish system, root and branch. Should, then, this movement spread from the north of Ireland, its present seat, where the population is chiefly Protestant, and reach the south and west, the strongholds of Popery, nothing that we know of in this day could so effectually assault the system in its very citadel.

We intended to give some answer to the chief Inquiry of our correspondent about joining in with the prayer-meetings that are now so common. He has so well and ably handled the subject, and so much in agreement with our own views and feelings, that we need hardly say a word more than he has written. But as some of our readers may like to hear what we may have to say on this subject, we may in a future Number take it up more fully than our present limits admit; merely expressing for the present our full concurrence with his remarks.

THOUGH we find an abatement of that sensible warmth of affection which we felt at first setting out, yet, if our views are more evangelical, our judgment more ripened, our hearts more habitually humbled under a sense of inward depravity, our tempers more softened into sympathy and tenderness, if our prevailing desires are spiritual, and we practically esteem the precepts, ordinances, and people of God, we may warrantably conclude that his good work of grace in us is, upon the whole, on an increase.—*Newton*.

“O LORD, thou Son of David!” In this compellation, consider why Christ is called the Son of David, never the son of Adam, never the son of Abraham. It is true he is called frequently the Son of man; but never when any prayeth to him; and he is reckoned, in his genealogy, David’s son, Abraham’s son, the Son of Adam; but the Son of David is his ordinary style when prayers are directed to him in the days of his flesh. The reason is this: Christ has a special relation to Abraham, being his seed; but more special to David, because the covenant was in a special manner established with David, as a king, and the first king in whose hand the church, the feeding thereof, as God’s own flock, was, as God’s deposit and pawn, laid down. The Lord established the Covenant of Grace with David, and his son Solomon, who was to build him a house; and promised to him an eternal kingdom, and grace and perseverance in grace, and that by a sure covenant, “the sure mercies of David.”—*Rutherford*.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY
OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from page 67.)

In our Meditations on the sacred humanity of the adorable Redeemer we must never, even in thought, separate his human nature from his divine. Even when his sacred body lay in the grave, and was thus for a small space of time severed from his pure and holy soul by death and the tomb, there was no separation of the two natures, for, as we have before shown, his human soul, after he had once become incarnate in the womb of the Virgin, never was parted from his Deity, but went into paradise in indissoluble union with it. It is a fundamental article of our most holy faith that the human nature of the Lord Jesus Christ had no existence independent of his divine. In the Virgin's womb, in the lowly manger, in the lonely wilderness, on the holy mount of transfiguration, in the gloomy garden of Gethsemane, in Pilate's judgment hall, on the cross, and in the tomb, Jesus was still Immanuel, God with us. And so ineffably close and intimate is the conjunction of the human nature with the divine, that the actings of each nature, though separable, cannot and must not be separated from each other. Thus, the human hands of Jesus broke the seven loaves and the fishes; but it was God-man who multiplied them so as to feed therewith four thousand men, besides women and children. (Matt. xv. 38.) The human feet of Jesus walked on the sea of Galilee; but it was the Son of God who came on the waves to the ship. (Matt. xiv. 33.) The human lips of Jesus uttered those words which are "spirit and life;" (John vi. 63;) but it was the Son of the living God who spake them. (John vi. 69.) The human hands and feet of Jesus were nailed to the cross; but the blood shed by them was indeed divine, for all the virtue and validity of Deity were stamped upon it. (Acts xx. 28.)

But there is another thought connected with a believing view of the Lord Jesus Christ as Immanuel, God with us, and that is, the union of the Church with him in all that he did and suffered for her. He being the Head, all the members of his mystical body in covenant union with him shared in his sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification. Thus Paul speaks of himself as crucified with Christ, (Gal. ii. 20,) and of believers generally as dying with Christ; (Rom. vi. 8; 2 Tim. ii. 11;) being buried with Christ; (Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12;) as rising with him, (Col. iii. 1,) and sitting together with him in heavenly places. (Eph. ii. 6.) Now, as the Blessed Spirit is pleased to guide us into an experimental knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and to give us a measure of union and communion with his sacred Majesty, he leads us into a fellowship with him in his sufferings, death, and resurrection. This is what the apostle speaks of as typified by the ordinance of baptism as a standing figure and permanent representation of the baptism of the Holy Ghost: "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with

him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." (Rom. vi. 3-5.) The ordinance of baptism is thus represented as the figure of that higher, more sacred, and spiritual baptism whereby, in living experience, believers are made one with Christ in his death, burial, and resurrection. And here his humanity is indeed seen in its special grace and distinguishing glory, for it is only as "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," (Eph. v. 30,) this being the foundation of the union, that they are baptized into this spiritual communion with him.

But this part of our subject may demand a little further opening up. The Church, then, has a mystical, but not less real, union with Christ, from his having taken the flesh and blood of the children into union with his own divine Person. By virtue of this union with him, as members with the head, she participated with him in all he did and suffered for her sake. But this mystical union all the elect have, even those still unregenerated or unborn. This union does not, therefore, of itself give communion, though it is the foundation of it. Another kind of union, then, is needed, which is peculiar to the regenerated, and which they have in exact measure to their participation of the Spirit of Christ, for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his," that is, by inward or outward manifestation. By being made partakers, then, of Christ's Spirit, the members of his mystical body have a living union with him, for "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.) Being thus baptized by the Blessed Spirit, they are made one spirit with the Lord, and thus have a fellowship with him in his sufferings, death, and resurrection. As, then, he died under the curse of the law and the guilt and burden of sin, and yet by death died unto the law and unto sin, being by death freed from the curse of the law and the penalty of sin, so the believer dies under the curse of the law and the burden of guilt and sin in his conscience; and yet by virtue of his union with Christ as a member of his body, and of communion with him as baptized by his Spirit, he dies also unto the law and unto sin, no more to suffer the penalty of the one or to live under the power of the other. But though thus delivered, yet to the end of his days, as mourning and groaning under sin, as suffering from the hidings of God's countenance, as tempted and assailed by Satan, as hated and persecuted by the world, and often forsaken by followers and friends, he is crucified with Christ, and has fellowship with him in his sufferings and death. His sorrows, his trials, his temptations, and his sufferings, all, as sanctified to his soul's good, lead him to the cross of his suffering Lord, to get life from his death, pardon and peace from his atoning blood, justification from his divine obedience, and resignation to the will of God from his holy example. Here the world is crucified to him, and he to the world; (Gal. vi. 14;) here sin is mortified, (Rom. vi. 6; viii. 13,) and its reigning power dethroned; (Rom. vi. 12;) the old man crucified and

put off, (Rom. vi. 6; Eph. iv. 22,) and the new man put on. Thus, having a spiritual union with his suffering, dying Lord, the heaven-taught believer suffers and dies with him, and by this fellowship of his sufferings and death becomes here below conformed to his suffering image, (Rom. viii. 17, 29; 2 Tim. ii. 12,) and is made conformable to his death. (Phil. iii. 10.)

This is no mere doctrine, an article only of a sound creed, but a fountain of life to every believer's soul in proportion to the measure of the Spirit whereby he is baptized into the death of Jesus. But for the most part it is only through a long series of afflictions, bereavements, disappointments, vexations, illnesses, pains of body and mind, hot furnaces, and deep waters, as sanctified to his soul's profit by the Holy Spirit, that the child of God comes into this part of Christian experience.

These things are indeed death to the flesh, and are meant to be so, that it may be crucified and mortified; and are killing blows to all schemes of earthly joy, worldly happiness, and temporal prosperity and pleasure, as well as to all legal hopes and pharisaic righteousness; but they are, in the Spirit's hand, the very life of the believing soul. For "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of their spirit." (Isa. xxxviii. 16.) Crucifixion is a long, painful, lingering death. Nature dies hard, and struggles, but struggles in vain, against the firm but blessed hand that nails it to the cross of Christ; but grace, cleaving all the more closely to him who suffered and bled there, draws life and power from his blood and love. This experience made the apostle say of himself, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (2 Cor. iv. 10, 11.) Here was the secret of all his strength, of all his holiness, and all his happiness. This inward experience of the power and blessedness of the cross inspired him with a firm and holy determination to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified; and this made him say, as the grand distinguishing test of the lost and of the saved, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." (1 Cor. i. 18.) For this was not Paul's experience only, a hidden secret of which he alone was made by grace the happy partaker. All who are taught by the same Spirit, and have the same union and communion with a crucified Lord, whether Jew or Greek, know him to be the power of God and the wisdom of God. (1 Cor. i. 24.) We read of believers being "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified," (Isa. lxi. 3,) and this planting is a being planted into Christ so as to have that union and communion with him which the living branch has with the vine. The apostle therefore speaks of our being "planted together in the likeness of his death." (Rom. vi. 5.) What the vine is, the branches are. Where the vine is, there will the branches be. The vine was once prostrate on the ground;

the branches were prostrate with it. The vine rose from earth to heaven; the branches rise with it. As then a tree planted into good soil drinks of its juices, or rather as a grafted scion becomes so incorporated with the stock as to be one with it, not merely in outward strength and firmness of union, but so one with it as to draw virtue, sap, and fruitfulness out of it, so the true believer, being planted into the likeness of Christ's death, draws supplies of grace and strength out of his fulness. Here, then, we see the blessedness of the bleeding, suffering, dying humanity of our adorable Redeemer. By virtue of his suffering humanity he has union with a suffering people, and by virtue of being baptized with his Spirit they have union and communion with a suffering Lord. He died that they might live, bore the curse of the law that it might not light on them, and suffered "the just for the unjust" that they having fellowship with him in his sufferings and death might have every gracious motive communicated, and the supply of all spiritual strength imparted, to crucify them to sin, to the world, and to self.

But we pass on to the *resurrection* of the blessed Lord from the dead; and here we shall have to establish the doctrine before we enter into its experimental fruits.

1. The first thing that we notice is, what we may call *the grand fact* of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. On this the whole verity of the Christian faith may be said to be suspended. If Jesus did not rise from the dead, he was not what he declared he was, "the Son of the living God." But if he rose from the dead, it was God's own attestation that he was his only-begotten Son, for all will admit that nothing short of the power of God can raise the dead. For this reason we find in the Acts of the Apostles the resurrection of the Lord Jesus made a leading feature in every sermon and every address. Whether Peter preached to the inquiring Jews, (Acts ii. 23, 24; iii. 15,) to the opposing Sanhedrim, (Acts iv. 10; v. 30, 31,) or to Cornelius and his friends; (Acts x. 39, 40;) or whether Paul addressed the synagogue of Antioch, (Acts xiii. 30,) the Athenian Areopagus, (Acts xvii. 31,) or king Agrippa and the most noble Festus, it might be said of them what the Holy Ghost declares of all the rest: "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." (Acts iv. 33.) Look for a few moments at this remarkable circumstance, that these blessed men of God made the resurrection of Jesus, as it were, the very foundation of all their sermons and addresses; for we may be sure that the Holy Ghost inspired the apostles thus to preach. And see the reason why they bore this firm testimony in the very forefront of the battle which they waged in the name of God against the kingdom of darkness and death. The Lord of life and glory had been condemned to death by the Jewish council on a charge of blasphemy, first, because he had said that "he would destroy the temple made with hands, and within three days build another made without hands;" (Mark xiv. 58;) and, secondly, that he had declared, in the very presence of the council, that he was the Christ, the Son of God. (Mark

xiv. 61–64.) He therefore died under the charge of blasphemy, in pain and ignominy, crucified openly for that alleged crime in the face of the assembled thousands who had come from all parts to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. Now, had Jesus not risen from the dead that charge would have been substantiated, and he would have been justly convicted by the voices of many thousands as having been put righteously to death. It was necessary, then, not only for the whole economy of redemption but for the very veracity of Jesus himself, and for the whole truth of the gospel, that he should be raised from the dead by the power of God as the seal of his mission, as the standing, undeniable, irrefragable truth that he was the Messiah, the Son of God, as he claimed to be. We see, then, the force and meaning of the apostle's words, where he says that the Lord Jesus was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. i. 4.) It was God's attesting witness to his divine Sonship, the visible, ratifying seal to his heavenly mission. And not only so, but God's own assurance to the church that his atoning sacrifice had been accepted, that the debt due to law and justice was fully discharged, and her justification complete, for he "was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification;" (Rom. iv. 25;) that is, he, as the head and representative of the church, was raised by God from the dead as justified from all law charges, and the church was thus visibly and authoritatively declared to be justified in him. This was the attesting witness from heaven that her justification was complete, and that Jesus lives at God's right hand to reveal that justification to her heart, put her into experimental possession of its unspeakable blessedness, and seal it effectually by the Holy Ghost upon her breast.

2. The next thing that we notice is that *each Person of the sacred Trinity*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, was engaged in the blessed work of raising Jesus from the dead. Though the Persons of the Trinity are essentially distinct, and their acts in the great economy of redemption separate, yet as *one God* they participate in the putting forth of every act of divine power. Thus God the Father raised Jesus from the dead, as we learn from almost innumerable passages; but see the following, which we need not quote at length but simply refer to: Acts ii. 24; iii. 15; iv. 10; v. 30; x. 40; xiii. 37; xvii. 31; Eph. i. 20; Col. ii. 12. But the Son of God raised himself from the dead, according to his own words of grace and truth, "Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." (John x. 17, 18.) He is "the resurrection;" (John xi. 25;) and as he raised Lazarus from the tomb, and will at the last day raise up the sleeping dust of all that the Father gave unto him, (John vi. 39, 40,) so, by the exercise of the same divine power, did he raise his own incorruptible body from the grave. The Holy Ghost also had a blessed participation in the same divine act. We therefore read that the Lord Jesus was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, (1 Pet. iii. 18)—the same Holy and Blessed Spirit who will

also quicken the mortal bodies of the saints at the great resurrection. (Rom. viii. 11.)

3. The next thing that we notice is, *the identity of the Lord's risen body*. It is a cardinal, fundamental article of our most holy faith that the same actual, identical body was raised from the grave which was deposited in it. If erroneous men had not indulged their vain speculations about the risen body of the Lord Jesus, we might well wonder at their daring attempts to pull up the landmarks which the Holy Ghost has so plainly set up in the word of truth. The Lord never had, never could have, two different bodies, one before, another after the resurrection. We might as well talk of his having two different souls—one soul for earth and another soul for heaven. The identity of his body is as indispensable to his still being Jesus, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," as the identity of his soul, no less certain, no less necessary, and no less precious. But because, after the resurrection, the Lord came miraculously into the place where the disciples were assembled, the doors being shut, and vanished out of the sight of the disciples at Emmaus, and because they cannot conceive how he can wear a human body in heaven, such as he had upon earth, men who would be wise above what is written have assumed that a change took place in that body, and that it no longer consisted of flesh, and bones, and blood, as before, but was, as it were, transmuted into some aerial, celestial substance, they know not what, but such as they imagine would be more fitting to inhabit the courts of heaven. Now, nothing can be more plain, if we are willing to follow the footsteps of the Holy Ghost, than that it was the same identical body which hung on the cross that rose from the dead. It would seem, as if to stop all cavil, and crush in the very bud all such erroneous speculations as we have alluded to, the Lord himself gave again and again the most incontrovertible proofs after his resurrection that he was the same Jesus as before, and not another, and that he wore the same body in all respects without change or alteration. He did not appear for a few moments only, as if "showing himself through the lattice," and then hastily withdrawing, but conversed with them most familiarly, and ate with his disciples after the resurrection; (Luke xxiv. 42, 43; Acts x. 41;) and for this very purpose, that they might be standing and undeniable eye and ear witnesses that it was indeed the very same Jesus with whom they had consorted before his crucifixion. Now we all know what a marked change a little alteration makes in a person's form and features, so that a severe illness, or the lapse of a few years, makes him scarcely recognisable as the same person by even his most intimate friends. If, then, any visible change had taken place in the body of the Lord Jesus, it would not only have destroyed its identity but its identification. The whole chain of evidence that it was indeed the same Jesus who had been crucified that was risen from the dead would have been broken to pieces unless it was clearly and undeniably the same form, the same features, the same feet and hands, the same voice,—in a word, the very same Jesus whom they knew so well and loved so dearly. Did not Mary Magdalene know his form

and features well? Could she have been deceived? Was not John, who leaned on his breast at the last supper, well acquainted with his voice, gestures, and countenance? Could he have been deceived? So with Peter and James, not to name the other disciples who had attended him daily from the baptism of John. (Acts i. 22.) One witness might be deceived, but not so many. But besides this, there were several special seasons on which the Lord did not only appear for a short time to his disciples, but was with them some space. Look at the instance of Thomas. What can exceed the clearness of the testimony mercifully produced by his very unbelief? So firmly fixed was he in his disbelief of the resurrection that he would not believe that the disciples had seen the Lord as risen from the dead; and declared that except he should see in his hands the print of the nails; and, lest his eyes should deceive him, unless he put his fingers into the print of the nails; and even lest he should be deceived then, except he should thrust his hand into the very side which had been pierced by the Roman spear, he would not believe. But how condescendingly to him, and how graciously for the saints in all ages, did the blessed Lord, eight days after this unbelieving declaration, appear again gently to reprove him for his unbelief, but at the same time to afford to the church through him the memorable testimony that he wore still the same body; that the hands were the very same hands, still bearing the print of the nails which had fastened them to the cross, and that it was the very same side which still wore the thrust-mark of the Roman spear. If this were not a proof of actual identity where shall we find one? If this evidence be rejected, what remains but to reject the whole mystery of the resurrection as an idle tale? Learned men have, by comparing scripture with scripture, ascertained that the blessed Lord appeared ten times to eye-witnesses after his resurrection,* and that at some of these appearances, as that memorable one recorded John xxi., he conversed with his disciples as closely and as intimately as before his resurrection. And that his human body in which he ate and talked with them was not a shadowy appearance, which had neither flesh nor bones, he spake to them those ever-memorable words, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." (Luke xxiv. 39.) "Behold," said he, "my hands and my feet"—they are real hands, they are real

* The Lord's *first* appearance was to Mary Magdalene; (Mark xvi. 9-11; John xx. 14-18;) his *second* to the disciples journeying to Emmaus; (Mark xvi. 12; Luke xxiv. 13-32;) his *third* to Simon Peter; (Luke xxiv. 33, 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5;) his *fourth* to the eleven disciples in the absence of Thomas; (Luke xxiv. 36-43; John xx. 19-25;) his *fifth* to the eleven again, when Thomas was present; (Mark xvi. 14; John xx. 27-29;) his *sixth* to the women who had at first visited the sepulchre; (Matt. xxviii. 9, 10;) his *seventh* to the apostles and five hundred brethren at once in Galilee; (Matt. xxviii. 16-20; 1 Cor. xv. 6;) his *eighth* to the disciples when fishing on the lake of Galilee; (John xxi. 1-24;) his *ninth* to James the Lord's brother; (1 Cor. xv. 7;) and his *tenth* and last to all the apostles assembled at Jerusalem just before his ascension. (Luke xxiv. 44-49; Acts i. 4-8; 1 Cor. xv. 7.) These are the "many infallible proofs" of which the Holy Ghost speaks (Acts i. 3) that he was really and truly risen from the dead.

feet; "that it is I myself," the same, the very same Jesus, having the same body which you saw him wear before; "handle me, and see," feel, if you will, whether it be real flesh or an aerial body, "for a spirit," such as you take me to be, a disembodied soul, or an airy, unreal phantasm, "hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Can anything be stronger than this—the Lord's own testimony to the actual identity of his body before and after his resurrection? And if it be objected that whatever the body of the Lord was then it is now so exceedingly glorified that it has lost in that glory all the distinctive features of its former humanity, we reply, How was it with that same body before the resurrection, on the holy mount, when it was transfigured before the three disciples, so that "his face did shine as the sun, and his very raiment," as borrowing lustre from his glorious humanity, "was white as the light?" (Matt. xvii. 1, 2.) There we see that the brightest glory no more altered the identity or changed the substance of the Lord's body than the glory of the face of Moses altered his. When we come to the ascension of our blessed Lord, we shall see this perhaps more clearly and distinctly still, or at least view more at length the blessings and benefits connected with it.

We shall attempt now, then, to show the spiritual bearing and influence which the resurrection of the Lord has upon the believing soul.

The apostle's earnest desire and prayer were that he might "know the Lord Jesus Christ, and *the power of his resurrection.*" (Phil. iii. 10.) It was not, then, the bare fact of his resurrection, or the mere doctrine of it as revealed in the scripture, which would satisfy his panting soul, though both of them in themselves as foundation truths full of unspeakable blessedness; but what his believing heart intensely longed to enjoy was the inward experience of its power, fruits, and effects. What was that power? Let us see, if we can, with God's blessing, what it was to know, to enjoy which drew forth such intense desires from Paul's inmost soul. The prayer which this man of God offered for the church of God at Ephesus (Eph. i. 16–23) will, we think, form a blessed key to this experimental secret. Among the heavenly blessings which he there prays that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory," would grant unto them, he begs that "he would give them the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, that they might know what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places." (Eph. i. 19, 20.) If we read the whole of that blessed prayer we shall see that the Lord Jesus is there spoken of as the Head and Representative of his body, the church—a multitude which no man can number. When, then, he died on the cross, he sank, so to speak, under the load of millions of sins, for "he bare our sins in his own body on the tree." We know, indeed, that by the shedding of his precious blood the sins of the church were purged away, and that he himself said, "It is finished"

before he gave up the ghost; but as under the law the death of the victim was the essential part of the sacrifice, so, until the Lamb of God died, the sacrifice was not complete. In this sense, then, he died and sank into the grave under the tremendous weight of sin laid on his sacred head. By these, as dead under the law, he was bound fast in the tomb—faster than by the burial-clothes, the Roman guard, or the stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre; and by these he was held fast till the resurrection morn. These, then, were the “pains [or cords*] of death” of which Peter speaks, which held him fast. (Acts ii. 24.) But God “loosed” these cords, because he being the Son of God and the Prince of life, “it was not possible that he should be holden” of death; and therefore he raised him up as the justified Head of his body the church, leaving in the grave the sins under the guilt and weight of which he had died. Being thus raised up as the Head of the church, and openly acquitted and justified, she rose in and with him. This view of Christ’s resurrection may prepare us to enter more clearly and fully into the experimental meaning of that blessed prayer for the Ephesian believers, to which we have already referred; and to show us why the apostle prayed that they might know “what is the exceeding greatness of his power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead.” The resurrection of the Lord Jesus is here spoken of as a most miraculous display of the mighty power of God. Why was it such? Not surely in merely raising the dead body of the Lord Jesus to life, for that miracle had been before done in the case of Lazarus and the widow’s son, and in many other instances. But it was because in raising up Christ from the dead God raised up millions of redeemed sinners with him, and that, too, out of all their sins and miseries, which had sunk his sacred head, as bearing them all, into death and the grave. The church is, therefore, said to be “quickened together with Christ,” and “raised up together with him;” (Eph. ii. 5, 6; Col. ii. 12, 13;) and believers are spoken of as “risen with Christ.” (Col. iii. 1.)

Now, what a living child of God longs to experience is the felt power of this resurrection—that as having been mystically and virtually quickened together with Christ at and in his resurrection from the dead, he may feelingly enjoy the spiritual power of that resurrection in his own soul, enabling him to rise up out of the cords of death which so often hold him firm and fast. This putting forth of the power of Christ to quicken, renew, and deliver the soul is so exceedingly great that it is compared by the apostle to the display of that mighty power which God put forth in raising Jesus from the dead. For though the believer was virtually and really quickened together with Christ when he rose from the dead, and has already risen out of the grave of death and sin by this power regenerating and making him alive unto God, yet he often sinks back into the gloomy grave of carnality and deadness. He therefore wants a

* The word, “*sorrows of death*,” (Ps. xviii. 4; cxvi. 3,) to which Peter evidently alludes, is literally, in the Hebrew, “*cords of death*.”

mighty power to be put forth in his soul—the power of Christ's resurrection; for he feelingly needs the same almighty power which raised Jesus from the dead to raise him up once more to faith, and hope, and love. The resurrection of Jesus, and his interest therein as a quickened member of his body, is indeed the sure pledge that he shall again be blessed with this renewing, reviving grace; but O the power!—inwardly and experimentally to feel this power from time to time coming into his soul as the power of God came into the tomb of Christ and raised him from the dead; and by the experience of this power to rise with Christ to light, life, liberty, and love—this is indeed to have the kingdom of God which is not only “in power,” but is “righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” (1 Cor. iv. 20; Rom. xiv. 17.)

As, then, by the resurrection of Christ the church was mystically “quickened together with him,” (Eph. ii. 5,) so regeneration is the first proof, the initial pledge, of the resurrection of each individual believer with him. This is the first act of the power of Christ's resurrection as a felt, experimental reality in each member of his mystical body. As, then, the regenerated soul experiences more and more of the putting forth of this risen power, and feels more and more deeply and sensibly the contrast between the workings and movements of this hidden life and its own miserable darkness, bondage, and death when this divine fruit of Christ's resurrection is not realised, it hungers and thirsts after its renewed enjoyment. Regeneration in itself is an instantaneous act which cannot be repeated, but its effects are permanent. A child can be born but once; but having once breathed it breathes again; and without breath and food cannot live. So every sweet revival, gracious renewal, soft word, melting touch, comforting look, heavenly smile, applied promise, encouraging testimony, or blessed manifestation of or from the risen Lord of life and glory is not, indeed, regeneration, but the fruit and effect of it; and to experience it in the soul is to experience the power of his resurrection.

So with pardoned sin and justification from the curse of the law by the imputation of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus. When God raised him from the dead he gave a public attestation that the ransom price was accepted, and the church justified in him. To have this revealed to the heart and sealed with a divine power on the conscience is to experience the power of Christ's resurrection, for he was raised for our justification.

But we have already trespassed too long on the time of our readers; and as this subject is closely connected with the ascension and glorification of the blessed Lord which we hope, with God's help and blessing, next to consider, we shall defer our further meditations on this point to our following Number.

As none, save God, can declare the end from the beginning, or know certainly, whether a man will be permitted to go on in error and unbelief, or be rescued from it by the efficacy of that grace to which nothing is impossible, it follows, that the apostle's rule is right, “Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come.”—*Toplady*.

POETRY.

THE PILGRIM'S PATH.

“The path which the vulture's eye hath not seen.”

I DAILY find this world a scene of much distress;
A barren, trackless path; a howling wilderness;
A path which doth abound with many pits and snares,
And traps to catch the Lord's redeem'd ones unawares.

A rugged, and a rough, uncultivated spot;
A solitary way; (one seems almost forgot;)
Few bear me company, or take me by the hand;
The language that I speak they cannot understand.

Beneath a scorching sun of envy and of strife
I still pursue my way towards the land of life;
On that side is a pit, on this side is a snare;
Yet still the Lord preserves me with his heavenly care.

Sometimes I am obliged to travel much by night;
And have to grope my way without a ray of light.
O'er rocks and mountains steep, through paths of miry clay,
Through briers and through thorns I still pursue my way.

Along this winding maze, Lord, keep me near to thee;
My strength divine, my cloud, my fiery pillar be;
Let no satanic traps my wandering feet enclose;
Enable me to smile at all that would oppose.

But though the way is rough, 'tis sure to end at last
In blessing and in praise for all that's overpast.
When I arrive at home, and see my Saviour's face,
My song shall ever be, “Salvation's all of grace.”

R. B.

A COMPLAINT—WINTER.

I CANNOT, while I mourn, Behold thy lovely face; For sin, where'er I turn, Is felt to my disgrace; It plagues within, assails without, It stings my soul, I die throughout.	Sometimes I'm up and down, And strangely tempest-toss'd; Grace seems for ever flown, And I'm completely cross'd; O! tell me, Lord, can I be thine, Whilst I'm so base, thou so divine?
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My soul's best comforts flee, Through unbelief and pride; Both lust and enmity I vainly strive to hide; For out they creep, my soul defile, Which makes me cry, Behold, I'm vile.	Yet here I ground my plea, Jesus has died to save; He hung upon the tree To rescue from the grave Sinners of every kind and name, For whom he bore both grief and shame.
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I often feel so dead To all that's good and right, That life seems wholly fled, And O! how long the night! 'Tis then I fear that I'm not thine, O Lord, arise, and on me shine.	Now, I'm a sinner, Lord, A base one, too, I own; O let thy precious blood Dissolve my heart of stone; Then in it stamp thy image clear, With perfect love that casts out fear.
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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1860.

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

A SERMON. BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY.
PREACHED AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD,
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1st, 1842.

“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.”—ISA. lxi. 2.

(Continued from page 74.)

We noticed that in the jubilee everything was to be free; and we should relish a jubilee at Manchester vastly well, I assure you. What work there would be with thousands of poor famishing creatures.* They would soon make a clearance of the fields if it was “Pluck and eat.” But however it may be in nature, it is plain in grace. We have the promises; all the blessings of the oath; of the love and blood of a precious Redeemer; all the blessings of the fulness of his heart; and all are freely given, without money and without price. Not an iota of creature merit to obtain it. The poorer the wretch the more welcome he is.

“Come guilty, come needy,
Come loathsome, come bare;
You can't come too filthy;
Come just as you are.”

God, in the riches of his grace, keeps jubilee all the year round—open house and open field for famishing sinners. May God bless us with hearts to enter into the field of the mystery of God's grace, and pluck and eat by divine faith in the love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then we shall know that it is for us the acceptable year of the Lord.

But it is the acceptable year of the Lord inasmuch as it is acceptable to the Lord. “In an accepted time I have heard thee; in a day of salvation I have succored thee.” This is the accepted time. Divine justice, poor sinner, has accepted the Person of Christ as thy Surety, the work and obedience of Christ actively as thy righteousness, and the blood of Christ as the atonement for thy sin. It is passed current in the account of God, filed up in heaven; and God says, “I am well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honorable.” Thus it is the acceptable year of the Lord.

* Trade was just then very bad at Manchester; not so now.

There is nothing, therefore, that the blessed Redeemer contains, or that he has done, as the Head of the church, but what is received in heaven with the divine approbation of God; and as a demonstration of it it is said, "He is gone up with a shout, with the sound of a trumpet." God, and angels, and glorified spirits that were gone before have all shouted him home; and when God gives you and me faith in the mystery of it, we help them to shout too. He is gone up on high as a demonstrative proof that he is accepted of the Father; and he is seated at the right hand of the Father, there to live and make intercession for us.

It is the acceptable year of the Lord; and I am sure it will be acceptable to you if Jesus, in the riches of his grace, manifests it to your conscience. Perhaps there may be in this assembly some that do not need such a salvation as this; you say, "Christ has done a great deal; he has done his part, and I must do my part too; and notwithstanding all that Christ has done, if I do not do my part I cannot be saved." There is a deal of talk in our day about Popery being likely to be established; and I know no men in the world that are more likely to establish it than these "do part" men, for their sentiment is the very life and soul of Popery. What is Popery? What is Antichrist? Creature merit. If you could destroy creature merit—man's doing his part—in all its bearings, and creature merit could entirely be put out of existence, the devil himself could not make a Pope; there could be no such thing in existence. But creature merit is the blood, and sinews, and pulse, and life of Popery. Therefore, where men go on with the strange idea that notwithstanding all that Christ has done, they must do their part too, or they cannot be saved, they are bidding Popery "God speed," and doing their part to establish it. They find fault all the while with some of their external things, such as their dolls and a few mummeries of that nature, but the poison is in the soul of Popery, and the soul of Popery is creature merit; in fact, what can we find flourishing in our day but creature merit in some form or other? You will find some men that would be vastly strenuous against creature merit in the shape of free will, and yet they have got it in another shape. They say, "O, you may always believe. Why don't you believe? Simply believe, and be happy." Why, that is creature merit; it is the old leaven; it is another name, but it is creature merit. For God's people are brought to feel that they can no more believe themselves into the mysteries of Christ than they can work themselves into the mysteries of Christ by labor; that it must be the Lord himself that "works in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure;" and that faith is his entire gift. So they glorify God for the mysteries of his cross; and thus they are brought to know something of the freedom that there is in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessing connected with it.

II. But we pass on to the *proclamation*. "To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God." Now, our blessed Christ proclaims this truth in the written word. Hear his blessed Majesty proclaim it: "Ho! every one that thirst-

oth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." But it would be very strange for a corpse to be invited to come to the Queen's palace, in order to be banqueted. It would want something to move it; and if it was dead, how could it come? The fact is, they are living souls that are here spoken of; but they are famishing, they are starving, they are wanting food; and when God the Spirit brings them to Christ, they live, and live well too, for they have the fatted calf, the paschal lamb, and the mysteries of the cross revealed to their conscience. Therefore, says the Lord, "Come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." So again, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Just as if the blessed Redeemer had looked upon a poor, burdened, dejected sinner, and said, "I see, poor creature, you are yoked down by Moses; you have got the burden of the law, and you have got the burden of a guilty conscience; there you are, with your yoke on, and you cannot get ease, and you cannot get rest. Now come to me; my yoke is easy." Why, what is his yoke? Everlasting glory! And O, how easy that fits the neck of a poor sinner when God puts it manifestatively on. And what is his burden? The divine fulness of the glory of God treasured up in him. And O, how solemnly glorious is that when the conscience receives it, under the divine teaching of the Holy Spirit. Then we shall find a rest and contentment the world knows nothing of.

Then the Lord Jesus Christ, being anointed, proclaimed this day; he proclaimed this jubilee, and he proclaimed his own sufferings. O how solemnly he, by his Spirit, proclaims it in Isa. liii., where he is spoken of as "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he opened not his mouth;" and how solemnly he proclaims it when he speaks in his word, and says, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" And, poor wretch, is it nothing to you? Can you hear of the sufferings of Christ, the agonies of the Son of God, and be unmoved? Can you hear of them, and have no feeling? Perhaps some poor living souls are saying, with the poet:

"The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

Well, then, if the proclamation made in the word again and again cannot move the heart, cannot soften the heart, cannot melt the heart, cannot bring the heart into obedience, and cannot lead it to sweet enjoyment of it, is there nothing that can? Has sin brought us into such a state of ruin, such a state of disease, unhallowed, ungodly disease, that there is nothing that can bring him to feel something of the day of vengeance, nothing that can bring him to accept of the acceptable year, and the blessings it contains? Yes, brethren, there is. When God, by his Blessed Spirit, proclaims it in the con-

science; brings it with power to the heart; leads the soul feelingly into that blessed text, "Thou, Lord, hast wrought all our works in us;" when he makes manifest that precious truth, "I will bring the blind and the lame," and the burdened and the dejected, and "they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd, and their soul shall be as a watered garden;" when he makes the proclamation with divine power in the soul, and leads the soul solemnly and sweetly into the mysteries of the cross;—then he raises the hope and expectation of his people, and they are brought in some blessed measure to know that the proclamation of the year of the Lord is blessed to them.

Now, do you know anything of this? Say you, "I do not like you to talk about a feeling religion;" and I would not thank you for any that is not; so there is just the difference between you and me. An unfeeling religion is the devil's religion; it is not the religion of Christ; for God brings his people to know what it is to handle, and taste, and feel of the word of life. He brings them to know what it is to have the word sealed in their hearts and hid there; and therefore do not you deceive your soul. If you die without a feeling religion, as God is God you will be damned; I am sure you will. And whatever trials, or difficulties, or distresses you may have, a sweet, feeling religion, revealed to the conscience by the power of the Spirit of Christ will support your soul under your troubles, prop up your mind, and bring you sweetly to rejoice in the mysteries of the cross of the Lamb; and then you will bless God for the wonders of his grace.

I leave the few hints that have been dropped in the hands of the Lord. Amen.

[We are much pleased to give this striking, experimental, and truly characteristic sermon of our dear old friend Mr. Gadsby. Hundreds will recognise the language as his, and will need no other witness of its being a faithful report, though no doubt abridged, of the sermon preached by him.]

No persons are in greater danger of walking at a hazard with God than those who live in the exercise of spiritual gifts in duties unto their own satisfaction and others; for they may countenance themselves with an appearance of everything that should be in them in reality and power, when there is nothing of it in them. And so it hath fallen out; we have seen many earnest in the exercise of this gift, who have turned vile and debauched apostates. Some have been known to live in sin and in indulgence of their lusts, and yet to abide constant in their duties. (Isa. i. 15.) And we hear prayers sometimes that openly discover themselves unto spiritual sense to be the labor of the brain, by the help of gifts in memory and invention, without any evidence of any mixture of humility, reverence, or godly fear, without any acting of faith and love. They flow as wine, yet smell and taste of the unsavory cask from whence they proceed.—*Owen*.

OWEN ON THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD.

But of all the effects of the divine excellencies, the constitution of the person of Christ as the foundation of the new creation, as the mystery of godliness, was the most ineffable and glorious. I speak not of his divine person absolutely; for his distinct personality and subsistence was by an internal and eternal act of the Divine Being in the person of the Father, or eternal generation, which is essential unto the divine essence, whereby nothing anew was outwardly wrought or did exist. He was not, he is not, in that sense, the effect of divine wisdom and power of God, but the essential wisdom and power of God himself. But we speak of him only as incarnate, as he assumed our nature into personal subsistence with himself. His conception in the womb of the Virgin, as unto the integrity of human nature, was a miraculous operation of the divine power. But the prevention of that nature from any subsistence of its own, by its assumption into personal union with the Son of God, in the first instance of its conception, is that which is above all miracles, nor can be designed by that name. A mystery it is, so far above the order of all creating or providential operations, that it wholly transcends the sphere of them that are most miraculous. Herein did God glorify all the properties of the divine nature, acting in a way of infinite wisdom, grace, and condescension. The depths of the mystery hereof are open only unto him whose understanding is infinite, which no created understanding can comprehend. All other things were produced by an outward emanation of power from God: "He said, Let there be light, and there was light." But this assumption of our nature into hypostatical union with the Son of God, this constitution of one and the same individual person in two natures so infinitely distinct as those of God and man, whereby the eternal was made in time, the infinite became finite, the immortal mortal, yet continuing eternal, infinite, immortal, is that singular expression of divine wisdom, goodness, and power wherein God will be admired and glorified unto all eternity. Herein was that change introduced into the whole first creation, whereby the blessed angels were exalted, Satan and his works ruined, mankind recovered from a dismal apostacy, all things made new, all things in heaven and earth reconciled and gathered into one head, and a revenue of eternal glory raised unto God, incomparably above what the first constitution of all things in the order of nature could yield unto him.

In the expression of this mystery, the scripture doth sometimes draw the veil over it, as that which we cannot look into. So in his conception of the Virgin with respect unto this union which accompanied it, it was told her that "the power of the Highest should overshadow her." (Luke i. 35.) A work it was of the power of the Most High, but hid from the eyes of men in the nature of it; and, therefore, that holy thing which had no subsistence of its own, which should be born of her, should "be called the Son of God," becoming

one person with him. Sometimes it expresseth the greatness of the mystery, and leaves it as an object of our admiration. "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) A mystery it is, and that of those dimensions as no creature can comprehend. Sometimes it putteth things together, as that the distance of the two natures shall illustrate the glory of the one person. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." (John i. 14.) But what Word was this? "That which was in the beginning, which was with God, which was God, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made, who was light and life." This Word was made flesh; not by any change of his own nature or essence; not by a transubstantiation of the divine nature into the human; not by ceasing to be what he was, but by becoming what he was not, in taking our nature to his own, to be his own, whereby he dwelt among us. This glorious Word which was God, and described by his eternity and omnipotency in works of creation and providence, "was made flesh," which expresseth the lowest state and condition of human nature; without controversy great is the mystery of godliness. And in that state wherein he visibly appeared as so made flesh, those who had eyes given them from above, saw "his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." The eternal Word being made flesh, and manifested therein, they saw his glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father. What heart can conceive, what tongue can express, the least part of the glory of this divine wisdom and grace? So also it is proposed unto us: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." (Isa. ix. 6.) He is called in the first place Wonderful, and that deservedly. (Prov. xxx. 4.) That the mighty God should be a child born, and the everlasting Father a Son given unto us, may well entitle him unto the name Wonderful.—*Owen on the Person of Christ. Works, Vol. XII., pp. 61-63.*

THE moment we depart from the body, we shall behold Christ as our Judge in particular; at the last-day, we shall behold him in the grander capacity of universal Judge. May we be prepared to sustain the glory of that awful sight by beholding him, in the mean while, as the Lamb of God who hath put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.—*Topology.*

IN matters of God, whosoever consults with flesh and blood, shall never offer up his Isaac to God. There needs no counsellor when we know God is the commander; here is neither grudging, nor deliberating, nor delaying; his faith would not suffer him so much as to be sorry for that he must do. Sarah herself may not know of God's charge and her husband's purpose, lest her affection should have overcome her faith; lest her weakness, now grown importunate, should have said, "Disobey God, and die." That which he must do, he will do; he that hath learned not to regard the life of his son, hath learned not to regard the sorrow of his wife. It is too much tenderness to respect the censures and constructions of others, when we have a direct word from God.—*Hall.*

WE ARE WILLING RATHER TO BE ABSENT FROM THE BODY AND TO BE PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

My dearly-beloved Brother and Sister in ties of love everlasting that never can be dissolved,—“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” These words are, I trust, at times, very sweet to me; while every day and every hour proofs of mortality are painfully realised in this poor body wherein we groan being burdened; yea, and groan to be delivered; not that we would be unclothed—or, as if the apostle should say—not that we desire death as death; not that we desire to die for the sake of dying merely, for death is awful, it is melancholy, alone considered; but to the child of God it is not so, whose faith is able at times to look out of obscurity and darkness, and pierce through the dark cloud of feeble flesh and sense; having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Then it is that we are “confident and willing, I say, rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord.” “My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.”

“There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.”

Death is a subject upon which I would desire often to meditate.

“Death! thou art own'd by every man his foe;
Let not the Christian look upon thee so;”

because, by the grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, we shall prove it to be a blessed fact that to die is gain; for there are certainly blessings connected with it that we are at present but little aware of, “for it doth not yet appear what we shall be,” for we only now “see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.”

“Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, or gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon;”

for there shall be no night there, neither shall there be any more pain.

“No aching hearts or aching heads,
No farewell scenes or dying beds.”

Well, therefore, might the apostle say, “We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God;” as if he should say, “If your earthly house were dissolved, why, that need be no sorrow to you, but rather rejoice ye, knowing that if it were so, ye should be so much the more benefited by the dissolution, because ye have a building of God, a house not made with hands,—not like these old, mud-wall, clay buildings, polluted and pestered with sin as they are, and loathsome as they ever will be till they are levelled with the dust.” Ah, yes, alas! it is sin has made them what they are, and they are haunted also by frightful scenes, evil spirits, terrific enemies, thieves and robbers, and I know not what else, that make the poor tenants to tremble when in the dark, that is, when hope is nearly extinguished, and they say, “Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.” And when faith is so strengthened to behold in the distance that fair building in the skies, she says, “The Lord shall light my candle;” “The Lord is my light and my salvation,” &c. (Ps. xxvii.)

But it is sin, as before said, that causes such dreadful havoc; it is sin that is the hinderer of perfect peace or safety here; it is sin that is the destroyer of an uninterrupted enjoyment of spiritual blessedness, of spiritual union and communion, either with God or his people. Do we read God's word? there is sin mixed with the exercise. Do we think to spend an hour in prayer and communion with our God? there is that sin which steals inside the closet door, and spoils our comforts there. Do we love the saints of the Most High? Do we take interest in them as such? We do. Are there those to whom we feel nearly and dearly attached—bound up in our hearts by all the sacred ties of love everlasting? Verily there are. Do we desire to love them purely for His sake alone who hath bought them with his blood? Do we desire to have sweet and sacred communion with them as such? Truly we do. But, alas, alas! we find that in this also sin will still intrude and crowd in its hateful head in a manner we would not attempt to describe, and contrary to our better minds, causing our hearts to be pained thereby. But so it is. And what do we then? Well, we are obliged to go to the Priest; and we tell him all about it; and we say, "It seemeth to me there is, as it were, a plague in the house." (Lev. xiv. 35.) Read the chapter at your leisure.

Blessed be God, therefore, that there is such an High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. In this same Lev. xiv. we find mention is made of scraping the house wherein the leprosy was found—ah! but the plague is still there; as also of plaistering it, but the stench still remains, the plague is still in the house, the leprosy is in all the walls; it must come down. You may scrape it, you cannot scrape sin out of it; you may ornament it, you may decorate it, yea, you may dress up the poor old body (or house), still it is polluted; it must come down.

"'Tis the fatal fruit of sin,
That dead leprosy within.
Every mortal is, at best,
Dying of the deadly pest.

Sin has caused the deadly wound;
Yes, in every house 'tis found,
Growing all around our walls,
And will be till down it falls.

What! and can no cure be done?
Gracious Heaven! and is there none?
None—for die the body must,
And be levell'd with the dust."

Yes, the house must come down; and a most excellent thing we shall find it, beloved, when it is down; "for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God." "In my Father's house are many mansions," says the dear Saviour; "if it were not so, I would have told you;" as if he should say, "I would not deceive you." "I go to prepare a place for you." "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind; be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 13.) "For he shall appear to your joy." (Isa. lxvi. 5.) "For ye are the children of the light and of the day; ye are not of the darkness or of the night." (See 1 Thess. v. 5.)

This epistle I now write unto you, beloved, to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance upon these things. Dwell not much upon things that are seen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. Know ye that this world is a world of shadows. The noble substance lies before. Ye shall soon lay down your

luggage of sin and sorrow; and step in at your Father's palace gate, to go out no more.

“That world of realities then shall unfold
What faith the forerunner could never behold.”

T., Dec. 25th, 1859.

ELIZABETH.

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. KEYT TO W. MOORE.

To my much-esteemed Friend and Brother in Him who is both the Root and Offspring of David, the bright and morning Star,—Not negligence, but weakness, prevented me answering your last kind favor. It was a new, yea, a true song, and though by reason of a cold my pipe is not in order, yet I could perceive that it would go to the tune of “Sick of love.” (Song v. 8.) Some ancient poets of our family used to compose such pieces in sunshiny weather, especially when the “south wind blew softly.” One, noted for harmony, called some of his compositions “Songs of Degrees,” and I have been informed that the sons of Levi used to sing them as they went up the steps into the temple; and if I am not mistaken my brother was either on the steps or else in the porch called the Beautiful Gate, where the poor cripples of old first learned to dance and sing together. However, this I am sure of—the name of Jesus always stands first in these songs, and the sound of his blessed voice puts every string in tune. When I received yours it found me barren and low, but after reading it these words came to my mind: “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them.” “For them,” thought I, “who are they?” Who? why every one that bringeth good tidings. Well, may Heaven bless William Moore for bringing me this new song, for I verily believe I shall learn it by heart; and you know the heart is the seat of music with all those who come and sing in the heights of Zion.

Since the commencement of the new year I have been obliged to attend to a few lessons of arithmetic. Zaccheus has called with the compliments of the season; but as I am as poor as an owlet, these visitors appeared to me rather out of season. However, I put on as good a face as possible, for you must know that, like Jacob in his trouble, I tried my best, made out a number of slips for some of my neighbors, expecting in exchange some of Harry Hase's documents;* but in this I was disappointed, for these paper kites were not like Elijah's ravens, who came regularly every day. Therefore I was obliged, when these devices failed, to go and show these things to my Lord, and I must needs say that there is none like him in all the earth, for he hath, to my knowledge, made “rough places plain and crooked things straight;” and I do believe that he never will forsake the work of his own hands.

One evening, after I had been floundering about in these muddy waters, it so happened that I cast my eyes upon John xix. 39, 40, where Joseph and Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pounds weight, and then took the body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes with the spices. While reading these words a thought sprang up in my mind that as it fared with the natural so it fared with the mystical body of the Lord Jesus. The two ingredients with which he was embalmed, and the linen wrapped round, all appear to have a spiritual meaning. But I am a great dunce. However, as my brother is

* £1 Bank of England notes, which in those days were made payable to “Mr. Henry Hase or Bearer.”

a good scholar, he will help me out. In my noodling way I made it out thus: Every member of Christ's mystical body is favored with an experience of the love of God. This I call the myrrh. (Song i. 13.) Every one of these beloved ones is afflicted with the leprosy of sin, which to them is a very bitter thing; and this I call aloes. These members, or this mystical body, are enwrapped in linen, clean and white; and this I call imputed righteousness. Paul says, "We are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. iii. 3.) Isaiah tells us some sweet things on this head (xxvi. 19). Now, if my dear friend can put these things together, he will make it out better than I, because he is more skilful; but had you and I stood by when Joseph and Nicodemus were engaged in embalming the dead body of our beloved Friend, our faith would have said that love and sin were the two things by which that astonishing event was brought about; (Eph. v. 2; 2 Cor. v. 21;) and I do believe that these two things (call them myrrh and aloes if you please) made the Shulamite a company of two armies. If my brother has any doubts on this head, let him read an old song composed by one of his fellow-poets in Isaiah xxxviii.; for I do conceive that both myrrh and aloes are to be found in that composition.*

You see, William, how I creep slowly on. Yesterday I planted a little vine at the back of the house. Methought it was a picture of myself—a poor, unsightly, feeble thing; but after tacking it up to the wall, I thought of the wall of salvation, the nail fastened in a sure place, the warm, reviving beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the dew, the showers in season, &c. Well, the cluster, the leaves, and the sap are all in the Root, and they that dwell under his shadow shall return, they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine; for he will be as the dew unto Israel. Ah! my brother, I long for a revival in my own soul, and that God Almighty would revive his work in the midst of these declining years. I was lately reading Daniel ii. 35, and felt some rejoicing in the prospect of what is fast approaching, when our God and Saviour will take to himself his great power, and reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously. Then the squirrels, the foxes, and all such vermin, shall perish from the presence of the Lord, and before the glory of his power; but that which heightens all is that of his kingdom there shall be no end. In that day it shall be said, "Lo! this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us. This is the Lord; we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Now, we sit pondering over the 74th Psalm, and praying over the six last verses, but then the poor saints who have "lien among the pots" shall be "as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Many are the trials and afflictions that have fallen to our lot, but our day is far spent, and the end of all these tribulations is at hand. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted; behold! I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires; and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

When I began this sheet I had not a word to bless myself with, and now I know not how to leave off.

Farewell, my dear brother. Be perfect, be of good comfort; let us be of one mind, and live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with us. Amen.

January, 1815.

J. KEYT.

* We do not at all see with Keyt in this explanation, and think it fanciful and unauthorised, but do not feel at liberty to make any alteration.—ED.

A LETTER BY THE LATE W. ABBOTT.

Dear Friends,—A short time ago, my feelings were like David's, when he broke out with, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising thee." I was casting a longing eye towards Titchfield Street; but, blessed be the Lord for his loving-kindness and tender mercy toward the needy poor who hunger and thirst for his presence, his favor, and the light of his countenance, for I find, "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear him." Our God is love; and far be it from him after he has killed us to all but himself to leave us to grope in darkness, blindness, deadness, barrenness, and misery. No; he says, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." If he has loved us with an everlasting love, and this love is called the river of his pleasure, to whom are the streams conveyed? Who are they that drink? Who are they that are made glad? but heaven-born souls, citizens of Zion, that are dead to this world, dead to all hope in the law, dead to all hope and help in themselves; who, if they are not now parched by the fiery law, are terribly infested by the fire of sin, and the fiery darts of the devil; and so are made to long for the cooling streams which flow from him with whom is the fountain of life. "Therefore, with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" and in that day "praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare among the people his doings, make mention that his name is exalted, cry out"—but we must drink heartily before we can do this—"cry out and shout, O inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One that is in the midst of thee."

I suppose you are all anxious to hear how matters are respecting my going to Deal. As you wish to know particularly, I will inform you of my proceedings, and leave you to put the best construction on this affair you can. When the time arrived for my setting off I was very weak and poorly; this, with a sense of my own insufficiency as a public speaker, made me very unwilling to go; but knowing how desirous my friends were that I should, and that I should be expected by some at Deal who, without a positive answer from me, had given notice of my being there; being thus pressed I went. I walked ten miles, and was much better than I apprehended. In the morning there were but about seven of us, but more were expected in the evening, as there were some who would not be seen to come in the day, so that they, like Nicodemus, came by night.

I had to prepare myself to meet them at six o'clock. Five o'clock came and my mind was no way fixed on any portion of scripture; at length these words occurred to my mind, "The hour is come, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." It was some time before any suitable ideas came to my mind; I was forced to have recourse to fervent prayer. I could appeal to God that I had not myself hastily rushed into it. I found, in answer to my prayer, a confidence spring up that God would not leave me to be confounded; and according to my faith I found it. At six o'clock, the person of the house came to me and told me he had got a pretty large family down stairs, and bade me be of good cheer. I replied, "I do not care who is present, so that the Lord is with us." In prayer I found a degree of liberty and utterance, and was very much divested of my natural timidity. Having no desire to appear in the character of a preacher, I kept my seat, and spoke to them from the before-mentioned words. I was enabled to speak in a plain, easy manner, without confusion, or any great timidity, for about twenty or twenty-five minutes. The people, who were about 30 in number, paid great attention, and af-

terwards several of them expressed their respect and good wishes. The occupiers of the room assured me they were glad to hear me; and one, who, I believe, is an honest soul, said he was greatly comforted. They wished me to be there the next Sabbath. I made no promise. On the morrow I found myself very comfortable, and the day following, and thought I could go again wherever a door was open; but before Friday, I was very poorly, and dark in my soul, so sent them word not to expect me; nor do I feel myself inclined to go any more at present.

I do not feel condemned for what I have done, nor yet for my not proceeding any further. I am persuaded, if the Lord has intended me for the work, he will work in me "to will and to do." I had rather be too backward than otherwise. Dear brother, let me know your mind on these things, especially about my staying here any longer.

Respects to all friends,

Margate, Sept. 22nd, 1862.

W. ABBOTT.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BRIMBLE, OF BATH.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord according to the genealogy of the Gospel of Christ, which pertaineth to the New Jerusalem above, which is free, which is the mother of us all,—Grace and peace be with you. Forty-one years ago last month did this my dear and venerable mother bring me forth from under the law, wrath, fear, dread, and bondage, to know some of the blessings, and glories, and happy, holy company of this blessed Mount Zion and heavenly Jerusalem to which I was then come. And I do think I could have looked upon the face of Moses without his vail when he came down from the holy mount, for God who commanded light to shine out of darkness shined into my heart, to give me the light of the knowledge of his glory in the suffering, sorrowful face of Jesus Christ. O what beauty did my poor, lost, and ruined soul discover in his grief. Never had I seen the perfection of beauty before; but now, out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God shined, and well pleased, too, for his righteousness' sake, for he had magnified the law and made it honorable. Never was I so pleased, I think, since I was born. All that took place here I shall never be able to describe. Love, joy, peace, godly sorrow for sin, humility, self-loathing, weeping, glorifying God, exalting and extolling the suffering Lamb of God that had taken away my sin. O what joy and gladness was heard therein; thanksgiving and the voice of melody. There I saw a lame man leaping as a hart, and heard the tongue of the dumb singing. Here was one poor man, who had been up to this time sadly bowed down by that passage, "The wicked is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waves cast up mire and dirt;" but now,

"New songs did his lips employ,
And danced his glad heart for joy."

O, I heard him break out in such melodious strains, "O, come, let us sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; with his own right hand, and with his holy arm hath he gotten himself the victory."

O my dear friend, what miracles and wonders do attend the revelation and manifestation of Jesus Christ in his sufferings and death to the soul of a feelingly-lost, sin-desolated, and devil-trampled soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, glorifying him by taking of his and revealing it to the heart. Before this took place I have seen this poor sin-and-devil-dis-

ressed man leave his bed in the night, walk the room, smite upon his breast, and cry, in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" then sit upon the side of the bed, and reflect upon his parents, who were instrumental in bringing him into the world. Then fresh guilt and condemnation for this would come upon his soul from these words, "Woe be to him that saith to his father, What begettest thou? and to his mother, What hast thou brought forth?" O, the poor man found the law to be a flaming sword, turn which way he would. It was weak through the flesh, and the flesh was weak through the fall, therefore they could do nothing for each other. But sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in this poor man all manner of concupiscence, for the Lord's word had quickened him; the law had come, and sin had revived, and I saw him immediately begin to die, and a very painful death it was. What strange thing had taken place with him he could not tell any one, nor could any one tell him; nor was there an interpreter among the people with whom he sojourned; nor in the four parishes around was there any one who knew any more of the things attending the new birth than one of the cows in the field,—no, neither parson nor clerk.

The Lord had called this man alone, and he went out not knowing where it would end nor what would become of him. Some said he was going out of his mind. But the day had come that there should be two men in the field, the one was taken and the other left. I saw this one literally run out of the gateway at leave-work time, shaking his head, if by any means he might smother the fiery darts of the devil, which were of a most awful nature against God, never described to my knowledge, nor ever to be described. Well did the apostle style them "the fiery darts of the wicked one;" though this poor man I have been speaking of knew not then they were insinuated by the devil against God, and to burn the poor man's body and soul all together, if it had been possible. O what a change had now taken place in the soul and countenance of this poor sinner! A gazingstock to the world and a terror to himself, I saw him go home and creep away with this burden of sin and guilt heavy upon him to the end of a long garden, in the dark; and there, under a walnut-tree, truly it might have been said, "Behold, he prayeth." I heard him begin most earnestly and sincerely with these words, which are in the Prayer Book, "O Almighty God, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit," &c. But instead of this, the fountains of the great deep were but beginning to be broken up.

And now the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost began to be a fearful subject of meditation. O how did the devil strive to stop the praying of this truly poor and needy man. O how would he follow him with these words, "There is a sin unto death; I do not say he shall pray for it." And how would these words from that dear mouth which spake as never man spake relieve his burdened soul for a moment, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to the sons of men wherewith soever they shall blaspheme," &c. O how would this brighten the countenance of that dear little creature, Hope, for a moment; she would be ready to break forth; and her little sister Charity would always attend her in readiness, if Hope did but move. But the dear little creatures had not long been born, and therefore wanted always nursing, and to be fed with milk, for they could not walk alone; and as to feed themselves, they were always afraid to do that lest they should take what did not belong to them. Then I have seen, almost directly after this, little Hope down in sackcloth and ashes, and Charity in mourning at the latter part of the

passage I have quoted, "but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven in this world nor in that which is to come." Now would the poor man be ever and anon envying toads, dogs, and all manner of reptiles that had no immortal souls, and never could commit the sin unto death. O thrice-happy beings! how gladly would I be one of you, if it could be—but it cannot. A thousand worlds would I give freely, if I had them, if there were yet an acceptable time and day of salvation, or a possibility of one in such a state being saved, or if there had been any one ever saved out of such a state and condition. Yet, for all this, they could not stop this poor laboring and heavy-laden sinner from attempting to cry unto God, although he knew not how to pray, so ignorant was he.

I recollect, when that blazing comet appeared, in 1811, (it was hot work without and hot work within,) seeing this poor man creeping into ditches, behind hay mows and many such secret places, to pray unto God, in the best manner he could, for mercy, if by any means it might be found; at the same time wrestling hard with sin, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. The very sight of others standing and gazing heavenward (apparently without guilt) at that blazing star would add fresh condemnation to this poor man's sin-condemned soul, who was mostly at that time looking downward, and bowed down under the fiery darts of the devil and the guilt of all manner of concupiscence, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In such like troubles and distresses did this poor man continue for nearly eighteen months; nor could he by any means get this burden off him until the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made him free from the law of sin and death.

And now I must pass over more than forty years of this poor man's life, otherwise, if I had memory and ability, I should want a quire of paper. About four years after this happy deliverance there was given to this poor man a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet him, which thorn, for more than twenty years, was most bitter and painful indeed, beside many trials in providence. But God's grace has been sufficient for him; and though many have been the afflictions of the righteous, the Lord has hitherto delivered him out of them all. God from everlasting be blessed, and again be blessed to everlasting. Amen and amen.

No doubt my dear friend will think this a strange sort of a letter; but I began it, speaking of deliverance, without any premeditation of doing so; and then I thought it right to hint at the wormwood and the gall which preceded it. I began it, I think, more than three weeks ago; but it seemed so deathly, and in-and-out, and unconnected, that I laid it aside, and very unwillingly send it now. Hoping to see you shortly,

I remain, yours affectionately,

Bath,¹ Jan. 15th, 1854.

J. BRIMBLE.

[The last days of good old Mr. Brimble, a deeply-tryed but highly-favored follower of the Lamb, will be found, as doubtless many of our readers will recollect, in Vol. XXIV. for 1858.]

WHEN the Spirit of God acts as the giver of repentance, and puts that cry into a sinner's heart, "What shall I do to be saved? how may I flee from the wrath to come?"—let such a person, at such a time, "behold the Lamb of God," as wounded for his transgressions, as bruised for his iniquities, as dying for his sins, and risen again for his justification.—*Toplady.*

Obituary.

MRS. WILLIAM BRIGHT.

COMMUNICATED BY ONE OF HER SURVIVING DAUGHTERS.

MRS. BRIGHT was born at Hele, near Exeter, in 1777, of parents who feared the Lord. At an early age her mind was impressed with divine realities, and she was led to admire true Christians, and to wish that she was like them. She would try to hear all the Christian conversation that she could, and was very anxious to hear if anything dropped that suited her case. We have heard her say that at 16 years old she was greatly distressed, but felt such sweet relief from Hymn 287, Rippon's Selection, First Part, that she could never after forget the hymn, and would often repeat it, even in her last affliction. When 18 years old she was baptized at Collumpton, by a Mr. Westlake, and after that she removed to Exeter, where she became acquainted with her late husband, and they both sat under the ministry of Mr. Tanner. In the providence of God they were afterwards removed to Plymouth, where they heard Dr. Hawker, to whom she was very much attached; but she resided the last 40 years in Bradford. The loss of her husband, in 1849, greatly shook her frame, and she never recovered it. She was naturally of a reserved disposition, conversing but little with any excepting those well known to her; but her walk adorned the Christian life. The last few months we saw her gradually sinking, and she would often say her time was short; and those that visited her will remember with what feeling she spoke of the great promises, as she called them, of him who has promised to fulfil them all, feeling a persuasion that not one of them could be broken. Yet of herself she often spoke with timidity, feeling her own unworthiness.

On Dec. 10th she was taken for death; she seemed aware of it, and for several days her mind was greatly distressed. On Sunday night, a night never to be forgotten by us, it was distressing to hear her. She often said she feared she should be lost. "The promises will not be broken; but am I the character? Do I fear the Lord? Do I trust in his word?" And she repeated all through that hymn:

"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?"

then saying, "O, where am I going? I am going to leave you all; I am going to die; but where am I going?" Then she said,

"Lord, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardon rich and free,
And grace, an overwhelming flood?
Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?"

She said, "His mouth has been precious to me. I have been comforted by his promises; but have I been deceived? O, awful!" and looking on those around her, she said, "They will be fulfilled for you; yes, for all that fear the Lord; but O, have I never feared him? I thought I did; I hoped, I trusted in his word." We tried to comfort her, but could not. She then said,

"The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?
O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide the doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it if it be."

At times, afterwards, the enemy was permitted to distress her, but between his assaults she was enabled to rely on the faithfulness of that God who had led and supported her so many years, saying, "'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' What are his words? His mouth is most sweet; gracious promises; he opened his mouth, and taught man, saying, 'Blessed are the meek,' &c.

'Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see.—
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
Enroll'd amongst thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.'

Dec. 13.—Her mind was lifted above those gloomy fears, and she exclaimed, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what is laid up for them that fear him. O, to die in the Lord! Fear not, I know ye seek Jesus. When will he come and embrace me? I do hope in his word; when will he come?"

'I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne.'

Come, let us worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul. Take me to thy banqueting-house. Come, my sister, my spouse; come, my Saviour, and take me to thyself, to my home. O, what a time of love that will be!

'Then from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.'

Ought not Christ to have suffered, and have entered into his glory? He hath loved me with an everlasting love; he does love his people. When shall I go to him?" Then, looking on us, she said, "You will not trouble about me. His name shall be called Jesus, for he saves. 'I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord.'"

Dec. 14.—She said, "He is a stronghold in the day of trouble to all those that put their trust in him; but do I do it?"

'Daily he gives me cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.'

He gives the cause, if we don't do it."

Dec. 15.—She exclaimed, “How came I to be so ignorant as not to know the Lord was good? On thy kind arms I fall, my God, my all. He will come and take me to himself; my Jesus, my all, my Saviour. No weapon formed against me shall prosper; it is unbelief. O death, where is thy sting? They that thirst after righteousness shall be filled. I have longed for it; and he has told me the scriptures shall not be broken. Come, Lord Jesus. How is it I do not hear his footsteps behind me? Tell me, dear Jesus, that thou art mine, and I want no more. If any man take from the scriptures, let him be accursed, the scripture says. If any will, let him take of the water of life freely. Lord, let me be with thee; I cannot live without thee; 'tis death; 'tis more; 'tis worse; 'tis black despair.” On one of her grandsons wishing her good-bye, saying, “I hope to see you better,” she replied, “No;

‘Soon shall I soar on high and know
All I desire and wish below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.’

His mouth is most sweet. Do you know the meaning of that?” On his replying, “I hope I do, in some measure,” she said, “I can't express what I have seen in these words the last few days. Why, it is all the promises he has spoken to me since I was 13 years old.” During the night, she repeated these words several times, “If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one amongst a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness, then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom.” Then she desired her granddaughter to get the Bible, and read it herself; at another time she desired her to read Hawker's Morning Portion for Aug. 6th, and spoke much of what a blessing those words had been made to her, and how sweetly the Dr. had written on them. Then she said, “For whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee.”

Dec. 16.—“Lord, help me to believe thy word; help me to cast myself on thee. O, what shall I do? where shall I go? Help me; help, Lord; do come—come—do come; heal my bones which thou hast broken; I cannot rest upon thy word. O Lord, help me; I have rested upon thy word. The young lions lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Dear Jesus, embrace my soul, and let me feel thy pardoning love. I thirst; let me drink full draughts of bliss.

‘There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasure in;
And all our powers find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.’”

Dec. 17.—“I will lay your foundations with fair colors. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? To die is gain for me. O thou tempest-tossed, I will lay thy stones with fair colors.

'I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.'

'O my soul, what means this sadness?'

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She was evidently enabled to resist the enemy of her soul in the language of scripture, for she said, "He is a liar; I am not enmity against God. 'To comfort all that mourn;' then he dare not cast out a mourning soul. O thou tempest-tossed! What beautiful words, 'The desire of the righteous shall be granted.' Isaiah has been sweet to me; look down upon me as thou usest to do upon them that fear thee; give me the favor of thy chosen. I want to know that he is mine and I am his; I want nothing more. He will give grace and glory to them that walk uprightly. I am full of sin; he is full of grace and truth.

'Wonders of grace to him belong;
We'll praise his name in every song.'

Dec. 18.—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever. Lord, help me, keep me from evil." She called all her grandchildren around her that were near, and took an affectionate farewell of them, speaking to them separately, and asking the Lord to bless them. Then she said, "Now there are the absent ones. The Lord has answered some of my prayers on their behalf, and I hope he will more; may the Lord bless them; may the Lord preserve them; may the Lord direct them all, and bless all those that fear thy name. Do, Lord, help me; if he is near, he is not far off; Lord, come to me. Will he be favorable no more; will he cast off for ever? No, no, no! Lord, help me to love thee, help me to trust in thee; do come to me, Lord; help me; come to me, and let me depart in peace. Is he my God? He will come by-and-bye, and take me home. Let me depart in peace. O, if he do not come, what shall I do? Let me come, let me depart, O Lord. He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. The scriptures shall not be broken. Lift up upon me the light of thy countenance. He has not said he will not save me; he will not cast out any; let him come whosoever will. I do speak; but what do I know? The scriptures cannot be broken; they all must be fulfilled. The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; he knoweth them that put their trust in him.

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

The Lord will not cast off for ever. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. I want to love the Lord. He is all my hope and all my stay; I want to trust in him. O, help me, Lord; help me to come to thee; let me bathe my soul in thy blood; let me see thy salvation. O, when shall I go? what shall I do? Take me to thyself; let me rest in thy embrace.

' I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow.'

Do send some comfort from thy word to comfort my soul.

' Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus waits to answer prayer.' "

Dec. 19.—"There's a fountain of blood to wash in. O my Saviour, how shall I praise thee? All ye that fear God, don't despair; he will save you; he won't forsake the work of his own hands. Dear Saviour, do come and speak to me; speak to me—tell me thou hast loved me. I cannot die without thy love; I cannot live without thy death. In the world ye shall have tribulation." One of us said, "Yes, mother, we are told we shall have tribulation in the world; and you have got yours now; but what a mercy it is coming up out of it." She was silent for a few minutes, and her appearance and language told us that she had a sweet view of the words as she said, "Coming up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What a mercy! Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb! O, sweet is his countenance, and sweet is his voice. What a blessed man was Moses, for the Lord to talk to him face to face. That is what I want. Will he cut me down? will he cast me off?"

' Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my panting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.'

When the poor and needy cry, I the Lord will hear them; the poor shall not always be forgotten. O, what sweet words! . Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and enter into his glory? Did not their hearts burn within them as he talked by the way, and opened to them the scriptures? Let him that wanteth understanding come. That is I—I want to understand the word, and to enter into it.

' I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence,
Unspeaking, unknown.
O grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied—
That love divine may rule my heart,
And all my actions guide.'

Am I right in talking thus? I have always been afraid to speak, and never said much; for I was afraid I knew nothing as I ought—afraid I knew nothing aright. At first, I was so young; O how I used to think on that passage, 'Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it.' He has not cut me down. O that I could sing, rejoice, and praise. O what love, to die for sinners."

(To be concluded in our next.)

UNITED PRAYER MEETINGS.

WE expressed in our last Number our wish and intention to drop a few remarks on those united prayer-meetings for a general pouring out of the Spirit which have been held in so many different places. We acknowledged a hesitation to pronounce a decided opinion upon the Irish Revivals, for want of clearer and fuller evidence; but upon the point now before us we have no such hesitation whatever, and can speak upon it fully, freely, and with a good conscience.

We view it, then, as inconsistent with our position as separate from all parties, sects, and denominations, for truth and conscience sake, to re-unite with them, continuing as they are, in these prayer-meetings. Prayer is a very solemn thing, an approach to the Majesty of heaven, not to be lightly taken in hand. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few." (Eccles. v. 2.) We should consider, then, in the light of the Spirit, what we are called upon to pray for, and with whom to unite in prayer, at these general meetings. And we think we may lay it down as a certain and undeniable truth that before we can unite in prayer with any persons we must be agreed—1, as to the *object* prayed for; and, 2, with the *persons* with whom we pray for it. This seems implied, if not expressed, by the Lord's own words, "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 19.) The Lord there evidently speaks of an agreement not only in the *object* prayed for, but between the *persons* who unitedly ask for it; for we must not limit the promise of answers to prayer to "two" praying together any more than we must limit the Lord's immediate presence to "two or three being gathered together in his name," as a fulfilment of the promise in the very next verse. He graciously names "two" agreeing together, and "two or three" being gathered together in his name, not to the exclusion of more, but for the encouragement of the fewest in number who could agree together to pray for a certain object, or assemble themselves for worship in his name. If this agreement, then, be necessary before we can expect answers to prayer, it seems very doubtful to us if those who are blessed with the Spirit's teaching can have any such agreement in heart and spirit with the friends and promoters of these general prayer-meetings, or with those who pray at them, as is necessary to constitute spiritual, believing prayer,—and all else is but a name and a form.

But let us examine the subject a little more in detail:

1. We cannot agree with them as to the *object* prayed for. This is the conversion of the world and the general outpouring of the Spirit. Now we have no scriptural warrant to believe that it is the will and intention of God to convert the world. "I pray not for the world," were the Redeemer's own words. Why, then, should we pray for it, unless we think we know how to pray better than the

Lord himself? The church and the world are always spoken of as distinct: "They are not of the world, as I am not of the world." (John xvii. 16.) And if it be said that the Lord was then praying for his own immediate disciples, we may answer that when he extended his prayer beyond them it was not for the world, but for his believing people throughout all time: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John xvii. 20, 21.) The Lord gave us no precept to pray for the conversion of the world, nor can we find any direction to that effect in the epistles. In every epistle of Paul we find mention made of his prayers for the church to which he is writing, and he bids us pray always "with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watch thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints;" (Eph. vi. 18;) but he never bids us pray for the conversion of the world or the pouring out of the Spirit on all flesh. It is true the apostle exhorts that "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men," (1 Tim. ii. 1,) but it is evident that he means by "all men" all sorts of men, as he speaks elsewhere—"The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men," that is, all ranks and stations, servants or slaves among the rest, of whom he is there specially speaking. (Titus ii. 9-11.) But he does not bid us pray for the conversion of all men, any more than for that of "kings and all that are in authority;" but that "we," i.e., the people of God, "may lead a quiet and peaceable life," without persecution or molestation, "in all godliness and honesty." (1 Tim. ii. 2.)

But when we look a little more closely into the subject, we shall see that the whole object of the prayers of those with whom we are called on to unite rests on a false foundation. They believe that Christ died for all men, that the offers of the gospel belong to all, and that Christ is waiting and willing to receive all who embrace these gospel offers. Thus they tacitly, if not avowedly, set aside the distinguishing doctrines of our most holy faith, such as personal election, particular redemption, and effectual calling, and put salvation into the hands of every man. They may pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but it is only to incline men's hearts to receive the gospel offers. It is not prayed for as a covenant grace, peculiar to the elect, nor in connection with the finished work of Christ, nor in harmony with the distinguishing doctrines of truth. We never attended, nor ever had the slightest wish to attend, these united prayer meetings; but we are sure, from the very character of the persons who pray at them, that their prayers must altogether clash not only with our views of truth, but with every gracious feeling of our soul. If called upon to pray, we are very sure that our prayers, if we were faithful, would jar upon their ears, and that they would have no more agreement with our petitions than we should have with theirs. Have we not our own prayer-meetings, where we know and have union with those who pray whom we receive as blessed with the grace of true spiritual pr

and with whose petitions we can feel a sweet agreement of heart? Why, then, need we go among the congregation of the dead, to listen to the prayers of men whom we spiritually know not, but of whom we have sufficient evidence that, for the most part, they have no true faith, nor any knowledge of Christ for themselves, and are utterly destitute of brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit? But this brings us to our second objection:

2. Prayer, to be acceptable to God, should be not only on agreed *objects* but between agreed *persons*. If there be any one act of service more than another which requires union of heart and spirit it is prayer. Now, who usually take a leading part in these united prayer-meetings? Generally evangelical clergymen, Independent and Wesleyan ministers, local preachers, teetotal lecturers, and the whole motley multitude of religious professors who fill the churches and chapels of the land. But how can we unite with such in so solemn an act as prayer, and that for the Holy Spirit? Have we any reason to believe that they themselves have ever received the Holy Spirit? Have they themselves been made alive unto God by regenerating grace? Do they at all evidence that they know personally for themselves the power of the Holy Ghost in either convincing them of sin or revealing Christ to their souls? Are they not for the most part enemies to God's truth and to God's people, open or secret slanderers of the way and of those who walk therein, in union with the world, and children of the bondwoman? So far from knowing the truth in its power, its sweetness, its liberating, sanctifying influences, they are opposed to the very letter of it. How, then, can they pray for the Spirit of truth, who is to guide into all truth, when they are enemies to the very truth which the Spirit of truth reveals to the family of God? For unconverted men to pray for the conversion of the world; for men destitute of the Spirit to pray for the pouring out of the Spirit; for the enemies of truth to pray for the spreading of truth; and for the haters of God's people to pray that sinners may become his people,—surely this must be a strange contradiction.

But it may be said, "Some good people, real saints of God, do attend these prayer-meetings." We do not at all doubt it; but we know this very well, that some very good people are very weak people, and that some real saints are sadly lacking both in discernment and decision. Some of the Lord's people seem possessed of a wandering, straggling spirit. Like restless sheep, they seem not satisfied with their own fold and their own food; and especially if they see a deacon lead the way, they feel emboldened to follow through the broken hurdle. We would not wish to cut them off as altogether out of the secret, but it is evident to us that many who profess the doctrines of distinguishing grace seem to live only by religious excitement, and if not aroused and stirred by some new preacher, or some new book, or some religious meeting, or some tea-party, or something going on in the shape of religion, where they can see and be seen, talk or hear, they feel to be sunk into death. To commune with their own spirit, seek the Lord's face on their bended knees,

read his word with a believing, prayerful heart, confess their sins and beg for a manifestation of pardoning love, delight themselves in the Lord and desire no company but his,—of this inward, experimental religion they seem to have little or none. This would keep them at home, their right place; and instead of running about from chapel to chapel to hear every new preacher, and attend every religious meeting, they would rather go upstairs into their secret chamber, and shut the door upon everything that is without, that they might enjoy communion with the Lord within. This would do their souls more real good than running to general prayer-meetings, and uniting with Arminians to convert the world. For this is but the first step. To be consistent they must *act* as well as *pray*. And then comes all the train of Bible Society meetings, Missionary meetings, Temperance meetings, and the whole mechanical apparatus of platform oratory, committees, and subscriptions, till they lose all the distinctive features of a separate, peculiar people, and sink down into the ranks of the general profession of the day. This is the first stone taken out of the partition wall—the first step to break down our separate position as a peculiar people. And it is for this reason, amongst others, that we resist it. We may be thought very bigoted and very narrow-minded; but doubtless so the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin considered Zerubbabel and Jeshua and the rest of the chief of the fathers of Israel when they declined their aid and their company in building the house of the Lord. (Ezra iv. 1-3.) Truth, in the experience and power of it, will and must separate us from the profession of the day; and if you have been separated by the power of truth from that profession, you are bound to maintain your separate standing for the sake of others, such as your minister, your church, or the people with whom you stately worship; for by gadding about you weaken their hands, grieve their minds, and do what you can to break down that wall of separation which, by their preaching and prayers, their experience, their life and conversation, and the whole of their consistent profession of truth, they have sought to build up. Therefore, even if you think there is good attending these general prayer-meetings, and that you might consistently join in them, you are bound, for your brethren and sisters' sake, who have long contended for vital truth, and been hated and persecuted in consequence, to make the small sacrifice of staying from them. If you feel your spirit pressed within you for the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of sinners, there is the throne of grace open to you; and instead of going to the prayer-meeting to hear Arminians pray for what they never felt or experienced, you can go into your closet, and there pour out your heart before the Lord that he would by his grace convert sinners to himself.

PEACE, like truth, is often lost in a crowd; hence, I consider a retreat, at proper seasons, from the glare of vanity, the hurry of business, and the impertinence of worldly conversation, to be that to the soul which sleep is to the body.—*Toplady*.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from page 90.)

THE more we view by faith the resurrection of our adorable Redeemer, the more grace and glory shall we see shining through it; and the more we feel of our own sinfulness and helplessness, the more shall we desire to realise the power of that resurrection in our own personal experience. The guilt of sin makes us cleave to a dying Christ; the power of sin makes us hang upon a risen Christ. The Holy Ghost, therefore, in the scripture sometimes exhibits Jesus to our view as a slaughtered Lamb, and sometimes as the church's glorious risen Head. Holy John blessedly unites them both in one verse, "And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful Witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) Though he had such a view of his glorious Person as a risen Jesus that he fell at his feet as dead, yet his faith departed not from the cross, or from the fountain opened therein for sin and for uncleanness. So blessed Paul, in the longing aspirations of his soul, breathes forth at one and the same moment his desires to know Christ risen and to sympathise with Christ suffering: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death." (Phil. iii. 10.) Even in the courts of heaven, in the midst of the throne and the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders, John had a view of a Lamb, standing "as it had been slain," and heard the song of the representatives of the redeemed as they fell down before him: "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and has redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (Rev. v. 9.) Whether, then, dying on the cross, or risen from the dead, or ascended up on high, he is still Jesus, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," wearing still the same sacred humanity which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin. We cannot separate Jesus' cross from Jesus' crown; the slaughtered Lamb from the risen Conqueror; the High Priest offering sacrifice from the High Priest carrying the blood within the veil; the Church's suffering Surety from the Church's glorified Representative. We need him as much for what he *was* as for what he *is*. Without a dying Jesus there could be no redemption; without a living Jesus there could be no salvation. It is sweet to lie at the foot of the cross that the drops of his atoning blood may fall on the conscience; it is sweet to see his languid eyes sealed in death, and to know that he died the just for the unjust that he might bring us unto God; it is sweet to see the prisoner of death break through the barriers of the tomb and come forth into the light of heaven as the Church's justified Head; and it is sweet to see him ascended up on high to take possession of the kingdom given him by the Father before the foundation of the world. And well it is for poor sinners,

and especially for those who are burdened with the guilt of sin, that it is so. For though we are said to be “come to Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, &c., and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant,” all which blessings spring from Christ risen, yet we are said also to be come “to the blood of sprinkling,” which, as issuing from Christ crucified, “speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.” (Heb. xii. 22–24.) We have dwelt a little largely upon this lest any apprehension might arise in our readers’ minds that we are looking away from the cross by speaking so much of the resurrection. In thought they may be separated, but not in blessing; for as without the cross there could have been no atoning blood, so without the resurrection there could be no prevailing intercession.

With this explanation we resume our Meditations on the resurrection of our adorable Redeemer.

1. We have already named several blessings that spring out of an experimental knowledge of the power of his resurrection, one of the greatest being that which we briefly touched upon at the close of our last paper—the *manifest justification thereby of every one who believes in the Son of God*, according to those words, “Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.” (Rom. iv. 25.) We have used the expression, “the *manifest justification*,” for the elect are not really and actually justified by Christ’s resurrection, but by the imputation of his active and passive obedience, as the apostle speaks, “Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.” (Rom. v. 18–19.) The resurrection of Christ from the dead is not, then, the procuring cause, but the manifest proof that his obedience to the law was accepted on their behalf, and that they were raised up together with him as justified persons; for “in the LORD,” that is, by virtue of union with him, “shall all the seed of Israel be justified;” (Isa. xlv. 25;) and this they were manifestly when their covenant Head was raised up and openly acquitted of all law charges. Now as the resurrection of Christ was the manifest justification of their *persons*, so a knowledge of its power is the manifest justification of their *consciences*. For till Christ is revealed to the soul as risen from the dead, it is shut up under the law, full of guilt and condemnation, a prisoner in the pit where there is no water; but when he is manifested, or rather, when he manifests himself—which he could not do unless he were alive from the dead—he seals a sense of justification on the conscience. “I bring near,” he says, “my righteousness,” (Isa. xlv. 13,) which he does when he experimentally clothes the soul with the garments of salvation, and covers it with the robe of righteousness. (Isa. lxi. 10.) Then the power of his resurrection experimentally felt raises the child of grace out of the grave of bondage and death, and by faith in him as a risen head, he is “justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses.” (Acts xiii. 39.) Christ is thus sensibly made of God unto every believing soul righteousness; and in the language of

faith he can say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." (Isa. xiv. 24.) This made the apostle say, "And if Christ be not raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. xv. 17.) Why are you not, he might ask them, yet in your sins as regards their condemnation by the law? Because Christ is risen from the dead. Why are you not yet in your sins as regards their condemnation in your own conscience? Because by faith in him as risen from the dead you are justified experimentally from them. It is thus the apostle connects, in another place, the two blessings of manifest and experimental justification: "Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1.) Why that "therefore" connecting the two chapters, but to show that as by Christ's resurrection we are manifestly justified, so by faith in him as risen from the dead we are experimentally justified, of which the proof is to have peace with God?

This justifying faith gives manifest union with Christ, and, opening up a divine channel of communication with him, produces another blessed fruit of the power of his resurrection, viz.:

2. *Communion with him as a risen Head.* In his last consoling discourse Jesus said to his disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also." (John xiv. 18, 19.) Being able only to view him with the natural eye, when his personal presence was withdrawn the world could see him no more. "But ye see me," said the blessed Lord to his disciples. And how should they see him? In the same way as is recorded of Moses: "By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." (Heb. xi. 27.) Faith is the eye of the soul, for it is "the evidence of things not seen" by sense; and thus by faith they would see him at the right hand of the Father. But if they saw him there, would they not see him as a living Head, for he says, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" And would not life, flowing into them from union with him, flow back unto him in sacred communion? But he also said, "I will not leave you comfortless," as mourning my death and your own disappointed hopes; "I will come to you." But how? By personal manifestation. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." (John xiv. 21.) Thus communion with Christ rests on three things—seeing him by faith, living upon his life, and experiencing his manifested presence. But all these three things depend on his resurrection and a knowledge of its power. As risen from the dead, the saints see him; as risen from the dead, they live a life of faith upon him; as risen from the dead, he manifests himself unto them; and as life and feeling spring up in their souls from sweet communion with him, the power of his resurrection becomes manifest in them.

The sacred humanity of our blessed Lord, as seen by faith, has a

blesed effect in drawing the soul up unto himself. We cannot have communion with pure Deity. Our fallen condition and miserable state as guilty sinners has for ever shut out that way. But eyeing by faith the pure humanity of our adorable Redeemer, in union with his eternal Deity, we may now draw near to God in all holy boldness. The blood of Jesus gives us access within the veil, as the apostle urges, "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh, and having an High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. x. 19-22.) And again, "Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession, for we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." (Heb. iv. 14-16.) Now, just in proportion to our faith in him as a risen Head shall we feel the holy boldness of which the apostle speaks; and as thus venturing nigh and enabled to plead with him, pour out our heart before him, show before him all our trouble, confess our sins, bewail our backslidings, and seek some manifestations of his pardoning love, will communion with him be sensibly experienced, for he will more or less manifest himself, apply some comforting word, and melt and soften the heart into humility and love.

This communion, therefore, with the Lord Jesus as a risen Head all the reconciled and justified saints of God are pressing forward after, according to the measure of their grace and the life and power of God in their soul. It is indeed often sadly interrupted and grievously broken through by the sin that dwelleth in us. But the principle is there, for that principle is life; and life is the privilege, the possession, and the distinction of the children of God. You need none to assure you that Jesus is risen from the dead if he manifests himself to your soul. You want no evidence that you are a sheep if you have heard and know his voice. So you may say, "Jesus is risen, for I have seen him; Jesus is risen, for I have heard him; Jesus is risen, for I live upon him." Communion with Jesus is the life of religion, and indeed without it religion is but an empty name. If without him we can do nothing; if he is our life, our risen covenant Head, our Advocate with the Father, our Husband, our Friend, our Brother, how are we to draw sap out of his fulness, as the branch from the vine, or to know him personally and experimentally in any one of his endearing relationships, unless by continual communion with him on his throne of grace? In fact, this is the grand distinguishing point between the living and the dead, between the true child of God and the mere professor, that the one has real union and communion with a risen Jesus and the other is satisfied with a form of godliness. Every quickened soul is made to feel

after the power of God, after communion from above, after pardon and peace, after visitations of mercy and grace; and when he has had a view of Christ by faith, and some revelation of his Person and work, grace and glory, nothing afterwards can ever really satisfy him but that inward communion of spirit with Jesus whereby the Lord and he become one; "for he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.)

3. Another fruit of Christ's resurrection, and closely and intimately connected with the foregoing, is, *the rising with him of the spiritual affections* of his believing people, as the apostle urges on the Colossian saints: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." (Col. iii. 1, 2.) By nature we cleave to earth and to earthly objects. Our affections are buried in the grave of death, nor are we able of ourselves to raise them up to high and heavenly things. We need, then, the power of Christ's resurrection to be inwardly felt and realised, that, as risen with him our covenant Head, we may no longer lie buried in the things of time and sense, the vain and fleeting objects here below, but may set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Our Head is risen from the dead. Why, then, should we, the members of his body, still grovel here below in the dust of the earth? He is gone up on high. Let our affections mount with him. He is in heaven. Let our hearts be with him. Now just in proportion as we realise the power of Christ's resurrection do we thus rise in our heart and affections up from this miserable earth, with all its cares and all its passing vanities. Nothing seems to be a greater evidence of the low, sunken state of the church in the present day than the manifest want of this heavenly grace. How few there are whose affections are set on things above. How few can really say, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." (Phil. iii. 20.) How few there are who, either by their conversation or their life, manifest that their heart is in heaven—we will not say continually, but ever there at all. How few seem to have any affectionate thoughts toward Jesus, any longing for his manifested presence—"O, when wilt thou come unto me?"—any delight in him as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely, any breaking forth of heart after him as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, any adoring contemplation of his glory, any inward retirement of spirit, whereby their wandering affections are gathered home and fixed upon heavenly things. We know, indeed, how cold, stupid, and carnal the heart often is, and how the affections stray after the things of time and sense; but to be *always* so, never to have any sweet incoming of divine life and power drawing the affections heavenward, how do such persons differ from those altogether dead in a profession? Where there is life, it will work; where there is faith, it will act; where there is love, it will flow. Such persons, to say the least, are in a very perilous condition, for if not wholly dead, their affections being so set on things of earth,

they lie open to the worst snares of the devil and the flesh. Even some of the Lord's more clearly-manifested people are verily guilty in this matter. Some of them are bowed down with a daily load of care. Worldly anxieties fill their mind and occupy their thoughts from morning to night. Can these be said to be spiritually risen with Christ? Would not the power of his resurrection experimentally felt lift them up from their family cares, their business cares, their too often imaginary, their self-tormenting cares? Were their faith more firmly fixed on a risen Christ, their affections more set on a living Christ, what a load of carking cares would be removed from their shoulders! Others of the Lord's family are bowed down with worldly grief and sorrow. Some beloved object has been removed out of their sight, and their affections linger round the tomb which holds his earthly remains. The sorrow of the world is working death in them, nor can they look beyond the sepulchre to the resurrection. But is not Christ risen from the dead? Has he not destroyed death and him that had the power of death, and as having felt the power of his resurrection, should not their affections rise with him, and there find their happiness and their home, instead of seeking the living among the dead? Others, again, who once did run well, and whose heart and affections once seemed fixed on heavenly things, through that root of all evil, the love of money, are now eagerly pursuing the world, intent upon gain, thinking they never can have enough, elated with every flush of success, and correspondingly depressed with failures and reverses. Knowing what we are by nature, and how surrounded by temptation on every side to do evil, we cannot wonder that even those who have some marks of the fear of God in their hearts may be, for a time, left to live so far from the power of Christ's resurrection. But it will not always be so with them. There are in reserve for them heavy crosses, hot fires, deep waters; and by these, as so many chastening rods, they will be brought once more to feel the power of Christ's resurrection raising them out of their carnality and death, and then once more they will set their affections on things above.

4. Closely connected with the setting of our affections on things above, as the fruit of the resurrection of Jesus and of our union with him as a risen Head, is the being made *spiritually-minded*; that heavenly grace which contains in its bosom these two blessed fruits, "life and peace." (Rom. viii. 6.) Just in proportion as our heart and affections are engaged on heavenly objects, shall we feel a sweet savor of heaven resting upon our spirit; and as we can only give back what we receive, every going forth of divine life from the soul below is but the fruit and effect of the incoming of that life from above. Christ is our life above; (Col. iii. 4;) and as he by his Spirit and grace maintains the life of faith in the soul, it manifests itself in gracious acts upon himself. This movement of the life within up to its divine Author and Object is the breathing of the spirit from under its house of clay, the ascension of the soul up unto God, the taking possession beforehand of its mansion above, and sitting down with Christ in heavenly places before the glorious celebration of the marriage supper of the Lamb. (Rev. xix. 7, 9.)

Without this spirituality of mind religion is but a mere name, an empty mask, a delusion, and a snare. There must be wrought in the soul of every heir of glory before he departs out of this time state what the apostle calls a being "made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." (Col. i. 12.) God does not take into heaven, into the fulness of his own eternal bliss, those whom he does not love, and who do not love him. It is a prepared people for prepared mansions. And this preparedness for heaven; as an inward grace, much consists in that sweet spirituality of mind whereby heavenly things become our only happiness, and an inward delight is felt in them which enlarges the heart, ennobles the mind, softens the spirit, and lifts the whole soul, as it were, up into a holy atmosphere in which it bathes as its choice element. This is "life," not the cold, dead profession of those poor, carnal creatures who have only a natural faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the truths of his gospel; but that blessed life which shall never die, but live in the eternal presence of God when earth and all it holds shall be wrapped in the devouring flames. And it is "peace"—the Redeemer's dying legacy—whereby, as he himself fulfils it, he calms the troubled waves of the soul, stills every rebellious movement, and enthrones himself in the heart as the Prince of peace.

5. The last fruit of the resurrection of the blessed Lord that we shall mention is that it is the *first fruits and pledge* of the resurrection of the saints at the last day. So speaks the apostle in that chapter which has comforted thousands of mourners when they have laid in the tomb the remains of their beloved husbands, wives, children, or friends who have departed in the Lord. "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept; for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (1 Cor. xv. 20–22.) Christ risen is the first fruits of that mighty crop of buried dead whose remains still sleep in the silent dust, and who will be joined by successive ranks of those who die in him, till all are together wakened up in the resurrection morn. The figure is that of the sheaf of the first fruits which was waved before the Lord before the harvest was allowed to be reaped. (Levit. xxiii. 10, 11.) This offering of the wave sheaf was the consecration and dedication of the whole crop in the field to the Lord, as well as the manifest pledge that the harvest was fully ripe for the reaper's sickle. The first fruits represented the whole of the crop, as Christ is the representative of his saints; the offering of them sanctified what was still unreaped in the field, as Christ sanctified or consecrated unto God the yet unreaped harvest of the buried dead; and the carrying them into the tabernacle was the first introduction therein of the crop, as Christ entering heaven as the first fruits secures thereby the entrance of the bodies of the saints into the mansions prepared for them before the foundation of the world. Thus Christ rising from the dead presented himself before the Lord as the first fruits of the grand harvest of the resurrection yet unreaped, and by so doing consecrated and dedicated the whole crop unto God. As, then, he rose from the dead, so shall all the sleeping saints rise from

the dead at the last day, for his resurrection is the first fruits, the pledge, and earnest of theirs.

His risen body also is the type to which the risen bodies of the saints are to be conformed, "for as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." (1 Cor. xv. 48.) This is that glorious image to which the saints are to be all conformed. "For whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." (Rom. viii. 29.) But though fully retaining all the essential characteristics of humanity, for otherwise it would cease to be manhood in conjunction with Godhead, yet so unspeakably glorious is this risen body of the blessed Lord, to the image of which the risen saints will be conformed, that in this time state we can not only form no conception of its surpassing glory, but not even of that inferior degree of glory which will clothe the bodies of the saints at the resurrection. "Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.) But of this we may be sure, that there will always be an essential and unapproachable distinction between the glory of Christ's humanity and theirs. His humanity, being in eternal union with his Deity, derives thence a glory which is distinct from all other, and to which there can be no approach, and with which there can be comparison. The glory of the moon never can be the glory of the sun, though she shines with his reflected light. "He will change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" (Phil. iii. 21;) but though like, it will not be the same. It will be the saints' eternal happiness to see him as he is, and to be made like unto him; but it will be their everlasting joy that he should ever have that pre-eminence of glory which is his birthright, and to adore which will ever be their supreme delight. To have a body free from all sin, sickness, and sorrow, filled to its utmost capacity of holiness and happiness, able to see him as he is without dying under the sight, and to be re-united to its once suffering but now equally glorified companion, an immortal soul, expanded to its fullest powers of joy and bliss—if this be not sufficient, what more can God give?

There remain three more aspects of the humanity of the blessed Redeemer—his ascension into heaven, his present state there, and his second coming, the consideration of which we must defer to a future occasion.

Died.

At Bath, on March 6th, aged 45, deeply regretted by his attached congregation, MR. G. S. B. ISBELL, minister of the gospel at Bethesda Chapel, Bath, after an illness of about four weeks. On Lord's Day evening, February 5th, he spoke from the words, "Behold the Lamb of God," with much unction, but with evident difficulty from illness. He went from the pulpit to his bed-room, which he never after left. Ulceration of the tongue and throat set in, and increased till danger

was anticipated. On Lord's Day evening, March 4th, the bowels were attacked, which ended in mortification. His agony was great. He said, "The great struggle is now begun." Large doses of opium, by the advice of the medical attendant, were administered, and he was in a state of delirium the whole of that night.

His mourning widow adds the following account: He recovered his mind about three o'clock on Monday. I was wiping his dear face with a damp cloth, when he opened his eyes, and, through mercy, knew me. He put out both his hands, drew me down to kiss me, spoke a few comforting words to me, which I was too thankful to hear, and said, "This is death." A Christian friend asked if the Lord granted his presence? He replied, "Yes, always present, never absent." The medical attendant coming in, inquired how he felt. "Well in Christ," was his answer. He then turned to me and said, "He is full of Christ; I shall order nothing to cloud his mind." My friend Miss L. came to his bed-side; he knew her, pressed her hand, smiled, and said, "Glad, glad." I asked, before her and another friend, "Is Jesus precious, dear George?" He said, "He is *now my only* support." He seemed in continual prayer. Occasional sweet words we gathered from him, such as "love, blood, Jesus, faith, mercy; O God, who hearest and answerest prayer; pray—pray for her,"—looking at me. An hour before he died, his voice was so sunk and hoarse from the nature of his disease that he could be but imperfectly heard, though he made great efforts to make himself understood. He gradually sank, and not a cloud passed over his beaming face until his spirit calmly and peaceably passed away.

The following is a short outline of his experience as furnished to us by his surviving partner: "He was a gay, thoughtless young man till arrested in the year 1836, when, I believe, there could not have been a greater display of the sovereignty of God, for when he stopped him it was seen and observed by all men. He was then reading for the church, with the promise of a living. But previous to that he was about joining Major Napier, as a volunteer, in the army in Spain, and was in London waiting final orders, when the above offer was made to him. Just at this time the late Mr. George, rector of Kents-town, Ireland, was preaching at Stonehouse, when he went, as it is called, carnally, to hear him. Conviction was then and there fastened on his conscience, and he always viewed Mr. George as the instrument in God's hands of his conversion. He went through a good deal of soul trouble, but was set at liberty whilst walking in the fields in great agony of mind; and soon afterwards began to preach occasionally, first at Mount Zion, Devonport, and Corpus Christi, his late chapel at Stonehouse. In July, 1838, he became the pastor of the Independent church at Stoke, near Devonport; but in April, 1839, he was led into the ordinance of baptism, broke up communion with the church, and was baptized. At the close of the year 1841 he formed a church at Stoke Chapel on strict Baptist principles, with many to whom his ministry had been blessed, and firmly held those principles to the day of his death. For many years he preached for three months alternately at Trinity Chapel, Leicester, and Stoke Chapel, and afterwards at Stonehouse, and was much esteemed and loved at both places, especially by those to whom his ministry had been blessed. Feeling the inconvenience and other trying circumstances attending having two churches and congregations at so wide a distance, and believing there was an opening at Bath for a more fixed ministry, he settled at Bethesda Chapel, Bath, where he labored, with sinking health, but much acceptance, for the last two years."

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1860.

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

A SERMON BY THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

“Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.”—1 PET. v. 6.

THE apostle, in the verse preceding my text, exhorts believers to be subject one to another, and to be clothed with humility, for God “resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.” There is a kind of humility that is common to many, and which passes with some for that “meek and quiet spirit” which the Lord declares, in his sight, to be “of great price.” (1 Pet. iii. 4.) Indeed, we all think, till it pleases the Lord to teach us better, that if a person submit to his superiors, is mild and condescending in his behaviour to all men, and is resigned to the afflictions that the providence of God is pleased to lay upon him, such a one is very humble. Indeed, *naturally*, he is so; and such characters are really to be respected before men. But all this may be, and the person at the same time not be a real humble man in the sight of God, not having submitted to the righteousness of God, but going about to establish his own righteousness. In so doing he really rejects Christ and all salvation in him, so that however humble, honest, and decent his deportment may appear to be before men, he is in scripture styled, “stout-hearted, and far from righteousness.” (Isa. xlvi. 12.) But why so? Because he rejects the one only righteousness which the Lord himself hath appointed whereby to justify ungodly sinners, as it is written, “By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.” (Rom. v. 19.) By the *imputation* of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, God, our great creditor, against whom we have all sinned, justifies us freely from all things from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses; and being covered with this wedding garment, (Matt. xxii. 11, 12,) we shall stand unblamable and unreprouvable, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, in the presence of God to all eternity. But all that stand upon their own foundation, in other words, all that hold fast their own righteousness, and are not clothed by God himself in the imputed righteousness of the Son of God, will, notwithstanding their outward appearance of holiness, be shut out from the marriage supper of the Lamb, and be cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and

gnashing of teeth. The apostle then brings in the words of my text, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." From these words I will show you,

I. What is here meant by *the mighty hand of God*.

II. What we are to understand by *humbling ourselves under it*.

III. That the Lord will *exalt such persons*, and *wherein*.

IV. The *due time* wherein Peter tells us it is to be, and when this season may be said to be fully come.

I. By "the hand of the Lord" we are sometimes to understand his *power*: "All his saints are in thy hand," (Deut. xxxiii. 3,) by which is meant, all whom the Father has given to Christ shall, by the dear Redeemer, be kept safe, and preserved unto eternal life, as our Lord himself says, "Those whom thou gavest me I have kept." (John xvii. 12.) But this is not "the hand" spoken of in my text. Again; by "the hand of the Lord" is to be understood his kind care of them as a God of providence, in freely bestowing upon them the necessaries of life, and protecting them from their enemies: "My hand shall be known towards my servants, and mine indignation towards mine enemies." (Isa. lxvi. 14.) Sometimes, by "the hand of the Lord" is meant God's sovereign disposal of all events and circumstances, so that no man can hinder, disannul, or bring to nought what the fore-determinate counsel of God hath appointed to take place, as saith the apostle Peter, when speaking of the malice and cruelty of the Jews against our dear Redeemer, "For to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done;" (Acts iv. 28;) and David tells us, "My times are in thy hand," (Ps. xxxi. 15,) implying, "Let my enemies plot what mischief they can against me, and desire to take away my life as often as they please, it shall all prove abortive if God in mercy has determined to rescue me from their malice, because my times are in the hand of my God; he hath allotted me a fixed time to live, and a particular work to fulfil; and until these are accomplished, neither men nor devils can hurt me." But neither of these meanings is that of "the mighty hand of God" spoken of in my text.

By the mighty hand of God, then, I understand the revelation of the wrath of God against the sinner in his righteous law. All who have felt the bondage, the fear, and terror which is conveyed to the soul when God enters into judgment with the sinner for the breach of his holy law, sets his sins in order before his eyes, and makes him to feel that the law is spiritual, but that he is carnal, sold under sin; so that nothing but death and everlasting destruction every moment seem to await him; and all hope of saving himself by his own obedience is entirely cut off,—all such will acknowledge that the hand of God which has laid hold of him and arrested him on account of sin is indeed a *mighty* hand. For turn whatever way he may, he finds he cannot by any means that he can devise flee out of God's hand; for the law will pursue the sinner with unremitting rigor, say-

ing, "Pay me that thou owest," till, by faith, which is the gift of God, he lays hold on the glorious Surety, who hath fully satisfied all the demands of God's holy and righteous law. (Heb. vii. 22.) Poor David, when he was under the discipline of the law, and felt the just indignation of a righteous and holy God, was obliged to confess from sad experience that it was a mighty hand that had smitten him. "Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thine hand presseth me sore, for mine iniquities are gone over my head, as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long! I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." (Psalm xxxviii.) Job, too, when he experienced the wrath of an angry God on account of sin, made the same bitter complaint as the Psalmist: "O that my grief were thoroughly weighed and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me;" (Job vi. 2-4;) and he intreats his friends to sympathise with him in his deplorable condition: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." (Job xix. 21.) The poor distressed man had borne the loss of his property, of his children, and of his bodily health, together with the unkind behaviour of his wife, with the fortitude of a man and with the submission that well becomes a child of God, and acknowledged that as God had given so he had a just right to take away, whenever it was his blessed will, (Job i. 21,) so that he did from his heart bless the name of his God, who did all things well. But when God entered into judgment with him as a sinner; when he "wrote bitter things against him, and made him to possess the iniquities of his youth;" (Job xiii. 26;) then he begged that the Lord would withdraw his hand from him, "and let not thy dread," says he, "make me afraid." (Job xiii. 21.) But whence proceeded all this fear, this dread, and terror? It proceeded from the revelation of God's wrath against him as a sinner; and although he was a man that feared God and hated evil, yet before God no man living shall be justified in his own righteousness. (Ps. cxliii. 2; Rom. iii. 20.) Therefore, to bring Job from resting on this foundation the Lord brought him into judgment with him, set his sins before him, and made him to feel the spirituality of his holy law; (Rom. vii. 14;) and then the poor man was effectually convinced of the true state of his soul before God, and said, "I will lay my hand upon my mouth, for I am vile;" "What shall I answer thee?" "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." So the apostle tells us that "the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God," and when this is the case, it is that we may be brought in guilty before God in this life, that we may not be condemned with the world. Now, when the mighty hand of God is thus upon us for sin, the apostle tells us to humble ourselves under it; and this leads to our second particular, namely,

II. What is meant by *humbling ourselves* under the mighty hand of God.

1. The first branch is *confession*. When the Lord convinces the sinner of his lost and undone state by nature he expects a free and open acknowledgment of his sin and misery before God: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity;" (Jer. iii. 13;) and he hath made us a promise, "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." (Prov. xxviii. 13.) This David did: "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and my iniquity have I not hid," &c.; (Ps. xxxii.) and he not only confessed his actual transgressions, but he traces them all up to the original source, "Behold, I was shapen in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me." (Ps. li. 5.) Job did the same. He confessed before God that he was vile, and said, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." (Job xiv. 4.) So the children of God in the days of old freely confessed the same truth, "We are all as an unclean thing; and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

2. The Lord requires not only confession, but also that we *accept of the punishment* of our iniquity, (Lev. xxvi. 41,) not as an atonement for our wickedness, as some foolishly imagine, for Christ's suffering sacrifice alone makes atonement for sin: "By his stripes we are healed," (Isa. liii. 5,) but that we may know in some measure what an evil and bitter thing sin is; (Jer. ii. 19;) and that we may sympathise a little with our dear Redeemer in his intense and dolorous sufferings. (Matt. xx. 23; Phil. iii. 10; Rom. vi. 5.) Hence we see David accepted from the hand of God his fatherly correction. When Shimei cursed him, and cast stones at him, "So let him curse," said he, "because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who, then, shall say, Wherefore hast thou done so? It may be God will requite me good for his cursing this day." (2 Sam. xvi. 10-12.) "Behold, here I am," says the Psalmist, on another occasion, "let him do what seemeth good unto him." (2 Sam. xv. 26.)

3. God expects that we should *justify him and condemn ourselves*. David did so: "He hath not dealt with us according to our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;" (Ps. ciii. 10;) and until this takes place, we are not humbled under the mighty hand of God. This is one cause of the long controversy that is between us and our Maker, that we do not wholly justify God, but rather take part with sinful self; and although we may not say so in our words, yet in our actions we do condemn God and justify ourselves, thinking the Lord deals too hardly with us. Upon this account the Lord found fault with Job: "Wilt thou disannul my judgment? wilt thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous?" (Job xl. 8.) But this language must be reversed; self must be condemned, and the Judge of all the earth must be acknowledged as righteous in all his ways and just in all his works; and that however severely he may chastise us rebellious wretches, yet he exacteth of us far less than our iniquities deserve. (Job xi. 6.) Wisdom is thus justified of all her children. (Matt. xi. 19.)

4. The scripture says that we should *call upon the name of the Lord* when we are under his chastening hand; and God says that all his children shall do so: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and I will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." (Zech. xiii. 9.) Thus did David: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul;" (Ps. cxvi. 4;) and although our sins may call loudly for vengeance; though God may seem to stand aloof from our distress; and it may appear to us as if all our prayers were lip-labor, and we may be tempted by Satan time after time to give it all up; yet, if we have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, the Author of our faith will not let us give up the point till we get the blessing of eternal life. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," will be the language of the soul; and however low the faith of the poor sinner may sink, through repeated disappointments, yet he will be sure to be at it again with double energy when his faith gets a revival, for he feels that his soul is at stake, and an interest in the merits of the Lord Jesus he must have. And his desire shall be granted, for the Son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." (Matt. xi. 12.)

III. Our third particular is the *exaltation* spoken of: "He will exalt you." This is twofold.

1. In this life it will appear in our *adoption* into the family of heaven, as saith the beloved apostle, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." (1 John iii. 1.) By this high and glorious privilege we become heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, as he himself says, in his unsearchable riches: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." (John xx. 17.) Thus we may at all times and upon all occasions draw near to the throne of his grace, put him in remembrance of his kind promises, and freely expect him to bestow upon us every needful blessing for the sake of the Beloved.

2. Again. We are exalted to *the dignity of kings and priests*, as it is written, "And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." (Rev. i. 6.) Sin that used formerly to rule and reign over us is subdued, and the grace of God rules and reigns in the heart. Satan, who usurped authority over us, and led us captive at his will, is dethroned, and the peaceful empire of the Prince of peace is established in the soul. The ungodly with whom we formerly joined hand in hand are now forsaken, and our affections are united to the excellent of the earth, the children of God.

3. But our kingly power and glory will more conspicuously appear *at the resurrection of the just*. The apostle tells us, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be;" but the scriptures give us some information upon this head. We shall be delivered from the bond-

age of corruption, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and our vile bodies shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our dear Redeemer, spiritual, incorruptible, and immortal. But further; as kings we have a kingdom prepared for us, and at the appointed time we shall be put into possession, and inherit the kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world; and we shall receive a grant from Christ to sit with him in his throne. (Rev. iii. 21.) "He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous, but with kings are they on the throne; yea, he doth establish them for ever, and they are exalted." (Job xxxvi. 7.)

4. But our exaltation will yet further appear in *the power we shall have over the nations*, as it is written, "He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron," &c. (Rev. ii. 26, 27.) "This honor have all his saints." (Ps. cxlix. 5-9.)

5. Again. The Psalmist speaks of being exalted to inherit the *new heavens and the new earth*. "Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it." (Ps. xxxvii. 34.)

Thus you see, brethren, we poor saved sinners have honor, glory, and majesty laid up in store for us; and as we, by faith in Christ crucified, have the substance of these good things, which we live in hopes of enjoying, let us not be cast down because the path to this honor lies through tribulation; but in expectation of this glorious reward which is set before us let us pray for more grace to endure the daily cross appointed for us, and to despise the shame which the ungodly would fain put us to. For it will not be long ere we shall be where our dear Redeemer is, and enjoy those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

IV. Peter tells us that the Lord will exalt us *in due time*. There is a time fixed by God himself for every purpose, when every event appointed will directly take place, and not before; but we may gather from scripture when this due time of our text is at hand. The Lord tells us that when "our strength is all gone," then he will appear and make his strength perfect in our weakness; when we have not a mite to pay one debt to divine justice we shall be frankly forgiven the whole sum. When we seek for him with the whole heart we shall undoubtedly find him; and when we are dead to all hope of saving ourselves, in whole or in part, then we shall hear the life-giving voice of the Son of God, and live for evermore. Is this your case? If you say, Yes, then God tells you deliverance is nigh, even at the door, and the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple.

THERE IS NOT any thing that is good in us, nothing that is well done by us, in the way of obedience, but the scripture expressly and frequently assigns it unto the immediate operations of the Holy Spirit in us. It doth so in general as to all gracious actings whatever, and not content therewith, it proposeth every grace, and every holy duty, distinctly affirming the Holy Ghost to be the immediate author of them.—*Owen.*

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MRS. M. L. T., A HEARER OF MR. HUNTING- TON AND MR. JENKINS.

Jan., 1808.—This being a favorable opportunity, I intend, by God's help and by his will, to minute down a few particulars of his gracious dealings with me, thinking it may be helpful in times of temptation and desertion; as David says, "I will remember thee from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar."

Being born of professing parents, I was taught the word of God from a child. One day, being at school, when about eight or nine years old, I read these words, "All sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven." Returning from school, I began to consider what this sin against the Holy Ghost could be; and such blasphemous thoughts arose in my mind as are too heinous to mention. "Well, now," thought I, "having committed this sin, I am damned for ever. O," thought I, "what would I give had I not thought of such things!" When I got home, if I remember rightly, I begged for God's forgiveness; but the thought came that it was unpardonable. This brought such a gloom on my mind that I hated to be with anybody, and I used to go about alone. But this soon wore off, and I began to be persuaded in my mind that God might forgive me if I was very good. Accordingly, when the play-hours came, instead of having a game I would go away into some field and pray or read under a tree. This I did all the summer; but when it began to get cold I could not do it, and seeing the other children so happy in their sports, I was easily persuaded to join them; by which means I made terrible wounds in my conscience, but by degrees became hardened in sin, and was especially addicted to lying. Though I often tried much against it yet it was to no purpose. Indeed, if any one asked me but a simple question, it was ten to one that I did not give them a lie in answer.

I was now sent to school at West Tarring, but boarded at Salvington. While I lived here, the gentleman with whom I was lodged himself. I believe it was this, though I hardly remember, which began to bring on me the fear of death. I thought I would leave off my wicked life, and now began, as I thought, to reform. I prayed, or rather said prayers, two or three times a day. I tried to know the will of God and to do it.

Soon after this, the archbishop came to Tarring to confirm. I thought now I was so good it was a pity I should not be confirmed; for I had this idea that my godfathers and godmothers were to answer for my sins before confirmation, and of course receive all the merit of my good actions, though I much feared this was not the case. I was not, however, old enough; but I went to the parson, was examined, and approved of, so that I received a ticket. This fed my pride, though it wounded my conscience; for I was obliged to equivocate about my age; but having resolved from that time to be good, I thought I should be forgiven. But I soon fell into sin

again; and so went on, sinning and repenting, till I left school. I then went on in pleasure, as I called it, for a time; but the thought that I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost followed me so closely that I could not take such delight in the things of the world as I would. All this time I was very fond of a good name, and very self-righteous, though I feared I was not right at the bottom.

About this time, having family matters which caused me trouble, I began to be more earnest about religion. I then got hold of some evangelical books, as they are called, wherein I found the plan of salvation by Christ's righteousness. This I believed. The next thing I found was that we must pass through tribulation. This I construed to mean outward troubles, which I also had. The next was a new birth; and my having embraced Christ for salvation, or rather to help in it, I concluded I had this also. Now I thought myself quite happy; and every trouble that came on, I rejoiced in believing it a sure sign I was in the right way to heaven; but never considered that the sorrow of the world worketh death, for all mine was of this sort. I often meditate on the goodness of God in not taking me off in this state, though I even went so far in presumptuous confidence as to wish and even to pray for it.

Soon after this the Lord brought me to hear Mr. Jenkins, of Lewes. With him I was much pleased, and seemed at first very happy; but soon, under his ministry, the Lord was pleased to bring me into sorrow for sin. I began to see what a self-righteous and hardened hypocrite I had always been. This I had never before considered, and the consideration almost drove me to despair. "O," thought I, "what has been my life? O that I had been a careless, thoughtless fool all my time; but God gave me conviction when very young, and I would receive none of God's reproofs; and now the day of grace has passed. I have committed the unpardonable sin over and over again." In this state, and with these fears, I wrote to a friend, (Mrs. N.,) who, I believe, was a good woman. She sent me word she was sure I had never committed the unpardonable sin, as I never knew God. This caused me to hope that I might obtain mercy, and I began to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" I well knew if I was taken away in the state I then was, I should surely be damned.

I now began to consider the doctrine of election; but my wicked heart heaved against it, though I dared not confess it; but after I got more calm I longed most ardently to know if I was elected. I thought I would give freely everything I had to know that I was. I often prayed to know this, but got no answer.

After this my trouble seemed to go off; and now I was more than ever frightened, for I now believed God would not save me. My heart, too, was so hard that I could not pray to be saved; but God was pleased to deliver me from this dead frame, and give me a little gleam of hope under Mr. Huntington, at Bolney, in the spring of 1804.

Soon after this, the devil set a trap for my soul; and but for the kindness and mercy of God, even to the worst of rebels, I had

fallen: "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped." This lasted till the following spring. Sometimes a little fear of God operated in my soul; at others I seemed lost in the corruption of my nature. The desire for salvation seemed quite overpowered by the lust of the flesh. I was still kept praying that I might not be given up to it, but still felt it work in my members; so that I thought God knew that I was a hypocrite; and I was tempted to believe I desired nothing so much as this sin. "Well," thought I, "time past I said I would part with all for heaven, even if I had ten times more than I have, and now God has put me to a trial, I will not part with my lust for all that Christ has done for me. I never can be saved—that is certain." Sometimes I thought of these words, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit on my throne;" but I immediately feared I should never overcome, for I seemed more and more swallowed up in my carnal desire, though I never could enjoy it as I would, because of the terrors of God.

One day I was invited out to dinner, but refused to go, knowing it to be a worldly company. However, I was persuaded to go. While I was there I was much terrified with thoughts of my wickedness in being with the ungodly; for my sins of ignorance, or before I made a profession, seemed now not to terrify me, but the daily slips and falls I had. Thought I, "Suppose the friends with whom I correspond were to see me now, they would say I was given up to be a reprobate; surely I am. O what would I give to be at home, or anywhere by myself!" What the company thought of me I knew not, nor did I care. I was too wretched to mind them. I hated them and myself too. I tried several times to put on my cloak to go home, but all to no purpose. At last I left off trying, and they all went away. Then I went upstairs and poured out my soul to God, heartily praying that he would forgive my sin and folly. I saw what a sinner I was; and this was much aggravated by my presumption; for my conscience testified against me from the first setting off. Yet while I was begging of God to deliver me, I found some energy and faith in his mercy, which encouraged me to hope. I then went to bed; and while I was musing on the nature of my offence, and how dishonoring to God it was, all at once I felt such a humbling sense of Christ's death for me as I cannot describe. I know not that any particular word was applied; but my feelings were such that I felt persuaded Christ died for such sinners as I, and the Holy Ghost bore witness to it. I felt such a sense of my unworthiness as I never did before. Indeed, I could never conceive myself to be such a grievous sinner as I then felt I was. My sensations were such as poor Peter's. When I thought on my sin, and on my Saviour, for I then believed he was mine, I wept, and that from my very soul. Never before did I have such a sweet night, though sleep was a stranger to me. I do not know that I slept one hour, if at all. This sweet frame soon vanished, however, though the savor of it was with me, I believe, nearly a week; in which time I made many vows to God that I would never more enter into worldly company to the dishonor of his holy name, but come out from them and

be separate, for I said within myself, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

But, alas! I knew very little of my wicked heart; for in about a fortnight after this the devil was my master again. I went in the same way once more; but O how different were my feelings! When I got there, instead of hating and loathing the company, I found my flesh caught with every vanity, and my heart shut up from God and as hard as a stone; no love but for the creature. "Now," thought I, "the Lord has given me up to hardness of heart and impenitence." I could not have put up a petition to save my soul, though in the greatest fear. I often found self-pity and hard thoughts of God, which I knew would add to my destruction; for I was left in this state for many weeks. Sometimes I would have left every good desire to fulfil the desire of my eyes and of my flesh; but the Lord was still gracious to my soul, and I could not cast off that fear which he had implanted in my heart. As he says, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." And truly but for that fear I had been gone long ago willingly to destruction and perdition. I found from my feelings there was but a step between me and hell, whether I would part with my beloved lust or with God himself. I begged of him at last to pluck me out in some way. O how merciful he is! I told him if he left me I was sure to fall; and if he would save me from it I would believe he was my God. If not, I must conclude I was given up to Satan, the idea of which made me shudder. It was also suggested to me that I had tempted God, but he was pleased to hear me and deliver me from that hour. Now I can see from what I am delivered; nor would I be without the trial for all the world, for it has shown me my weakness and the power of God Almighty to save the worst. I have done evil as I could, but God has not forsaken me. O now I found and felt that God was my Father. I was an Israelite indeed, for I had prevailed with God in prayer. I was very happy and continued so for some time; but the devil would enter in and stir up all my old affections for the creature, till I was full of rebellion against God. Again. Sometimes he would come with such things as these: "It is very hard that I should be denied the innocent pleasures of my age; besides, it is no sin to be punished by the judges, nor has God ever spoken against man, but said it is not good to be alone. It is true we are not to be yoked with unbelievers, but God could put faith in him, and perhaps he has done so. You had better go back," and so on, until he would drive me to desperation; but some word, or some of God's goodness, would now and then come into my mind and allay all this. Then I could go on again, praising God for my deliverance.

This went on till June, about two or three months, when I heard Mr. Huntington, at the opening of Lewes Chapel, from, "And the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." I saw from this sermon such beauty in the word and works of God, and such wonderful love in ordaining a house where he would show himself gra-

scious to the worst of sinners, hear from heaven worms of this earth, and when he heard forgive, and manifest this forgiveness by letting them see his glory and feel his love, that my soul was filled with joy for a little while. It soon went off, however; though how I lost it I knew not. I long tried to hold it, and when it was quite gone I would not acknowledge it; for the wickedness of my heart led me to be proud of what I had. To an uncommon degree I would speak of my unworthiness and of God's mercy, when all the while I was as proud as Satan, and but for mercy, I had fallen into the condemnation of the devil.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. DARK, FORMERLY OF DEVIZES.

My ever dear Friend,—The first word that struck my mind, in making one more faint and feeble struggle to write to you, was, "Death." This is a word with which I have much communion or familiarity. Sometimes I am like one whom dear John Bunyan calls "Much Afraid." In fact the tribulation I am called to endure works death. With me this is often in feeling and reality: "Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is death." "Was that which is good made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good, that sin might become exceeding sinful." I seem to be amongst those whom God hath set forth, as it were, appointed to death—I mean in the sorrows I am destined to bear; the cross that is chosen for and laid upon me; the struggles I have between life and death; the feelings I have at times of sinking despondency. For as regards any hope for the rest of the foot of my soul here, or anything of earthly comfort; it is all over. Sometimes, when the mind of a brother in Christ changes—the least change—and his professed love appears to cool, O what internal searchings, what fears, lest I have presumptuously put my hand to the gospel plough! How am I led to beg of the Almighty Redeemer to forgive me, and make the way plain before my face, that if it be his will I may no longer continue on in a presumptuous state. How I pity any people that ever opened a door for me to preach. How I wonder that any door should be kept open. What a great fool I appear in my own eyes and feelings. What a fool I thought myself last night in ever saying a word about coming to Providence next Wednesday. It seemed to me I could not come, or venture again under your roof, since I must return ashamed and never dare to look up any more. I really am, at times, from one circumstance and another, oppressed greatly. I am straitened amazingly. I am such a fool. I am saying, The sorrows of my heart are enlarged; all these things are against me; my soul within me appears desolate, yea, desolation and death run down on almost everything.

Still am I led in struggling faith to tell the Lord that he deals with me in righteousness and equity. I do believe, if he had dealt with me as I have dealt with him, and rewarded me for one sin of a thousand, either outwardly or inwardly, I should now have been banished from his loving, sin-pardoning presence, and been in the deeps of eternal death. Well, perhaps you will be ready to say, are you again led to the foot of Mount Sinai, to the mountain that burns only with blackness, darkness, and consuming fire? If I do not err in judgment, I must say,

No. The holy, fiery law I have had read in my conscience; its consuming nature I have experienced within me; its sentence I have had recorded in me at the bar of God; justice, in the light of its frown, has put out all my natural light; its execution has proved death to everything of nature, both outward and inward.

But to return. I found, through these exercises, groanings moved, sighs drawn forth, prayer squeezed out of my poor bruised breast, strong cryings to the Lord, long and continued petitionings, hard wrestlings, and if I am right in judgment, I never was broken more in faith and feeling, to say from my heart, "Thy will be done." I was brought to cease from every one and everything on earth, to say, "Thy will be done;" and as fresh circumstances and troubles were brought to my mind, and in the immediate presence of the Lord, it was, "Thy will be done. Amen and amen."

Will you say, "But where is your old nature, and what is it?" What, the old, living, dead carcase, the filthy, beastly, carnal, rebellious, selfish, proud, hard, cold, barren, stony, perverse, obstinate, murderous, adulterous, venal, death-like, sin-like, devil-like, sensual, lascivious, light, trifling, vain, old man? aye, indeed, I can hardly describe to you the thousandth part of him. But one thing I hope I can say, that I would lay hold of him by the hand of faith, and tear him in ten thousand pieces before the throne. I tell you just how I viewed him this morning—just like a serpent; and I was willing for the hand of faith to take hold of him with such a firm grasp by the throat that I would choke him; but, alas, alas! I thought if I thus had him, he would slip away out of my hand, and crawl immediately into his old lurking-places; into the hole in the old wall, and would still live to play his subtle pranks. But, my loved friend, after this I was led so solemnly in the way of faith's communion, I hope, with the blessed Trinity in Unity, to see and lay hold of the blessed plan of mercy in the covenant, that I could see, feel, and believe the love that the Lord had towards me in his providing a Surety—in punishing the Surety, that the poor debtor might go free; how justice and holiness, in all their infinite glory, received of me, in my Surety, the full payment for all my damning sins; how Christ endured the curse and despised the shame; how I gave account of all my deeds done in the body of my Surety; how my sins were judged and executed in his sacred body; how my sins were put to death in him; in what a blessed justified state I stood in him. But, dear friend, I must come down a little from the heights of Zion, from shoutings from the top of the mountains; for, could I now remember and pen the sacred manifestation, I must fill several pieces of this note-paper. For the moment, I judge the exercises of this precious visitation went before; what will be the trials of the faith to follow I am willing to leave.

Forgive me for this one more burden. It appears there will be about eight or nine from Bristol who sit under the ragged, limping old beggar, S. D., who is in the ragged, naked school, that will (D. V.) be over at the anniversary. How many of them will be privileged to partake of your kind, liberal, and offered hospitality, I know not; but I have advised them to get together and keep together.

Adieu, my much-loved, mourning, groaning, sighing, fearing, trembling, but sought-out and not forsaken sister in the faith as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. I send you by this my particular regard and affection, to mother and Mary. If anything should prevent my being at Providence I beg your desiring Mr. Warburton and Mr. Kershaw to accept all I can give—the love of a poor feeble worm.

Yours in love,

April 25th, 1851.

STEPHEN DARK.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. FRADGLEY.

My very dear and valuable Friend,—I received your very friendly and Christian letter, which breathed the Spirit of Christ; and under the influence of his grace it was most sweet, savory, and refreshing to my spiritual taste. But that my last should be refreshing to you, a man so greatly beloved, and distinguished both for knowledge and discernment in divine things, bows my soul in the dust. But as the Lord was pleased to point you to a few of those many kind and wonderful favors of divine grace which, in divine sovereignty, it hath seemed good to him to cast upon me, what can I say, but give him all the glory; for it is his own grace which he hath put within me, and which calls for thanksgiving and praise, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. I am not able to render unto him the praise for which his great mercies to my soul are daily and hourly calling. How should the narrowness of a finite mind extend any praise suitable to the goodness and mercy of an infinitely-gracious God, who reveals himself on my right hand and on my left, so that I have a clear sight given me of the wondrous way he has been taking with me both in his providence and in his grace? My way is so cast up before me that I seem to know what he has kept me in existence for, and where I shall ultimately land when wilderness trials are ended.

Neither are these all the discoveries he is making to me. No; they are not. He has led and is leading me, in reflecting acts of faith, back for forty years of my past life. He is holding up to my view all the promises which his kind hand has accomplished in times of great trouble and distress. These are facts which I have in possession, hold in my hand, and out of which the devil and all my adversaries cannot dispute me, for they are what my eyes see and my hands are handling. Those acts of faith which you heard me speak about are, I believe, about to be brought to an issue; acts which I told you of when I visited my native soil, and bore witness for the Lord in England as I had done in America, viz., that the fig-tree had put forth an abundance of leaves, by which we might know that he was nigh, even at the doors.

Pardon me, my brother, as I am now under the necessity of mentioning a circumstance, of which the Lord, in your last letter, made you to prophesy; and a true prophet I have found you. The words are these: "After such a gracious manifestation as this, no doubt there will follow something to counterbalance all this blessedness." And something there was, and is. And that something is not only the probable loss of the fourteen hundred dollars, which are in the hand of G. A., but the cruel abuse which I have received from him would shock you, as it does the Christians here who are acquainted with the circumstances. But it is not my intention to wound your feelings; so I shall merely add that G. and the other executor have settled his brother E.'s affairs, and paid 16s. in the pound, and thrown my note on one side; not one shilling in the pound for me—no, nor one penny. Now this, together with the abuse which I have received from him has wounded my soul, and smitten my life down to the ground. In this sorrowful state of soul did my God speak unto me with a divine power: "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me." O my dear brother, I had almost forgotten to act faith on that Bethel visit, it being almost twenty years ago—as if time could make a change in the Ancient of Days!

After this Bethel visit was over—for surely I lived for two months in the very suburbs of heaven, and followed him whithersoever he led me, for I had full confidence that he would direct my steps,—then the Lord

led me to Hackensack, and let me know that that was the place where I was to go, and also the work he had for me to do.

When I returned from England, it was my intention to take up my abode in Hackensack; and I moved there for that purpose, as I had considered Dr. Fræligh, a Christian, but not what I called a bright light; no, far from it. The Lord then showed me that he was about to remove him, and his people were to be left to stumble on the dark mountains for the want of clear light; and that I had no business there any longer. Now this was all brought to pass in less than six months. The Lord struck me with palsy and disabled my whole frame, so that I was under the necessity of being carried down to New York. Dr. Fræligh died, and his people were left to stumble full five years upon the dark mountains indeed! men of talent, but as dark as midnight in regard to the grace of God upon their souls. Out of Dr. Fræligh's ashes has he raised up Mr. Paulison, who, in my very soul, I believe to be the child in the cradle, according to the dream I told you of, and which I had the night that Mr. Doughty died, which cradle he put in the very place where he sat. But now I must return to my pledge, which I have held safe in my possession these eighteen years. The time seems to have come that the pledge is called for; but how unwilling have I been to give it up, not considering it was only put into my hands as a security for the mercy promised. But now I have made a surrender of it to him that gave it to me, with my whole heart, and with my whole soul. And what, think you, will follow? Why, my dear brother, the mercy promised for the year of his redeemed is come. Now, observe, the cradle was put in his place, and he is the only minister that I have ever come across that has entered into the low and desolate state of Zion. Her deliverance from the power of Antichrist is a strong desire of his heart; and while others all around are crying peace and safety, he, from the heights of Zion, is sounding the alarm that sudden destruction is at the door; for the storm that is coming is not hidden from him, for he sees the vengeance of God is ready to fall, and he is obliged to give the people warning, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear. He has also a clear knowledge of the power that human learning has on a deceived heart by his own experience, that it is almost possible to deceive the very elect; for, like Mr. C., he preached when he was destitute of divine power and life upon his own soul.

It is now a season of the year in which I can no longer do for myself; and my quiet retreat in Tappan is shut up in the providence of God this season; so I have taken refuge with Mr. and Mrs. Paulison; and surely I can say I am like a fish in water—in my element, and have savory conversation, such as my soul loveth. Remember me to all friends, and particularly to Mr. Wistle. Mr. Cannon is very silent, I don't know how to account for it. Give my love to him and accept the same for yourself.

Hackensack, June 24th, 1834.

ANN FRADGLEY.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Keyt by Mrs. Fradgley after her return to America from England, where, during her stay, she had been much in union and communion with the friends and members of Mr. Huntington. Mr. Wistle, whose name she mentions, was, we understand, a very blessed man, one of that little band that Mr. Huntington used to call "the Galileans," and of which Keyt is now best known to us by name and report; he is named in the Obituary of Mr. Bensley, (June No., 1859, p. 181,) though mis-printed "Wisth," as one for whose company and help to praise the Lord with him Mr. B. longed.]

THEY are justly plagued with error, who slight truth. False doctrines are fit plagues for false hearts.—*Flavel*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. MARY HOOPER.

My Dear Brother in Christ,—I have perused your two letters. That which respects your sister truly afflicted me much; it is a sad case to be in, but you know as well as I do that there is no case too desperate for the Great Physician, though it does look dark at present. You feel it has brought the cross upon your back. Well, this is to fall to the share of every member of Christ, in some way or other, that they may be made conformable to their Head. However, may you be enabled to leave the matter with God; he will take care of his own cause. You have done right in introducing to her Mr. Huntington's books; in this you have a conscience void of offence towards God, which is worth more than all that is in this world. I find you have been down, but are up again, and have shaken yourself from the dust. Thus you have proved the promise true which says, "The righteous falleth seven times a day, and riseth again." You have felt a little of the anointing oil come down, which has made you shake yourself from the dust. This is good news from a far country, and I can rejoice with you that you have found the piece which was lost. Ask for more, and you shall have it, "that your joy may be full," for Christ has more to give than we can ask for. "Covet earnestly the best gifts;" pray to be rooted and grounded in love, that you may be "able to comprehend with all saints what is the height, depth, length, and breadth" of that love "which passeth knowledge;" that you may be filled with all the fulness of God. These are the saints' privileges; this is what I feel my whole soul is upon the stretch after, and, as they are the best blessings that can be enjoyed here, so they are the best I can wish and pray for you to be brought to enjoy, with myself. May the Lord help us to seek them with our whole hearts and souls, and the promise is sure to us, for the word is gone out of his mouth that they that seek shall find; and we shall ever find him a faithful God,—faithful to his word, covenant, and oath. But the Shunamite kept you in the dark respecting the place of her abode. Well, but now you have found her out. She is a bird of passage, and seldom continues long in one stay,—sometimes in the banqueting house, feasting on the fatted calf; at other times I experience something of those words which say, "They that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the house (or courts) of our God;" then called to walk in the dark valley, crying out, My leanness! my leanness! there is no cluster to eat. But then I have found a cluster with a blessing in it; I have found honey at the end of the rod. I have tasted it and found it sweet to my soul, and my eyes have been enlightened thereby. Where my next remove will be I cannot tell, for I conclude that Satan is spreading a net for my feet, and unless the Lord keep me he is sure to entangle me; therefore my prayer is, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." His strength has hitherto been made perfect in my weakness, and I can say, with David, that having obtained help of God, I continue to this moment; and this help I need every moment. What a mercy for us it is that everything we need is treasured up in Christ, and faith is the medium through which we receive these supplies, and that this faith is the gift of God. May our prayer ever be, "Lord, increase our faith."

The Lord bless you and keep you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, is the prayer of,

Your sister in the Lord,

MARY HOOPER.

WE are, with all silence and quietness of spirit, to submit to God's ways; not to fret. Believing can ease us; disputing cannot.—*Rutherford.*

Obituary.

MRS. WILLIAM BRIGHT.

COMMUNICATED BY ONE OF HER SURVIVING DAUGHTERS.

(Concluded from page 119.)

Dec. 20.—She thus spoke: "They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded; they shall be on Mount Zion.

' Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone.
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.'

I am as a stranger on the earth; yet cut me not off. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but the scriptures must be fulfilled. He said he died for sinners. I am a vile one indeed. I will heal thy backsliding; I will love thee freely. I know it is free. My God, hear me! Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. There is no other hope, &c. O sinful, unbelieving heart; I will not believe, said Thomas. Reach hither thy hand. O sweet words from his mouth. Here is my unbelieving, sinful, rebellious hand; Lord, here it is. O what sweet words: Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden. I have been heavy laden; Lord, I come. He says, I will in nowise cast out. It will all be fulfilled.

Dec. 21.—As she appeared very ill; her granddaughter said to her, "You are very ill; are you in much pain?" She said, "No; but death is coming. I am where you must come, on a death-bed." She said, "Yes, grandmother; death will come, and to all appearance very shortly to you." She replied, "Yes; none of us know how soon. I am in the Lord's hands; I can't get out, nor do I want. If there were no fears, there would be no "Fear nots" in the scriptures. Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. His judgments are righteous. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. I am a cumberer of the ground. Lay me down anywhere, the Lord will take care of my dust; it shall rise purified and clean.

' Then shall I see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.'

Dec. 22.—"Come into my garden, my sister, my spouse. It is sweet to die in Jesus. O come, my Saviour, come. O what sweet words. Adam, where art thou? It was not, Begone, you rebel! O no; but such sweet, tender words: Adam, where art thou?"

Dec. 23.—"To unbelieving Thomas, what sweet words, Reach hither thy finger, and thrust it into my side; and behold my hands. O sweet words: Reach hither; not, Depart from me. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the

Lord. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. He will give grace and glory."

Dec. 24.—She said,

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'

I have no other hope." And looking round at us she said, "He will give you rest from all your toils. I desire no other way. Don't despair. He has blotted out my transgressions as a thick cloud, and will remember my sins no more. He has said, I go to prepare a place for you. I cannot live without his love; I cannot die without it."

Dec. 25, Christmas Day.—She said, "I wish I had been with the shepherds when they heard, Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and goodwill towards men. I shall yet praise him, for he died for sinners."

Dec. 26.—She said, "To whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed by man, but precious. To be spiritually-minded is life and peace." And then being conscious it was the great enemy of her soul trying to make her believe she was not spiritually-minded, she said, "He is a liar; I am not carnal; but I have had much anxiety about it."

Dec. 28.—She said,

"O what a kingdom of delight,
Where love, and joy, and peace unite;
And every tongue finds sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.'
'If I have never loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.'
'Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?'

It is the Lord; I must be in his hands."

Dec. 30.—I was called up to see her die. She did not speak for some time; she then looked at me, and said, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that rises up against thee thou shalt condemn." For several days now she was but very little sensible, yet at times she would repeat a verse or a text of scripture, expressing a desire to be gone, or that the presence of the Lord might be with her.

Jan. 1, 1860.—"I fear I am peevish sometimes. I ought not to be so. What trouble I give you! What a mercy to know that my children are in the way to heaven." She was enabled to leave us in the Lord's hands. Looking at one with affectionate concern she said, "How will you bear the separation? I can't stay with you. The Lord will take care of you." To another, who has long had affliction in her family, she said, "The Lord will support you; the Lord will provide, will help you, will lead you, and bring you through all your troubles.

' His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsel shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.' "

Her grandchildren bore much on her mind. Speaking of their grandfather's telling one of them that he must come where he was, she said, "Where I am now." She wished us to try to impress on their minds the necessity of being prepared for a death-bed. After resting a little, she said, "Hope in the Lord; he will reward you for your kindness. His work and truth are everlasting. O praise the Lord; his truth is everlasting. I would, but cannot sing. Moses wished his goodness to pass before him in the way. Lord, let thy goodness pass before me; I want nothing more."

Jan. 3.—She said, "Wonderful, Counsellor, mighty God, everlasting Father, Prince of peace. He is our God, and will be our guide unto death. He is all and in all, through all and over all. What can we want more? What need we to fear? He will overcome all our fears."

Jan. 6.—Her disease, which was of a very painful character, (disease of the heart,) rendered her insensible the greater part of two or three days. She called her granddaughter, and desired her to fetch her grandfather; but on her saying, "Grandmother, I cannot fetch him," she seemed to recollect herself, and said, "No, dear; he is in heaven, and I shall soon join him."

Jan. 6.—She called upon us to trust in the Lord, and said, "I do love him! O that I had ten thousand tongues to praise him! He came to save the poor, the halt, the maimed, the blind. His love is everlasting. There is no other resting-place. I long to be among the crowd in glory. O sing! Wonderful love; it is everlasting love! Lord Jesus, take me home; come, come, take me to thy arms. There is no sin nor sorrow there. I have thee in my arms. I come, I come; let me be amongst them. Take me, take me. Precious is the light of the Lord; let us praise his name. Look in mercy on me, Lord, for thy mercy sake. How good and kind he is. O keep me from evil, and do me good. In thee do I put my trust. Thou hast said, Call upon me in the day of trouble." She said to her grandson, "He is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and underneath are the everlasting arms." "Then you cannot sink, grandmother." She replied, "No; glory be unto his name for ever. Amen. Thy mercy shall be my song; it shall tune my tongue."

Jan. 7.—"He is come, he is come, he is come. Jesus, still the sinner's friend. I love him because he is the sinner's friend. Worthy, worthy is the Lord.

' Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long ;
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.' "

Jan. 8.—We had a very trying night; she was so very restless. Toward morning she said, "It is through tribulation." She then prayed earnestly for some time, mostly in the language of David; then said,

“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free;
And to thy arms O take me in,
For there I long to be.”

Jan. 9.—In the morning, when I went to her, she looked at me and said, “He will not let me fall; no, he will not; his work is perfect. O praise him, his work is perfect.” She said to a friend who called to see her, “Rest is a great word; but I stand on the Rock. Nothing but Christ shall be exalted.” To another friend she said, “I have been wishing and longing, hoping and waiting. It is a stormy road, but what a mercy to be landed. The Rock of ages never will give way.” She said several times, “Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. I will bear the indignation of the Lord.” At another time she said, “He is altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand. I have him in my arms—in my heart. His mouth is most sweet. Thou art comely, thou art comely. I am comely. Come, ye blessed of the Lord. I come, I come; let me die the death of the righteous. Praise him; praise the Lord.” In answer to the question, “Is your mind comfortable?” she said, “Yes; I long to depart and be with Christ. I have no wish to stay here; I long to depart.” And soon after she said,

“‘I want to tell to all around
What a dear Saviour I have found.’

Let me die in faith.” She seemed unable to speak for a time, and we expected her death.

Jan. 10.—She said, “Where shall I flee? Rock of ages, shelter me. Lord, thy rest I want, and to join the everlasting song. I shall live, and not die; the Lord has promised it. He will not destroy me; he will come and fetch me home.” Then, raising her hand, she said, “There he is; it is Jesus. O praise him; praise him for all his benefits.” Her granddaughter, writing to her brothers and cousins, said, “Grandmother, have you anything to say to either of them?” She said, “I should like to see them. Give my love to them, and tell them what I have often told them, to take care of themselves, and fear the Lord.”

Jan. 11.—On looking at us around her she said, “The Lord bless you and the dear children. Come with me, come with me, and be happy.” It was now distressing to be with her, the disease causing her to be so restless. She said, “Dear Jesus, come and fetch me to my eternal home.

‘O let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thy heart, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.’

I can do nothing; I rejoice with trembling. I want to depart and be with Christ. Land me on fair Canaan’s coast. Far from my thoughts vain world begone. No refuge but in Jesus; he bore our sins on the tree. Rock of ages, Rock of ages. Praise him, praise him, praise him. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world.”

In reply to its being said to her, "For me to die is gain. Can you say that?" she said, "Yes, I can. Jesus hath done all things well. Lord, help me, for thine own mercies' sake. His mercies are new every morning. He that hath helped us hitherto will help us to the end. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who crownest thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy. O satisfy my soul. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, for I have sinned against him." And looking at us, she said, "Beg him to pardon all my transgressions. I don't feel very comfortable; I have sinned against him times without number. O Lord, forgive me; blot out my transgressions as a cloud. O forgive me. Lord, I want thy salvation. O help and save me for thy mercies' sake. Lord, help us to look to thee."

Jan. 12.—Her mind was again relieved, and borne above her sufferings, which were great, being so swollen with the dropsy that she was unable to move; and she exclaimed, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me. Dear Jesus, come to me; dear Jesus, come; help me to come to thee, O precious Jesus. Let us extol the Lord together; bless and praise his holy name. He brought me low, but he brought me out of all my trouble. Wonder, O heaven, and be astonished, O earth. Let me lie down in peace. Lead me beside the still waters. O let me have all that is good, and lose all that is bad. Give me, if thou wilt, the desire of my heart. Come and tell me I am thine—O come. Be not afraid; it is I; O be not afraid. Lord, help me on thy word to rely; no power but thine can release me. Let me rest, let me lean on Christ, the rock of everlasting ages; let me lean on the rock—perfect rock—solid rock; I want to lean on the beloved One." I said, "You are leaning on him." She replied, "Yes; let me lean on him; there leave it. Come, come. Is Jesus Christ the friend of sinners? Yes, he is. O I love him; I do, I do, I do; because he is the sinner's friend. Praise him; praise his dear name.

'Dearest of all the names above,
Speak to my heart the blissful word,
Pronounce that I am thine.'

I am dying, I am dying, I am dying. He is come, he is come to me; he openeth the door to me, and stays with me. Glory, glory! He comes, dear Jesus, he comes; he goes—I lose him. Come to me, my dear Lord; I cannot come to thee; come and fetch me; hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Come, Jesus, come. He hateth putting away. Thou knowest I am not a hypocrite. I have loved thee—thou canst not put me away; I am thine, and thou art mine. I shall live, and not die. The Lord has promised. Put me under the shadow of thy wing. O hide me in the rock; rock of ages, O hide me. Where shall I fly, but to thy rest? Farewell! I must leave you all. Earth and heaven, praise the Lord." Taking one of us by the hand, she said, "Praise the Lord; glory, glory! O praise him. I want to, but I can't as I would; O help me, Lord, to praise thee. Heaven and earth praise him. He will love me, he will come. I will not let thee go. O what shall I do? Take me to

thyself. He is come, he is come; he has promised to come. He is altogether lovely; his lips are sweet; he is lovely altogether; he won't destroy me. O help me, Lord, to trust; let me die in faith.

'Rock of ages, shelter me;
Let me hide myself in thee.'

It was now apparent that her end was drawing very near. She felt it so as she said,

"Once more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Recount his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same."

Shortly after she said, tossing to and fro, her speech faltering as she spoke, "Ever—ever—ever—everlast—everlasting—everlasting love." After lying some time, as if dozing, she said, "Joy, joy; release, release!" and in about an hour her ransomed spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss, Jan. 14th, 1860, aged 82, leaving many to mourn her loss. She was an affectionate mother, a faithful friend, and a humble Christian; respected and esteemed by those who knew her.

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.

Dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee and thine. That we love you for Jesus' sake our consciences bear witness. Inclosed I have returned Mr. B.'s letter; it is savory, and expressive of my feelings and fears for many years past both temporally and spiritually; but I can truly say, with David, that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and been better to me than all my fears, although Satan will try to come in at times and persuade me that I am deceived. But he cannot beat me out of two sacred and special visits; and the sweet and blessed effects of that solemn visit that Sunday morning, April 13th, 1851, have been and still are more than a match for him, for I desire to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified; and as dear Hart sings:

"The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is."

And how sure I am that the sweet effects of grace, so freely and unexpectedly manifested, with felt union and communion with Jesus, will produce such humility and love that we could be anything, and from the sweetest feelings of love and gratitude wash the least member's feet. But when Jesus hides his face, and the beasts of the forest creep forth, what anxious fears I feel. Well, although it is a path of tribulation—and I feel it—

"I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep its hold
I envy not the sinner's gold."

Accept our united love to you both. Praying for that sacred promise to be fulfilled all through our journey, "As thy day thy strength shall be,"

We are, yours affectionately,

Croydon.

H. & E. G.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from page 131.)

WE intimated at the conclusion of our last paper that there remained three aspects of the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord still to be considered, viz., his ascension into heaven; his present state of mediatorial grace and glory there; and his second coming. If we are but favored with the life, light, and unction of the Blessed Spirit to gather up any portion of "the fruits new and old which are laid up at these gates for his church, his beloved," (Song vii. 13,) they will be found not less sweet to the taste, nor less nourishing to faith and love than those holy and heavenly subjects connected with the Lord's sacred humanity upon earth which have already engaged our Meditations. For there is this peculiar blessedness in the Person and work of the adorable Redeemer, that, like the sun which shines in every clime, he is ever beaming forth out of his inexhaustible fulness rays of grace and glory, under every aspect, to believing eyes and hearts; so that the more we look to him the more we see in him to admire and love, the more we believe in his name the more it becomes as the ointment poured forth, and the more we experience of his grace the more we feel of its power. "Have I been," he asks his people, "a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness?" (Jer. ii. 31.) No, Lord, we may well answer; not "a wilderness," for from thee is all our fruit found; not "a land of darkness," for with thee is the light of life. If, then, no fruit be gathered by us from that portion of the heavenly garden through which we now purpose, with God's help and blessing, to walk with our readers, it is not because no fruit grows there, but because our eyes are too dim to see, or our hands too weak to reach it down from the tree of life. In this, as in everything else that we speak, write, or do in his name, we willingly acknowledge our shortcomings; for though we would wish to set forth to the utmost of our power the grace and glory of the incarnate Son of God; and though what has lately engaged our pen has not been without some amount of careful thought and consideration, yet we feel miserably to fail both in conception and expression, and must confess, with Berridge,

"But we lisp and falter forth
Broken words, not half his worth."

And if this be true as regards our past Meditations on the holy humanity of Jesus in his state of humiliation here below, how much more must it be so when we have to view him as he now is, enthroned on high in all the fulness of his mediatorial grace and glory. Still, we essay the task, in the hope that our meditation of him may be sweet, and be attended with a blessing from on high to those who love his name and long for his appearing. For though he is exalted far beyond all present conception, yet in the word of truth we have a sure guide, by following which we may obtain some believing apprehensions of what he is to those who see him by faith at the right hand of the Father.

I. The first point, then, that will now engage our thoughts is the *Ascension* of the blessed Lord; and the first step in our meditation upon it will be to *prove the fact*. This, in the depth of his wisdom, God has been pleased to place beyond all doubt or controversy, at least to all who receive the scriptures as an inspired revelation; and by so doing he has given us much reason to admire his infinite condescension and grace. The Lord might have ascended to heaven immediately after his resurrection, without showing himself to his disciples; or after appearing to them, to prove that he was risen from the dead, he might have gone up on high without any eye-witnesses of his ascension. But that so stupendous and yet so indispensable a fact might rest on an immovable foundation, the Lord did not ascend till forty days after the resurrection, that by his repeated appearances to his disciples he might afford them so many "infallible proofs" (Acts i. 3) that indeed he was risen from the dead; and when he went up on high it was in the presence and in the open sight of his eleven apostles, that not only they themselves might have the evidence of their own eyes, the strongest of all possible proofs, but that through all ages the church might be able to rest with sure confidence on such indubitable testimony. The fact, then, of the Lord's ascension we have now more particularly to show from the scriptures of truth. On the morning of that day on which he ascended to heaven the blessed Lord appeared for the tenth and last time to his followers. The eleven apostles met together at his command in Jerusalem, and there Jesus appeared in their midst. As we read: "And being assembled together with them, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (Acts i. 4, 5.) During this last solemn interview the Lord conversed at some length with his disciples, as recorded, for we need not quote the passages at length, Mark xvi. 15-18; Luke xxiv. 44-49; Acts i. 4-8. He thus afforded them not only the sweet consolation of his actual, living presence before he was parted from them, but the clearest possible evidence that he was the very same Jesus whom they had so well known and so dearly loved in the days of his flesh, during the whole time that he had consorted with them. Having, then, afforded them this confirming evidence that it was indeed he himself, he ascended visibly before their eyes to give to them—and to the church of God through all ages by them—the surest testimony that he had gone up into heaven in the same bodily form, the same identical humanity, in which they had ever known him.

As this is so important a feature of our present subject, and must form the foundation of our Meditations upon it, we will quote the very language of the Holy Ghost as we find it written in the inspired page, "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them; and it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy;

and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." (Luke xxiv. 50-53.) "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." (Acts i. 9.) Consider for a moment the strength of this testimony. Could these eleven men have been deceived or mistaken in what they thus personally witnessed? Most of them afterwards laid down their lives in confirmation of what they then saw. When, then, they viewed him with whom they had been for some time holding sweet converse taken up before their eyes, and they watched his ascension till a cloud received him out of their sight, could they have had a more indubitable testimony of the fulfilment of his own words, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world and go to the Father?" (John xvi. 28.) And again, "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." (John xx. 17.) But to leave not a shadow of doubt on their minds, and to seal it more effectually on their hearts, as well as to assure them of his future return, the Lord was graciously pleased to add to their own eye-witness angelic testimony: "And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i. 10, 11.)

It may seem, perhaps, to some of our readers, almost unnecessary for us to have brought forward so much scripture testimony on a point which no believer doubts. But, through some little acquaintance with the unbelief and infidelity of the human heart, and continued assaults from that quarter, we have long seen and felt in our own mind that faith wants the strongest and surest foothold that God has given on which it may stand during seasons of darkness and temptation. Some never seem to doubt either the certainty of the rock or their own standing on it; but we freely confess that there are times and seasons with us when hell, with all its infernal artillery, and the infidelity of the human mind combine together to shake our faith to its very centre. But we have learnt this lesson in the school of temptation, that faith needs the firmest possible foothold on which it may stand while the storm rages. As, then, the shipwrecked sailor, washed ashore by the heaving billow, cleaves with all his strength to the rock which he has happily reached, lest the receding wave should sweep him out to sea, so does the believing soul, landed on the rock of truth, cleave with all its might to the word of God's grace, lest the wave of infidelity sweep it away into the sea of destruction. Now, when by divine grace faith can stand upon facts so clearly attested as the resurrection and ascension of the blessed Lord, it feels that there is firm ground beneath its feet; and that in believing in a risen and ascended Lord it does not "follow cunningly-devised fables," but receives the truth as it is in Jesus from the sure witness of those who "have made known the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, as eye-witnesses of his majesty."

(2 Pet. i. 16.) Faith, too, needs food as well as foothold; and it is upon these divine verities, so plainly revealed and so clearly established in the word of truth, that faith feeds as its choice provision. The time may come with you, dear reader, when you may feel as if clambering up a steep and lofty mountain, whose top you must reach or die; and yet, with all your exertion, every stone on which you would place your foot rolls away from under you, filling you with dread at every step lest life be lost or limb be broken. Under such circumstances how you would prize a solid rock, on which, step by step, you could set your trembling, staggering feet. This rock is Christ, which God has laid in Zion; but that faith may stand upon it unmoved, immovable by the assaults of unbelief and infidelity, he has in the word of his grace laid this foundation firm and sure by the strongest testimony.

2. Having, then, seen the strong foundation on which the ascension of the blessed Lord rests as an ascertained fact, we may now proceed to view him by faith as *entering the courts of bliss*. And the first most obvious view that faith obtains of him is that he entered heaven in the same identical human body in which he last communed with his disciples, and which they had seen taken up before their eyes; for one part of "the great mystery of godliness" is that "God manifest in the flesh" was "received up into glory," and therefore in the same flesh as that in which he was thus manifested. (1 Tim. iii. 16.) Dr. Owen has so clearly expressed the faith of the church on this vital point that we prefer giving his words to any of our own.

"All perfections whereof human nature is capable, abiding what it was in both the essential parts of it, body and soul, do belong unto the Lord Jesus Christ in his glorified state. To ascribe unto it what is inconsistent with its essence is not an assignation of glory unto its state and condition, but a destruction of its being. To affix unto the human nature divine properties, as ubiquity or immensity, is to deprive it of its own. The essence of his body is no more changed than that of his soul. It is a fundamental article of faith that he is in the same body in heaven wherein he conversed here on earth; as well as the faculties of his rational soul are continued the same in him. This is that 'holy thing' which was framed immediately by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin. This is that 'Holy One' which, when it was in the grave, saw no corruption. This is that body which was offered for us, wherein he bare our sins on the tree. To fancy any such change in or of this body, by its glorification, as that it should not continue essentially and substantially the same that it was, is to overthrow the faith of the church in a principal article of it. We believe that the very same body wherein he suffered for us, without any alteration as to its substance, essence, or integral parts, and not another body of an ethereal, heavenly structure, wherein is nothing of flesh, blood, or bones, by which he so frequently testified the faithfulness of God in his incarnation, is still that temple wherein God dwells, and wherein he administers in the holy place not made with hands. The body which was pierced is that which all eyes shall see, and no other."—*A Declaration of the Mystery of the Person of Christ, chap. XIX.* By Dr. Owen, Works, vol. XII., page 297.

The clearness, wisdom, holy and heavenly sobriety of the above extract need no commendation from us.* It speaks sufficiently for

* We have often thought that if the children of God who are blessed with

itself to those who know and love the truth, and are willing to submit themselves to the oracles of God as its only infallible source. We must have no tampering, then, with that fundamental article of our most holy faith, that the Lord Jesus took into heaven the identical humanity which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin. But this thorough identity of his holy humanity does not impair or detract from every perfection as now made manifest in that glorified human nature which is consistent with its preserving its real form and essence. And of this we seem to have a very clear proof in the word of truth. When holy John had a revelation of his glorified humanity, in the Isle of Patmos, it was not of an aerial body, retaining no traces of the human form, a Jesus whom he could not at once recognise as having seen him before in the flesh, but "one like unto the Son of man"—that very same Son of man whom he had known here below—one, too, who had "head, and hair, and eyes, and feet, and hands," these human members all still retained in their entirety, but all unspeakably glorious; and whose "countenance"—still the same human countenance—"was as the sun shineth in his strength." (Rev. i. 13-16.) It is necessary, indeed, to bear in mind that whilst we speak of the identity of the risen and ascended body of the Lord, we utterly separate from it what the apostle calls "the weakness" of Christ; ("he was crucified through weakness;" 2 Cor. xiii. 4;) for though this weakness was compatible with, and even necessary unto, his state of humiliation, it is not consistent with a heavenly condition, or his exaltation to eternal glory. The body of the blessed Lord ate, and drank, and slept, was weary and thirsty here below. But no such infirmities, or, to speak more correctly, no such sinless contingencies of a state of humiliation were taken with him into heaven. His body and soul are still identically and unalterably the same as they were upon earth; but heavenly glory, without destroying or even impairing the reality of his human nature, has eternally swallowed up all those mere passing and contingent circumstances which necessarily attended his humanity in a time state. This will also be the case with the risen bodies of the saints at the great day, as the apostle so beautifully speaks: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal put on immortality." (1 Cor. xv. 51-53.)

But though they will be fashioned after the likeness of the risen

time and opportunity, instead of galloping over the flimsy religious productions of the present day, would set themselves prayerfully and carefully to read such works as Owen on "The Person of Christ," his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," his "Communion with God," his "Exposition of Psalm cxxx.," &c., they would, with God's blessing, derive a benefit from them which would amply repay them. We can say for ourselves that when favored with a spiritual frame—and there is no profit even in reading the Bible in any other—we have rarely taken up any of the above-named works without finding some instruction, or edification, or reproof, or something to do our soul good, and draw it up to heavenly things.

body of Jesus, we must ever bear in mind that the glory of Christ's human nature in its mediatorial state essentially differs from that glory which will clothe the souls and bodies of the risen saints at the great day; for his humanity, as existing in intimate union with his divine Person, is thereby eternally distinguished from theirs, and exalted infinitely beyond any glory which the risen bodies of the saints shall wear. They will indeed see his glory face to face, without a veil between, (Job xix. 27; John xvii. 24; 1 Cor. xiii. 12,) and be partakers of it, which will be their eternal joy; (John xvii. 22; Luke xxii. 29, 30; Rev. iii. 21;) they will be conformed in body and soul to his glorified image, so as to be eternally resplendent in all the beauties of holiness; (Ps. xvii. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 49; Phil. iii. 21;) and as such they will "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) But with all this eternal weight of glory, the glorified humanity of the blessed Lord, from its ineffable union with his Deity, will ever differ from theirs not only in degree, but in nature. For this reason, his human nature, as being so glorious from its conjunction with his Deity, is the object of adoration and worship of all creatures—the very same worship which is paid to the Person of the Father: "And every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 13.) This glory it has from its subsistence in his divine Person, therefore inherent in it, and thus essentially distinct from the inferior glory of the risen saints, who have it as a gift and not a necessary adjunct. All the glory which they will have is from him as a gift of his grace, and as being members of his mystical body; but it dwells in him in all its fountain fulness, for "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." What we have here, or shall have hereafter, is only by gift; but what he is and has he is and has by right.

Besides which, though his sacred humanity in its glorified state still remains a creature, and neither is nor can be deified, yet, from its intimate conjunction with his Deity it receives emanations of power and glory which we may apprehend by faith, but of which no adequate conception can ever be formed by a finite intellect, not even of the highest angel. His eternal Deity irradiates his humanity with a lustre beyond its own, and shines through it with resplendent glory, as the sun shines through a cloud, or as at the moment of his transfiguration the glorious Person of the God-man made "his raiment become shining, exceeding white as snow." (Mark ix. 3.) If such a comparison be admissible, as our soul ennobles our body, and thus, even in our fallen state, as being an immortal principle, separates us from the lower creation, so the essential Deity of the Son of God ennobles his humanity, and separates it from all approach or comparison of the inferior glory of his risen saints. But we pause, lest we seem to intrude too much on high and speculative subjects, though, as far as we have gone, we cannot but feel they are blessed mysteries when apprehended by a living faith.

3. We may pass on, then, to examine *in what way*, and to *accomplish what special purposes* of wisdom and grace the blessed Lord entered upon his present state of mediatorial exaltation at the right hand of the Father. And viewing him as ascending on high that, in his complex Person as God-man, he might be "set at God's own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," (Eph. i. 20, 21.) we may consider his entrance into his glory (Luke xxiv. 26) under these two different aspects:

1. As a *triumphant King*.
2. As a *gracious High Priest*.

1. He entered heaven, then, in glorious triumph, to take possession of his mediatorial kingdom, as Zion's anointed King, and "to sit and rule upon his throne." (Ps. ii. 6; Zech. vi. 13; Luke i. 32, 33.) God the Father had appointed unto him a kingdom (Luke xxii. 29) as the reward of his incarnation and humiliation, (Phil. ii. 9, 10; Heb. ii. 9,) and this he went into heaven to take possession of. (Luke xix. 12; Rev. iii. 21.) Immediately, then, that he left earth, and was received out of the sight of the eleven apostles in a cloud of glory, his royal progress began. Surely, if a chariot of fire and horses of fire were dispatched to take Elijah up to heaven, (2 Kings ii. 11,) the blessed Lord had no inferior convoy. Was the servant so honored, and was no honor paid to the Master? Should the subject be taken gloriously to heaven, and the King have no train of celestial glory? Did "his train fill the temple" when Isaiah "saw his glory and spake of him?" (Isa. vi. 1; John xii. 41;) and did no train of glory follow him as he ascended on high to take possession of his mediatorial kingdom? But we are not left to conjecture upon this point. The scripture affords the clearest proof of the triumphant manner in which the Lord of life and glory went up on high. In Ps. lxxviii. there is a blessed description of the glorious convoy of angels which attended him on his royal progress up to heaven's gates; for as, when "he shall appear a second time without sin unto salvation," he will be "revealed from heaven with his mighty angels," (2 Thess. i. 7,) and shall "come in the glory of his Father, with his angels," (Matt. xvi. 27,) so thousands upon thousands of ministering angels attended upon him at his triumphant ascension. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also; that the Lord God might dwell among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 17, 18.) This triumphant ascension of the blessed Lord is also clearly intimated in Ps. xlvii., "O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph; for the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises; for God is the King of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding." (Ps. xlvii. 1, 2, 5-7.)

Nor are we left without scriptural intimations even of the blessed Lord's reception at the very courts of bliss. When he reached the gates of heaven the celestial courts were, as it were, moved at his approach, for then was accomplished that memorable transaction recorded in Ps. xxiv. As thus represented to our faith, it was as if the attendant angels that formed his glorious convoy shouted aloud before him, as the heralds of his approach, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." (Ps. xxiv. 7.) But from within is made the inquiry, "Who is this King of glory?" The answer is given from without by the attendants of his train, "The LORD, strong and mighty; the LORD, mighty in battle." Then comes forth the universal chorus, from without and from within, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory." (Ps. xxiv. 9, 10.) We do not say, it might be rash to assert it, that all this was literally and actually transacted, for heavenly realities are beyond the range of human conception; but it is so represented to our faith in the word of truth; and as such we receive it in the simplicity of little children.

Nor were good angels the only attendants of his train. Ancient kings, returning home after triumphant wars, brought back conquered enemies as well as congratulating friends. In a similar way the blessed Lord is represented in scripture as then manifestly triumphing over Satan and all his angels, as if in his glorious ascension, when "he led captivity captive," he dragged at his chariot-wheels the infernal hosts of hell, and openly showed them to all the holy angels as vanquished prisoners. Thus, at least, the apostle speaks, "And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it," that is, the cross, or, to adopt the marginal rendering, "in himself." (Col. ii. 15.) The ancient promise was that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." When Satan, by entering into Judas, and by instigating the chief priests and the people to demand that Christ should be crucified, had, as he thought, effectually succeeded in destroying Jesus, he little imagined that this was to be, by God's eternal design, the very means of accomplishing that prediction. On the cross the seed of the woman bruised the serpent's head—the seat of his poison-fangs, as well as of his infernal craft and cruelty. There Jesus spoiled principalities and powers, and cast them out of their usurped dominion. But when he ascended on high he "led captivity captive;" (Ps. lxxviii. 18; Eph. iv. 8;) that is, he led captive those who had led poor fallen man captive, in the open sight of all the angelic host, that the elect angels might be eye-witnesses of the ruin and misery which had fallen on the heads of their apostate brethren in the defeat of all their schemes against the Holy One of Israel. It would appear, from the testimony of scripture, that the holy angels were partially, if not wholly, ignorant of the designs of God in the mystery of the incarnation till all was fulfilled in the death and resurrection of Jesus; and even now are waiting for fur-

ther developments of the wisdom of God as therein displayed in the present grace and future glory of the church of Christ. This was represented in the Levitical dispensation by the cherubim looking toward the mercy-seat of the ark, as Peter explains the figure, "which things the angels desire to look into;" (1 Pet. i. 12); and observe that the apostle does not say that they "desired," but that they "desire," that is, still desire, to look into these heavenly mysteries, to afford them renewed discoveries of the wisdom and glory of God; for it is not by creation, with all its wonders, nor by providence, in all its displays, that the wisdom of God is made known to angelic minds, but by redemption. "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii. 10, 11.)

With what surpassing and resplendent glory, then, was the infinite wisdom of God displayed to these bright, angelic intelligences when, at the ascension of their Lord and ours, they personally witnessed how, in that very nature which "was made a little lower than the angels," in his state of humiliation, he had defeated all the designs of Satan, vindicated the honor of God, glorified his justice, magnified the law given by their ministration, and made it honorable, revealed the grace, mercy, and love of the Father in the salvation of millions of redeemed sinners, and was now returning triumphant into heaven to reign and rule at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

4. And this leads us to consider the *ends* for which Jesus ascended thus triumphantly into glory. They may be briefly viewed as two, which may be severally characterised by the two different instruments of regal power which the enthroned King of Zion bears as the insignia of his authority.

i. *The rod of iron* whereby he rules over his enemies. This has been put into his hands by his Father: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." (Ps. ii. 9.) "Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies," was the charter of his authority, when the Father said unto him, "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." (Ps. cx. 1, 2.) Thus power is given him "over all flesh;" (John xvii. 2;) yea, "all power in heaven and in earth;" (Matt. xxviii. 18;) for "God hath put all things," and therefore "all enemies," "under his feet." (1 Cor. xv. 25-27.) All persons and things are subject to his control; and though "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed; he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." (Ps. ii. 4.)

ii. But there is *the sceptre of his grace*, by which he rules in the hearts of a willing people; (Ps. cx. 3;) bows them at his feet in sweet submission to his will; and becomes enthroned in their heart and affections as the Prince of peace. But as we shall have occasion to speak more particularly of the exercise of this twofold kingly power when we come to the consideration of our Lord's present state in

heaven, we shall not dwell any longer on this branch of our subject, but proceed to view the adorable Redeemer as

5. Ascending on high that he might be a *High Priest over the house of God*, and that “not after the law of a carnal commandment,” as the priests under the law, “but after the power of an endless life.” (Heb. vii. 16.) It was prophesied of him that he should be “a Priest on his throne,” (Zech. vi. 13,) as uniting in his glorious Person the regal and priestly dignities. Of this conjunction of king and priest in one Person Melchisedec was a type, who was “king of Salem and priest of the most high God;” (Heb. vii. 1;) and we know that the testimony of God to his dear Son was, “Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec.” (Ps. cx. 4; Heb. vii. 17.) When, then, the blessed Lord had fulfilled one part of his priestly office here below by offering the sacrifice of his sacred humanity, his pure body and his holy soul, on the cross, thereby making an expiation for the sins of his people, he went up on high to accomplish on their behalf the second part of the priestly office, which is to make intercession for them. (Rom. viii. 34; Heb. vii. 25.) This was beautifully typified by what took place on the solemn day of atonement, when the high priest, wearing the holy linen garments, a type of the pure humanity of Jesus, first offered sacrifice in the outer court, and made atonement for sin, and then, with the blood of the bullock and of the goat, and the smoke of incense beaten small, lighted by coals taken from the brazen altar, entered into the most holy place. This most holy place was a type of heaven, (Heb. ix. 24,) and the ascension of our great High Priest thither was represented by the steps up which the high priest went when, after offering sacrifice, he entered with the blood into the temple.

We may also observe that when the high priest thus ascended the steps of the temple to present himself before the Lord in the most holy place, this was the very time when the jubilee trumpet sounded through the land, and proclaimed liberty to all slaves and captives, and to those who had sold their houses and lands that they might freely return and take possession of them. Thus when Christ ascended up on high to enter heaven with his own blood, proclamation was made of pardon and peace, for then began the spiritual jubilee, when those who lay captive under the law, in bondage to doubt and fear, and who had sold themselves and all their possessions for nought were to be liberated by the joyful sound of a free grace gospel preached by the apostles on the day of Pentecost.

But as this is closely connected with another branch of our subject—the receiving gifts for the rebellious, we shall defer the consideration of it to a future number.

It is possible for a person to live in a cell, or be immured in a cloister, all his days, and yet have his affections as sensual, and his heart as much in the world, as the greatest libertine in it; for it is not an affected confinement of the body, but a spiritual devotedness of the soul to God, which denominates men Christians indeed.—*Toplady*.

POETRY.

I AM WITH THEE.

I AM with thee. Thou shalt know
Where thou goest I will go.
I in danger will provide
All thou needest from my side.
Hush! Thou fearest, trembling soul,
Things o'er which thou'st no control.
Leave thy fears and cares with me;
Daily bread I grant to thee.

I am with thee. Clouds between
Thee and Jesus intervene.
Hear'st my voice? I speak to thee;
Though thou can't my presence see,
I am there. My unseen hand
Holds thee up, and makes thee stand.

I am there. And thou shalt know
Faith is strong, though sight is slow.

I am with thee. Floods may roll;
Angry waters press thy soul.
Floods, and fires, and foes combined,
Each and all distract thy mind.
Fierce temptation, pressing fear,
Agents are to bring thee near.
I am with thee. Thou shalt know
Where thou goest I will go.

'Tis enough. Though fears betide,
Keep, O keep me near thy side,
Bind me closer yet to thee,
Every sin and folly flee.
Bid me trust, with clouds between,
Wait until thy hand is seen.

'Tis enough. My Lord, I trow,
Where thou goest I will go.

S. G. S.

ON TWO AGED SISTERS,

Who fell asleep in Jesus within a few days of each other, leaving a glorious testimony of the power of divine grace to pluck the sting from death and victory from the grave.

At anchor now, furl'd every sail,
And landed safe within the vail,
No raging billows break their rest
In those bright mansions of the blest.

Storm nor tempest can assail
Ransom'd souls within the vail.

Why with such selfish sorrow grieve?
Why mourn for those whom we believe

Are seeing now as they are seen
In bliss, without a cloud between?
Then let us not their death bewail
Who rest with Christ within the vail.

Though the dear friends they leave below
Still struggle on 'mid pain and woe,

The reign of sin and unbelief,
So galling now, will be but brief.
Those doubts and fears that now prevail
Shall vex no more within the vail.

Not long delay'd—soon, soon will come

The hour that takes them to their home.

Their elder Brother (gone before)
Throws wide the everlasting door.
Then seraphs their glad spirits hail,
And land them safe within the vail.

Low in the grave the body lies,
Till the loud trumpet bid it rise.
Changed in the twinkling of an eye,

And clothed in immortality,
Upward it soars to join the band
Redeem'd of God at his right hand.

B. M.

NOT every cloud, nor all the clouds of the sky are able to hinder the course of the sun, because the sun is above them; and so is the covenant of our peace above our darkness and weakness.—*Dorney.*

Erratum.—In our last No., for “carnally,” page 132, twenty-first line from the bottom, read “casually.”

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1860.

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

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

A SERMON, BY THE LATE J. WARBURTON. PREACHED
AT TROWBRIDGE, ON TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 21ST, 1851.

“And we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed.”—ACTS XXI. 5.

WE find in the chapter preceding that from which we have read our text a statement of the different churches which Paul had been visiting, testifying of the grace of God. It seems that Paul was persuaded in his own soul that he should not see them again in the flesh. What a solemn thing! It seems to have made him cry out with a feeling heart, which shows there was something that cemented them together: “And they fell upon his neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.” But we find he took his leave of them, and took ship again to sail: “And as they came to a certain place they found disciples there, and stopped there seven days.” Why, how wonderfully God works, does he not? He had disciples in almost every place. He had then his twos and threes as well as now; and they were collected together to speak, and to pray, and to bless God for his preserving mercy. Paul stopped with them, and no doubt the seven days were blessed unto them. They were filled with wonder and admiration; for the apostle would testify of the great truths of God’s sovereign, discriminating grace, and their hearts would be broken with the goodness and tender mercy of God. So we find, when they came to part, that they went with him to the very shore; and “they kneeled down,” it is said, “upon the shore, and prayed.”

My brethren, prayer is the mightiest weapon God gives his people. He gives it them in store. It strengthens them when they are enabled to make use of it; and we find that the people of God, in every age, have always found this a sure thing; this has never failed. But what is the grand truth of it? Nature never knew how to pray, and therefore it never comes into the blessed and glorious shining brightness of true prayer. Prayer must come from God. All human wisdom vanishes, and creature strength is brought down to nothing. God has left instances upon record of his dear family praying in every strait and place that they were in, and how they prevailed,

and how God delivered them through it all. This is left for our encouragement; and it is the truth, for all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction, that we may come to be thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work. And what was written beforehand was written for our profit, that we, through faith and patience in the scriptures, might have hope.

We shall just notice, if God brings it to our mind: The *glory of God* in giving his people this weapon in times of great distress; and *The encouragement* this gives when God blesses it to our hearts; when he sweetly brings it home to his dear, tried, perplexed children.

When Jacob was brought into that peculiar strait of meeting his brother Esau, he knew Esau had vengeance in his heart against him; so he sent a messenger over to tell him he was coming with all he had. No doubt he was anxiously waiting the return of his servant. But when the messenger came back he tells him that Esau is coming to meet him with four hundred men. O how Jacob's heart trembled! how every nerve seemed to be untied! But it appears he did not come to the weapon, prayer, at the first; but he divides his company into two bands; that if the first were destroyed the second might escape. But this did not satisfy his heart; no, no, my friends; all that came from flesh and blood; and all such schemes will pass away and be gone. Then he comes to prayer, that all-prevailing breath with God! And I had like to have said—but I am afraid to speak for fear it would be presumptuous—when I am blessed with a praying spirit I have no occasion to fear men nor devils. Here Jacob comes, and he wrestles with his God *all night*. It is not, my friends, just having a form, a kneeling down, and a few empty words as a form. He could not give up till the conquering moment came; and when he comes to appeal to him, to the angel, he says, "Verily thou didst say that thou wouldest go with me, and do me good, and make my seed as the sand of the sea." God says to him, "What is thy name?" and he said, "Jacob." And he said, "Thy name shall be no more called Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." And when he comes to meet his brother—for I believe in my heart he went down from the mountain with his soul satisfied—he bowed before him; and I believe his heart bowed to his God with gratitude. Esau's hatred was all cut down, his natural affections were broken up, and the bowels of his love yearned over him, so that he fell on his neck and kissed him. What is there like prayer?

When Israel was in Egypt, and Joseph was dead, and the king was dead that exalted Joseph and the children of Israel, there arose another king that neither knew Joseph nor cared a pin for Joseph or his friends; but instead of using them well his very heart boiled with jealousy and hatred against them. Jealousy! What for? He was afraid they would increase in numbers, that they would clip his pride, clip his power, clip his gold. O that accursed, damnable jealousy! it is set on fire of hell, and nothing can satisfy it but a bowing down to it, and to honor it. And see how the king set

upon them with his craft, and all his princes and his people; they oppressed the poor children of Israel, wrung them with hard labor, stripped them of their rights with all the craft and policy they could think upon, to bring them down in numbers, and to nothing but misery and wretchedness. But we find at last, as I believe, the spiritual part of God's Israel amongst them come to God with prayer. To whom could they go? They saw there was no human possibility of ever having peace or ever having rest in Egypt, or ever having those blessings they were entitled to. So they cried unto the God of Israel from their very hearts, and it prevailed. My friends, God heard their cry, and God had respect unto Israel, and to the very breathings of their hearts. You know God has said that he would not despise the sighing of the needy, but will regard their prayer. My friends, this is a spot where only God's people are safe. It is the safest place that ever they come to; it will bring no guilt nor condemnation. They are safe when they bring their calamities to God, and come with their wrestling cries to him. Therefore God appeared for them; but it was in such a way, as the poet says.

“As almost drove them to despair;”

for instead of Pharaoh lightening their burdens, as they expected, after God sent Moses to deliver them,—instead of lessening their burdens, he weighted them the more; he screwed them up tighter and tighter, and even brought it to such a pitch at last that he gave a commandment to his officers and to them under authority, that they were to make the same number of bricks as ever they did, but he would not give them any material nor let them have any straw. And the officers came, and though the poor souls cried out, “How can we bring the same tale of bricks when we are not allowed straw? we have no materials;” no matter for that; they beat them and they scourged them. How the poor creatures bellowed out again with their misery; and they came to Moses and Aaron and complained against them: “See, instead of lightening our burdens they are harder; it is worse than ever.” But no matter for that; their cry entered into the ears of the Almighty, who was determined to have his own way and time to accomplish his own designs; and he gave them to see it was not their hand, nor their faith, nor their obedience,—nothing that was inherent in them, but that the mercy is of God. They were brought to stagger, despairing at last, to give it up unto God. In goes Moses to Pharaoh the last time; Pharaoh told Moses never to come into his presence again: “Get thee from me; take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die.” God appeared by-and-by in a most striking manner. And what was that? He told Moses to gather the people together, and every family was to take a lamb and slay it, and preserve the blood, and the blood was commanded to be sprinkled on the door-posts of every house of the children of Israel; for, says God, “I will send the destroying angel, and he shall go through the land of Egypt, and every house wherever there is a first-born, it shall fall a victim, both of man and beast; but wherever the

blood is, the angel will pass by." And so he did; and at midnight there was such a tremendous cry, such a howling, such a dismal lamentation, for even from Pharaoh's house down to the poorest hovel where there was a firstborn, either in the house or the field, there was death; and every man trembled, fearing he might be killed. But when the angel came unto the dwellings of the children of Israel there was the blood of the Lamb. The blood, a figure and type of the blood of Jesus, was sprinkled upon the posts, and so they escaped. God made the Egyptians to pay all back: "With such measure as ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and sometimes it is in such a measure that it can scarcely be borne. Thousands of them were slain and suffered. From the time God's children suffered, his judgments were awaked against the Egyptians; and at last they came and thrust the Israelites out. God tells them to go to the Egyptians, and borrow jewels of gold and jewels of silver, and whatever they wanted, to go and borrow it of them. "Ah!" say some, "do you call that right, when they were going away, going to leave them, going out of the place, and knew they would never return again?" They had paid them before, and the Egyptians had robbed them of it; it was none of theirs; they were made to pay all back again, double and fourfold; and all Israel was delivered; God heard their cry.

But after this, Israel came into a greater strait again. You see God's dear people had their straits, and their struggles, and their burdens at that time as well as now. In every distress and every affliction they must come with the same weapon—prayer. And this people came to the Red Sea; the Egyptians were behind, the sea before, and mountains on every hand. Here the people's strength fails; they believe now it is all over, and begin to shrink back; now there is no possibility of escape; now seems to be the greatest wretchedness they have had at all. They murmured against Moses for bringing them into the wilderness to be buried there. It would seem to be more comfortable for them to have remained in Egypt, to be buried there, than to be buried in this dark desert. Moses says, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God, which ye shall see to-day; for the Egyptians you see to-day you shall see no more for ever." Yet, though Moses believed it, and though Moses knew it, and he was confident of it, he had to go with the weapon, prayer. Yes, my friends, God will answer the crying prayer; he will answer supplication. Moses had grace and faith in exercise to believe that they should never see the Egyptians again for ever; and I believe in my spirit that the hearts of a part of the camp of Israel were lifted up to God in prayer. Yes, my friends, the family of God, the people of God, they are the people of prayer; they must come with their calamities and with their circumstances, in prayer. Then the Lord says, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." This blessed weapon, prayer, came up before God. It was a weapon for the destruction of the Egyptians; and it prevailed with God; and Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea, stretched the rod over it, and the sea divided and fled,

made room for the ransomed of the Lord to pass through; and he led them with his truth and power, and his sovereign glory, and they passed over dryshod. When Pharaoh went in with his host and his chariots, then the sea closed with all its strength; and Pharaoh and his host all sank like lead into the depths of the sea, and into the belly of hell. What a glory they had when this answer came! God had all the glory, every bit of it. And it is so beautiful to see the saints of God of old, as the saints of God now, when he comes with his blessed delivering power and goodness, how they were led to sing unto God and exalt his name.

But it was not long before they were brought into another strait, another place; ah! and were brought into the wilderness, and there seemed to be nothing but death then for them, for there was no water, and they were just ready to die for thirst; so they begin upon Moses again. "Why," says poor Moses, "why do you complain to me? can I give you water?" As if he had said, "I came, at God's commandment; and God has brought us through the Red Sea; and how can I now give you water? You ought not to blame me." But he cried unto the Lord, unto his God. Nothing but prayer—nothing but prayer; obliged to come to God again. Is this the case with you, my friends? Conscience can tell whether it is or not—conscience will make it known whether it is or not. Here Moses comes again unto God, and he cries unto the Lord, "O Lord," he says, "here are the people crying, and here there is no water." But God appeared to him, and showed him a rock, and told him to go and smite it with his rod, and water should come out, and they should have plenty to drink, both they and their cattle. Here you see prayer prevailed again. The most unlikely thing to go to speak to a rock, for that rock to have a spring, and for the water to begin gushing out. Why, my friends, it was no more impossible for it to come out of a rock than to come out of the jaw-bone of an ass, with which Samson slew a thousand of the Philistines. No, bless the dear Lord, he could make a spring in an old shoe, if it pleased him, as well as out of a rock, if it were to display his mighty power or give his people a testimony that he acknowledges prayer; and where prayer comes from the heart he makes manifest his mighty power in hearing and in answering it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SHORT-LIVED joys and long-lived sorrows, momentary visits, and days of widowhood and solitude, make this world a burden to me, and the higher mansion desirable. Every inch of this ground is spread with snares and nets; and nothing but scorching flames and refreshing dews, cutting reproofs and healing smiles, angry reflections and wooing attractions, alarms to fear, and inducements to love, a sense of enmity and a sense of friendship, a heavy cross and hourly support, the motions of the flesh and the gales of the Spirit, the smittings of conscience and the encouragements of truth, will ever keep us from these traps of Satan; nor will anything else ever make us watchful, tender, humble, or upright before God.—*Huntington.*

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MRS. M. L. T., A HEARER OF MR. HUNTING- TON AND MR. JENKINS.

(Concluded from page 143.)

About this time I first read Ezekiel xvi., in which chapter I saw my character completely; but when I came to the end, what were my feelings to think that God made a covenant with those women and saved them. This gave me great hope, and I felt sure God directed me to it. This comforted me a little while; but very soon my carnality began to work again, which much surprised me, as I thought I should not be again tempted in this way. Unbelief also began to work strong within me, and atheism too, which I found was much against me. Indeed I began to fear it was of no use that God had brought me thus far, as I must fall after all; for I could not think, if I were a child of God, that I should first believe and pray to God, receive an answer in peace, and then doubt if there was a God at all. In this state I heard Mr. Brook, from these words: "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken." While Mr. B. was speaking of the goodness of God in appearing for his own glory, I found nothing but enmity and unbelief. I could not believe that the Lord wrought any such miracle; and even said within myself, unless it were in some measure verified before my eyes, I would not believe. I was much troubled in my mind because of this. Here, indeed, I had well-nigh slipped again. I had no one thing to stay me from sinking. I could not flee unto God as I had done before, for I did indeed doubt if there were a God. As to Mr. Brook, I knew not whether he had his religion from heaven or whether it was a mere imagination. I had many and great tossings in my mind, but could stay on nothing; only I desired, if there were indeed such a wonder-working God, I might know it from experience; but I felt unutterable rebellion against him. Before I felt this desire, and as I came home, I was strongly tempted to give all up. However, the forbearance of God to me was great. Instead of executing his vengeance upon me as upon the prophets of Baal, (for I was not a whit better than they,) when I had been at home about two hours, filled, as I have said, with the venom of the old serpent, all at once I felt such a calm in my soul, and such love spring up to God and his people, as I cannot describe. In short, I may say I felt love, peace, faith, and gentleness,—instead of enmity, turbulence, unbelief, and rebellion. Then indeed I did believe, and I was more than sure that the Lord, he was God, the God who had wrought the very same miracle in my soul.

After this I became dead and cold to God, and seemed very secure and careless; and then Satan, who can transform himself into an angel of light, told me I had got a good experience, and my state was safe; therefore I might go on as I pleased; as God had begun a good work in me, he must save me at last, let me live how I would. This my flesh loved; but still the Lord left me not. Well might

Job say, "What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him, and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him, and that thou shouldest visit him every morning and try him every moment?" I soon found I must deny myself, take up my cross, and follow on to know the Lord. This was very hard work, for, having fallen in with the love of ease, which Satan set before me, I thought at first God dealt hardly with me; but in a book I found these words, or to this effect: "The way to the kingdom is through much tribulation; and must God make a new way for you?" I then began to find I had got into a rebellious spirit again; but the Lord was pleased in a measure to quell it. Then I had another trap set before me. I have no doubt Satan well knew my besetting sin; for every time I was in darkness he would constantly set me at devising means of gratifying my carnal desires, which did much strengthen my fear of being in the wrong way. This trap was ordered in such a way as to appear to be the ordination of God, though I found, after a while, that it never led me to him, except for fleshly gratification; but having been burnt in this fire before, when I found or feared it was not from God, I was enabled to leave it; blessed be God for it. Though at first my conscience was defiled with it, the Lord has dealt with me according to the law of retaliation, for I have seen others taken into favor by God and his ministers, and myself cast out. None know what this is but those who have felt it. It is like fire that has a most vehement flame. It scorches up every comfort, yea, every other feeling. You neither feel sin a burden on the conscience, which causes at times a hope, nor can any good desires be conceived; but plenty of pride, enmity, and even a desire to cast them out whom God has been pleased to bring in; till one is ready to conclude it is nearly if not the same sin that Cain's was. I have felt it, and the thought of having it again makes me fear and tremble more than anything in the world besides. I believe it is most certainly true that you may see a man's sin in his punishment; for my prevailing sin since I knew the Lord has been to depart from God and to set up idols; and my most severe punishment has been jealousy, which has wrought in me all manner of rebellion and slighting of God and his ministers. Yet in his time the Lord has been pleased to quell this in me by stirring me up to more diligence in the way, and giving me a just sense of my sin and of his mercy, and in using the rod to make me submit. This he did in a sermon that Mr. Jenkins preached from this text: "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him."

Some time after this I was again invited to stay at Mr. Brook's. My jealousy was in a measure quelled, but fear of the same working in me kept me back for some time. At last I went, and found Mr. B.'s love toward Miss M. again to work up the same feelings in me; but, blessed be God, he did not suffer me to give up my hope in him, but greatly strengthened it. The first Tuesday Mr. B. preached from these words: "For the affliction of the poor, for the sighing of the needy," &c.; and on the Thursday from this: "Buy the truth, and sell it not;" from which I was enabled willingly to give up all I had

for the truth, which is God. I was willing to let everything go that was dear to me in nature, and to endure whatever I was called to pass through. I was even willing to be treated with contempt and see others treated with kindness; and something of this I was called to endure afterwards, even from God's children; but it went hard with me, and Satan provoked me till I rebelled not only in heart but in tongue. I sensibly find and feel I can no longer submit to what God is pleased to call me to than I have his presence or his supporting hand. When that fails me, and the devil is suffered to come in, all is over; and where I should go to, the Lord only knows, but for my comfort, "underneath are the everlasting arms;" so that I cannot sink into the condemnation of the devil; and, by the faith the Lord has given me, I believe I never shall.

After returning from Mr. B.'s, the good Lord appeared for me again, in answer to prayer for a friend. He blessed him, and me with him; so that I blessed and praised him. He gave me, though the most distrustful of all his servants, a comfortable assurance again of his love to me; but, alas! soon, yea, in a few hours afterwards, my wicked heart, stirred up by the devil, brought me into a snare; so that my conscience was defiled. Still the Lord did not forsake me utterly, for the spirit of judgment came upon me so that I was forced to confess unto God that if he sent me to hell that moment I could and would justify him. I saw this sin (though it was not actual transgression) more grievous than any I had before committed on this account. The Lord had appeared so gracious to me, I felt what an ungrateful wretch I was; but I soon found my conscience quiet, and God, as he describes himself, "merciful, gracious, long-suffering, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." God knows, to my shame I say it, I have little sense of God as he is; being for the most part barren, dead, careless, and indifferent. In prayer I can go and mutter a few incoherent expressions, and come away unconcerned, though I well know they were not dictated by his Spirit, therefore cannot be accepted in the Saviour. Sometimes I feel no ground of hope in me, and yet go on in my worldly employments or pursuits as easy as though I had the faith of God's elect in exercise. Yea, I have had so little desire for God at times that I have thought in my wicked heart I cared not if he would give me non-existence, for there are no joys that I can tell of in heaven; and I feel more desire for my lusts than for anything else; yea, I should, if I had opportunity, I fear, be like Esau, for this dainty meat sell my birthright. O wretch that I am! I well know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwells nothing but sin, and that of the very worst. I think sometimes I am a second Magdalene; for that I have had seven devils I have no doubt, and that I have obtained mercy I have a good hope through grace.

Now I have described some parts of the old man in me, I hope I can also feel at times some motions of the new. I have found godly sorrow, sorrow for the sin I have felt within, and sorrow for the sufferings of Christ; under a sense of which I have found patience in great tribulation, when restraining grace has kept me from

the evil I was running into. This has excited gratitude and love to God, together with a sense of my unworthiness, when he has delivered me from some temptations from the enemy into which I had almost sunk. Then I have found faith in exercise, and love, meekness, and contrition. I could say, with Hart,

"I will praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come,"

being sure that the Lord favors me, because my enemies do not triumph over me. Now I believe for a little while that he is my God, but sharper trials will better establish that faith in him. I now enter a fresh scene. Like Jacob, I go on a journey, the object being a partner; and having this desire of my heart gratified to its full extent, a loving, kind, and good partner, whom the Lord in mercy gave me, yet the abuse of his mercy is continual. Having this kind gift from a most indulgent Father in Christ, here I rest, and sink into the flesh. Carnal love and pursuits reign in my heart and in his. In vain does the dear Lord try our affection to him, in bringing upon us trouble after trouble in the flesh, that we may turn from idols and trust in him; but, no; nothing but taking the idol of my heart to himself will bring me to the right place of dependence on himself. Twenty short months begin and end this part of my life, in which I may say, as Hart says, "I was a moderate sufferer but a monstrous sinner." Nevertheless, the mercy and compassion of the Saviour fail not. "He drew me with the cords of love, with the bands of a man," and caused me to return unto him, having preserved me in and through innumerable trials of providence, and keeping me still in his fear, through sharper exercises of soul, with this sweet word of consolation in my widowhood: "Thy Maker is thy Husband."

M. L. T.

[The full name of the author of the above Memoir is not given in the MS. from which it is here printed; but she appears to have been an attached hearer and personal friend of Mr. Brook; and the honesty and sincerity of her confessions, and her simple account of the Lord's dealings with her soul, speak, we think, sufficiently for themselves, and need no recommendation from us.]

MEN may have a multitude of thoughts about the affairs of their callings and the occasions of life, which yet may give no due measure of the frame of their hearts. So men whose calling and work it is to study the scriptures, or the things revealed therein, and to preach them unto others, cannot but have many thoughts about spiritual things; and yet may be, and often times are, most remote from being spiritually-minded. They may be forced by their work and calling to think of them early and late, evening and morning, and yet their minds be no way rendered or proved spiritual thereby. It were well if all of us who are preachers would diligently examine ourselves herein. So is it with them who oblige themselves to read the scriptures, it may be so many chapters every day; notwithstanding the diligent performance of their task, they may be most remote from being spiritually-minded. (See Ezek. xxxiii. 31.)
—Owen.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN STARKEY TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Dear Sir,—It is with humble gratitude that I return you my sincere thanks for your kindness to me, an entire stranger, and for contributing so liberally to the relief of my temporal wants. O how wonderful have the dealings of the Lord been with me, both in my temporal and spiritual concerns! Surely I did not think of finding such friends on earth or in heaven as I have found in this sickness. As soon as the Lord had made himself known to me as my Teacher, my Instructor, and my Guide, and the Sovereign Lord of all both in heaven and in earth; and that the hearts of all men are in his hands, and that he doeth all things according to his eternal purpose, and that he had chosen me to whom he might make known the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus, he did most sweetly promise me that my bread should be given me and my water should be sure; and he has been faithful to his word, and he enables me still to trust him for the time to come. Surely he has made my cup run over, for he has given me more than I could either ask or think. What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? He hath given me to eat of that hidden manna, and hath satisfied my soul in drought. The dark clouds that seemed to be gathering over my head, and seemed ready to overwhelm me in despair at one time, have all fled away, and the bright clouds appeared; and surely they have showered down blessings, so that I am at times lost in wonder, love, and praise. Thus I do not know which to admire most, his justice or his mercy to me in my sickness. It is now twelve months since I was able to provide anything for my family, but, through the kindness of my dear friend Mr. Bourne, I have been well provided for. Surely I have great cause for thankfulness to the God of all my mercies, and to the kind friends, whoever they be or wherever they are, that have assisted me in my distress.

Though I am very much improved in health, I am yet very weak in body. My complaint, which is upon the lungs, seems to be returning again, my breathing being very bad at times; but if it should please the Lord to raise me up again I trust it will be to his glory; and if it should not be his pleasure to restore me to health again, he knows my heart, that come life or death all will be well, and that those he once loveth he loveth to the end.

Dear Sir, I do most earnestly remember you in my prayers, that there may be laid up in store for you a good foundation against the time to come, and that you may lay hold on eternal life. And now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, amen, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Brother in the Lord,

Oaks Common, Dec. 4th, 1849.

J. STARKEY.

[Our readers will remember the Obituary of Starkey which lately appeared in our pages.]

HYPOCRITES very quickly raise up their crests as soon as a kind word is addressed to them; but the faithful, being conscious of what is wrong, and having their sins before their eyes, do not so easily take courage; nor can they do so until they are convinced that their sins are buried, and that they themselves are freed from guilt.—*Calvin.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Dear Companion in Tribulation,—It is but seldom that I see thy face; and being circumscribed both in bodily strength and in pocket, I cannot at present move about to visit the excellent of the earth, in whose company and converse I delight; yet, though a prisoner of hope, confined within a narrow circle, as it respects the body, my spirit at seasons enjoys a larger measure of liberty; so that I am now and then enabled to step over the water and pay an invisible visit to my friend. When this is the case, I am very kindly assisted by one who is possessed of wonderful strength; (Isa. xl. 29;) for such is my extreme weakness that without him I never could reach thy habitation. When I am thus come, methinks I sometimes see thee standing upon that rock which is high above all enemies; at other times ascending heaven's ladder with firm and steady steps; but oftentimes, like myself, among the myrtle trees in the bottom, or in the low valley of humiliation and abasement, troubled, afflicted, and oppressed; exercised with fears, fightings, groanings, and perplexities. But notwithstanding all these sad things we still hold on our way; and when the sun shines on our path, faith speaks out with divine courage: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who hath loved us." At these seasons we quit ourselves like men, and stand our ground; but when the clouds gather about us, and another storm comes on, then down we go again, and begin to mourn, with brother Hart,

"And must it, Lord, be so?
And must thy children bear
Such various kinds of woe,
Such soul-perplexing fear?"

Yes, it must indeed; for our Beloved hath declared, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

It is true our lot is cast in a very dark and cloudy day; many bitter portions are appointed for us; we find many enemies where we expected friends; and much opposition where we expected to find the greatest union and harmony. Be it so; the end of all these things is at hand; God hath provided some better things for us; now we are amongst the afflicted and poor people, who are left in the midst of Zion in her present low condition. But ere long Zion shall manifestly be an eternal excellency, the joy of the whole earth; and we shall come to the brightness of her rising. The earnest of this we now feel in our hearts, and the time is hastening on when our Lord Jesus Christ will make all things new—new heavens and a new earth, the inhabitants all new creatures, adorned with new honors and covered with new glory; no devil, no Canaanite, no old man of sin shall ever enter within the walls of the New Jerusalem. Then we shall sing a new song, and the music will be new, exalted, and divine; the sweetest notes upon the highest key. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.

Come, my dear brother, cheer up; we shall not always be in our present low condition—oppressed, afflicted, tormented, despised, hated, and rejected of men. No, no; our everlasting Father and Friend will ere long set up his everlasting kingdom; and when this takes place, then, O then, we shall so shine that "all that see us shall acknowledge us that we are the seed which the Lord hath blessed." Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, even at the appointed time, and gather up the scattered trophies of thy victory, the purchase of thy precious blood, the jewels of thy mediatorial crown, the objects of thy Father's choice, whom thou hast redeemed from among men, in whom thy Spirit dwells, on whom

thy grace hath been abundantly bestowed, for whom thou hast gone to prepare mansions of everlasting rest. How beautiful upon the mountains have the feet of thine ambassadors appeared, while publishing these things to us; how happy have our souls been when thy power and thy glory have been manifested to us in thine earthly courts; what sweet burning of heart have we felt while thou hast kindly deigned to walk with us by the way, communicating to us the secrets of thy covenant; and how happy, how humble have we been while sitting under thy blessed shadow, and feeding upon the fruits of thy dying, unchanging love.

“If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?”

Dear William, if you see my Beloved, tell him that in his favor there is life, and beg him to remember me.

Present my love to Mrs. M., and to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, especially the King's herald at Deptford and his flock.

May 20th, 1815. Affectionately thine,
JOHN KEYT.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND, BY THE LATE
G. S. B. ISBELL.

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter deserved an earlier reply, and I must plead guilty to the charge of procrastination, but not to that of forgetfulness or indifference to your welfare. I trust that I appreciate your affectionate remembrance of me, and your wish that I should preach again in your town. It gives me reason to believe that I have not altogether laboured in vain when with you, and that “brotherly love” continues to flourish. Silence and seeming neglect often put this grace to a severe test; but however numerous and bitter may be the weeds that spring up, cover over, and seek to choke it, like every plant of the Father's right-hand planting, its life continues, though its buds may be few, and its blossom and fruit, for a season, almost wholly hidden, if not quite out of sight. Love, which a little silence can destroy, never came from God; and love, which a few blasts of malice from the lips of a new acquaintance can wither, is not worth possessing. He is a rich man who has two or three *real* friends, whom God has united to him in the bonds of heavenly love, and who love on whether the sun shine or the snow fall; whether it be day or night, summer or winter, with him. God does not love his people for their goodness; he loves them in spite of their vileness. No tongue rising in judgment against them can alienate his affections; and no adversary, or false friend, break the three-fold cord wherewith he has bound them up in “the bundle of life with the Lord their God.” His love causes him to do them good. It makes him bear with their crooked ways, correct their errors, restore them when wandering, heal them when wounded, quicken them when drooping, forgive them when offending, and “cover the multitude of sins” which, if he were so inclined, he might expose to their shame, and with their punishment overwhelm them. How few “love the brethren” with a love in a measure resembling this! How few are “followers (literally *imitators*) of God as dear children!” False love is glad of any specious excuse for throwing off the garb which sits so loosely and uncomfortably upon it, as Ahithophel was glad of an excuse to forsake David, whom he hated in his heart, although with his mouth he long continued to show much love. Some friends are like the barnacles which you have seen growing or working their way into the timbers of vessels;

they stick to us to sink us if possible. Barnacle friends are often the most loud in their professions, and the most close of all adherents for a time. They get into our natural affections, and, if they profess religion, we are as ready to mistake this for spiritual union, as David was in the unhappy deceiver whom I have alluded to. It was not owing to the care of this barnacle that his vessel did not sink, but to the watchfulness, care, and love of God, who was at hand to cast away the barnacle, and to plug the hole which it had pierced. "The keeper of Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth."

But, my dear friend, if we have these barnacles *without* eating into the vessel, how many have we *within*, which eat out from the heart towards the sea of evils around us? Those which pierce from within are of all the most to be dreaded. No "hearts of oak," and no copper sheathing, be it ever so sound and thick, can withstand their action. They lie in the heart undiscovered, until "the true light" shines; but when this "light of life" makes manifest "the things which are reprov'd," we begin to see and to feel the destructions that dwell within us. If we had no destroyers within, we should be little injured by those which are without. The cause of most of our troubles may be found in ourselves, and consequently we are obliged to pray against our corrupt self, as truly and as earnestly as against Satan and "the powers of darkness." Pride, self-conceit, infidelity, lusts, envy, jealousy, covetousness, worldly-mindedness, self-seeking, vain-glory, revenge, deceit, and innumerable other evils, are in the heart, whether seen and felt or not; and many are more eaten up by these than any plank that ever you saw by the barnacles. It is of God's grace alone that we are made to know, feel, hate, and pray against them, as abominations in his sight; and it is of his grace alone that they do not succeed in casting us away, but are overruled for our good, to humble us, make us watchful and prayerful, show us our constant need of the blood of Jesus Christ, and keep us dependent upon him; while "boasting is excluded," and the Lord is embraced and depended on as our "all and in all." I have much and constant need of such a Saviour as is Jesus, to deliver me from all my destructions, and to keep me by his power through faith unto salvation. The following verse has of late been very sweet to me:

"But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dipp'd in blood;
'Tis he instead of me is seen
When I approach to God."

It is well when we can feel this great and surprising truth, and find our hearts encouraged thereby to draw nigh unto God, and to make known our wants and requests unto him. It is not well with us when unbelief, carnality, or worldly-mindedness, keep us from seeking the Lord; and it is ill indeed with us when, although cold, barren, and prayerless, we are not disgusted on account thereof. I trust the Lord keeps you near to himself, and that you and the friends find his word still precious and powerful. I have been invited to visit London, and would do so if I could see my way, but at present I am obliged to decline all invitations, having already sufficient claims on my time and poor services. Should I at any time visit town, I shall hope to be enabled to meet you all again. Mr. P. will (D.V.) be in London next month. He is, through mercy, much better, and his trials are sincerely felt to have been for his own good, and for the benefit of the church.

Should you see Mr. B. or Mr. D., pray give my love to them, and accept the same for yourself, yours, and the friends by name,

Affectionately yours in the truth,

Leicester, June 21, 1849.

G. S. B. ISBELL.

Obituary.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY CHURCHMAN.

[We believe this Memoir has already appeared in print, but it will be found very interesting.]

“ Agreeably to what my parents educated me in I was zealous for the Established Church, thought all fanatics who dissented from it, and had as great an inclination to persecute them as Paul had. As a proof, there lay a way through my father's yard for Mrs. M., a godly woman, to go to meeting, which she did every Lord's Day; and I really thought it my duty to set his great dog upon her to molest her, and used sometimes to encourage him for half a mile together with the most bitter invectives, such as saying, ‘ My dog would smell the blood of fanatics, ’ &c. The cur was thought savage to others, but such was the preventing providence of God, that he never once fastened upon this gracious woman, notwithstanding for some time I constantly made it my business to set him upon her.

“ When I was about 18 years of age, it pleased the Lord to lay on me a languishing fit of sickness, which raised in me some promise of a new life; and when recovered, at the persuasion of a neighbor who had been very useful to me in my illness, I went with her to hear that man of God Mr. Holcroft. He preached powerfully of hell and judgment, which made me tremble and wish secretly I had never come there. Every time he named the name of Christ it was as terrible as the thunder and lightning upon Mount Sinai. I wished myself covered with the mountains, and looked upon Christ as my terrible Judge and enemy. This trouble I vented in floods of tears and many wishes that I had never been born, and that I had never come there; for now, thought I, they will think me one of themselves, which I at that time was fully resolved against. I seemed now to like their persons worse than ever. Satan also suggested, What would my relatives say? They must never know that I had been to a meeting; and the like. Thus, in a great hurry and confusion, I sat till service was ended. After sermon, whilst staying for my neighbor, the minister came to me and asked me where I lived, who I was, and whether I knew anything of the Lord Jesus Christ, &c.; but such was my ignorance, and such the hurry and confusion of my mind, that dark was my answer. I told him I believed the world was at an end. Home I came; and not one word did I speak to my neighbor, but was very angry in my mind that she should ever ask me to go amongst Dissenters. I grew, however, worse and worse in my mind, insomuch that my mother sent for a doctor, fearing that I should go melancholy, which indeed, greatly increased upon me. This was in the reign of King Charles II., at which time they were bringing in Popery at a great pace.

“ The next opportunity which presented, I had an inclination to go to the meeting again, which I did, but very privately. My mother began to mistrust me, and repeated her charge, warning me not to go among such sort of creatures as fanatics, ‘ for I believe,

said she, 'they bewitch people into their persuasions.' However, I went on a week-day, and the same minister preached from these words: 'My beloved is mine and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.' (Cant. ii. 16.) He was a good Samaritan to me that day. The Spirit of the Lord shone round about me. O then I saw the Lord Jesus become my husband; he was to me a hiding-place from the storm and tempest to which I saw my guilty and polluted nature had exposed me. O happy day indeed! I found he who had a little before appeared as a terrible Judge was now become my beloved, and I knew that I was his. O inexpressible joy! He was as a bundle of myrrh to my soul. I had not only here a little and there a little, but I had everywhere much. I had everything I wanted to my decayed spirit. I well knew I should meet with hard things from my relatives, but could now pray, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' (Luke xxiii. 34.)

"As soon as my father and mother knew that I went to the meetings, Satan was in a great rage. My father was then high constable, and had an order from the justices to return all the names of those who frequented the meetings. This made it a hard thing, for his own daughter to be a fanatic, which was what he could not bear. This also increased my difficulty in getting out on the Lord's Day, which, notwithstanding, I sometimes did; and have walked eight, ten, yea, twelve miles to a meeting. If my father at any time understood where I was gone, he spent the day in nothing but oaths and curses, and resolves to murder me. My mother, though an enemy to fanatics, would frequently send a servant to meet me before I could reach home, to tell me not to appear before my father had gone to bed; and I often hid myself in a wood-stack, where I have seen him pass by with a naked knife in his hand, declaring he would kill me before he slept.

"In this bondage I lived for one year; but the Lord carried on his work with much power, and enabled me to declare in Zion what he had done for my soul, which I did on a Lord's Day, as the manner then was. I had some fear, indeed, lest my parents should hear of it, which they did within a fortnight after, by means of a basket-woman, who asked my mother if she had not a daughter. She answered, 'Yes.' 'O,' said the woman, 'I heard her preach such a sermon at Mildred as raised the admiration of all who heard her.' This my mother obliged her to attest before my father and me, who no sooner heard of it than he immediately turned me out of doors, not suffering me to carry anything with me except the clothes I had on my back. I went to a godly gentleman's house, about four miles from my father's, who had often told me I should be welcome to his house, where my employ should be to be governess to his seven children; but there the Lord was pleased to try me greatly at my first setting out. My mistress, though a good woman, soon became uneasy, thinking her husband showed me too much favor. She was suffered to carry it very cruelly towards me, ordering my lodging with the meanest of the servants, and my diet likewise as coarse as theirs. It being a time of scarcity of provisions, we under-

servants lived chiefly upon barley bread. I was obliged to borrow for necessary change of linen; nor did I know for months together what it was to have a penny in my pocket.

“This great change of living, together with my grief at being banished from my father’s house, brought me so low that a sore fit of sickness ensued. My life not being long expected, the gentleman sent a messenger to acquaint my mother that I had a great desire to see her; but as soon as the messenger informed my father, he replied, if he did not immediately get out of his yard he would shoot him dead. However, about a fortnight after, my mother sent me a box of wearing apparel, which I received with these words on my mind: ‘For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.’ (Matt. vii. 32.) I lived in this place with difficulty three years, but in all that time never knew what it was to have one barren Sabbath. I thought my mercies equal to the children of Israel’s. I gathered my manna on the Sabbath, and it always tasted sweet and good; it never cloyed, and I was always hungry, insomuch that I thought if seeing and hearing the saints here was sometimes so pleasant, what must it be to dwell with them above? I was placed indeed among those where I had frequent opportunity of being convinced that good men are subject to like passions with others. This grieved me much; but God did me good by such disappointments, for hereby he brought me more off from the creature to the Creator.

“The year following, Providence placed me twenty miles another way, where I obtained a Joseph’s character and Joseph’s promotion; being greatly valued by many noble families, and especially Lady M., who told me she loved me years before she was personally acquainted with me. She gave me of her liberality, and maintained Christian communion with me. One remark this lady made I very well remember. Speaking of the suitableness of the Spirit’s applying the word to all ranks and conditions, ‘It is well said,’ said she, ‘Not *many* noble are called; had it been expressed, not *any* noble, what a condition must I have been in!’

“Persecution now came on apace. The Dissenters could have no meetings but in woods and corners. I myself have seen our companies often alarmed with drums and soldiers; every one was fined five pounds a month for being in their company. Here God left me to stagger. Satan suggested, ‘If you give your body to be burned, and have not charity, it is nothing.’ (1 Cor. xiii. 3.) But the greater the temptation the greater was the deliverance, from these words: ‘These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;’ (Rev. vii. 14;) also, ‘And white robes were given to every one of them,’ &c. (vi. 11.) Blessed be God, Satan by his assault only bruised my heel; my head remained whole.

“While I was in this family the commissioners came and searched for ministers. Mr. B., (the gentleman of the house,) and Mr. Holcroft, were asleep in a private arbor. I ran, with some difficulty, and awaked them, and they made their escape through the hedges; but as I returned the officers surprised me; they went and found

some slips of cloth on the hedges, which made them roar like blood-hounds, after which they came and seized a whole houseful of goods. These men were Major T. and Colonel C.

“But O the great trial was now come on; they found and seized my beloved pastor, Mr. Holcroft, and carried him to Cambridge Castle. But even there God appeared wonderfully for him; he preached, and many souls were converted in that place. Now God was with us much; he was indeed as a pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day. And how do I remember his loving-kindness to me the least of all saints. He not only delivered me from fears but even from death itself, nay, the very flames with which we were threatened were made familiar to me. I was enabled to say, ‘O death, where is thy sting?’ The Lord was a covert from the storm and tempest, and a strong rock in the day of trouble. Mr. B., with whom I lived, had a call to Holland; and as the persecution was very threatening in England, he thought it his duty to accept the call. He gave me an invitation to go with him, assuring me that all things should be common. As I well knew my circumstances were very precarious, not having anywhere to hide my head when this worthy family was gone, I was drawn into great straits. I sought the Lord time after time on this account, and it seemed as if he were providing for me in another land. Grace taught me my duty to my parents, though they were enemies to the cross of Christ; accordingly, I acquainted them with this invitation, and that I should comply with it unless their commands were to the contrary. I added, in my letter, I should be obedient to them saving in matters relating to my God; and though I had not been permitted to see them for seven years past, yet I could assure them my affection for them was the same as ever. I begged they would consider of it, and let me know in eight days’ time, for all things were ready to embark in a fortnight. Not hearing from them in the time I set, I took their silence for consent; and so prepared all things for my journey, and set out with my friends. Just before we reached Harwich, where we were to take shipping, a messenger from my father overtook me with a letter, the contents of which were as follows, that if I would come home I should have my liberty to worship God in my own way; but as to my leaving the land, that was what they could not bear; therefore, without fail, I must come back with the messenger; which I did. Great was the sorrow at parting with my friends; but my duty to my parents surmounted all.

“I no sooner entered my father’s house than my mother fainted away in receiving me. My father, also, though a man of great spirit, offered to fall on his knees to ask my pardon for his former cruelty. O amazing work of sovereign grace! When our ways please the Lord, he maketh even our enemies to be at peace with us. My father immediately told me I should have my liberty in matters relating to my God. I then humbly offered my obedience to them both on my knees. At supper time there was not a mouthful eaten but with tears. I well knew my God had appeared to my father on my behalf, as he did to Laban of old; and I applied Ja-

cob's promise to myself: 'Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good.' (Gen. xxxii. 12.) The next Sabbath my father came into my chamber by break of day, and told me I should have a horse and man to wait on me to the meeting, which was at a place called Taft. Mr. Oddy preached from these words: 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.' (Ps. cx. 3.) Then I could feel electing love the prime cause of all God's dealings with me. There now appeared a great reformation in the whole family. My father feared to sin for fear of grieving his daughter, and in a little time left off drinking, which is the forerunner of all other evils. Now I thought I could give my very body to be burnt for the souls of my dear relations. The Lord granted my request on their behalf. In a few years I had not only the pleasure of seeing the conversion of my three brothers, but of seeing them eminently useful. I found my God reserved his greatest mercies for my greatest trials, for at the death of my dear sister I had not only the comfort of seeing her conversion but the greater satisfaction of seeing my dear father and mother also brought to a knowledge of the faith of Jesus, though at the eleventh hour. Yea, such was the power of God, that he left not a hoof behind of the whole family. Surely now I may say that nothing but goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. When we had free liberty from Popery and slavery under our great deliverer King William III., many were the favors which I enjoyed. God gave me the best and tenderest of husbands, a prophet of the Lord indeed, whose good instructions abide with my children to this day. In short, the Lord has sanctified every trial to me, and followed me with pleasure and comfort in my old age.

"MARY CHURCHMAN."

This excellent Christian was subject to much affliction of body in the latter part of her life; but in general she was very lively in her soul. At the age of 74 she had some near views of her approaching dissolution; and the last time she came down stairs, which was four days before her death, she said that her God might leave her to the trial of her faith, but his covenant was unalterable; and then further declared that for months past she had conversed with her Lord face to face in her private retirement. "Yea," said she, "such has been my near communion with my God, that he has already given me the white robe of Christ's righteousness as an earnest of my standing before his throne." Her memory was very quick, and her understanding clear. She gave choice advice to her children, with the utmost caution and tenderness. She said she had not the least concern about future events, for now she believed the decrees of God, and knew he did all things well. It rejoiced her that Christ was the great God and the King of grace, and that the government was upon his shoulder.

The evening before she died she called one of her children, and though her speech was a little faltering, she expressed herself thus: "I have now a new comfort, which surpasseth all my former experience, from these words, 'Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.' (Heb. vii. 25.) O," said

she, "that word 'uttermost' has gone into heaven before me. I now remember the days of his espousals, when I followed him in the wilderness. And when I was banished from my father's house, then my God saved me to the uttermost; he saved me to the uttermost in all his providences when in a married state; he saved me to the uttermost in all my children; he saved me to the uttermost in my widowhood; he saves me to the uttermost in all my affliction; and now he saves me to the uttermost in my sickness; yea, this High Priest saves my faith against all the assaults of Satan on my death-bed. As man he suffered; as God he saves to the uttermost." After this she turned herself to her neighbors, who were weeping, and said, "Here is a word for you, Christ saves sinners to the uttermost;" and then addressing herself to her child, she said, "O my dear child, I want to take you with me to heaven; but Christ will save you to the uttermost. You have been the gift of God to me; but wherein you have been useful take heed of pride, for you have a corrupt nature." She then gave charge concerning her funeral; and after having added, "God be with you, my child," fell as it were asleep in the arms of her daughter. Thus the Lord favored her with an easy passage to the mansions of glory. She departed this life Jan. 12th, 1734, in the 80th year of her age, and was interred at Saffron Walden, in Essex.

IF God has quickened thy soul, he will empty thee from vessel to vessel, and not let thee rest on the old bottom. Convictions will return, and fresh salt will be rubbed in the wound, to keep it smarting till the good Physician come; a secret something will be wanting which the creature cannot give. There will be a keen appetite for the Lord's Day and the Lord's word; which craving will never entirely cease till thou hast found the bread of life; hence the promises: "A present help in trouble," "The weary shall find rest," and "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," &c.—*Huntington*.

FALLS are dangerous, for they dishonor Christ, wound the conscience, and cause the enemies of God to speak reproachfully; but it is no good argument, I am fallen, therefore I am not coming aright to Jesus Christ. If David, and Solomon, and Peter had thus objected against themselves, they had added to their griefs; and yet had they as much cause as thou. A man whose steps are ordered by the Lord, and whose goings the Lord delights in, may yet be overtaken with a temptation that may cause him to fall. (Ps. xxxvii. 23, 24.) Did not Aaron fall? yea, and Moses himself. What shall we say of Hezekiah and Jehoshaphat? There are, therefore, different falls; falls pardonable and falls unpardonable; falls unpardonable are falls against light, from the faith, to the despising and trampling upon Jesus Christ and his blessed undertakings. (Heb. vi. 2-5-10-28, 29.) Now, as for such, there remains no more sacrifice for sin; indeed, they have no heart, no mind, no desire, to come to Jesus Christ for life; therefore they must perish. Nay, says the Holy Ghost, "it is impossible that they should be renewed again unto repentance." Therefore for these people God had no compassion, neither ought we. But for our falls, though they be dreadful, (and God will chastise his people for them,) they do not prove thee a graceless man, one who is not to come to Jesus Christ for life.—*Bunyan*.

GARBLING THE WRITINGS OF GOOD MEN BY DISHONEST QUOTATIONS.

AN aged minister, named J. A. Jones, has addressed a printed letter to the Editor of the "Gospel Standard," in which he gives an extract from a work of Dr. Hawker's, in order to show that the Doctor did not hold the doctrine of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord. The extract which he gives from Dr. Hawker is thus introduced and applied:

"When one wrote to Dr. Hawker, of embalmed memory, and charged him with holding the tenet, 'That the Son of God, as a divine person, was eternally begotten of the substance of the Father;' the Doctor replied to him, saying, 'I have never presumed to look into, much less enter, the hallowed ground of mystery, in relation to the *modus existendi* of the divine persons in the Godhead. I have no conception of the nature of that relationship which subsists between the Father and the Son. I know, indeed, that some of our greatest divines have dwelt largely on the subject of what they call eternal generation, but I have never seen it defined by any writer to my satisfaction. For my part, I have always contemplated the subject, since I knew anything of the Lord, at an infinite distance, and with the most profound humbleness of mind!' O pray, Sir, do condescend to borrow a leaf out of Dr. Hawker's book."

The poor old man who bids us "condescend to borrow a leaf out of Dr. Hawker's book," might have condescended not to garble his words, for he has omitted the passage which immediately follows:

"I read of it continually in the scriptures, and I most cordially accept it as it is proposed for the object of my faith. But as the word of God, though plainly declaring it, hath not explained it, so neither do I."

Afterwards, at the bottom of the same page, the Doctor adds:

"The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are all equal in glory, and in all the eternal properties which distinguish the Godhead. One in nature, being, essence, sovereignty, will, purpose, pleasure."

The Doctor most firmly held eternal generation, for these are his express words:

"The eternal generation of the Son of God as God, is declared in scripture as a most blessed reality, and as such forms an express article of our faith."—*Hawker's Works*, Vol. VI., p. 87.

"Everlasting, in the language of Scripture, is without beginning and without ending. So that in the eternal generation of the Son of God, as the Father is eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Father, so must the Son be eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Son. If there had been a period in eternity when the Son of God was not the Son, in that same period the Father would not have been the Father; for both in the very nature of things, in the constitution of each character, must have been equally existing together."—*Hawker's Works*, Vol. VI., p. 89.

In a similarly dishonest way he has given an extract from Dr. Owen's Preface to his work on the Person of Christ, where the Doctor cites a passage from Ephrem Syrus, as if that writer denied the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord. He tells us in his letter that "in reading and pondering, only a few days ago, Dr. Owen's elaborate

treatise on the Person of Christ, he was greatly struck with a quotation which the Doctor gives, and which he would have deeply impressed on his mind as well as on all those who write or even speak on this most solemn and unfathomable subject."

Now what are Dr. Owen's own words just before he gives this quotation? They are these: "Of the eternal generation of the divine Person of the Son the sober writers of the ancient church did constantly affirm that it was firmly to be believed, but as unto the manner of it not to be inquired into." He then gives an extract from Lactantius; and then comes the quotation from Ephrem Syrus which J. A. Jones has cited as if he did not hold eternal generation. How dishonest is this; for Dr. Owen quotes him as holding the doctrine, but wisely cautioning us, in which we most fully agree, as to any carnal searchings into that sublime mystery.

Neither Dr. Hawker nor Ephrem Syrus denied the eternal generation of the Son of God, but, on the contrary, were firm advocates of the doctrine. But they most wisely declined for themselves, and cautioned others against carnal reasoning on so deep and sublime a subject, as being entirely beyond the reach of human intellect. This is exactly what we say. We receive the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord as a mystery revealed in the scriptures, but which we cannot and do not profess to explain. The censure, therefore, does not fall upon us, but upon those who, by their carnal reasonings and unhallowed speeches, have sought to cast contempt upon a mystery which they reject because they cannot understand it, nor make it square with the deductions of human reasoning. But is it not sad to see an old man, with one foot in the grave, spending, as it were, his last days in the miserable vanity of reprinting his erroneous creed of fifty years back, as if time and age could turn falsehood into truth; and what is worse, employing his dying fingers so to mutilate and garble the writings of gracious men for the dishonest purpose of persuading his readers that these men of God did not believe in the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, but were one with him in his errors.

WE read, Lam. iv. 3, of sea-monsters which draw out their breasts to their young. About the tropics our seamen meet with flying fishes. How strange, both in shape and property, is the sword-fish! Even our own seas produce creatures of strange shapes, but the commonness of them takes off the wonder. Thus does the heart of man naturally swarm and abound with strange and monstrous lusts and abominations. "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." (Rom. i. 29.) O what a swarm is here! And yet there are multitudes more in the depths of the heart. And it is no wonder, considering that with our fallen nature we received the spawn of the blackest and vilest abominations. This original lust is productive of them all. (James i. 14.) In the depths of the heart they are conceived, and thence they crawl out of the eyes, hands, lips, and all the members.—*Flavel*.

REVIEW.

Things most surely believed among us, as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ. A Sermon preached at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Hitchin, on Wednesday Morning, March 7th, 1860, by William Crowther. London: W. H. Collingridge.

MANY of our readers are doubtless aware that for some time past a warm controversy has been going on in some of the churches of truth concerning the nature of the Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ. We, in common, we believe, with well-nigh all the saints and servants of God who have ever lived and died in the faith of God's elect, believe and hold that he is the eternal Son of God; in other words, that he was in his divine nature the Son of God and God the Son before he became manifested in the flesh. The author of the above sermon, who seems to have come forward as the main champion of the opposite side of the question, openly denies this doctrine, and boldly asserts that Jesus was not the only-begotten Son of God before his incarnation, but became so by being begotten of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin. Our readers well know that we have already written somewhat largely on the subject, and it may, therefore, seem scarcely necessary for us again to take it up by noticing the above sermon, the main object of which is distinctly to explain the views entertained by Mr. Crowther and his friends. But apart from the interest which we take—from our very position cannot but take—in the maintenance of truth and the refutation of error, we have another reason which has induced us to offer a few remarks upon the sermon preached at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Hitchin. The views of those who advocate the eternal Sonship of our blessed Redeemer are in some points much misunderstood, if not misrepresented by the adversaries of truth, and conclusions freely drawn from these mis-statements which we altogether disclaim and disavow. A great handle has in consequence been made thereby to injure the cause of truth, to prejudice the mind of the weak, to wound and distress the heart of the tender and timid, and to harden and confirm the obstinate in their error. It has, therefore, for some time past, struck our mind that it would be highly desirable, if it lay in our power, to remove some of these stumbling-blocks; and we have thought the appearing abroad of this sermon has afforded us a favorable opportunity to set forth one or two matters in a somewhat clearer light than we have hitherto done. Not that we mean to confine ourselves to this part of the subject, as we may find it necessary, in the course of our Review, to make some remarks on the sermon itself and the statements contained in it. But that none may accuse us of misrepresenting the views which Mr. Crowther holds, we will give an extract from his sermou:

“ You may ask why I am thus particular in tracing the circumstances of the birth of Christ? Because there are two or three things made indisputably plain and certain thereby. I will just name them, and then pass on. The first is, that Jesus was *begotten* of the Holy Ghost in the

womb of the Virgin, and *thus became* the *only-begotten* Son of God; all other sons of God, such as angels and men, being made, but he alone being begotten; and every scripture that speaks of him as begotten refers obviously to this *ONLY*-begetting; besides which none other is known, except in the imagination or invention of men; (John i. 14, 18; Heb. i. 5, 6; John iii. 16; 1 John iv. 9;) and every other scripture that speaks of Christ as begotten speaks of him with evident reference to his birth *into the world*, and only need consulting by those who wish to 'know the certainty of the things wherein they have been instructed,' for this to be perceived; and also for it to be seen that there is not one particle of evidence, from Genesis to Revelation, that the *Deity* of Christ is a derived, a begotten, a generated, and thus an originated and not an original Deity."

This is plain language enough; and we are always glad when men will speak out boldly and clearly what they really do hold. Evasions and concealment of their real views are too much the practice of preachers and writers who have an inward consciousness that they hold sentiments contrary to the received faith of the churches of truth, and in this point they too nearly resemble the ancient Arians and the modern Arminians, who, under a form of sound words, cloak the most deadly errors. But though we commend Mr. Crowther's boldness and plainness, we cannot bestow the same encomiums upon his modesty; and we certainly think that he might have had, if not a little less presumption, at any rate a little more good sense and right feeling than to send out his sermon with such a title as he has prefixed to it. It is, to say the least of it, a thorough misnomer. It comes forth with this title stamped in large characters on its face, "Things most surely believed among us as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ." Who are the "*us*?" We are very certain that it is not the saints of God, nor the ministers of Christ, for they almost unanimously reject the error which this sermon attempts so laboriously to set up. Nor are they "things surely believed," even by those who hold his erroneous doctrine, for the faith of God's elect, and of such a faith only Luke speaks as a sure belief, (Luke i. 1,) never embraces error in any shape or form, and therefore certainly not the leading error which it is the main object of this sermon to establish. The Holy Ghost, whose work it is to glorify Christ, never revealed a doctrine, either in the word of truth or in the heart of a saint, which robs the Son of God of his highest claim and dearest title. Men may confidently hold and boldly maintain certain views which they believe they see in the scriptures; but, as Hart says on another subject, such persons

"Do not believe, but think."

It appears, therefore, to us a piece of presumption at the very outset for a man up to his neck in error to take as the title of his book the language of inspiration, as if he spoke in it with the authority of an apostle, and was the mouthpiece of all the ministers, and all the churches, and all the believers in the land. He must at any rate be conscious that the churches of truth and the ministers of Christ in this land do not surely believe his views, and that there is scarcely a writer of any weight or authority, either in times past or at the pre-

sent moment, who has advocated them. Luke the evangelist could use such language, for he spoke by express inspiration; but Luke, the inspired penman, writing truth, and William Crowther, the uninspired minister, preaching error, cannot speak with the same authority to the church of God. We, then, if we may speak in the name of the ministers and the churches of experimental truth in this land, reject and reprobate the title. Whomsoever it includes, it does not include "us." This may seem strong language; but it is time to speak out. We were, we confess, at first, grieved and pained at seeing the strife that this controversy was causing—how it divided churches and separated chief friends; but lately we have felt that there was a needs-be for this winnowing fan to sift the churches, and to separate the lovers of truth from the lovers of error, as the apostle speaks, "For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. xi. 19.) As lovers of truth, then, we have no wish to be included among the lovers of error, and therefore repudiate the title of the sermon as folding us in its embrace. But if by "us" he mean the church and congregation to whom he was preaching, or a few ministers and people of similar sentiments with himself, we cannot decide for them whether they will accept or not this fraternal embrace; but as the denial of the true and proper Sonship of the blessed Lord includes not only them but all the Pre-existerians and Socinians of the land, we beg leave respectfully to decline any participation in so wide and so erroneous an association.

But leaving the title, let us come to the sermon; and first, let us examine the extract which we have given above, that we may see more plainly and clearly than we have yet done, the real views advocated by the self-constituted leader and brother of the "us."

According to this extract, then, if Jesus "*became* the only begotten Son of God, by being begotten of the Holy Ghost" in the womb of the Virgin, he clearly was not the Son of God before he came into the world. This narrows the question into a small compass, and raises what lawyers call "an issue;" that is, a point on which both parties agree to try the respective merits of the case, and stake the event of the dispute in hand. So far, then, we willingly join issue with Mr. Crowther in arguing the case upon that point as the chief gist of the whole question.

We have already intimated that we have thought it well to take advantage of the present opportunity to remove some misunderstandings or misrepresentations of the views of those who do believe that Jesus is the Son of the Father, in truth and love; that he was and is the Son of God in his divine Person from all eternity, and therefore before he was manifested in the flesh. The extract which we have already given contains one of these misunderstandings or misrepresentations, and we therefore take the present opportunity to remove it, if possible, out of the way.

The adversaries of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, often throw into our teeth that we hold what they are pleased to call (for there is a sad want of holy reverence in their language,) "a begotten

God." Thus the author of the above sermon says, "There is not one particle of evidence from Genesis to Revelation, that the deity of Christ is a derived, a begotten, a generated, and thus an originated and not an original Deity;" and again, (p. 9,) "However much assertions may be made about 'Eternal Sonship,' 'Eternal generation,' or 'begotten God,' those assertions being totally at variance with both the letter and the spirit of the word, are not entitled to any weight." Mr. Crowther and others may have deduced such a conclusion, but they must be sadly ignorant of divine truth not to know that in such sacred mysteries as the Trinity, and truths of a similar kind, it is not permissible to deduce logical conclusions from given premisses, as in mere natural reasoning. But where can they find such an expression as "a begotten God" used by any writer or preacher who advocates the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord? It is an expression highly derogatory to the blessed Jesus, and intended only to cast contempt on the doctrine of his eternal Sonship. A few words, therefore, on this point may not be out of place. We draw a distinction, then, between the *essence* of God, and the subsistence of the three *Persons* of the Godhead in that essence. God "is." (Heb. xi. 6.) His great and glorious name as the one Jehovah is, "I AM," or, "I AM that I AM." This is his *essence*, which is necessarily self-existent; and this self-existent essence is common to the three *Persons* in the Godhead. Were it not so, Jehovah would not be one LORD. (Deut. vi. 4.) But in this self-existent essence there are three *Persons*; and the Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of the Father, not in his essence, which is self-existent, but in his Personality, or that by which he subsists as a Person in the Godhead. No writer to our mind has handled this point with greater clearness and ability than Dr. Gill; and as his words will justly and necessarily have more force and weight than any of our own, we will give an extract from his "Body of Divinity" on the subject. And first let us see what the Doctor says about the essence of God:

"There is a nature that belongs to every creature which is difficult to understand; and so to God the Creator, which is most difficult of all. That *Nature* may be predicated of God, is what the apostle suggests where he says, the Galatians before conversion served them, who, 'by nature, were no gods,' (Gal. iv. 8,) which implies that though the idols they had worshipped were not, yet there was one that was, by nature, God; otherwise there would be no impropriety in denying it of them. . . . *Essence*, which is the same thing with nature, is ascribed to God; he is said to be excellent, *רַתְּשִׁיָּה*, in *essence*, (Isa. xxviii. 28,) for so the words may be rendered; that is, he has the most excellent essence or being. This is contained in his names, *Jehovah* and *I am that I am*, which are expressive of his essence or being, as has been observed; and we are required to believe that 'he is,' that he has a being or essence, and does exist; (Heb. xi. 6;) and essence is that by which a person or thing is what it is, that is, its nature.

"This nature is common to the three *Persons* in God, but not communicated from one to another; they each of them partake of it, and possess it as one undivided nature; they all enjoy it; it is not a part of it that is enjoyed by one, and a part of it by another, but the whole by each; as 'all the fulness of the Godhead dwells in Christ,' so in the

Holy Spirit; and of the Father there will be no doubt; these equally subsist in the unity of the divine essence, and that without any derivation or communication of it from one to another. I know it is represented by some who, otherwise, are sound in the doctrine of the Trinity, that the divine nature is communicated from the Father to the Son and Spirit, and that he is *fons Deitatis*, 'the fountain of Deity,' which I think are unsafe phrases, since they seem to imply a priority in the Father to the other two Persons; for he that communicates must, at least, in order of nature, and according to our conception of things, be prior to whom the communication is made; and that he has a superabundant plenitude of Deity in him, previous to this communication. It is better to say that they are self-existent, and exist together in the same undivided essence; and jointly, equally, and as early one as the other, possess the same nature."—*Body of Divinity*, Book I., Chap. IV.*

The essence of God, then, as thus ably and clearly explained, is that by which he exists; and as there can be but one God, and he is necessarily self-existent, his essence is clearly distinct from the modes of subsistence of the three Persons in the Godhead. The adversaries of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, we will not say designedly, but probably through misconception, would represent our views somewhat in the following light, which, however, we put forward with considerable reluctance, as on a subject so holy and sacred we dread to think, much more to speak in any way derogatory to the glory of a Triune Jehovah. They would represent us, then, as holding that first there existed the Father alone; that He begot another God, whom we call the Son; and that from the Father and the Son there proceeded another God, whom we call the Holy Ghost. But this perversion of truth is not our doctrine, nor can any such conclusion be legitimately deduced from our views. It may serve their purpose to seek to overthrow the scriptural doctrine of the eternal Sonship of the adorable Redeemer, by dressing up our views in a garb of their own manufacturing, or passing off their illegitimate progeny as our true-born offspring; but we refuse the dress which they would put upon our back, and disavow the children which they would lay at our door. It does not follow because the Lord Jesus Christ is the only-begotten Son of God in his divine nature, that he is "a begotten God."

How, then, it may be asked, do we sustain our doctrine of eternal generation and at the same time obviate such a conclusion? We sustain it thus. We have already shown that there is a distinction between the *essence* of God, which is one and self-existent; and the *personality* of the Three Persons in the Godhead, which is threefold, and thus intercommunicative, and so far dependent. We have to lament the inadequacy of language, or, at least, of our own language, to set such sublime mysteries forth; but the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity can only be so defended. The Unity of God implies self-existence; the Trinity in Unity implies relationship. Thus as regards the Unity of Essence Christ is self-existent; but as

* There is an excellent summary of the Doctor's views on these points in the Memoir of Dr. Gill, prefixed to Mr. Doudney's edition of his Commentary on the Old Testament, page xxvi.

regards the Trinity of Persons he is begotten. He is therefore not a begotten God, though he is a begotten Son. This explanation may be called mystical and obscure; but on such deep and incomprehensible subjects all thought fails and all language falters. Yet as we are sometimes called upon to state or defend our views of divine truth, it is desirable to have clear ideas of what we believe, and to express them as plainly as possible. We believe, then, that there are three Persons in the Godhead, and that these are distinguished from each other by certain personal relationships, and that these personal relationships are not covenant titles, names, or offices, but are distinctive and eternal modes of existence. We are thus preserved from Sabellianism on the one hand, which holds that there is but one God, with three different names; and Tritheism, on the other, which makes three distinct Gods. But believing in a Trinity of Persons, in the Unity of the divine essence, we say that the Father is a Father as begetting; the Son is a Son as begotten; the Holy Ghost is a Spirit as proceeding. If, as imputed to us, we were to say that the Son is "a begotten God," we should deny him self-existence in his essence, as one with the Father and the Holy Ghost; as if we should say that he is a Son by office or by his incarnation we should deny, as Mr. Crowther does, his true, proper, and actual Sonship. To sum up the whole in a few words, it is in his *Person*, not in his *essence*, that he is the only-begotten Son of God. Dr. Gill has opened up this distinction with his usual clearness and ability, and as his words will doubtless carry with them much more authority than our own, we have thought it desirable to give them in the following extract from his *Body of Divinity*:

"When I say it is by necessity of nature, I do not mean that the divine nature, in which the divine persons subsist, distinguishes them; for that nature is one, and common to them all. The nature of the Son is the same with that of the Father; and the nature of the Spirit the same with that of the Father and the Son; and this nature, which they in common partake of, is undivided; it is not parted between them, so that one has one part, and another a second, and another a third; nor that one has a greater and another a lesser part which might distinguish them, but the whole fulness of the Godhead is in each.

"To come to the point: it is the personal relations or distinctive relative properties which belong to each Person which distinguish them from one another; as paternity in the first Person, filiation in the second, and spiration in the third; or, more plainly, it is *begetting*, (Ps. ii. 7,) which peculiarly belongs to the first, and is never ascribed to the second and third, which distinguishes him from them both, and gives him, with great propriety, the name of the Father; and it is being *begotten*, that is the personal relation, or relative property of the second Person, hence called 'the only begotten of the Father,' (John i. 14,) which distinguishes him from the first and third, and gives him the name of the Son; and the relative property, or personal relation of the third Person is, that he is *breathed* by the first and second Persons, hence called the breath of the Almighty, the breath of the mouth of Jehovah the Father, and the breath of the mouth of Christ the Lord, and which is never said of the other two Persons, and so distinguishes him from them, and very pertinently gives him the name of the Spirit, or breath." (Job xxxiii. 4; Ps. xxxiii. 6; 2 Thess. ii. 8.)—*Body of Divinity*, Book I., Ch. XXVIII.

Toplady, speaking of Dr. Gill, has recorded of him the following memorable comparison, "What was said of Edward the Black Prince, that he never fought a battle that he did not win; what has been remarked of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he never undertook a siege which he did not carry, may be justly accommodated to our great Philosopher and Divine, who, so far as the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel are concerned, never besieged an error which he did not drive from its strongholds, nor ever encountered an adversary whom he did not baffle and subdue."

This witness is true, and there was a time when Dr. Gill was held in much respect as an authority by his Baptist brethren; but that day seems to have gone by, for we are now informed by an aged Baptist minister, named J. A. Jones, who has done us the honor of writing and publishing a letter addressed to us, in which the vanity and garrulity of old age sadly appears, that all the London Baptist ministers agree with him in rejecting the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord. J. A. Jones thus gives us his creed, as it originally appeared in the Gospel Magazine, May, 1811:

"An extract—'I avow my firm belief in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—in essence one, in Persons three, the Triune Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty. I not only maintain the essential Deity of the Father, but equally so of the Son, and Spirit. One in nature as in essence; not existing one from another, such as the Son being in the divine nature begotten of the Father, and then the Holy Ghost proceeding from (as God) both. No; I believe that the Son in his adorable divine nature is the self-existent Jehovah, and not a begotten God. That he is so, not by creation, derivation, generation, or indwelling; but, uncreate and underved; my Lord and my God.'"

"The Son of God, in his divine nature, is unbegotten, self-existent, independent, co-existent with the Father. The nature, essence, and perfections of the Triune Jehovah are infinitely above the apprehension of a finite mind. The term 'Son of God,' in the scriptures, uniformly and invariably has respect to our glorious Immanuel in his complex character as God-man; and in this sense only is Christ the 'only-begotten of the Father.' I venture to assert, that there is not one text in the Bible that speaks of him under the character of the 'Son of God,' but it has respect to his office as Mediator, and not to his original, divine, and essential nature as Jehovah, and co-eval with the Father."

"The character of the Son of God (I repeat it) belongs to him only in the union of natures. If we consider him only in his divine essence, as God, the scriptures never give him the character of a Son, so considered. And, in the human nature only, he could not be the 'only-begotten of God.'"

This, he says, was his creed in 1811, and is so now in 1860, and that all the London Particular Baptist ministers agree with him :

"Such were my views nearly fifty years ago, and such they are now. I have seen no cause to alter even a solitary sentence. I commend the same to your most critical perusal. Remember one thing, I am not alone in my views. I believe all the ministers in London, of our denomination, who are reputed sound in the faith, are likeminded with me. I say to you, 'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' But, to whatever conclu-

sion you may come, I beseech you don't consign over to eternal perdition an aged minister, just on the verge of Jordan; whose ministry, from first to last, has tended to the exaltation of Christ the Lord, his Saviour and his God; and whose labors have been owned and blest to the spiritual profit of hundreds of immortal souls. I pray you don't do this, merely because he cannot see with your eyes, and refuses to make use of your spectacles."

We have never "consigned to eternal perdition" those who differ from us on this point. We are not their Judge. We consider that they are in a serious error on a very important point, but we wish to leave their state before God.

But to return to the sermon now before us. We are not Sabelians, Arians, or Tritheists, but Trinitarians; that is, we hold a Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the divine essence, not three distinct Gods,—one undivided and self-existent, and the other two derived and originated. They seem to forget that we hold firmly the Unity of the divine essence,—that there is but one God, and that this self-existent, underived essence, is common to the Three Persons in the Godhead. This then effectually disposes of their invidious expression "a begotten God," which we reject as much as they can possibly do. Bold assertions, we know, pass off with many for infallible proofs; but we have rarely met with a sermon on a controverted point which so abounds in them as Mr. Crowther's. If a person were totally unacquainted with the nature of the controversy, and took up this sermon in that state of ignorance, he would naturally conclude from it that those who held the eternal Sonship of Christ were a few insignificant individuals who had recently sprung up, and had imbibed from one Athanasius, an obscure man, who, in ancient times, had composed an obscure creed, a very erroneous doctrine, which had not the slightest foundation in the scriptures, but which they obstinately held, from their absurd reverence for his name and authority.

Can anything exceed the dogmatism and bold unscrupulous statements of the following extract, except their erroneousness? Speaking of the names and titles of Christ, he thus explains how he is the Son of God:

"And, first, among his names we would refer to that dear name Emmanuel, or God with us. He was God, and he was man, God in our nature, retaining the omnipotence of the Deity, and yet amenable to all human laws and requirements. As to his veritable and eternal Godhead, the scripture is very plain, and ascribes to him the same self-existent Majesty as to the Father and the Holy Ghost; and it holds out no sanction to the notions of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as such. He is stated to be the 'Mighty God,' 'Eternal God,' 'God,' 'I Am,' 'God over all,' 'the Great God,' 'Lord of Lords,' and as such he condescended to take flesh in the womb of the virgin, and became the 'Son of God,' by his being begotten of the Holy Ghost. Can any thing be plainer to the man who takes his faith from his Bible? Human creeds, and especially that called Athanasian, would have us believe that Christ is 'God of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds;' but no man ever found such a theory in the scriptures, nor is there a text that even appears to favor such a notion, unless it be

wrested from its connection, or distorted by human sophistry from its natural meaning. It is possible, by separating one part of a scripture from its connection with another, to make almost anything seem true; but those who do this ‘handle the word of God deceitfully’ and do not the truth. If Christ had been produced by an eternal generation, his *highest* title would have been ‘Son of God;’ and instead of his name being ‘God with us,’ it would have been the ‘Son of God with us;’ and those scriptures just now referred to would have designated him ‘Mighty Son of God,’ ‘Eternal Son of God,’ ‘Son of God,’ ‘Son of I Am,’ ‘Son of God over all,’ ‘the Great Son of God.’ Had the scripture said this, or anything like it, there would have been good reason to receive it; but, as it is perfectly plain to every unbiassed searcher of the Word that the Godhead of Christ is fully asserted; and that no part of the scripture warrants the belief that the term *Son* applies to his *divine nature*, but to his *complex person*, I see no reason to consider either Athanasius or his abettors any authorities at all, and, therefore, reject them all, and take my stand on the scripture. I know it is often alleged that the scriptures abound with proofs that ‘*Jesus Christ* is the Son of God,’ as if this was what we dispute. What we assert is, that Jesus Christ, and not the Deity of Jesus Christ separately from his humanity, is the Son of God, and that the meaning of those scriptures that say so is not that God, or Christ in his divine nature, is the Son of God, but that Emmanuel, God with us, God manifest in the flesh, the God-man, is the Son of God.”

Amidst bold assertions and apparently clear statements, what error and confusion lie buried here! Let us see whether we can dig the error up and strip it of the grave-clothes in which it is muffled up as a corpse in a coffin. We have, we trust, plainly enough declared that we ascribe to the Son of God “the same self-existent Majesty as to the Father and to the Holy Ghost;” for we have already shown that the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord is not a derived Deity, but a derived Sonship. Therefore all the shafts aimed at us at Hitchin or elsewhere, which we have reason to believe were not a few, as denying the self-existent Deity of Christ, and his co-equality with the Father and the Holy Ghost, fall to the ground. They would gladly fasten upon us the charge of Arianism, and that we hold that Christ is a begotten or created God, and not co-equal with the Father; but we are in heart and soul Trinitarians, and, with Dr. Gill, believe that the doctrine of the Trinity stands or falls with the eternal Sonship of Jesus:

“That Christ is the Son of God, (Acts ix. 20; 2 Cor. i. 19,) is indeed the distinguishing criterion of the Christian religion, and what gives it the preference to all others, and upon which all the important doctrines of it depend, even upon the Sonship of Christ as a divine Person; and as by generation, even eternal generation. Without this, the doctrine of the Trinity can never be supported; of this the adversaries of it are so sensible, as the Socinians, that they have always set themselves against it with all their might and main, well knowing that if they can demolish this, it is all over with the doctrine of the Trinity; for without this the distinction of Persons in the Trinity can never be maintained, and indeed without this there is none at all; take away this, and all distinction ceases.”

But observe how lightly and contemptuously the preacher speaks of the “*notions*” of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as “such.” How much he must

have presumed upon the ignorance of his audience to call that divine truth which has been held in all ages as a precious reality by all the saints and servants of God “a notion.” What would he think if any person, professing to be a servant of Jesus Christ, should call the Trinity “a notion,” or the atoning blood of Christ “a notion,” or the work of the Holy Ghost “a notion?” Those who have had a revelation of the Son of God to their souls, and have believed in, loved, adored, and worshipped him as the Son of God in his divine nature, and felt him, as such, unspeakably precious, are as much shocked and repelled when this is denied or lightly treated as a mere “notion,” or an opinion, as if the Trinity in Unity, the atoning blood of Christ, and the work of the Holy Ghost on the heart, were called “notions.” It may seem but a trifle not worth noticing, or a mere cavilling at a word; but words are signs of things—expressions of thought, and as such they have a deeper significance than at first sight appears. Viewed in that light, the use of such an expression as applied to the true and proper Sonship of our blessed Lord implies to our mind a want of that holy reverence and godly fear which those possess who have been taught to tremble at God’s word, and who therefore dread to err or stumble on the very foundation which God has laid in Zion.

But, to look deeper and farther than an objectionable word, mark the expression, he “became the Son of God by his being begotten of the Holy Ghost.” If this be true, two things necessarily follow: 1. That the Holy Ghost was the Father of the Son of God; and, 2. That Christ is the Son of God only in his human nature, for that and that only was formed of the Holy Ghost. Is not the first conclusion absolutely revolting to every spiritual mind, and without a particle of scriptural evidence to sustain it? Is the Holy Ghost ever spoken of as the Father of Christ, or did the blessed Lord ever address him as such? When, in that blessed chapter, (John xvii.,) he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, “Father, the hour is come,” did he address the Holy Ghost as his Father, which he should and must have done if he was the Son of God as begotten by him? How revolting is such a conclusion to a spiritual mind, and how it at once stamps error upon a doctrine which necessarily leads to it! But it might be replied: “As the Holy Ghost is God, Christ became the Son of God, not as the Son of the Holy Ghost separate from the other Persons of the Trinity, but as the Son of the Father through him.” But if so, each Person of the Trinity, as well as the Father, begat the human nature of Christ; and as the Lord Jesus is a Person in the Trinity, he, according to this view, begat himself; and thus his divine nature begat his human.

Into what confusion do men get when once they leave the word of truth! But as we shall have occasion to point this out more fully, and our limits do not admit of our now doing so, we must defer our remarks upon this subject to a future Number.

God works often by instruments or intermediate causes, as they say; yet his own hidden decree ought to be placed first.—*Calvin.*

POETRY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

DEAR friends, rejoice, let joy abound; The Shepherd's eye was on the sheep,
The long-lost sheep hath Jesus found; When in the vale or mountain steep;
And on the shoulders of his love Nor would the Shepherd let him die,
He'll bear him to his fold above. Tho' on the ground he saw him lie.

Let's bless the Shepherd of the sheep; The sheep had died, but Jesus gave
And while we bless him, may we weep; His life the long-lost sheep to save;
He left the ninety-nine behind, Though lost for years, his sheep he'll
That he the long-lost sheep might find,
Nor shall a hoof be left behind.

The silly sheep was not aware, The Shepherd, with his well-known
While lost, it was the Shepherd's voice,
care; Speaks to his friends, "With me re-
It wander'd, wander'd far away, joice;
As far as God would let it stray. Let joy and gladness now abound,
Because the long lost sheep is found!"

SPRING.

"The time of the singing of birds is come."

LORD Jesus, send thy Spirit, He's like a bird just set at liberty,
And teach my soul to sing And thinks of nothing but that he
Some portion of thy merit, is free.
For 'tis an endless theme;
No other teacher, but thy Spirit can How sweet are thine espousals;
Reveal thy love, thy matchless love The winter rain is past;
to man. The poor and sin-sick stranger
Has found her rest at last:
In vain we try by searching And as her bitterness knew no alloy,
To find thee in thy word, No stranger intermeddleth with her
Till God the Spirit working joy.
Reveal thee as our Lord;
And oh! one glance of thine efful- 'Tis beyond all mortal power
gent light, To half describe the bliss,
Shows us our souls as black as Much more the sacred rapture,
darkest night. Of that most pure embrace;
While whispered in her ear in
sounds divine
'Tis then we feel the darkness; Comes, "I'm my Beloved's, my
The blackness of despair; Beloved's mine!"
But God is love, and leaves not
One of his children there;
Another glance shows thee the sin- Now I'm constrained to love thee;
ner's Friend, No other I desire;
Whose love knows no beginning, And when thy love is shining,
knows no end. I feel my soul on fire
Thy voice is sweetest music To be with thee, and see thee as
To ev'ry burdened soul, thou art,
Who feels his debt is cancell'd, Is all the happiness thou canst im-
For thou hast paid the whole; part.

HEPHZIBAH.

I WOULD wish to be elevated in thanksgiving, and fired with gratitude, I desire at the same time to "abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—*Toplady*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1860.

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

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

A SERMON, BY THE LATE J. WARBURTON. PREACHED
AT TROWBRIDGE, ON TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 21st, 1851.

“And we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed.”—ACTS XXI. 5.

(Concluded from page 169.)

But the children of Israel must come again with the same weapon, when brought into another difficulty with Amalek. Amalek comes now with all his men of war to besiege and surround them. He came with the intention of cutting them down and destroying them, and to take all they had. But Moses sent Joshua with some of the children of Israel to meet them; and Moses and Aaron went up to the top of a mountain, and there prayed to their God; they came with their weapon, and the handiest weapon to use. There was wrestling prayer to God. And when the Amalekites and the Israelites began to fight, Moses held up his hands, and when he held them up, Israel prevailed, but when his hands dropped, Amalek prevailed. So they propped up Moses's hands until Amalek was completely destroyed. O, my brethren, what is there like prayer, wrestling with God; coming to him with it all; all our destruction and misery? And, my friends, this will prevail.

And if we come to look at poor Hannah, which we find in Sam. i., the mother of Samuel the prophet. Poor soul, how she mourned her barrenness, and how she had to endure the mockings of her friends because she was barren; for it was considered at that time a curse among the females to be so. But we find God appeared for her, although her rival kept mocking her and taunting her, for she had not one of the blessings of God, and was despised in consequence. She had no friends. O it shook Hannah, and her very heart broke down with the insolence of those that were taunting her for her barrenness and for her unfruitfulness. So when she came with her husband to the yearly offering, her poor soul was cast down, and her body almost cast down, and her countenance was cast down. She did not sit like a piece of flint *talking* about prayer, and joy, and praise. No, no; her very countenance, and her very body and soul, were bowed down with sorrow of heart. Sorrow of heart will make the countenance sad; and when this sadness is brought into the soul, what a mourning there is! Eli thought the poor

woman was drunk; he could observe that her lips moved, but could hear no words. He says to her, "Away with thy wine." She said, "Thine handmaid is not a woman of Belial. I have neither drunk wine nor strong drink, but I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit." Poor dear Eli, how his soul was moved! He says, "God grant thee thy request," and here her soul was comforted. God brought it home to her heart; for I believe Eli spoke God's blessed truth to her soul. The word came, she received it in faith, and her countenance was no more sad. And she went home, and at the set time bore a son, and she called his name Samuel; for she had promised the Lord, and had made a vow to him. Ah, poor dear woman, it is something similar to you and me in making promises. If God will but answer us in this and that; "If thou wilt but give me a man-child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head." She made a good choice; she could not have lent him to better hands, nor more skilful hands, nor more safe hands. "I will lend him to thee as long as ever he lives; I will lend him to thee in fear and in truth." God received him. And when she had weaned the child, and brought it to the temple, she came to Eli and said, "My lord, this is the child I prayed for, wrestled with God for, prayed with my very heart to God for, with my very soul, that he would give me a child; and now here is the boy; I have brought him; I will lend him to the Lord. He shall be here waiting upon the priests; he shall abide in the service of God;" and she went home, and left him in the hands of God. God took care of him; but, poor dear soul, she had waited a long time. She had many times been cut up with their hard speeches, but she got the best of it at last; and this dear child afterwards became a prophet of the Lord. God spoke to the boy when but a boy. Ah! poor dear boy. God says to him, "Samuel, Samuel!" He says, "Here am I." Off he runs unto Eli, and says, "Here am I." Eli said, "I never called thee, my son." O, says Samuel, but I heard. Eli says, "Go and lay down again; I never called thee, my son; and he went and lay down." And God says, "Samuel, Samuel." Samuel heard him. Off he goes trotting to Eli again; and he said, "Thou didst call me, and I have come unto thee again." And Eli says, "No, I have not called thee." Then Eli was convinced in his heart. "It is the Lord." He says, "Go, my child; and lie down again; and if the voice comes again, say, 'Here am I, Lord.'" And the voice came again, "Samuel, Samuel," and he says, "Here am I, Lord." He says, "Go to Eli and tell him what I will bring upon him and upon his house, because of his awful disobedience in not correcting his sons; in suffering his sons to live in all wickedness and ungodliness imaginable; and tell him that my judgments shall come upon him and upon his house." So the boy came to Eli, and I dare say the poor boy—poor dear lad, I must think he trembled; and Eli said, "What has the Lord said? I will hear it whether it is good or bad; tell me what the Lord said." I believe Eli was a good man; I believe he loved his sons too much; his natural affections were very strong towards them, but he had

the right, and the authority as a priest, to put them out of the temple, and he ought to have done so. He ought not to have stood quiet and viewed their evil doings. He ought not to have said, "My sons, what is it I hear of you? I hear no good tidings of you. Ye ought not to be so. Ye ought not to be so." Eli should not have come with "ought not," but should have stripped them of the priestly office; turned them out at once. This was the way. They were not worthy to be priests; they were by no means worthy to hold the priest's office, while they went on in such a way as this, contrary to God and to all his people. And God's vengeance fell upon his two sons, and they both died. Eli, when they told him that his two sons were killed in battle, and that the ark of God was taken, was sitting on a seat, and fell backwards and broke his neck, and died. Poor dear soul! But bless the Lord, my friends, prayer with God's people will prevail.

We find if we come to David what a strait he was brought into; what a difficulty he was in, when the Amalekites came up and burned Ziklag with fire, and took David's two wives with them. David seemed determined to turn upon them and pursue them. He comes to God with prayer, and is strengthened; his hands were strengthened in the Lord his God. O he comes to God with *prayer*; and he says, "O Lord, may I pursue this troop; shall I overtake them?" He says, "Pursue them; thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." David upon receiving this word from the Lord that he would go before him and make the way clear, had no more anxiety for them, for he knew his God would and had answered his prayer; and he was sure God's testimony would come to pass. And thus he followed them till he came to the very spot where they were feasting and dancing, all full of mirth and joy, and delight and pleasure. David and his men ran upon them just like so many lions upon lambs; and he shows them God's vengeance; takes up all his own property besides theirs; brings back every man's wife and child, not a hoof lost; he recovered all. God will magnify his glory, and bless his people for cries and prayers. Prayer stops the mouths of lions. O yes, my friends, prayer took away all the force of fire in the case of the Hebrews; all the consuming elements of fire, that it could not touch a hair of their heads.

And what a striking display just comes to my mind of king Hezekiah, when Sennacherib and all his host came up in force, as if they would swallow Jerusalem at once. He sends the king a letter, such an insolent one, telling him what he would do if he did not submit unto this and that; they would enter in and take them all away. And he could not even be content with that, but he must say, "Don't you begin now to trust in your God; for look at all the gods of the nations, which of them was ever able to deliver out of my master's hands? Don't fill the people with the persuasion that thy God will deliver you!" Poor Hezekiah was afraid. He brought the letter into the house of God. And, poor dear man, he had no more strength, he had no more support in himself, no

more wisdom, no more than a babe that can't stand nor move. And it seems that there he is alone; there does not seem to be a man nor a prince to consult with, to tell the case unto. He lays it before God. Here's prayer, my brethren. Prayer, my brethren, can help when there is no eye to pity. He comes forth and opens it and spreads it before the Lord. Here is his heart poured out unto his God. And he says, "Dear Lord, it is true that all the gods of the nations have never delivered themselves out of their hands. But they were no gods; thou art the only true God." God sent the prophet to him to tell him that he had heard his cry. This was ten thousand times better than all the weapons of Egypt—than all the swords in the world; for it was an answer from God to tell him that he should never enter into the city, nor even shoot an arrow into it. And, behold! Before the next morning most of them were dead corpses; and the few that were left made their escape. And the king staggered with all his might, and went into his great palace where his god was, and there they that came forth of his own bowels slew him with the sword. But God rescued king Hezekiah by answering his prayer.

And what a striking deliverance was that when Peter was cast into prison. (But I shall keep you too long.) Bless the Lord, this has been a sweet place to my mind, to see that in all the blessed afflictions and difficulties of the people of God, prayer is the right spot to come to. Here the disciples, a poor few, were met together; and Peter was thrust into prison, and they expected him to be brought out and killed. But mark! they were wrestling with God in prayer. The angel went to Peter in prison; and the poor dear soul was fast asleep, and the soldiers that were with him. And the angel awoke him, and he says, "Come on, my son; come and follow me." Peter thought it was a dream, or a vision; but he got up, and put on his sandals, and the gates opened of their own accord. God can open! The poor souls were praying, crying, begging of God to interfere. When God gives the spirit of prayer he gives the answer too; and it is as sure to come as ever God is God, in his own time. And when he got into the street, and he came to himself, he wist not what it was done unto him, but thought he saw a vision; he was not confident what it really meant. Off he sets to where the disciples met; and when he came to the gate, knocks; and a little girl comes by the name of Rhoda; and she says (most likely, I don't know, I was not there,) "Who's there?" "Peter!" And, poor thing, she was struck; she ran back, didn't open the gate, and Peter was there waiting. And she says, "There's Peter knocking." "O, you silly girl, you are mad." "But I know it is Peter; I know it; I know his voice, and he told me he was Peter." And they go and open the gate. In he goes. O what joy was there amongst them! Wrestling prayer turned now to joy; joy of wonder, and of joy and adoration, and of glory. And how they blessedly praised their God for every deliverance which God had helped them through. And here, in all our needs and necessities, let us go to God with this weapon—prayer; to pour

out our hearts before him; to show him our troubles, that he may bless us with patience to wait his will, and to find and to see his own great hand in every word and work that is going before us.

THE LATE MR. GADSBY'S SENTIMENTS ON THE ETERNAL SONSHIP.

My dear Friend,—It is not a little which surprises me now-a-days; but I certainly *was* surprised to hear from you, on my return from Egypt, that persons were going about circulating the report that my late dear father did not believe in the Eternal Sonship of the Second Person in the Trinity; and, had I not known something of the pride and doggedness of the parties making the remark, that surprise would have been greatly increased upon hearing, as I did a few days ago, that at an assembly of “divines” at Hitchin it was asserted that “Mr. Gadsby had more sense than to believe such nonsense.”

Now, there was no doctrine in the whole Bible about which my father was more tenacious than that of the glorious doctrine of the Trinity. His soul was instantly on fire when he heard any one, “directly or indirectly, *nibbling* at it.” This we shall see from his Works, Vol. II., pp. 21, 22 :

“The glorious doctrine of the Trinity has been openly opposed by some and artfully opposed by others among ourselves; and in each case it has proved a cause of distress. It therefore behoves us to be watchful, upon a subject of such moment. It is in itself a subject that needs no covering nor any artful explanations; therefore be upon your guard. If any of us have exercised a false charity towards those who have opposed this grand truth, let the past be sufficient wherein we have thus wrought the will of the Gentiles; and as the enemy makes further advances, may we be able to detect his designs; and, in the strength of the Lord, stand up for the truth of our blessed God. Some of us have felt the dreadful weight, not only of an open denial of this glorious truth, but of *artful nibblings* about it; therefore we should be the more upon our guard, and take care that we are not captivated with good words, and fair speeches, and artful explanations.”

What my father understood by the Trinity we find in his Catechism, as in Works, Vol. II., p. 62 :

“Q. How many Persons are there in the Godhead?—A. There are Three Persons in the Godhead,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and these Three are One, the same in essence, and equal in power and glory.”

In the year 1842, the friends at Manchester were making a new trust deed for their Sunday School. My father and the late Mr. M'Kenzie were spending a few days with me in some apartments which I had engaged at Blackpool, on the West coast, and I put before them a form of deed which appeared in the “Gospel Standard” for August, 1839. In that form, first and foremost are the following words: “The glorious Trinity of three Persons in one undivided Godhead.” Well do I remember my father's exclamation when he had read the sentence. “Doctor,” said he, addressing Mr. M'Kenzie, whom he always styled Doctor, because he had some knowledge of medicine; “Doctor, this will never do. It is not half strong enough!” and he forthwith sat down and wrote as follows: “The glorious doctrine of Three Persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit, equal in nature, power, and glory, in one undivided Jehovah.” “There,” said my father, “I think these *nibblers*

can't gnaw that to pieces." No; impossible; for if the Father in his nature be eternal, the Son in his nature must be eternal also.

Some persons have endeavored to draw a distinction between the "Word" and the "Son;" but that such were not my father's views will be seen from the following:

"Ask them these important questions: Do you believe in three distinct Persons in one undivided Jehovah? and do you believe it becomes the people of God to say, God the Father, God the Son, (or Word,) and God the Holy Ghost, both in vindicating your doctrine and in your solemn addresses to Jehovah? and do you believe it is the duty and privilege of the believer to worship each glorious Person distinctly? If they shrink from any part of this, they cannot firmly believe in the glorious doctrine of Three Glorious Persons in One undivided Jehovah."—*Works, Vol. II., p. 22.*

Now it was the "Word" who was made flesh, and that "Word," in the estimation of my father and, I must add, of every sound Trinitarian in the world, was the Son; and as the "Word," the same who took flesh, was with God in the beginning, and was God, (John i. 1,) the Son must have been eternal, with the Father. And not only so, but in i. 14 John expressly calls the Word "the *only-begotten* of the Father." Unless, therefore, we are prepared to argue that there are *four* persons in the Godhead, we must admit that the Son was the Word and was "in the beginning with" and "the *only-begotten* of the Father."

Digressing a little from the opinions of my father, I will tell you an anecdote. Last Christmas Day I attended service with Mrs. Gadsby, at Cairo. A converted Jew preached, taking for his text Isa. ix. 6: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," &c. "Here," said the preacher, "as in every other part of the Hebrew, we see a distinction made between the child and the son; the *child* is *born*, the *son* is *given*." And this is in perfect agreement with the New Testament: "For God so loved the world that he *gave* his *only-begotten* Son." (John iii. 16.) And he not only *gave* him, but *sent* him, as in 1 John iv. 9. In John vi. 38, we find Christ himself saying he came down from heaven—not his human body, surely, nor yet his human soul, but his Godhead. God sent many servants before he sent his Son; but this Son was in existence the whole time. Hence we read in Mark xii. 6, "Having, therefore, yet one Son, his wellbeloved, he *sent him*," &c. There was the Son before he was sent.

Such was the purport of the Jew's remarks on the former part of the text; and I cannot help adding one or two of his remarks on the latter part, as I am sure they will be interesting to you: "His name shall be called 'Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,' &c. There ought not to be a point," said the preacher, "between 'Wonderful' and 'Counsellor.' The passage should read thus: 'His name shall be called The Wonderful Counsellor.'" And is he not a Wonderful Counsellor? Who can plead the cause of poor sinners as *he* can? * * * "The Everlasting Father." This means the father, or creator, of all worlds. Such is the distinct meaning of the original, the language being purely Hebraic. So that in the text we have his Eternal Godhead and Sonship and his humanity all affirmed, yet distinctly expressed."

I assure you, my friend, the Jew's remarks had such an abiding place in my heart, and so served me for meditation many a day when on the Nile, that I could not help writing to a friend upon the subject. As Dr. Hawker says, if there had ever been a time when there was not a Son, there must have been a time when there was not a Father. Is the one eternal? So

is the other; and who will dare to pry into so great a mystery? It is a doctrine for faith, not reason, any more than the doctrine of the Trinity itself.

I have also heard it asserted that the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of Christ was never introduced into the "Gospel Standard" until Mr. Philpot became the editor of the work. Here again these people are at fault; for if we turn to the Dec. No., 1838, when my father and the late Mr. M'Kenzie were the editors, we shall find the following:

"My mind has been led out of late in contemplating upon the complex person of our adorable Jesus, as made known to me by the Spirit of truth, having met with some who have militated against the glorious person of the God-Man Christ Jesus. It is not my intention to show the absurdity of the doctrine they promulgate. I believe the word of God does not contain it, and my soul abhors it; but rather, as the Spirit may enable me, say a little, (and but little, for at most we see but as through a glass darkly,) of what I trust the Holy Spirit has shown me of the God-Man Christ Jesus. First, he is the *eternal* Son of God, undervived and self-existent, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Ghost. (See Zech. xiii. 7; John i. 1; Phil. ii. 6; Dan. iii. 25.)"

Indeed, my father did not give up the actual supervision of the "Gospel Standard" to the very last. Only a short time before he died, he approved of and passed for insertion a letter on the Eternal Sonship, by Mr. Philpot, which appeared in the Number for Feb., 1844, and was printed some days before he died.

Nor was my father a Sabellian, as will be seen from the following: "Some will say, 'Yes, there are three *characters*, not *persons*! But if *characters* are all that are intended, why confine them to three? The Lord has made himself known by scores of *characters* in the great economy of salvation, such as King, Captain, Man of War, Rock, &c.; but his *Persons* are three, only three.'"—*Works, II.*, 23.

I hope this will set the matter at rest, so far as my father is concerned. Some persons are exceedingly fond of speaking well of him now he is no more, who never could give him a good name when he was alive. A friend of mine in the country told me that some ministers from London were at his house at an Anniversary, shortly after my father's death, when all present, with one exception, were lauding my father to the skies, until the one who had remained silent said, "It's all very well for us to speak well of him now he is out of the way; but some of us did not like him when he came amongst us." As soon as I heard the anecdote, I exclaimed, "Well done, honest John!"

Yours sincerely,

June 7th, 1860.

JOHN GADSBY.

EVERY part of a supplication to a prince may not be a supplication. A poor man, out of fear, may speak nonsense, and broken words that cannot be understood by the prince; but nonsense in prayer, when sorrow, blackness, and a dark, overwhelmed spirit dictateth words, are well known in, and have a good sense to God. Therefore, to speak morally, prayer being God's fire, as every part of fire is fire, so here, every broken parcel of prayer is prayer. So the forlorn son forgot the half of his prayers; he resolved to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants;" (Luke xv. 19;) but (verse 21) he prayeth no such thing; and yet, "his father fell on his neck, and kissed him." A plant is a tree in the potency; an infant, a man; seeds of saving grace are saving grace; prayer is often in the bowels and womb of a sigh; though it come not out, yet God heareth it as a prayer.—*Rutherford*.

CHANGES AND WAR ARE AGAINST ME.

My dear honored Friend in the Lord,— May the giver be graciously favored with freedom of access to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and be often sensibly refreshed in soul with the blood of sprinkling; and may you and he, my honored friend, be abundantly made to know, by heartfelt experience, more than you either can utter of “the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.” Yes, may more and more of such sweet and heavenly streams be poured into your own and his precious soul, till your earthen vessels be full to overflowing. Such poor narrow leaky vessels as ours, alas! receive but a little portion. I long more and more to be emptied of self—base, vile self, and sin, with all its terrible workings, that my narrow heart may be more filled with Jesus; and my affections going out after and entirely centring in him, who is so infinitely worthy of all we have and are. I am much tried by pain, and this hot weather unfits me for every exertion, so I spend my days for the most part in mourning over my indisposedness and incapability of using my time for any good purpose. It is a source of content when in my right mind that he, who never errs, is pleased thus to keep me weak, for purposes best known to himself. Doubtless when the still drowsy vessel is made fit for the Master’s use, and the lesson which my dependance is of God designed to teach me learnt aright, it will be received into mansions prepared for it; and till then I pray that faith and patience may increase, and have their perfect work. Do, dear Sir, let me have the favor of your prayers also. Never did I feel a more earnest desire awakened within than now, to manifest a spirit and behaviour becoming the character of one professing to be a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour; testifying to both small and great the manifold goodness of him who bears me up, and carries me through floods of opposition, from within and without.

My soul is the very seat of war, at one moment under the sweet drawings of love divine, pouring forth praises to his dear name who bought me with his blood; and at another, I look back upon the way, and all appears as if nothing but delusion—a sad, sad mistake—thinking if I had been under God’s guidance and teaching it could not be with me as now it is, and I seem of all creatures the most miserable. Then, again, one single smile from him whose favor is better than life, and I can but admire the wisdom and preservation of my heavenly Leader, and can believe that in all that lies before me shall open out to view the tender love and sympathy of him who is unmistakably “touched with the feeling of our infirmities, being in all points tempted like as we are, yet (blessed be God!) *without sin.*”

I am, my dear Sir, so unstable, so foolish and unbelieving, the subject of constant changes, getting no better naturally, but rather growing worse; often crying, “Search me, O God, and try me; show me if there be any secret reserves, any unknown lodgments of self-conceit and heart deceit.” These are discovered to me by the various circumstances and occasions of life, that draw out one corruption after another, which I had not in the beginning any idea existed; these awake the most earnest cryings for faith to see to it, that the remedy is adequate to the disease, or I should sink in despair. “But like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear him,” &c. So after all, my changes are both needed and profitable. But you are no stranger to the ups and downs of inward life in this tribulation path to that blessed kingdom where I hope to meet my kind, though unknown, friend and benefactor, together with your kind self and all the blood-bought race, and join in purer strains of never-ending praise “to him who hath loved us, and washed

us from our sins in his own blood," How glorious will be the deliverance from a body of sin and death—a world of sorrow and suffering,—when, awakening up in his precious likeness, we shall not only be satisfied, but our enlarged, expanded, ennobled hearts will eternally exult in dying grace and redeeming love! never more to return to our own place of departure, distrust, and doubt. I have troubled you, my dear Sir, with this poor scrawl, thinking perhaps the same humble but grateful acknowledgment will do for you, as also for the kind gentleman whose debtor I am.

Trusting you will overlook my blunders, and accept my thanks,

Believe me to remain,

Ever yours in Christian bonds,

Devizes, July 17th, 1858.

E. HOLLOWAY.

A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

My very dear Friend and beloved Brother in the Lord,—I am, through mercy, safely ensconced in Mr. K.'s parlor, at his desk. What kindness is this of a God to a vile worm! While so many great names have been obliterated from the page of life by accidents on railways, my gracious God has watched over me and taken care of every hair of my head.

I have met with a cordial reception at —, and the kind and blessed Comforter was with us indeed. How condescending for a gracious, covenant God to come into the company of a few poor, hell-deserving, sin-polluted, and sin-plagued, God-provoking creatures; but how much more astounding to know that he has in very faithfulness determined to dwell in them for ever. O how I felt my soul with you, praying for your welfare at L., and indeed you seem to be so much in my heart that I am often begging of the dear Lord to bless you. O the tender mercy of my gracious God! To think that he has taken an awful blasphemer, a drunkard, a beastly wretch, from the coal-mine; nursed to blaspheme his precious name; as ignorant as the brute beast of the field of his precious Christ, the sweet Comforter, and the whole salvation of God. Truly, if ever God bestowed charity upon a sinner in heaven now, or on the earth, he hath bestowed it upon me. And yet, what do you think? Some gentlemen in the train called me very uncharitable, because I contended that God must give a sinner both life, and light, and food, and raiment; and keep him alive to daily wants; to make him daily pray—daily acknowledge his entire dependence for every operation of the dear, sweet, and precious Comforter in his soul. Poor men! They pitied me and I them. They knew they had a free will, and I knew they were in slavery to sin; and so we separated. Yet, blessed be God, I was born living on charity, and I am passing through the world on its supplies; and I speak well of it, and hope to do so to my dying day, and sing of it throughout eternity.

Give my love to the friends, and believe me,

Yours, in the Lord,

T. C.

FLYING is the last work of a man in danger; all that are in danger do not fly; no, not all that see themselves in danger; all that hear of danger will not fly. Men will consider if there be no other way of escape before they fly; therefore, as I said, flying is the last thing. When all refuge fails, and a man is made to see that there is nothing left him but sin, death, and damnation, unless he flies to Christ for life, then he flies, and not till then.—*Bunyan*.

GLAD TIDINGS.

I CANNOT forbear bringing before the church of God what has so exceedingly gladdened my heart. On the morning of the 16th instant, I received from a dear and valued friend, a member of the church at Gower Street, London, a letter written to her by Dr. Corfe, in which he communicated the glad tidings of Mr. Shorter's deliverance from the error in which he had been entangled respecting the Eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord. I rejoiced in the Lord's goodness and mercy to one whom I had for so many years highly esteemed as a servant of the Lord; and feeling sure that many of his best and warmest friends, as well as others who love him for his work's sake, will rejoice with me, not only at the deliverance given, but at his honesty and boldness in confessing his error, and proclaiming how he had been led into the truth, I wrote immediately to both Mr. Shorter and Dr. Corfe, to allow me to make this blessed change known, through the pages of the "Standard."

Mr. Shorter has sent me, in return, the following letter, which, with his permission, I gladly send forth, preceded by the letter of Dr. Corfe, to which I have alluded. And if it be the Lord's will, may the same grace be granted to others held in the same error, that "God may give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and that they may recover themselves (*margin*, "awake") out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."

Stamford, June 19th, 1860.

J. C. PHILPOT.

My dear —,—I am sure it will gratify you to hear that on Wednesday evening Mr. Shorter took occasion to confess, with sorrow of heart, the error he had been led into respecting the Eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus. Mr. S. remarked that his mind had been exercised about the subject for many weeks, but the Lord the Spirit was graciously pleased to shine in an especial manner on the words in the first chapter of Hebrews; and whilst he was on his knees, imploring this Almighty Teacher's light and aid, he saw that, "by *whom* also he [God the Father] made the worlds," at once exhibited God the Son as the eternal, co-existent, yet self-existent Son before worlds were made, even from all eternity. I feel assured that such a step will be a great comfort to many of the Lord's tried ones, who were pained at Mr. S.'s judgment in the matter; but if you could read the sermon preached on Wednesday from these words, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," you would be more than assured that he had been truly led to this view by the infallible Teacher of all truth, even God the Spirit.

With united Christian love,

Believe me, Yours very truly,

9, Nottingham Terrace,
Regent's Park. N.W.

GÉORGE CORFE.

My dear Friend,—At this moment I know not which is greatest in me, the sorrow or the joy; the sorrow that I should have been permitted to conceive, but especially to utter anything contrary to the truth concerning Him who is my all in all; the joy that he should have mercy upon me and deliver me from my own delusion. I thought I was so very right, and you so very wrong, in the matter of the Eternal Sonship, that

I mourned greatly over it, because I felt very much love for you, and our views set us at such a distance that there seemed no prospect of our uniting together on earth, however it might be in the world to come. Wherefore, it has been my earnest cry to the God of my hope that he would make you see your wrong or me see mine, and enable me to confess it to the glory of his great name.

Now this kind of thing has been long going on between him and my soul; and much pain have I endured, that neither one or other of us seemed to be convinced; and I could appeal to him that it was the truth, and that alone that I wanted. But it is now a considerable time gone by, I do not exactly remember how long, when, early on a Sunday morning, as I was on my knees entreating him to teach me, there arose before my mind the first chapter of Hebrews, and it shone into my heart as clear as noonday, Why, if God made the worlds by his Son, and bore testimony to him as his Son, saying, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," and, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth," &c., then he must have been a Son before the worlds were made, even from everlasting; and if a Son, and God, and Lord before the world was, he must have been the only-begotten of the Father in eternity; and this swept away all my vain imaginations against Eternal Sonship. Many other scriptures came to my mind to confirm that which was shown me, and since then my soul has been growingly established in this most delightful truth, that the Father always was the Father in Holy Trinity, the Son ever was his begotten Son, and the Holy Ghost evermore the Spirit of the Father and the Son; and further than this I have no wish to go.* The Lord give us such riches of the full assurance of understanding, "to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God and of the Father and of Christ," so long as we live.

But although I confessed my sin and enjoyed forgiveness in secret, and also desired my friends to know my change of views in this thing, yet when I thought of making it known, the fear of man took hold upon me, and these words also acted on me not a little, "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God;" nor had I any idea of doing so on Wednesday night last when I went to chapel; but the matter bubbled and boiled, and was so hot in my heart, that I could no longer keep it; but when it was out, then was my spirit easy. So, therefore, not unto me, not unto me, but unto his name be glory, for his mercy and for his truth's sake.

Our dear friend Dr. Corfe and wife came to me this morning, bringing your very kind letter, for which I thank you very much. You have Dr. Corfe's full consent to publish his letter to Miss —; and I think I should rather see his account than mine in print; but I can cheerfully leave it to your own judgment to put one, or both, or none; but my judgment is that both together may be the strongest. The Lord abundantly bless and prosper you in every way. Amen.

Yours truly and affectionately, in the Truth,
 17, Manchester Terrace, JAMES SHORTER.
 Liverpool Road, Islington,
 June 18th, 1860.

THERE is no rose, but it hath a briar growing out of it, except the Rose of Sharon, that flower of the field, not planted with hands.—
Rutherford.

* Nor do I. I do not desire to penetrate into so deep a mystery. I am satisfied, without comprehending it, to believe it from the testimony of the Blessed Spirit in the scriptures, and his witness in my own conscience.

J. C. P.

SMOKE AND FOG.

Dear Friend,—I hope this will find you and yours quite well, as, through mercy, it leaves me tolerable. It is a mercy to have health of body, but for the soul to be in a healthy state is a greater mercy. Perhaps you will say, What is a healthy state? I think it is something like the body, namely, hungering and thirsting after the bread of life; also receiving the same, and to feel strengthened so as to walk out and obtain the fresh air, that is, the breezes of the Holy Ghost as a witness-bearing Spirit with our spirit that we are the children of God.

But sometimes it is with us something like the London fogs—such a thick atmosphere that we cannot see the Sun of Righteousness; and, as London smoke, mixing with the fog, makes it very unpleasant, so the evils of our nature will so work in these dark days that, as Hart says,

“It makes the strongest traveller sick.”

But “they looked unto him, and were lightened;” and as we are enabled to look to him through this dark fog, the wind blows, and the mist passes off, and the Sun of Righteousness is seen. Then we say, “It is a pleasant thing for the eye [of faith] to behold the sun.” This is the way that I travel in, and I believe you do, and all the Lord’s people, more or less, but not all just alike; for the Lord is a Sovereign in all his dispensations, and there is a diversity of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all. Read the 12th chapter of Romans. Still, it is through much tribulation that we are to enter the kingdom.

Please give my kind, Christian love to your father, and to W. and E. I should very much like to see them. I have always received them and loved them in the Lord, and, by what they have told me, the Lord has blessed us together; they still live in my affections, and I wish them the best of blessings, even the manifested goodness of God. . . . Now I wish you all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, even life for evermore.

Yours in the truth,
W. M.

Chippenham.

Obituary.

MEMOIR OF MARY ANN FLETCHER.

Dear Sir,—I enclose an account of the experience and triumphant death of Mary Ann Fletcher, who died Feb. 7th, 1860, at Great Hadham, aged 23. She was the subject of great affliction from a child. She had the whooping-cough very severely, which very much undermined her constitution. She writes to me, “It is now ten years since I had the scarlet fever; two dear sisters died with it, and the doctor did not give the slightest hope of my recovery; but it pleased the Lord, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, to raise me up.” (At this time she lay in strong convulsions for 48 hours; her sufferings were so great, it was very trying for any one to continue in the room.) “As I was slowly recovering, this scripture was brought to my mind, ‘This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.’ I thought but little of it for years, until I saw a piece in the ‘Gospel Standard,’ with that at the commencement, and

I told my dear mother that verse was brought to my mind in my sickness, and I saw the tears in her eyes; but it seemed to wear off, and not to trouble me for some time; but when it pleased God to take from us my dear mother, and two beloved brothers, by death, it aroused solemn and serious thoughts within my breast that perhaps I might be the next; and this verse in Ecclesiastes was much on my mind for some time, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but for all these things God will bring thee into judgment;' but gradually it wore off, and I did not think much about it. This was in Sept., 1855. The following spring my health seemed to decline, and my dear father arranged for me to go to Brighton. I was there a month, and saw the chapel erected by the late Mr. Brook, having seen his name in the 'Gospel Standard.' I thought I must go there the next Sabbath, if spared, which I did, and heard that dear servant of the Lord, Mr. Vinall, and he preached quite different to what I had been accustomed to hear at our chapel. Mr. Vinall's preaching sank deep in my heart. I then felt there was a secret something wanting that I had not got; and after hearing him once, when I knew his chapel was open, I went to hear him again, for nothing in Brighton gave me so great a pleasure as hearing that dear servant of the Lord, and for nothing else did I regret leaving Brighton. I went with my father, when I returned home, on Sabbath-day, to chapel; when I came back, I told my father I could not go there, it was so different, and asked him to go to Braughing with me, which he did; and this, dear Sir, it was that brought me to your chapel, and I have continued to attend, more or less, ever since." This was in 1855.

Although at different times she has spent some hours with us, yet she could never open her mouth to any of us of her exercises. Last spring she began to write to me, but had not courage to send it. In June she was taken ill, and confined to her own room. From various causes, which I hope will never keep me from visiting another sick person, I did not see her until July 27th, a day never to be forgotten by me. When I saw her, she said she expected me to come to-day, but if I did not, she had made up her mind to write to me. I soon found she was deeply exercised concerning her personal interest in Christ, and my mouth was open to encourage her to hope. I read a chapter, and had a very special time in prayer on her behalf. Oh, the blessed unction that was poured on my soul I shall never forget! I saw she felt more than she could express. I wished her to write, which she did; and sent me what she wrote in the spring, of which I copy a part: "Dear Sir,—Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have now taken to write a few lines, it is with trembling and fear lest I should be wrong in so doing; it is respecting eternal things, which I have been much troubled about for some time past; there is a secret something in my heart that tells me I am a guilty sinner in the sight of a holy God, and if I die in the state I am in I must be lost for ever; my future state will be in endless misery in that place were Jesus never shows his face, and hope can never come.

I read in God's holy word, there is a people that the Lord has chosen, and for whom the blessed Saviour died upon the cross, and that the Lord knoweth them that are his, and in his own good time he will manifest himself unto them, and bring them out of darkness into his marvellous light; and what troubleth me is to know if I am one of that happy number. Oh! if I knew I was, methinks it would give me joy immediately; and to think I am not, makes me depressed and cast down. These verses are much on my mind,

“There is a day, 'tis hastening on,
When Zion's God shall purge his floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For God shall count those jewels o'er.
“How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesus' blood thy only plea?
Is he thy great forerunner there?”

In the summer of 1858, she was at Hertford to learn the straw-bonnet sewing, when she heard Mr. Gilpin, of whom she thus writes: “I liked him very much. When describing the first work of grace in the heart of a poor sinner, I have thought and hoped I had some of the marks, and then again I have been afraid I have not, and all my hopes were blighted. And thus it is, dear friend, in hearing you sometimes, I hope and think in my heart what Mr. L. says, and hope my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, and then, after a time, I am afraid it is not, and that I am wrong; and, dear friend, when hearing you this morning speaking of that text in John, ‘Of sin, because they believe not in me;’ and when you were speaking of the sin of unbelief, I thought, O that I could believe that the Saviour died for me, when he shed his precious blood on the cross, this would give me joy immediately; but, as you said, we must have troubles and tribulation; here I do not expect an easy path. The poet says,

“Eternal bliss will well repay,
All the troubles of the way.”

At these seasons, as she has expressed, she was almost brought into liberty, but soon shrank back into bondage. It was no mere apology when she said it was with trembling and fear she wrote, and that she labored under a heavy burden; for although she had good abilities, yet her nervous system never fully recovered from the fever, and her memory was very much impaired, but the Blessed Spirit wrought his work in her heart never to be forgotten.

Aug. 5th, she writes, “I was much obliged to you for your visit; and when you prayed for me, such a solemn feeling came over me when you asked the Lord to fit and prepare me for whatever awaited me; and when you asked him if it was for death, to be with me when passing through the dark valley, I thought, O that I could feel that he would, it would give me joy and peace; then I could willingly resign all that I hold most dear, to go and dwell with (do you think I may say) my Saviour, in everlasting bliss, to part no more for ever. Dear friend, I have to tell you that the same day you were here, this passage in Revelation was brought to my mind

with power: 'And there shall be no night there.' O, dear friend, do you think it was from the Lord? and that I may be encouraged to hope that I am one of that happy number for whom the Saviour shed his precious blood? I have a secret hope it was from God, and that I am one of his; and then, again, fears rise, and I am afraid I am not; but the daily prayer of my heart is, that the Lord will manifest himself unto me, and that I may not rest until I find him my soul longeth for. Of myself I am a poor helpless sinner, and I feel that when I would do good, evil is present with me. Dear friend, I must draw to a close, begging an interest in your prayers, that the dear Lord would grant me submission to his holy will, and make this time of sickness a blessed time to my soul. I hope you will write."

"Aug. 30th.—No doubt you are anxious to know how I am getting on in the things that lead to my soul's peace, and if I have enjoyed the unction of the Holy Spirit that rested upon you when you were with me. Dear friend, sometimes I hope, when reading God's holy word, and my mind is drawn to meditate on the word, that it is the Holy Spirit that creates those desires in my heart, and that ere long he will say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation;' this is what I long for; but it is not always so, for at times I am in such an indifferent state, and have not one good thought towards the Lord God of Israel. I cannot pray unto the Lord at these times. I felt in this way on Saturday; but at night my mind was led out to pray to God before I retired for the night, and early in the morning of the Lord's day, when asleep, it was as if some one spoke the words, and awoke me, 'Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.' O that is a blessed text! and I look at it to have a twofold meaning, and the dear Lord has seen fit to bless me with it in a temporal sense. But what I want is to feel it experimentally, that I have it spiritually, so that I can say that I have meat to eat that the world, at large, know nothing of; this will be the joy of my soul. I often have solemn thoughts of eternity, and the day of judgment, and wonder how it will be with me in that great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened. O that I then, in the Judge, may behold my Saviour;

"And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?"

O, dear friend, will it not be sweet to be owned by the Judge in that day when he shall come in the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him? O, then, to hear him say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world.' O it will be sweet. I must draw to a close."

At another time she says, "It is the desire of my heart, and my prayer to God, that the Holy Spirit may direct me, that I may not be allowed to write what I have not experienced, respecting the best things, since you were over last week. On Sabbath morning I was led to meditate on the eternal Sabbath that shall never end; and I must confess to you that, at times, I have a secret hope that

I shall spend this everlasting Sabbath with a blessed Saviour to all eternity. Thus I am encouraged to hope that in the end it will be well with me. And one morning last week, I was awoke very early by a blessed portion of scripture, which abode part of the morning, and then left me, but there rested a sweet impression on my mind. I have tried to remember the passage, and begged of the Lord to bring it to my mind, but could not remember it; but since I have been writing this letter, it has flowed into my mind as freely as before, and I know it to be the same by the impression that it has left. It is this: '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 come, it will come*, it will not tarry.' This morning I was thinking it was three months since I was taken ill, and this brought to my mind the man that had the spirit of infirmity thirty-eight years, who had no one to help him into the pool. I felt as helpless, of myself, as to doing the least thing concerning the salvation of my soul, as that poor man was to step into the pool." The next time I saw her after this, other scriptures had been blessed to her soul. I could clearly see how the Lord was bringing her forth, and said, "I see you are come to the house of the Interpreter; I shall soon see you at the foot of the cross."

In the next letter she says, "Yesterday morning my thoughts were wandering; I could not think one good thought; if I read God's holy word, my thoughts were wandering from it. In the afternoon, as I was lying on the bed, I had a heavy load and pressure on my chest; which continued for a time; but it seemed as if a heavy load was taken off all at once, and I felt different to what I had done a little while before, and directly afterwards this was brought to me, that all my load of sins was laid on the blessed Saviour when he died on the cross. This gave me comfort, and I was led to meditate on the love of my dear Saviour. Thus I am favored from day to day; and it is the desire of my heart that I may lie passive in the Lord's hands, and know no will but his. A little before I began to write, this text came to my mind, 'He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth,' and I was again led to hope it was for me. O what infinite condescension, that the eternal God should thus stoop to visit one so unworthy as I am, and give these tokens of his love. What am I more than another, that he should thus condescend to look upon me? I often think of those words of the poet,

"They nail'd him to the accursed tree;
They did, my brethren, so did we;
The soldiers pierced his side, 'tis true;
But I have pierced him through and through."

And when I think of the love of that dear Saviour, I am lost in wonder that he should look upon me. But I must draw to a close, hoping you will write soon."

In another letter she says, "It is the desire of my heart, and my prayer to God, that he will indite my letter, and grant me the aid of the ever-blessed Spirit, that he may bring to my remembrance

things that I have experienced, and that I may not be allowed to write to you anything beside. I still keep in the same path, hoping and fearing, but I think I may say that the dear Lord has blessed me with some portions of his holy word that have afforded me comfort and encouragement to go on, hoping that in the end it will be well with me; and though I may have troubles and trials, that I may feel they are for my good, to keep me looking to the Lord for support; for it is said, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' On Saturday I felt in trouble, and had not a good thought towards the Lord God of Israel; but there was a text applied, which gave me comfort; but the words did not continue long; they soon left me, and I cannot remember them; but they left a comforting, consoling feeling in my heart. On last Tuesday, I had these words applied to my heart: 'I will be with thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.' These words gave me comfort, but soon these thoughts arose in my heart, that I had some great trouble to pass through; but the words, 'I will be with thee,' supported me. And now, dear friend, I know you will like to know how I spent the Lord's Day; if I felt the Lord's comforting presence; and I have the privilege to be able to tell you that I did in a measure. I was left for a short time, and while alone, I was led to meditate on the everlasting Sabbath that shall never end; and I thought, O will it not be sweet to be there; when these words flowed into my mind,

"Your Sabbaths here will not be long;
But soon your soul shall join the song,
To sing with the redeemed above,
Of a dear Saviour's dying love."

These precious words left such a sweetness in my heart, that I then felt that I could leave all that I loved most dear to go and dwell with a precious Jesus. I felt comfortable all day; but I often fear that the text and verses did not come from the Lord; and then again it is impressed on my mind that they did, by the power that accompanied them, for I have often read the same scriptures, but they seemed to me very different. I must draw to a close, hoping you will write soon."

"Dear friend,—I felt many changes in my mind a week ago to-day. I felt very much troubled all the first part of the day, and this text was brought to my mind: 'The hope of the hypocrite shall perish.' O, dear friend, I cannot describe to you the trouble this created in my heart. It was suggested to me that all my hope was nothing, that I must give it all up, and that I should be lost for ever; for God would not show mercy to me. Thus I continued for a time thinking of the hope of the hypocrite, and of how certain it was that every jot and every tittle of God's word should be fulfilled; but after a time these words were brought to me, 'They shall perish, but thou shalt endure.' O, dear friend, they brought such a sweet deliverance that I cannot describe, any more than I could the trouble I was in just before; for I felt so very different the after part of the day. I must tell you a little of how I spent my Sabbath.

I did not feel comfortable in the morning; could not collect my thoughts to read or think of heavenly things; but after a time the eternal Sabbath was brought to my mind, and then I had such a sweet calm feeling come over me, that I felt I could willingly leave all I love most dear, to dwell with a precious Christ. O how sweet these droppings of the sanctuary are! Again yesterday I felt in trouble, and did not care to read or anything. I was in such trouble that I did not know what to do; I was afraid my hope was a false one; but after a time, I think I may say, the dear Lord applied this verse of poetry to my heart,

“‘Fear not, poor soul, for all thy sin
Christ died for on the tree;
And with him you in heaven shall spend
A long eternity.’

This verse comforted my heart; but these thoughts arose that it did not come from God; you only thought of it as you often do of other verses.” Our friend often had lines like these spring up in her mind in the night, and unless she wrote them at the time, she could not remember them. “Last night I was led to beg of the Lord to let me know if it was from him, by this sign to bring it to my mind the first thing this morning; if not, to let me remember it no more; but when I awoke in the night it was on my mind, also the first thing this morning, and I have again felt comfort from it. I hope you will write soon,” &c.

“On Lord’s Day, Oct. 30th, I felt comfortable all day. Those words were brought to me, ‘When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him;’ but I feel the truth of this text, ‘Without me ye can do nothing spiritual.’ These lines came to my mind,

“‘But I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.’”

At another time she writes, “Last Sabbath I felt in a cold, indifferent state of mind; could not read, &c., and this was suggested to me: ‘Ah, you have had a text for the last two or three Sabbaths; you have not had any this morning; the Lord is going to leave you; your religion, that you think so much of, is all nothing, and you may as well give it up, and enjoy earthly pleasures while you are here.’ These were my exercises in the morning. As I was lying in bed, I took up my Bible, and opened on Matt. viii., which I read. I was led to meditate upon it, and upon the love of that dear Saviour who, when on earth, went about doing good. That chapter contains several of his acts of kindness and benevolence. I was then led to say within my heart, He is the same loving, kind Saviour now as then; he hath all power in heaven and earth, and manifests the same love to all his beloved ones; and it is the daily prayer and the desire of my soul that I may be kept humble and low at the footstool of the cross, and know no will but his. O that I may feel him to be a ‘God near at hand, and not afar off; a very present help in time of trouble.’ I do sometimes feel comfort and encouragement in reading

the 'Gospel Standard,' when reading the deaths of the Lord's people; and in some of them, when I read what they have gone through, I hope I can say I have experienced the same. But I must draw to a close." This was written in December. After this her hand was so weak she could not hold a pen. I saw her several times. She often spoke of helps that she had by the way, but these were not so frequent as formerly. She did not labor under the fear of death, nor the dread of eternal punishment, but said her fears were lest, after all, she should be deceived. I was lame at this time, and could not visit her so often. A note, written by her sister, on the 20th Jan., will show what her exercises were:

"My sister received your kind letter this morning, and as you desired a few lines to say how she is, we must say we do not think her any better. She often changes. She has been expecting to hear from you for some time past, and also to see you; her hand is no better, or she would have written. The letter received this morning gave her some comfort and encouragement to go on seeking and hoping. She must think she has experienced some of the things you there stated, but does not feel so comfortable in her mind as she did some time past. The Lord has withdrawn himself, but she hopes ere long he will appear, and say unto her soul, 'I am thy salvation,' for she feels she is a poor helpless sinner, and without him she can do nothing."

I saw her once after this, on her birthday; I saw she was fast sinking, and could not wish her the return of another. She said at times she was much tried, but the dear Lord again visited her soul. She had no dread of death, but was evidently waiting until her change came. Feb. 7th, she was taken worse about eleven o'clock, but revived and was dressed in the afternoon. The summons came. She spoke how the dear Lord had suffered for her, and said she was going home to her dear Saviour, that had loved her with an everlasting love; 'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' In this happy state of mind, she requested each member of the family to come to her, and took her final leave of them with a kiss, as much composed as if she had been going to rest for the night. Thus the dear Lord granted her request and mine; it was our united prayer that she might finish her course with joy. I might add, there was scarce time to collect all the family, although none were from home. She continued speaking of the love of her dear Saviour until her voice failed, and then she fell asleep in Jesus, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

Braughing.

E. L.

THE new creature, as soon as formed, discovers itself by life; and this life discovers itself by a thirsting for the living God, by desiring the sincere milk of the word, by breathing after nearness, communion, and fellowship with the Lord, and by longing for the courts of his house; by its delights in the service of the sanctuary, and by the few little fragments which at times it picks up there. "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" frowns from the Lord, reproofs, disappointments, and aggravations of one's crimes; his rods, his furnace, his judgments, —all are better than spiritual death or carnal ease.—*Huntington.*

REVIEW.

Things most surely believed among us, as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ. A Sermon preached at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Hitchin, on Wednesday Morning, March 7th, 1860, by William Crowther. London: W. H. Collingridge.

(Concluded from Page 195.)

It has been our lot at various times for now about five-and-twenty years, to be engaged in controversy. From that circumstance some might naturally draw the conclusion that we are of a very pugnacious and quarrelsome spirit; love to fish in troubled waters; and, like the gull, are most at home in a storm. We do not profess to be favored with any large amount of self-knowledge, but so far as we are acquainted with our own natural and spiritual inclinations, we can decidedly say that our disposition, both in nature and in grace, is the very opposite of this; that our inmost desire is not for war but peace, and that if we ever do take up the weapons of controversy, it is not for the pleasure of the strife, or the love of contention, or even for the gratification of arguing difficult and abstruse points of doctrine—all of which have an attraction for some minds, but that, when we come into the field of battle, it is solely for the purpose of establishing or defending the truth of God which has been commended to our conscience, or made precious to our heart. If we loved fighting for fighting sake, we have had attacks enough made upon us to provoke us to wield sharper weapons, and deal heavier blows, than have yet fallen from our lips or pen. But did the fear of God not restrain us from returning blow for blow, our own self-respect would preserve us from retorting upon others such language as they have used against us. If a street boy from behind a corner throw at us a piece of dirt, if no policeman be near, we pass by the affront. To pelt him again would but debase us to his vulgar level. So when anonymous writers in Magazines pelt us with their scurrility and abuse, it would be but to degrade ourselves to their low level to adopt language which is suitable to them, but not suitable to us. As in the case of the street boy, dirt does not soil their fingers, but it would ours. It is sad enough to witness violence and abuse in matters of worldly strife, but to see it rife and rampant in the deepest mysteries of our most holy faith, where angels veil their faces in silent awe and worship with adoring love, seems more like the spirit of Satan than the Spirit of God.

And yet, without using such weapons, a good soldier of Jesus Christ may be sometimes called upon to defend truth, without pawing like the war horse in the valley to meet the armed men, or smelling the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. Should the Lord, as a scourge for our sins, ever permit an invading foe to land on our shores, a man might defend his house and home, protect his wife, or fight for his children, without being naturally devoured by a military spirit, or now burning to join a rifle corps for the mere pleasure of wearing a uniform, or of winning

the prize to be given to the best marksman. So we may find ourselves sometimes called upon to defend truth, without necessarily possessing a warlike spirit, and may see and feel it belongs to our very position, both as a minister and an editor, to take up the arms of controversy, without loving the excitement of the fray.

But though desirous to claim exemption from a controversial spirit, we are free to confess that when controversy is carried on in the spirit of the gospel, we see much good often to arise from it. It has, as all must allow, its evils; but they rather spring out of human infirmity than are inevitably connected with controversy itself. Thus the Lord himself came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; (Matt. x. 34;) and the prophet, in answer to his complaint that his mother had borne him a man of strife, was bidden to take forth the precious from the vile, that he might be as God's mouth. (Jer. xv. 19.) Nay, his original commission and special work were "to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down," as well as "to build and to plant." (Jer. i. 10.) Nor was this confined to the prophets, who might seem designated as special instruments for this work, this strange work. Of his people generally, and of the weakest and feeblest portion of them, the "worm Jacob," God declares that he will make them "as a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth," and promises that they shall "thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." (Is. xli. 15, 16.) Those who are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called, are bidden, as one man, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints;" (Jude 3;) and the Lord himself commends the church at Ephesus, because it had "tried those which said they were apostles and were not, and had found them liars." (Rev. ii. 2.) Thus there is nothing unscriptural, but the contrary, in controversy, if it be carried on in the meekness and spirit of the gospel. In fact, we owe to it the firm and full establishment of all the most precious truths of the gospel, for there is not one which has not been at one time or other furiously assailed by the foes, and we may add, as valiantly defended by the friends of the Lamb. The Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, the real incarnation of the Son of God, the benefits and blessings of the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus, salvation by grace, the doctrines of election, personal and particular redemption, final perseverance, and, in fact, all those truths which we hold and abide by as the grand distinctive features of our most holy faith, have all been established by long and arduous controversy. The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times, for "the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." (Dan. ix. 25; Nehem. iv. 18.) So have the walls of our spiritual Zion been built; and the truths which the church of Christ now holds as its most precious possession, have been all won, as it were, at the sword's point by the Lord's warriors, in the days when our martyred fathers in the faith carried their lives in their hand. These are the treasures which, out of the spoils won in battles, the ancient warriors of the Lord dedicated to maintain the

house of the Lord. (1 Chron. xxvi. 27.) We are like those children of Israel who were born in the promised land, after their fathers had won it from the Canaanites. We peacefully enjoy what our godly forefathers won, almost with their heart's blood. But if the Canaanite be still in the land, if the same evils or the same errors again come forth which our godly fathers overcame by their sword and their bow, the Lord teaching their hands to war, and their fingers to fight; we, their successors and descendants, may lawfully fight the same battles with the same enemies. We touch no man's person, assail no man's reputation, judge no man's state, for "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," to wound name or fame, feelings or character, "but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"—the strongholds of evil and error.

Apply this train of thought to the case before us. A great error, which has at various times pestered the church, has again lifted up its head. Are the servants of Christ to be silent when such a foundation truth as the true and proper Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ is denied, and is infecting ministers and churches? Or to confine the argument to our own case. Should we, with our large circulation among the people of God, sit idly by and see the Son of God dishonored, his crown stripped from his head, and his dearest title trampled in the dust, and hold our peace, would not the very stones cry out against our silence or our cowardice? We know the odium that we incur from those who have deeply drunk into the error; the spirit of hostility that we raise against us in ministers and churches; and are not insensible to the contempt and scorn hurled at us by those who have taken their seat in the scorner's chair; but the truth of God is dear to our heart, and we love it too much to sell it for such considerations. "Let them curse; but bless thou," has often been the feeling of our soul. And we know that we have on our side not only truth and a good conscience, but a whole host of witnesses, both of the departed servants and saints of the Lord, and of the most gracious and experimental ministers, as well as the best taught, most deeply led, most humble, savory, and consistent Christians to be found in England now. We have offered this excuse, or rather explanation, why we still prolong the controversy. The sermon, indeed, which we are reviewing, as a sermon, does not deserve the attention which we have given it, but we have merely taken it as an exposition of an error; and the notice is due not to the sermon, which is sadly destitute of all features of a gracious experience, and is as cold and dead, as far as regards all power, unction, and savor, as the error it upholds; but to the controversy itself.

The point where we left off in our last Number was to expose the error of asserting that the Lord Jesus Christ *became* the Son of God by being begotten of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin. We there pointed out that this doctrine involves two great errors: 1. That the Holy Ghost was the Father of the Son of God, which we characterised as "a conclusion absolutely revolting to every spiritual mind, and without a particle of scriptural evidence to sustain

it;" and 2. That Christ, according to that doctrine, was the Son of God only in his human nature, for that, and that only, was formed* by the Holy Ghost.

But Mr. Crowther may answer, "That is not my belief; for I have stated in my sermon, of which you have given an extract, (p. 194,) that Jesus Christ, and not the Deity of Jesus Christ, separately from his humanity, is the Son of God; and that the meaning of those scriptures that say so is not that God, or Christ in his divine nature, is the Son of God, but that Emmanuel, God with us, God manifest in the flesh, the God-man, is the Son of God." Then why, we may reply, do you speak so confusedly? You first tell us "that Jesus was *begotten* of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin, and thus *became* the *only-begotten* Son of God," which most evidently implies, if it do not absolutely assert, that he is the Son of God by virtue of the miraculous formation of his human nature; and then you say that he is the Son of God by virtue of his complex person. Thus, first you declare that he is the Son of God in his human nature; and then, dropping that, you say that he is not the Son of God by virtue of either of his natures, but by virtue of both together.

But, adopting this last statement as Mr. Crowther's real view, disentangled of the confusion pointed out, that Christ was not the Son of God from all eternity, but became so in time by virtue of his complex Person, we may well ask, What connection is there between Sonship and the manifestation of God in the flesh? Manifestation does not change the nature of the object manifested; it merely discovers to open view what before was hidden or not revealed. Thus when it is said of the blessed Lord that "God was manifest [*margin*, manifested] in the flesh," (1 Tim. iii. 16,) it does not mean that his Deity became what it was not before, or that he was made the Son of God thereby; but that he, the invisible God, by taking flesh, revealed and discovered Deity to the eyes of men. But for this manifestation of God in the flesh he could neither be seen, known, nor enjoyed. Were there no other cause, the fall has cut off all access unto, all communion with God; for "no man can see him and live." "He dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen nor can see." (Exod. xxxiii. 50; 1 Tim. vi. 16.) Deity is essentially invisible to mortal eye. John the Baptist therefore testified, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him,"

* Good men, we know, generally object to the expression "begotten," as applied to the human nature of the Lord Jesus; and out of deference to that feeling, and to avoid putting any stumbling-block in the way, we have usually avoided the term; but if we look at the marginal reading of Matt. i. 20, we shall find that the word rendered in the text "conceived," is there translated "begotten." The Greek word used there has two meanings: 1. To bring forth as a mother, and is therefore translated "born," (Luke i. 35;) and 2. to beget as a father. To "conceive," is quite a different word in Greek, which is not found in the New Testament. But this begetting, even if we admit the expression as applicable to the miraculous formation of the human nature of Jesus, must be carefully guarded from having any reference to his being the "only-begotten Son of God," which he was before all worlds, as his eternal Son.

(John i. 18,) clearly intimating that God is essentially invisible, but that the only-begotten Son, which *is* (not "was," but eternally "is") in the bosom of the Father, hath declared or revealed* him. He who, as the only-begotten Son of God, is essentially and eternally "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his Person," (Heb. i. 3,) has made God known, for "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Now, when we thus view him as the true and proper Son of the Father, and that before all worlds, there is a beautiful propriety in this manifestation of Deity in the flesh being committed to God the Son. It is consistent with the character of a Father to send, and of a Son to be sent; of a Father to propound terms of reconciliation to rebels, and of a Son to come as the Mediator and Messenger of those terms; of a Father to love the creatures of his hand, and that with a love so great as even to yield up his Son as a proof of that love, and of a Son to obey his Father's will in being willing to be yielded up. Thus viewed, the whole covenant of grace and the plan of salvation have a beautiful propriety and harmony. But if Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are three distinct personages, without any such mutual relationship as their very names imply, there seems to be no reason why the Father might not have come and become the Son of God by incarnation; or why the Holy Spirit might not have become the Son of God in a similar way; for if, previous to his coming, the Son was not the Son, but became the Son by incarnation, and by virtue of his complex Person, there seems to be no reason why the Father or the Holy Spirit should not have become the Son of God in the same way. It shocks us to utter or even to conceive such a proposition, and we believe that every child of God who has had a revelation of Christ to his soul as the eternal Son of God, feels the same. It is by such inward faith and feeling that many a poor simple child of God, who cannot argue or dispute the point as a point of doctrine, is kept firm in the truth which he has received from God. He cannot reason, but he can believe; he cannot argue, but he can feel. To believe in the Son of God to the saving of the soul is not, he well knows, a matter of reason, but of faith; not of argument, but of revelation. Here Mr. Crowther's sermon so wofully fails. It is all matter of mere assertion, or some attempt at argument; for real scriptural argument there is none. He can darken the word, but not give light upon it; pervert plain texts, but not open obscure ones; confuse and perplex the mind, but not instruct or edify the soul. There is nothing of the savour and power of the Holy Ghost in it; no dew, nor unction, nor life, nor feeling; no experience of his own or anybody else's. And, indeed, how can there be, unless we believe that the Holy Ghost, whose special work and office it is to reveal Christ, and take of the things which belong to Christ, should bless what robs Christ of his dearest title and highest glory; that he who leads into all truth should sanction error; and that he, who is one with the Father and the Son,

* The word means literally "led out," that is, into open view, or "made him known."

should own what equally dishonors the Father and the Son? Nothing is said in the sermon of the necessity or nature of a revelation of Christ to the soul, such as was given to Peter (Matt. xvi. 17) and to Paul, (Gal. i. 16,) and which the Lord himself declares is indispensable to a knowledge of the Father, and, by consequence, of the Son. (Matt. xi. 27.) Nor does he speak as if he ever himself had it. He attempts to bring forward some show of argument from the scriptures, but never tells us when, where, and how Christ was revealed to his soul by the power of God. But those who have had a revelation of him as the Son of God, know both what and in whom they believe; and by this inward light and divine teaching, having seen the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, (2 Cor. iv. 4,) though they may not be able to argue, or even explain, what they know and believe, yet can they see into the very bowels of the error, and that it is as distinct from what has been revealed to their soul as light is from darkness. And here we should advise the simple-hearted child of God to rest, and not argue with erroneous men, if such fall in his way, who, having drunk deeply into the spirit of error, are sure to misunderstand or pervert all he attempts to bring forward in defence of his faith. Or if he feel it necessary to bring forward something to silence the adversary, we should advise him to confine himself to this main point, in which indeed the chief core of the question lies. Was Christ the Son of God *before* he came into this world or not? If he were not, what is the meaning of such a text as this? "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) It is here declared by the blessed Lord himself, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son," &c. Then, says the simple-hearted believer, he must have had an only-begotten Son to give, and he must have been his Son before he was given. How, he may add, all the strength and tenderness of that love, and the very love itself, are all nullified by the view that Christ *became* the only-begotten Son of God by being given. The very strength of the love of God was manifested by this, that having an only-begotten Son, sooner than the whole human race should perish in their sins, he gave up this Son to sufferings and death, that those who believed in him might not perish but might have everlasting life. The feeblest child of grace can surely see this grand truth written as with a ray of light in the text. And so these two kindred texts: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins; (1 John iv. 10;) "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.) The weakest believer who may find much difficulty in coping with the subtle arguments of the adversaries of truth, may, with God's help and blessing, rest his case on these plain and simple declarations without attempting higher and more difficult ground; for his simple, child-like faith may well reply to all their reasonings, "How could God send his Son to be the propitiation for our sins if he had no Son to send? And how could he

be said 'not to spare his own Son' if he had no Son to spare, or to 'deliver him up' if he had no Son to deliver? Here the sucking child can play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child can put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

To show the little weight or importance that Mr. Crowther attaches to any manifestation of Christ to the soul, or to any experimental knowledge of him, we present to our readers the following extract, that they may judge for themselves whether we bear too hard upon him in the remarks we have made of the absence, in his sermon, of all personal experience, and even of any intimation either of the nature or necessity of a revelation of the Son of God to the believer's heart, that he may know him for himself:

"Let us try to dispossess ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ, and let us seek to approach a knowledge of him afresh, as he is introduced to us in the scriptures, and more especially by these evangelists; and if we are enabled to do so, we shall, doubtless, have a profitable meditation, and a further assurance of the verity of the one faith."

We are to discard, then, out of our heart, and "dispossess ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ;" in other words, we are to abandon as useless and worthless all past manifestations of his glorious Person to our souls; "all we have heard" from his blessed mouth, all we have "known" of him in sweet fellowship and sacred communion; in a word, all that divine and heavenly acquaintance with him by which he has made himself near, dear, and precious to our hearts. See how we are called upon by a professed ambassador of Jesus Christ to part with all our former experience of love and mercy; to strip ourselves naked of everything we have heard and known of Jesus in times past, and thus actually and really to give up our very hope of eternal life; to abandon our only support in trouble and affliction, and cast all our faith to the winds,—the very thing which Satan is tempting us to do sometimes all the day-long. And when, at Mr. Crowther's invitation, we have cast away all our hope of eternal life, then what are we to do, and what are we to have? We are "to seek to approach a knowledge of him afresh, as he is introduced to us in the scriptures;" in other words, we are to seek for a new Christ, a fresh Christ; a Christ whom we have never yet seen, nor known, nor heard of, nor tasted, nor handled, nor felt, nor believed in, nor loved, but to be found somewhere "in the scriptures, and more especially in these evangelists," that is, if we are willing to read them in the light of Mr. Crowther's interpretation. And what are we to have when, at his invitation, "we have dispossessed ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ?" "We shall doubtless have a very profitable meditation." The truth of that little word "doubtless" we very much doubt; and we certainly have neither intention nor inclination to follow the invitation even with the word "doubtless" to encourage us to make the attempt. And as to "the profitable meditation" we shall have when we have dispossessed ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ, it would be as profitable a meditation, and as comfortable a season, as any poor soul could enjoy, who has cast aside all its past experience

of the power and presence of Christ, been robbed and spoiled of all its faith and hope, and now sits down as hitherto a poor deceived deluded wretch, to begin to seek a fresh Christ under Mr. Crowther's direction. But we are also promised "a further assurance of the verity of the one faith." How can there be "a further assurance," when we have first to dispossess ourselves of all we have previously heard and known of Christ? We are invited to cast aside all previous knowledge of Christ, and with it, of course, all faith in him, for

"Faith is by knowledge fed,"

and to begin afresh, and then we are promised a further assurance of the verity of the one faith which we have just renounced; which is just the same good sense and sound argument as if a person were to say to us, "Hitherto you have been all wrong; you have imbibed certain opinions and doctrines which are quite erroneous. Renounce all these, and commence quite afresh, and then you will get a greater certainty than you ever had before." But of what? Of the old faith, or of the new? Not of the old, for that you have just discarded; not of the new, for you cannot have "a further assurance" of what you are just going to understand, and are presumed to be now learning for the first time, and of which, as a learner, you can have no assurance at all. What confusion of thought and language is here! And yet this is the teacher and the teaching which we are invited to follow, and these confused, self-contradictory statements are entitled, "Things most surely believed amongst us as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ." We are very certain that such teachings and such teachers, were we to listen to their advice and follow their guidance, would drag us into error, confusion, and bondage, separate us from the saints and servants of God, rob and plunder us of all our experience of the grace and glory of Christ, and leave us at the last without help or hope.

But this is not the only confused statement. The sermon is full of such, and indeed must necessarily be so; for as all truth is harmonious and consistent, so all error is confused, inconsistent, and self-contradictory. With a show of truth in some leading points, such as the recognition of the Deity of Christ, and the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, of the Trinity and the covenant of grace,—without which the sermon would not go down at all with the doctrinal professors of the day,—there is not only the leading, the master error which crops out in every page, but confused if not erroneous statements throughout. Take the following as an instance:

"When men speak of the essential attributes of Deity, they often confound his covenant relationship to his people in Christ with the essential features of his character; and thus speak of love and mercy as though they were both essential characteristics of Deity. These, and every other feature of *benignity* exercised by Jehovah towards his people, have their origin in his sovereign, free, and unbiassed will, and their exercise only in and through Christ."

Love and mercy are here denied to be essential characteristics of Deity, and an attempt made to distinguish between the essential and

covenant attributes of God. The covenant made no change in the mind of God, nor communicated attributes which did not before exist. "God is love." This is his essential attribute. As such he loved his only-begotten Son, and as such he loved his people, for the Lord himself says, "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John xvii. 23.) The covenant of grace did not *make* God love his people. It was the *effect* of love, not the *cause*. As love preceded and was the cause of God's covenant with Israel of old, (Deut. iv. 37,) so love preceded and was the moving cause of the covenant of grace. Nor did the covenant make God merciful, or introduce mercy as an attribute which was not an essential one. All his attributes are essential, and indeed cannot be otherwise. He is what he is, and with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. The covenant of grace is but the expression of what he is eternally and essentially in himself. To introduce love and mercy into the bosom of God, which before were not there, is like the attempt to put into his bosom a new Son who was not his Son till about 1860 years ago.

These are, it is true, isolated extracts, on which we may seem to lay too much stress; but to our mind there is a chilling air breathing through the whole discourse, as if the heart of the preacher had not been warmed, at least not at the time, by a beam of the Sun of righteousness, or his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar. It is true there is a show of reasoning and arguing from scripture, if perverting the meaning of texts can be so called; but that "demonstration of the Spirit and of power" which is necessary that "our faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God," seems to us absolutely wanting. He speaks frequently as if searching the scriptures, reading them with an unprejudiced eye, and discarding what he calls "creeds," and "theories," and "preconceived notions"—in other words, the doctrine against which he is driving, would certainly lead us to see as he does. Such expressions put us in mind of a conversation between Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, the learned Socinian writer, and good John Newton. "Sir," said the learned Doctor, "I have collated every word in the Hebrew scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement you hold should not have been found by me." But what was Newton's answer? "I am not surprised at this. I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher upon it. Now, prejudices from education, learning, &c., form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle, you must remove the extinguisher." So, as long as Mr. Crowther and those in the same error read the scriptures with the extinguisher on their mind, all their searching only confirms them more fully in their present views. We have heard of one in this error who sat down with his Bible, Concordance, and Johnson's Dictionary, to see whether he could find the words, "eternal generation" in the scriptures; and because he could not find them, and the Concordance and Dr. Johnson could not by their combined efforts enable him either to discover the words or understand their meaning, he declared that the doctrine was not in the word of God. But could he find the words "Trinity," "God-man," or "the

Personality of the Holy Ghost" in the Bible, even with the help of Cruden on one side and Johnson on the other? And if not, would he say that not one of these doctrines was to be found in the scriptures at all? How little do such men seem to know of "the anointing which teacheth the saints of God all things, and is truth and is no lie." Had he gone upon his knees, with the Spirit of grace and supplications in his heart, and begged of the Lord to show him the truth, he might have received the same blessed deliverance from the error as a much-esteemed servant of God has just experienced, as recorded in our present Number. Men may read the Bible as the Jews did in our Lord's time, but with the same result as the apostle speaks of: "Even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." (2 Cor. iii. 15.) The veil must be taken away that they may "with open (or unveiled) face behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord"—the glory of the Lord Jesus, "as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" (2 Cor. iii. 15-18; John i. 14;) and then, ravished with his glory, they will fall down before him with adoring faith and love, and say, "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." Contrast with these warm actings of living faith such cold, chilling expressions as these:

"The scripture doctrine of the prior and self-existent Deity of Jesus is so plain, that he who searches must find it, unless his mind is pre-occupied with a different theory, that he prizes more than scripture testimony."

"As to the veritable and eternal Godhead, the scripture is very plain, and ascribes to him the same self-existent majesty as to the Father and the Holy Ghost; and it holds out no sanction to the notions of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as such."

"But as it is perfectly plain to every unbiassed searcher of the word, that the Godhead of Christ is fully asserted, and that no part of the scripture warrants the belief that the term Son applies to his divine nature, but to his complex person, I see no reason to consider either Athanasius or his abettors any authorities at all, and, therefore, reject them all, and take my stand on the scriptures."

"I decline to believe any theory that detracts from the true and personal Godhead of either Christ or the Spirit; and I decline to believe that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father any otherwise than as Christ did, namely, in his mission to this world."

How faith here is made a mere matter of opinion, as if a man could believe or "decline to believe" just as and when he pleases! And mark how invidiously and insidiously he stamps the precious truths of Jesus being the true and proper Son of God, and the proceeding of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, as "theories that detract from the true and personal Godhead of Christ and the Spirit." Mr. Crowther must have known when he used these words, that no persons assert so fully and positively the true and personal Godhead both of Christ and the Spirit as those who hold the blessed doctrines which he declines to believe as mere theories; and that none are so jealous of anything that detracts from them. And this setting up of a natural and notional faith, and knocking down the most holy and sacred truths in so reckless a way, is called "experimental preach-

ing" at the opening of a chapel for experimental truth. Mr. Hart held different language, both as regards faith and the Sonship of Jesus, when, in accordance with scripture and experience, he wrote,

" True faith's the gift of God ;
Deep in the heart it lies ;"

and,

" Glory to God the Father be,
Because he sent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son that he
Did with such willingness comply."

" But to the searcher of the scriptures it does not mean that in either case, but in both expresses to us the sovereign going forth of Christ and the Eternal Spirit for the salvation of the church. We see here the fallacy of those traditions of men, which would pretend to point out an essential difference in the mode of being of the glorious Trinity; a difference which the scripture does not authorise, and which rests only on the authority of man."

" Let every man look in his Bible which of these views are true, and if he have any spiritual discernment, the conclusion is inevitable."

" Grasp this idea, if you can, friends."

We do not know whether this sermon be a correct transcript of what was really preached at Hitchin, as it bears great marks of being altogether rewritten, still less do we know the feelings of the people that heard it. But we think we can tell pretty well what our feelings would have been under it. 1. Sadness of heart, if not indignation of spirit, at hearing the grand leading truth of the gospel trampled under foot as a "notion," a "theory," a "traditional creed," just as if the true and proper Sonship of our adorable Redeemer were a Popish tradition, like the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. 2. We should have been struck, if not shocked, at the presumption of the preacher, in treading on such holy ground with so bold and wanton a foot. 3. We should have wondered how people who professed to know and love experimental truth; who had heard the servants of God time after time speak of the revelation of Christ to their soul, and had themselves been brought out of dead churches, and away from letter ministers, could sit and listen to, and as the sermon is printed for their benefit, we presume express their approbation of such a cold dry letter performance as this. Should they not have seen that they were called to leave the old paths for new and untried ones, and that by a minister of whom they knew nothing? Should they not have felt that on a point so vital, in "grasping an idea," they might clutch an error; and "in declining to believe" a theory, they might decline to believe in the Son of God to the saving of their soul?

How different from all this cold chilling language, as if preached under the lee of an iceberg, is the language of the saints of old: "We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." (John vi. 69.) "Of a truth, thou art the Son of God." (Matt. xiv. 33.) "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts viii. 37.) "The life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii.

20.) "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John v. 20.) "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) These blessed saints and servants of God knew in whom they believed, for they had seen his glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; and they knew by a sweet revelation of him to their soul, that he was the Son of the Father in truth and love. One of the worst features of the present day, and truly grievous it is to every spiritual mind, is to see the instability of professors of truth, how little they know for themselves of the power of the gospel; how little rooted or grounded, by a divine operation upon their hearts, in the very foundation truths of our most holy faith. Thus, like "the silly women" spoken of, they "are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;" for not experimentally knowing its liberating, sanctifying power, they change their opinions as they change their clothes, with as little conscience or as little scruple. Were it not so, we should not see ministers professing Calvinistic truth, denying so cardinal, so fundamental a doctrine as the true and proper Sonship of our adorable Redeemer,—a truth which has been held by all the apostles, saints, and martyrs, and all the servants of God, from generation to generation, and which may well be called the grand distinguishing doctrine, and the glory of our most holy faith.

THE light of truth discovers our inward depravity: "Whatsoever maketh manifest is light." The force of truth reproveth and rebukes for it: "All things that are reproveth are made manifest by the light which doth appear." Thus truth discovers, smites, and wounds; but mercy attends the Saviour's countenance, and every propitious look dissolves and removes the load: "By mercy and truth iniquity is purged," and "by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil." These inward workings of the Spirit upon the poor sinner's mind prepare him for the reception of Heaven's best gifts.—*Huntington.*

THE poor dove being sent abroad, and gliding over the great flood, at last found an olive branch, and returned to the ark. In like manner, my confused thoughts have soared hither and thither over the face of that great deep which the first apostacy drowned mankind in; and having turned over the Scriptures, hoping thence to receive some news after such a dreadful shipwreck, this Scripture comes flying with an olive branch in its mouth: "Saved in the Lord." The first word keeps from fainting, till the next word comes in and shows the nature of the deliverance—the certainty and the manner of it. The first word, like Ahimaaz, says, (2 Sam. xviii. 28,) "All is well," but Cushie declares the matter, and how it is accomplished. Salvation plainly asserted is glad-some news; but lest so weighty a business should be mistaken, and that the understanding might the more be convinced, the means by which it is obtained, and the hand from whence it is procured, is drawn forth in the Lord as delightful a sentence to a sinner as that which Belshazzar saw was terrible to him, that made his joints to tremble; but this makes the lame to leap as a hart; this makes the wilderness to blossom as a rose.—*Dorney.*

POETRY.

REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me, O Lord, when clouds surround
 The place of thine abode, and all is drear;
 When passions wild spread devastation round,
 And the o'erburden'd conscience droops with fear.
 E'en then, unholy and defiled with sin,
 Unloving and unlovely though I be,
 With slipping feet without, and guilt within,
 Forsake me not. O Lord, remember me!

Remember me, O Lord, when in the world
 Amidst thy enemies my pathway lies;
 When oaths and blasphemies around are hurl'd,
 Help me towards thy throne to lift mine eyes.
 Then do thou keep the portals of my lip,
 Lest I, in trying to defend, dishonor thee—
 Lest my unguarded tongue some word let slip.
 At such a moment, Lord, remember me!

Remember me, O Lord, when in the church,
 Among thy saints, as one of them I move;
 Give me with diligence my hope to search,
 Lest I a blot be in their feasts of love.
 Keep me from judging harshly in the thing
 That working in myself I often see;
 Help me each knotty circumstance to bring
 Before thy throne. O Lord, remember me.

Remember me, O Lord, when worldlings smile,
 When less of earthly sorrows press me down;
 Let not their gilded baits my soul beguile,
 But rather let me see the sinner's frown.
 When my unstable mind would look around,
 And pause, and parley with the enemy,
 Then let that word in solemn accents sound
 Within my inmost soul, Remember me.

Remember me, O Lord, when life and joy
 From thy dear presence swells within my breast,
 When thy sweet praise my willing thoughts employ,
 When on my branch the heavenly dewdrops rest;
 O then, lest Satan snatch that gift away,
 A gift so highly prized, a gift so free,
 Help me in spirit fervently to pray,
 "Guard thine own work. O Lord, remember me!"

Remember me, O Lord, through all the way
 Thy wisdom has design'd that I must tread.
 And when my weary, sinful frame I lay,
 While earth recedes, upon my dying bed,
 When Death's chill arms around this form are cast,
 Still help me to prefer this only plea,
 "Thou refuge of my soul, from first to last,
 Jesus, my only hope, remember me!"

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1860.

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

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. HENRY BIRCH.
PREACHED AT CRANBROOK, MARCH 28th, 1855.

"A sower went out to sow his seed; and as he sowed, some fell by the way-side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it; and some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it. And other fell on good ground and sprang up, and bare fruit a hundred fold. And when he had said these things he cried, He that hath ears to hear let him hear."—Luke viii. 5-8.

This parable is set forth in the evangelist Matthew with "Behold;" and if the matter be rightly considered, it need cause no wonder. For first of all we are to consider the immense love of God to give sowers, when we consider what the seed is. It proceeded entirely from the love of God that any of the human race should be saved. This love showed itself in his "eternal purposes," "according to his eternal purpose," (Eph. iii. 11,) (or "purpose of eternity,") "which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." His love is expressed in his absolute will and his good pleasure, "according to the good pleasure of his will." (Eph. i. 5.) The word "good pleasure" shows that it was perfectly free, and with the utmost delight; for when it was proclaimed from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," it is the very same word that is used by Paul, (Eph. i. 9,) "According to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself;" and also 5, as I have quoted above. "The word of our God shall stand for ever," or "endureth;" and the substance of this word is what we call the gospel, or good tidings: which word, David says, "God has magnified above all his name;" (Ps. cxxxviii. 2;) that is, his name is, as it respects his work of creation, wonderful; the wonderful wisdom, care, and mercy of God towards his creatures is wonderfully exemplified in it; but the new creation exceeds the old in love, in wisdom, in grace, mercy, in uncontrollable sovereignty, in the mystery of redemption, as seen in God manifest in the flesh, Immanuel, called the "wisdom of God in a mystery," and "the hidden wisdom." It may well be said, "Behold what manner of love" is revealed in that word which contains the purpose of God, the ways of God towards his elect, who obtain salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

1. It may be well said, "Behold," when the Lord foresaw what entertainment the word would meet with from the world, when both the seed and the sower would be hated and despised. But behold the determinate counsel of God, which cannot be frustrated! The sower shall go forth: Whence does he go? He goes out of the world where he once lay among the pots; he shall be separated from them, and he shall testify against them and their ways, and he shall testify of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and it is God's absolute determination that some shall hear. For their sakes the seed is given, for their sakes the sower goes forth, often with great reluctance, often terrified at the thought of the greatness of the work, more fit for an angel than a man; often in the face of the worst of opposition, not seldom meeting with reproach, contempt, neglect, yea the worst of contempt. But go he must; the command is gone forth; a dispensation of the word is committed to him, and therefore going forth he shall go, and weep too, that such a burden should be laid upon him. "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" He is a witness to all nations against the universal depravity of man, and a witness of the unsearchable wisdom of God in finding out a way for mercy to flow in. The sower has seed given to him: "I have given them thy word." Christ is the first and chief sower, and he deposes many to carry the precious seed, and they are bid to cast it into the field. This seed is called "light;" and the sower is said to sow light for the righteous; (Ps. cxvii. 11;) that is, that the elect sinner may see light, even the Sun of righteousness, and thus be delivered from the darkness of error, and the darkness of Mount Sinai. This seedsman is said to be "going forth;" he shall go and weep; weeping under a sense of his utter insufficiency for so great a work; weeping under a sense of the goodness of God which he feels in his heart; weeping to see sinners so careless and indifferent; weeping to see so little success of the word, and sometimes to see a soul saved from death, and thus a multitude of sins hidden for ever, and no more to be remembered. He bears precious seed, and he knows the worth of it, having himself found it to the joy of his heart. God works by it, and does wonders; "One soweth and another reapeth." "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour;" that is, the prophets who went before have ploughed the fallow-ground of the heart, and you are come with the good seed to throw it into the ground already prepared for it. He is bid "in the morning to sow his seed, and in the evening not to withhold his hand, not knowing whether shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." There is a promise "that it shall not return void." It shall either be a savour of life or of death. The good pleasure of the Lord is to prosper in the hand of Christ, who is the great Sower, who sends it with power to the hearts of his elect; and it is sent "to the rest," that hearing they may hear and not understand, and seeing they may see and not perceive. The great Sower, when on earth, was unwearied in this work. He was here in the character of the prophet, and it was his meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work. He gathered his little flock by his

word; and they came and sat down at his feet, acknowledging him to be Jehovah the Word, and receiving the law of life, and the perfect law of liberty from his mouth; and they acknowledged that the law of his mouth was dearer to them than thousands of gold and silver, for he sent his word and healed them, and they were saved from their destructions. He acknowledges in this parable that he had a diversity of hearers, that the word met with very different receptions, but that to gather together his elect, he sent his angels or messengers to the four winds. Some shall reap profit.

The hearers are fourfold: wayside, stony ground, thorny ground, good ground. The wayside hearers either treated it with contempt, or were robbed of it by the devil, who takes it away both from mind and memory. It was esteemed by the wise Gentile as unworthy of notice, and the seedsman was considered as the filth of the world; and was rejected by the self-righteous Jew, who sought righteousness by the works of the law. These had their judgment. The word bound them over to the judgment of the great day as scoffers, mockers; and they will be judged as rejecting the word, and so judging themselves unworthy of everlasting life. These will not hear the word; they stumble at the word, being disobedient, "whereunto also they were appointed" or ordained. These the Apostles were empowered to bind. Satan had power to harden them, to deceive them, to stiffen them, to prejudice them, to blind their eyes, to make them mad upon their idols, and so to prevail, in spite of all warning and reproof. He, the preacher, that has obtained mercy, although he may faint at times, yet is encouraged to go on and to commend himself to the consciences of men, taking this into the account, that if his gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, and they will suffer eternal loss, being condemned by the law, and cursed, and given over to the second death. These are said to be nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned, for none who reject the gospel were ever written in the Lamb's book of life. "And whosoever was not found written in the Lamb's book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) It is added, that the "fowls of the air devoured it." These fowls of the air are in Matthew called "the wicked one;" in Mark, "Satan;" but here in Luke, "the fowls of the air." Satan has his residence in the air, as Paul says, calling him "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." They are disobedient ones, as Peter calls them, opposed to the elect, who are called by Peter "obedient children." The one, children of the curse; the other, called to inherit a blessing. Had Paul preached the word in Asia, or gone into Bithynia, he would have met with just such hearers; but the Spirit suffered him not. He had a fruitful field appointed for him to sow in or occupy; namely, at Philippi, whither he must go, for the Lord the Spirit sent him. Nothing brings to light the real state of men as the gospel does; it is, indeed, a sea of glass mingled with fire. A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies on every side. It burns them up either with the rage of malice, or is a purifying furnace to them; it divides and separates the vessels of wood and of earth from the vessels of

gold and silver. The Lord Jesus told the Jews, (John v. 43,) "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not. If another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive."

2. The next reception of the word is this: "And some fell upon a rock, and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture." Matthew tells us that it had no "deepness of earth;" it was not received in affliction and meekness which prepare the soul. Mark tells us it had "no root." It "lacked moisture;" had "no root;" "no deepness of earth." Had there been a root, had there been moisture, the case would have been very different. The root of the matter was found in Job; (xix. 28;) deepness of earth, in those who receive it with meekness, and moisture in those to whom the Lord is dew to their souls. God alone can plough up the fallow ground. He alone can make his word enter, pierce and rend the caul of the heart, and thus make a way for his word. There will be deepness of earth when the Lord makes a deep incision in the heart by life and light accompanying the word. There is a majesty in the word when it thus enters with power; there is then a way made for the hearty reception of the Lord Jesus Christ. But God is not pleased to do this in any but his elect, whom he hath chosen, and for whom he has reserved the greatest of blessings, that is, eternal life. A superficial work is all that the rest attain to. These receive not the truth in the love of it; but had they been truly lost, truly perishing souls, they would have gladly come and received and embraced Christ Jesus. "He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." The clean hands signify that the sinner has not a bribe in his hand, or a price, as the fool has; "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" He thinks of buying the favor of God; he comes with a price in his hand; he is not mentally or spiritually poor, therefore he can have no real love for, or delight in, him who was made sin, that the sinner might be made the righteousness of God in him. To him the following words are a stumbling-block: "For if it be by grace, it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace; but if it be of works, it is no more of grace, otherwise work is no more work." (Rom. xi. 6.) This is a hard nut to crack to the proud doer, who is not an insolvent. (Prov. xvii. 16.) In the truly lost sinner is found the root of love, as in Mary Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils. A debtor to grace she was; a debtor to grace she felt herself to be; a lover she was, of course. A five hundred penny debtor feels more love than a fifty penny debtor. To the lost soul the Saviour says, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." In such is found the lasting root of love, which never faileth. "I will feed you," O poor soul; "that that dieth let it die, and that that is to be cut off let it be cut off, and let the rest eat every one the flesh of another;" that is, feed upon human applause, the doctrines pleasing to flesh and blood, the honour which comes from man. "My honour," says the poor soul, "is that Christ died for me in particular, loved me, and gave himself for me." How many turnings and windings has our cursed

human nature! Herein, I think, is seen the exceeding deceitfulness of the human heart, that it evades by all possible means all knowledge of Christ, so that deep and lasting afflictions, fiery furnaces, are all constantly needed to purge off that dross and tin which adhere to the vessel;—"no root;" but where life has entered there is a hearty reception of the Lord Jesus, and love is found, which love cannot be rooted up.

3. A description of it is given thus: "It lacked moisture," and therefore "withered." All are by nature dry trees. We are indebted to God for rain literally, and we are indebted to the God of all grace for rain spiritually. There is sovereignty in this. "One piece was rained upon." (Amos iv. 7.) "And also I have withholden the rain." "I caused it to rain upon one, and caused it not to rain upon another city. One piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not, withered." It is the rain and the dew which give moisture to the plant of righteousness. Where the dew is it causes "the bud of the tender herb to spring forth." (Job. xxxviii. 27.) The dew upon Job supplied his branch with moisture; it kept him alive. The dew comes gently, quietly, and secretly; so it is with many a soul that makes no great show, but it imbibes the dew, the early dew, which refreshes it. It is not the goodness of man (which is compared to the early dew), but it is the dew of heaven which the Lord blesses his people with. (Micah v. 7.) "A dew from the Lord, which tarrieth not for man." If the dew descend upon the soul, the word is received in power, and it abides, and the soul that is under the teaching of the Holy Spirit is sensible of this dew, and earnestly seeks it from the Lord, and is continually begging it, knowing that without it it cannot prosper. "Then shall he give the rain of thy seed." (Isaiah xxx. 23.) "Also his heavens shall drop down dew." (Deut. xxxiii. 28.) The earth opens to receive it; I mean the sensibly parched ground. The Lord says, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." (Isa. xlv. 3.) The dry land, or Zion, which signifies "a dry place.": "From me is thy dew found." (Ps. cxxxiii. 3.) Dew is a figure of the Holy Spirit, who formed the human nature of Christ, to make it a fit sacrifice, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;" who out of mere love to poor lost man built that holy tabernacle," and then came down in bodily shape like a dove upon him, to show that God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him. That blessed Christ has the dew of his youth, and communicates it to all the chosen seed, and to none else, for he says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." "Who, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost," sheds it upon all his disciples. He told them that as the living Father had sent him so did he send them, and "breathed on them," as essential divinity alone can do, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." These never wither, "neither shall cease from yielding fruit." (Jer. xvii. 8.) But the "rest," as Paul calls them, always invariably

* "Zion" signifies literally "a place shone upon" by the sun, and thence dry. "A dry place" is therefore not its primary but its secondary meaning.

wither: their apparent seeming greenness withers away, being constantly impaired by temptations, which discover that they have no dew from the Lord, who has made no one promise with respect to them. All things come by promise to the children, or "heirs."

3. There is a third sort of hearers which are described thus: "And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it." "The sword of justice bathed in heaven shall come down upon Idumea, the people of God's curse, to judgment." (Isa. xxxiv. 5.) Esau, typical of the reprobate, shall bear briers and thorns, and be nigh unto cursing; and, oh! how many are there visibly under this curse at this day! How many do we see professing the truth in whom this world has choked all good appearances? But would this be the case if they were the beloved of God? No, assuredly not. Would he suffer the briers and thorns to choke the seed sown in his "husbandry?" Does he not say, "Who would set the briers and thorns against me in battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together." (Isa. xxvii. 4.) "There shall not come thither the fear of briers and thorns." (Isa. vii. 25.) The Lord will not suffer the souls of his redeemed to be thus dealt with. He is here showing how few are saved. This world has plenty in it to please the flesh, but the Lord will take care of his own, and he makes them cry mightily to God against these briers and thorns. So John tells us, "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself;" that is, by prayer and supplication he brings in help from the Lord, who withers these things and subdues his iniquities. Paul tells us that "the love of money is the root of all evil;" (1 Tim. vi. 10;) and that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare." The believer is aware of this, and therefore prays against it. He finds these things present themselves to him, to draw him aside. He sees others fall, and knows that he has no power to keep himself, therefore he gives himself to prayer, that sin may not prevail against him, nor have the dominion; he watches unto prayer; he cries out of violence (Hab. i. 2) done to his soul, what power sin has in him, and against him, and he knows where to go for help, for he reads thus, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." (Rom. v. 20.) This is his only support. He sees others fall; he knows that he is by nature no better than they; he is made to feel what a prey he is to all evil, if not to himself; he sees the awful state of those who are left and "let alone," (Hosea iv. 17,) and would rather endure the sharpest trials than be left to fall as they do; he sees what pleasing baits the world has, and that his corrupt nature loves the world. O! how does he wrestle with God for a blessing as Jabez did, (1 Chron. iv. 10,) the blessing of life, by which he escapes "the corruption which is in the world through lust," as holy Peter says. They that are heirs of the grace of life, they that have the living water within them, cry mightily to God for a fresh supply of that blessed Spirit who keeps the soul, so that death, the body of sin and death, does not reign. It is a sore conflict with flesh which we are called to, and a constant one. It wars against the soul; sin is its real and only enemy, for nothing can hurt the

soul but sin; that being subdued, the soul is safe. Afflicted they are, and afflicted they will be all their days, for there is no cessation until life is ended. You see here the fearful end of the thorny ground, nigh unto cursing, bringing forth nothing but briers and thorns. Paul saw many of these in his day, and having much more grace than I have, he wept at the thought. (Phil. iii. 18.) "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, whose end is destruction," &c. Paul could not prevent these worldlings from frequenting the assemblies of the saints any more than I, but he could weep for them, knowing that their end would be awful; and he had a great feeling for the flock of Christ, and great grief to see the worthy and honorable name by which his people are called dishonored.

4. Now come I to the latter part, having given but a poor and meagre account of the three former grounds on which the seed fell. The wonderful mercy of God in his dear Son towards his own elect is here set forth. And here I cannot but remark what mistakes men make, because they will not search the word of God with constant and diligent prayer that they may know the mind of God in his word; it requires all diligence, much searching, much and serious perusal, and then you will not stumble at several parts of scripture which seem to clash with others. I speak this from experience. Upon reading the latter part of the text, it is our wisdom to ask, How came this ground to be good? Was it from any native or natural goodness in the ground? That cannot be, for all are alike; there is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; or lacked, that is, failed of that glory which was in the first Adam before the fall. Besides, Paul asks, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" (1 Cor. iv. 7.) And John (the Baptist) says, "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." (John iii. 27.) Therefore ascribe nothing to yourself but sin and misery. In yourself there is by nature an utter rejection of all that is of God. If God loves you, he will show you what a horrid aversion there is in you to all that is good. The first thing that God does for a soul is to show it where it is, and his teachings leave a long and lasting impression on the soul. "Thou hast destroyed thyself;" thou hast neither will nor power, no liking to me. God will go through every part of the work thoroughly with you; he will go over it with you, over and over, again and again. Remember, his elect are called his "husbandry." (1 Cor. iii. 9.) He will plough up and discover to you the badness of the soil, and make you loathe the sight of yourself; if once will not do, twice shall; and if twice will not do it, you shall have it again and again. Heavy and lasting affliction is, and will be, the lot of the elect family. They are called, and they are truly called, "the afflicted people." "The afflicted people thou wilt save," (Ps. xviii. 27,) and they are afflicted, and made to know that in their flesh dwelleth no good thing. I love to find a most diligent search in my soul. "My spirit made diligent search." (Ps. lxxvii. 6.) These keen feelings and sensations

in your soul will promote an appetite for the bread of God, and will make you search diligently. Where there is life there will be deep exercises of soul, and these will infallibly hide pride and lead to deep views of truth. Such will willingly take the lowest room, and say, "A more degraded, sensual, proud creature than I never existed." God's design is to glorify his grace in you, and to set up on high in your heart his dear Son; and this he will do, and has determined to do.

"And other fell on good ground and sprang up, growing up, and bare fruit a hundred fold. Wherever the word enters, we read that "it giveth light." The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," or little ones. (Ps. cxix. 130.) It is a candle; "it searches the innermost parts of the belly." It is a light to search the soul; "and it shall come to pass in that day, that I will search Jerusalem as with candles;" (Zeph. i. 12;) and this is a reproving, chastening, punishing light, for it severely punishes our corrupt nature, because this heavenly light discovers to us what we are; it enrages Satan, who has filled our souls with all evil. This discovery is one of the fruits of the Spirit. You will say, 'This is a bitter fruit;' and yet this discovery proceeds from love, and if the Holy Spirit did not love you he would not deal thus with you. "The things which your soul refuseth to touch shall be as your sorrowful meat." (Job vi. 7.) "And is this," say you, "a fruit of love?" Yes; hear what the Lord says by Job: "What is man that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him? and that thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment?" (Job vii. 17, 18.) Now, if God has set his heart upon you, and he has, if you are one of his elect, he will discover the baseness of your heart, and make you sick at the sight. "I will make thee sick in smiting thee." (Micah vi. 13.) "And is this a mercy?" say you. Yes; as God Almighty liveth it is an excellent mercy; a mercy for which one day you will thank and bless him. "Why?" say you. Why! Because the Lord of the house says, (Matt. ix. 12,) "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." He set himself forth in the parable as the Samaritan, who bound up the wounds of the man who fell among thieves; and he is acting the part of the kindest friend in showing you your sickness, which you were not sensible of until he showed it to you. Then you were sick, indeed; but this sickness was not unto death. Let him go on; prescribe not to him. He will show himself in his promises, and draw you, and allure you to come to him. "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness"—and what follows? "and speak comfortably to her." And this will have a healing effect upon your soul, and as the word took deep root downwards, now it will bear fruit upwards. (Isa. xxxvii. 31.) "They shall spring up in hope." (Isa. xliv. 4.) The word, nourishing and encouraging hope, will make you cleave to it, and say, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." (Ps. cxix. 49.) As the word gains ground, so you will prosper; your desires will enlarge as Moses's did: "Show me thy

glory," (Ex. xxxiii. 18,) which is the forgiveness of sins; for "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honour of kings is to search out a matter." (Prov. xxv. 2.) Kings, as God's viceregents upon earth, are to "search out a matter;" they are to punish the evil doer, and reward them who do well. But if the Lord, the God of heaven and earth, were to deal thus with us, woe unto us, for we must all go to hell; good were it for us if we had never been born. If God were to deal with us after our sins, and reward us according to our iniquities, we might well cry to the rocks to cover us from the wrath of God. (Rev. vi. 16.) But the glory of God consists in the free forgiveness of all our sins; and when this is made known to the soul it will spring up in love, peace, and joy. This peace, this joy, may be damped; many sore temptations may cause great bitterness; but "he that first formed you will keep you alive." The briers and thorns in your soul will distress you, and you will have to pray against them, and they may for a time be as violent as ever, and seem to defy you, but you must and will be compelled to call in the aid of the great and good husbandman, and he will come to your help, and fulfil that blessed word by Micah, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." So will he deal with you, though he may bear long with you, and you will think and conclude that he does not hear when you cry unto him of violence. You shall still bring forth fruit,—much self-loathing, much admiration of free grace, some sweet views of the Lord Jesus; and you will say an intimate knowledge of him is the quintessence of all religion. So I speak, and so you will say. May you go on from strength to strength, knowing more of sinful self, and more of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, who will grow daily more and more lovely in your eyes; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[We call this a sound, solid, weighty, and truly experimental sermon, and containing deeper and more profitable matter than might at first sight appear.—Ed.]

GREAT objections are apt to lie against invisible things, when externally revealed. Men would fain live the life of sense, or at least believe no more than what they can have a scientific demonstration of. But by these means we can have no evidence of invisible things; or, at best, not such as may influence properly our Christian profession; this is done by faith alone. We may have apprehensions of some of these things by reason and the light of nature, as the apostle declares, (Rom. i. 19, &c.) but we cannot have such an evidence of them as shall have the properties of demonstration here intended; it will not reprove and silence the objections and sophisms of unbelief against them; it will not influence our souls to a patient continuance in well doing. Now faith is not the evidence and demonstration of these things to all, which the scripture alone is, but only to believers.—*Owen*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. FRADGLEY, OF AMERICA.

All hail! thou mighty man of God. Grace and peace be with thee. It is some time since I received your very savory letter, which was exceedingly welcome to me, and therefore I return you hearty thanks both for it and your candid acceptance of the token I sent you, being an indication, such as it was, of the respect and value which, from my very heart, I know you have deserved from me, and which I feel in duty bound to acknowledge, both in word and deed, as far as the Lord has enabled me. I have read your letter with great acceptance, and account it to me as precious balm and savory meat.

It hath pleased God to exercise me since I wrote you last with some considerable trials, both in body and mind, but still that good word remains, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart;" that we may not therefore faint under his correction, but rather attend to the voice of the rod, and flee to Jesus for strength to obey his voice, and to give us an understanding heart; for God is in all trials, and he will cause all things to work together for good,—which promise is made to them that love him. But the time will come when all the members of Christ's body will be perfectly freed from all sufferings and from every grieving thorn; when there will be no more affliction either of the body or of the mind; when all the vessels of mercy are brought by grace unto glory. Then there will not be amongst them so much as a sigh or the least cause of grief, but a fulness of joy, when sorrow and sighing shall for ever be done away.

When I wrote you last, I was going to my quiet retreat in Tappan, being too debilitated to help myself alone; and there my dear Lord has disturbed my rest, for Mr. and Mrs. Mabie had sold their place and moved to Orangeburg; and the difficulty of getting any one to be with me,—particularly a lover of truth, whom I want for my comfort, (if the Lord has such a one in the land,) that would cleave to his poor Naomi, who is not fit to be a day alone,—drives me to great extremities. Add to this, we have had one of the bitterest winters I have ever known in America, and one of the largest fires in New York that ever has been in this quarter of the world, nearly as great as the fire of London. It was God that burned London, by drying up the houses by excessive hot weather; so God burned New York, for the extreme cold was such that no water could be got; and what little could be got froze in the pipes, so that the firemen could do nothing to extinguish the raging flames, but let it rage on both sides of the way until it came down to the docks, and could go no further. It was the most wealthy part of the city. The splendid furniture and splendid goods which were fuel for the flames is almost incredible. The number of streets, and the thousands of stores and dwelling-houses I suppose you will see in the public papers. All the insurances are gone; and the Globe Insurance, which my little property was in, is become insolvent, worse than nothing; which has compelled me to say with old Jacob, but, bless God, not with murmuring, "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not; and this providence has taken away my Benjamin also; all these things are against me." But God has done it, and I have nothing to say; and it was God that sent the cholera in 1832, which took away E. A. and 1,400 dollars; and that providence was the means of binding Simeon, and bound he still remains, and fast bound, but not so fast but God can unbind him, and none but God can. But my hope is in him, though I cannot say much at present, for my faith is very weak.

For about three weeks after I was bereaved of Benjamin, my mind was

quiet, serene, and composed, and a great spirit of prayer and supplication was poured out upon me that the Lord would accomplish the word unto his handmaid on which he had made me to hope; and great confidence I had that he would make all these things work together for my good. And while I was at ease and in sweet quiet, like Job, I must say, "He hath broken me asunder, he hath also taken me by my neck and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark," that is, Satan's mark, to shoot at me; for the most horrid blasphemous temptations against the word of God, which were terrifying to my very nature, entered into my heart. But so powerful was my enemy, that, though I struggled and cried to my God against them, the more I cried to God the more he accused me for holding fast my integrity; for it was the word of God, and my dependence on that word, that had brought me into these existing circumstances and difficulties. But Satan was too strong for my reasoning or arguments, for I was indeed at my wits' end. But I was enabled to betake myself to my blessed Saviour, with my alabaster box of costly ointment, (for this trial has almost cost me my life,) and stood at his feet, behind him, weeping, and beseeching him to appear for me, for I was without strength; I could combat no longer; all I could do was to cry and weep at his feet behind him; for tears were my meat and drink during that seven weeks' sore, sore trial, night and day. Nay, I thought I was like the child which was brought by his father to the Lord Jesus, and as he was coming, the devil threw him down and tare him. But it matters not what is the instrument, whether it is the devil or his agents, the hand is my God's; and all that I crave or desire is an understanding heart, to know and obey the voice of him that smites me; for it is a voice to me, and I know it; and though he has spoken to me so very roughly, yet "he that hath torn will heal; he hath smitten me, and he will bind me up," for God is not a cruel Father; his bowels are tender, and he will not always chide.

I have acquainted you with a plain state of things, as my heavenly Father has been pleased to exercise me; and my desire is that the ancient affection between us may never die, as I know I am upon your heart and in your prayers, as you are in mine. Be not grieved at the present providences of our God concerning me, for all our times are in his hands, and I have lived upon the care of my God hitherto; and I may say of him as Jacob did, "He hath fed me all my life long to this day." I have his promise also for the future, and he is very faithful to his promises. To him I make my requests, and put myself into his hands, for him to do what he will with me; and if he slay me, I will yet trust in him. But it is safe and profitable to be forced to lean upon the naked arm of God.

I add no more, but leave you in the hands of our God, who lives and loves for ever.

Thine in sincere affection,

Hackensack, March 25th, 1836.

ANN FRADGLEY.

[Mrs. Fradgley, during her visit to England, was much in the company of Keyt, Rusk, Whistle, and other warmly-attached friends and hearers of Mr. Huntington; and after her return to America, maintained a correspondence with them.]

If that repentance which the believer wishes to exercise every moment of his life can be thought to be still more desirable at one time than another, it is when he comes to the table of the Lord, and contemplates there the love which the Friend of sinners displayed, and the sufferings which the Lord of glory sustained, when he put away the sins of his people by the sacrifice of himself.—*Toplady*.

Obituary.

JOHN KAY, LATE OF ABINGDON, BERKS.

ON the wrapper of our last No. we briefly mentioned the decease of our lamented friend and brother, John Kay, well known to most of our readers, and by many of them highly valued as a writer, at various times for many years, in our pages, under the signature of "J. K., Abingdon."

As we enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance for more than 25 years, and much esteemed him as a friend and brother in the Lord, and have every reason to believe that not only by the immediate circle of his spiritual friends, but that by many of our readers also who never saw him in the flesh, he was greatly valued for his earnest contention for the "faith once delivered unto the saints," and for his experimental papers in our pages, we have felt it to be but due to his memory to trace a brief record of his life, experience, and death.

In his case we have the advantage of his own account of the dealings of God with his soul from an early period of his life in a work published by him in 1842, but we believe now out of print, entitled, "The Inward Kingdom of God." If in all points this record of his Christian experience has not the clearness that might be desirable, it is probably more owing to a confusedness of mind, and a rambling, wandering mode of thought and expression, which was one of his natural infirmities, than to a want of clearness in the work itself. But with many, if not most of his saints, the dealings of the Lord, both in providence and grace, are so intricate and mysterious, and though in themselves perfectly distinct, yet to our apprehension so involved with our own weakness and waywardness, sins and infirmities, that it needs a power of discernment given to few to disentangle them, and bring them forth plainly and clearly. Whether John Kay was favored with this inward discernment we cannot pronounce, though far more keen-sighted to distinguish between nature and grace than many; but the ability to express in plain, clear, simple language the varied dealings of God with his soul, such as was given to Bunyan, Huntington, Warburton, and other men, was not, we think, bestowed upon him. This confusedness of thought and expression has not escaped the notice of the readers of his papers in the "Standard;" and has in some, if not many cases so puzzled or prejudiced the mind, that they have failed to see or acknowledge the depth of feeling and experience really contained in them. How often oddities of voice, appearance, or manner so pre-occupy the mind, that nothing is seen of the sterling qualifications that lie underneath; but a gold digger would not reject a nugget because it was crooked and angular instead of being smooth and round, or because rough and rusted instead of being as bright as a new sovereign. This is what we always felt as regards the writings of J. Kay. Our natural taste, which we freely acknowledge is rather fastidious as regards literary style and composition, was often repelled by his peculiar expressions, and his strange, odd way of putting for-

ward his thoughts and feelings ; but these we were led to view as but the rough shell of a sweet and oily kernel—as the rusty outside of a gold nugget. Well knowing the man, and loving the grace of God plainly and clearly manifested in him, we passed over this confusedness of thought and oddness of expression, which after all, when a little accustomed to it, stamped at times a peculiar force and emphasis on his words, and we fixed our eyes as far as we could on his general drift and spirit, which were always excellent, and sometimes shone through his papers as the sun through a mist. For his confusedness of thought and expression, and his rambling mode of writing, did not spring from any hesitancy about the truth, nor because he did not clearly see the grand leading points of Gospel doctrine, experience, and practice ; for, on the contrary, his views of the truth, as it is in Jesus, were exceedingly clear, and were felt and expressed by him on all occasions with the greatest firmness and most unwavering decision. Nor, indeed, could it well be otherwise with him. Truth had been, as it were, burned into his conscience, and he had learned it for the most part by terrible things in righteousness. Sin and salvation were not with him mere words and sounds, but ever-present realities, for he seemed to live more or less in the sight and under the feeling of them ; and this gave point and edge to both what he spoke and wrote. We have often heard him speak of divine things with singular force, and we may say, with much experimental feeling and a degree of heavenly wisdom, that would surprise persons who judged him merely from some singularities of dress, appearance, and manner of speech. On such points, for instance, as the depth of the fall, the vanity of every thing below the skies, the curse and spirituality of the law applied to the conscience, the workings of sin in the carnal mind, and especially on the blood and imputed righteousness of the Son of God, he not only saw clearly and felt deeply, but expressed himself both by mouth and pen very forcibly and vividly, and in a way which we must say has often been much commended to our conscience.

Religion was with him his meat and drink. It was always uppermost on his mind, and the chief, if not the only topic, of his discourse ; and that not in a chattering way, as many professors almost bore you with their continued stream of religious small talk, the inward conviction of your soul all the time being that they are utterly destitute of vital godliness. John Kay's conversation bubbled up out of a heart in which the fear of God lay deep as a fountain of life, and therefore refreshed and edified your soul. Letter men and their hearers would have seen nothing in John Kay but an odd-looking man, who said very odd things in a very odd way ; but this odd man would have seen through all their dead profession in the twinkling of an eye, and would have had some solemn feelings in his own mind both of their state and their end. With very little of the usual religious phraseology, which any body with a memory can easily learn, and without a conscience can as easily repeat, John Kay had some deep and abiding views on the most solemn and important truths of our most holy faith. Union with Christ as a felt

experimental reality; the dew and unction of the Holy Ghost on the soul and on the words of the lips; the fruits and effects of grace in the heart and life; the worthlessness of all mere letter knowledge; and the emptiness of a dead, formal profession,—all these were points for which he much contended, as having been wrought into his heart by a divine power; and, as far as we can judge, he lived much under their daily influence. He was naturally of a very kind disposition and peaceably disposed, though not one of those who are for peace at any price, holding truth in one hand and error in the other, and equally friendly with all men and parties, whether friends or foes of the Lord the Lamb. Compelled by conscience to flee out of the establishment in which he had been brought up, and of which some years he was a minister, he gave up every thing he had in the world for truth's sake. Forsaken by his natural friends and relatives, having no house or home to go to, his parents having died many years previously, and going out not knowing whither he went, he was led to bend his steps to Abingdon, where the Lord provided him with a friend and a home for many years. Having many bodily infirmities, and not being blessed with ministerial gifts—at least not to that extent which could keep a congregation together, though acceptable as a supply at various little causes of truth—he had nothing to call his own in a worldly sense till the year 1848, when a maternal uncle of considerable wealth, who had taken no notice of him for many years, left him by will a handsome legacy, which provided him comfortably for the rest of his days. Nor was he slack to show his gratitude to the Lord for this providential interference in the right way, for he was blessed with a very liberal, sympathising heart, and gave a large part of his income away to the poor and needy of the Lord's family; nor was he unmindful of them in death, for he left in his last will the sum of £200 to be distributed among the poor of the church and congregation at the chapel at Abingdon, where he had been so long a fellow believer and fellow worshipper with the minister and people.

We have said no more than we feel due to his memory as a personal friend, and now we shall content ourselves with a few extracts from the "Inward Kingdom of God," in which he relates some of the Lord's dealings with him in providence and grace.

Having given some account of his early days, and what he considered as the first beginnings of divine life in his soul, when apprenticed to a bookseller at York, he thus goes on :

"After being out of my apprenticeship, I went to London to a large wholesale warehouse as journeyman, where, among a host of evil examples, and through divers reasons, I fell away, I regret to say, into a gradual course of sin. The fear of God was in my heart, but the effrontery of my young companions in the warehouse laughed me out of my religious tenderness.

"And after having fallen into sin, then deadness, rebellion, and perverseness toward God set in on me with the most tremendous fury; and it makes me to tremble even to think of the amazing heights of the most abhorred pride and abomination towards God, as regarded religion, which I fell into then. O it makes me tremble to think of it !

“The judgments of God also fell on me with the greatest fury. One night I went to bed well, and before ever I awoke in the morning, God had struck my body while I was asleep with infirmities which have embittered my days.

“I thought of destroying myself, which Satan tempted Christ to do, by throwing himself off the pinnacle of the temple; and which Job was tempted to when he said, ‘I choose strangling rather than life;’ he being tempted also by his own wife to ‘curse God and die.’ (Job ii. 9, 10.)

“Amid these amazing heats and heights of rebellion, confusion, and sorrow, I was enabled to leave the bookselling business.

“I had, while an apprentice, and when religion seemingly first touched my mind, wished and endeavored to become a Church clergyman, of which church my father, grandfather, and ancestors for generations had been all beneficed clergy; and in the year 1824 I was enabled to enter the University of Oxford for that purpose.

“I wished to be of some use before I died.”

At Oxford, where he was maintained by the kindness of two of his brothers, he describes himself as having experienced the following exercises:

“O the poor beginnings of the manifestations of my tremblings before God!

“I began to be frightened. Affliction stared me in the face; yea, afflictions have ever been my lot for twenty years. Judgments alarmed me; eternity dawned in my feelings; I was in a maze, and confounded, and was dismally torn, tossed, and distracted in my feelings. For any one to have religion in the University of Oxford, is something ‘like a torch lighted in a bucket of water, and yet not put out,’ for evil examples there, and the wickedness of the heart, mutually inflame.

“O, I say, the imperfections that cleaved to the beginnings, the poor beginnings of my honestly-felt religion there! O what weeping times I have had there! O the general distress that I was in! I laughed to my companions, while sorrow corroded in my heart. Many afflictions of body stunned me. I kept up my noon-day prayer, as also sometimes at, perhaps, four o’clock in the afternoon, as well, as I have stated, at morning and evening. Sinning and repenting were my restless round. I would have smothered and strangled my religion if I could; but the awful cloud of God’s indignation secretly hung spiritually over my feelings. Thus, till the year 1830, I went on.

“Throughout those times I believe that I feared God through necessity, and had several times sweet breakings in of a supernatural light into my soul, which light surprised me, and made me pant after more. O how ignorant a soul dead in sin and unregeneracy, how ignorant a natural man is of this light. This was the light above the brightness of the natural sun, which streamed from Christ the Sun of righteousness, and knocked Paul down to the earth at his conversion.

“How, during those years, if I was walking with any one, or busy in the open air, when twelve o’clock (my noon-day hour of prayer) was come, have I taken off my hat, (the reason unknown to any but God and myself,) that I might adore and worship the God I feared and loved.”

“Thus, the kingdom of God, like a grain of mustard-seed, within me was striking its everlasting fibres through my feelings. ‘Fiery trials,’ the waters of tribulation, and the rivers of distress, according to scripture, set on me, through which I must pass. Throughout those times I entered into great strictness, more or less, about keeping the Sunday holy. I abstained, in some degree, from all worldly conversation strictly.

I watched my words and thoughts; I shut myself up partly when not at places of worship. And I must say that I had periods of sweetness, between God and my soul, which the world knows nothing of. I at least tasted that the sweets of religion exceeded the sweets of sin. I gave alms; I prayed, sometimes even seven times a day, early in the morning, in the forenoon, thirdly at noonday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at other times. O the earnestness that I felt! O the pantings through affliction and after God's favor! I read the Bible on my knees; I prayed always in reading it, which is a rebuke to the self-sufficient impudence of swarms of college-made and academy-made priests and their flocks in our days; and I am persuaded that none but the elect, under the Spirit's teaching, (and they only in the measure as feelingly led by him,) can understand one word of the marrow of scripture: 'Piercing even to the marrow.' (Heb. iv. 12.)"

We pass over a dream or vision of which he gives some details, to what he viewed as his full deliverance into the liberty of the gospel:

"Within a fortnight after I had that vision, those words ('Being justified by faith, we have peace with God,' &c.) being very powerfully, as I have stated, applied to my mind, I was enabled, after the tumultuous wrestling I have described, to feel myself delivered from my bondage, agonies, dismay, and the terrors of God. Those only know these things who experience them. At length I found myself married to Christ. (Rom. vii. 4.) At length I was delivered from the law of works, destruction, and dismay: 'For the law worketh wrath.' At length the mild and blissful voice of Jesus (known by its effects) was felt and heard in my groaning conscience. At length the silver trumpet of the gospel and its jubilee of reconciliation sounded in my soul. O the blissful consequences! O the ravishing effect! Dismay and bondage, in which the law of works gendered me, gave way; pardon and reconciliation took possession of my panting feelings; my soul, into which the iron had entered, began to find my shackles slackening; and at length (I can compare it to nothing else) 'out came' (Gen. xxv. 155, 26; Gal. iii. 23; iv. 3, 4) 'the new man' from the bondage of the law's womb, in which I had thus far been prevented seeing the Light of the day of the Sun of Righteousness. Well do I remember the time. The law of works seemingly, in its gendering spirit and its awful curse, retained its fist upon me till the predestined moment when the shout of divine power in my feelings made it let go its hold, and I sailed away (launched by the hand of God) on the sea of his love and free grace, without works on my part. O the transcendant feelings that took possession of me! Love, peace, joy, sweetness, hope, delight, and beams of a new world seemed to burst into my feelings, and I said, (or what was to the same purport,) Where am I? This is heaven. O matchless joy, when God takes possession of the heart! Well may it be called the peace of God which passeth all understanding, for I cannot describe it; for it is a kingdom that cannot finally ever be moved; for it is the kingdom of 'peace.' Royalty, a diadem incomparably brilliant, the unsullied face of God (unsullied by a frown) lifted up upon one, the light wherein the blessed Potentate dwells, which no unregenerate man hath ever approached unto or can approach unto, rapture, ravishing joys, and the sweet meltings of divine fruition are the amazing consequences. And the person thus favored enters into a spiritual world as one of God's witnesses, and declares before men, angels, and devils that he has found mercy."

After walking for some time in the enjoyment of manifested mercy, a new scene opened to his astonished view in his conflicts

with sin, temptation, and Satan, and getting entangled in various snares spread for his feet. He thus describes this inward conflict:

“The stormy assaults of Satan, and the fiery rage of indwelling sin, aided by the remaining unsubdued pride and the worldliness in me, and the snares of the world, formed over me a threefold dark trying cloud under the government of the prince of darkness. ‘And the men of Ai smote the children of Israel, and chased them; and they fled before the men of Ai. Wherefore the hearts of the people melted and became as water; and Joshua rent his clothes and fell upon his face to the earth before the ark, he and the elders, and put dust upon their heads.’ (Josh. vii.) ‘And an angel of the Lord came up, and said, I made you go out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land I swore unto you; and ye have not obeyed,’ (fully) ‘my voice. Wherefore there shall be thorns in your sides and also a snare. And when the angel spake, Israel lifted up their voice and wept!’ (Judges ii.) ‘Behold! Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you.’ (Luke xxii. 31.) ‘For lo! I will command and will sift the house of Israel as corn in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth.’ (Amos ix. 9.) O the dreadfulness and searchings of Satan’s sieve! It was inward trouble more than any outward snares that Satan assaulted my soul with ever after God came, in the forgiveness of sins, in my conscience. For instance, now I began to be tempted to curse all the Persons in the blessed Trinity; yea, I have been tempted many times to do so while on my knees! Such outlandish temptations of various kinds now used to beset me; such wiles, devices, plots, and counter-plottings of the adversary! Now I began to be tempted again very much to destroy myself in various ways. Now I began to be tempted to lead a loose life; for, says Satan, ‘You know that your sins are forgiven you. You are an elect soul, and you know by solemn and marvellous experience that salvation is not by good works at all, but by faith and grace alone. Therefore, you may live a, you like.’ And I am sorry to say that I ignorantly fell in for some times in some small degree, with this awful temptation. Now I began to be tempted to curse and swear. (Behold, before God I lie not!) I had never sworn in my life; but inward blasphemy now began to rage like a tiger in me. It seems to me now as if Satan strove his utmost to swamp my religion; to plunge me into the unpardonable sin; to drive me beyond the reach of mercy. All my thoughts were riveted by affliction and joy, seemingly as by a spell. On the one hand gratitude, love, and prayer to God in some degree flourished in me; and, on the other hand, in my carnal mind and fleshly nature all the artillery of sin, filth, and Satan raged against God in me. Thus these two foes met in me, most worthless worm that I am; thus I was screwed in the bustle to my wits’ end. ‘I could not do the things that I would;’ ‘For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh; so that ye cannot do the things that you would.’”

In the year 1834, having been for some time convinced of the character and condition of the National Establishment, he fled out of it. He thus sums up his feelings on this point:

“But I forbear entering into particulars. Several good men have of late left the Church. I could mention a hundred different things wrong in the Church. Grievously was my conscience pained nearly all the time I was in it. I used to alter its forms to suit the fear of God and my conscience, until at last I broke away from it. And never can I forget when I knelt down, and, depending on God for strength, made a vow that I never would have anything to do with it any more; never shall I forget the stream of glory that shot through my heart while I was on

my knees. The remaining bands of distance and bondage between God and me were snapped. I seemed like a bird that had escaped out of its miserably wired cage of artificial and horrid confinement. And I felt my soul at that very time to mount up, as it were, with liberated glee into a more genial atmosphere of God's felt favor. Blessed be God that I dropped those shackles and fled out of the Church of England. For a spiritual man with a tender conscience in it is something like a dove with a hawk after it, in continual dread."

Until some time in the year 1841 he was not led into the ordinance of believers' baptism, and, indeed, had been tempted to think and speak slightly of it—a temptation promoted in him and strengthened by his great esteem and admiration of some deeply taught men and ministers, who either neglected or spoke disparagingly of it. But during a thunderstorm in that year his conscience smote him, not only for these slighting thoughts and words, but for his neglect of the ordinance, and he felt he must embrace the first opportunity to go through it; which he accordingly did at Wallingford, Dec. 24, 1841. When the Particular Baptist church was formed at the Abbey Chapel, Abingdon, under the pastoral care of his friend and brother, Mr. Tiptaft, he joined the church; and at the first election of deacons was chosen one to that honorable office.

His religion effectually separated him for many years from his worldly relatives; but even they were compelled to bear their testimony to the uprightness of his motives and the sincerity of his general conduct. After his decease, his elder brother, a beneficed clergyman, gave, in a letter lamenting his death, the following testimony. "However we may have differed upon many points, I always considered him sincere and honest, and I believe him to have been a good man."

Though at times much favored in his soul, he was exceedingly tried and sometimes heavily borne down by bodily infirmities, some of which were of that nature as to make his life a continual burden, and which, were they known, would explain many things which, as viewed by the outward eye, tinged his words and actions with an oddness and eccentricity which much detracted from the real weight and worth of his character. These infirmities gradually increased, depriving him for the last few months of his life of the use of his lower limbs, till rather suddenly, at the last, death was despatched as a friendly messenger to bear him home. His funeral was a remarkable one, from the numbers who attended it from all the surrounding country, besides his friends immediately at Abingdon; and as he had gone in and out among the friends of experimental truth there for many years, and had frequently spoken to them the word of life, and had always manifested great kindness and amiability, and, when enabled, much liberality and generosity, he was followed to the grave by many sincere mourners. Mr. Tanner, of Cirencester, interred him; and the head mourner, besides his bereaved widow, to whom he had been united only in the year 1859, was his kind benefactor during many years of real necessity, and always his warmly attached friend and brother, who, from long intimacy and a spiritual union, dropped over his grave the tears of Christian love and sincere affection.

We add an interesting account of his last days on earth from the pen of a friend who had been intimately acquainted with him for many years, and who penned the following lines in a letter to two Christian friends, when the subject was warm in his mind and memory:

My dear Friends,—As you knew and felt much interest in our late friend, Mr. Kay, of Abingdon, I write you word that the Lord has taken him to his eternal rest, on Sunday morning last, and we committed his mortal remains to the earth yesterday afternoon amidst a great concourse of people, in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. Many sincere mourners followed him, for he had been, indeed, a friend to the poor and needy in their distress. I was favored to be with him to the last from Saturday evening; and though he could not give utterance to his words, on account of his speech failing him from the effect of paralysis (of which he died), yet his end was so evidently peace, that I found it a solemn melancholy pleasure and satisfaction in being with him, with such a sweet assurance of his being in the very act of entering into that state of bliss and blessedness that awaits all the heaven-born family of God. I was with him on the Wednesday evening previous for some time, and as I saw a great change in him then for the worse, I feared his end might be near, so that I pressed matters home closely with him then as to his state of mind, which he most satisfactorily answered. He said that he had a solemn assurance in his soul that he belonged to the living family; that he was made a partaker through rich and sovereign grace of the new creation of God in Christ, and that he should surely be also a partaker of the bliss and blessedness belonging thereto hereafter, for he knew in whom he had believed; and though he did not at the time experience that sweet joy and sensible feeling of the Lord's presence that he much desired, and which he had many times been favored with, yet he felt that it was all right with him between his soul and God; and (he said with much emphasis) I have published an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with my precious soul, which will stand, alluding to his book of the "Inward Kingdom of God." After this visit I had him so much impressed on my mind, that I went down again purposely to see him on the Saturday evening, and I found him evidently in a dying state. He drew me near to him, and said, "It will not be very long now; it will soon be over." I said, "Do you feel Christ to be precious now?" He said distinctly, "Yes; precious, precious!" He was then attacked with such violent pains that he could not speak or be spoken with, and these violent pains continued at intervals during the night; after each paroxysm he sank into a state of great exhaustion and unconsciousness; yet, on asking him if he felt happy, he evidently said, "Yes, yes," and appeared to have much to say, but the powers of expression failed him. Two or three times he pointed with his finger upwards in a most expressive manner, and tried to draw our attention by uttering with much vehemence, "Look, look!" and he drew my hand towards him in such a particular way, as though he wanted me to see with him, as he was evidently favored to see something of the realities of that invisible world before entering into it; but this was hidden from our eyes, however visible it may have been to his; he then clasped his hands together above his face, and looked intensely upwards so placidly that we could not but be struck with it. His agonies then came on again, and it was quite distressing to witness the fearful struggles of nature with the king of terrors in the solemn act of the dissolution of the frame.

During the intervals from pain, when he seemed favored with such a placid countenance and manner looking upwards, as if viewing more

than mortal eyes can see, I felt much sweetness in the contemplation that he was actually entering into "the Mount Zion above—the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—the innumerable company of angels—the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect;" and I trust I can say a little hope sprang up that he was going before—that I was following after, as being through grace made a partaker of like precious faith. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Our dear friend, Mr. Tanner, of Cirencester, buried him. He made a most solemn address both in the chapel and at the grave, embracing the opportunity of speaking faithfully both to the living and to the dead assembled; and I do hope the Lord will make it manifold that it was not in vain. I trust the solemn occasion altogether was not unprofitable to my soul; and I can truly say my heart's desire is, that it may conduce under the blessed Spirit's influence to a more earnest seeking of the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and to a greater loosening from all things here below.

With kind Christian love to all the friends I know and love,

Believe me, sincerely Yours for Truth's sake,

June 2nd, 1860.

J. C.

HOPE is a glorious grace whereunto all blessed effects are ascribed in the scripture, and an effectual operation unto the support and consolation of believers. By it we are purified, sanctified, saved; and, to sum up the whole of its excellency and efficacy, it is a principal way of the working of Christ as inhabiting in us, (Col. i. 27,) "Christ in you the hope of glory."—*Owen*.

THE soul that hath been thus killed by the law, to the things it formerly delighted in, now, O now, it cannot be contented with the slender groundless faith and hope that it once contented itself withal. No, no; but now it must be brought into the right saving knowledge of Jesus Christ; now it must have him discovered to the soul by the Spirit; now it cannot be satisfied, because such and such do tell it is so. No; but now it will cry out, "Lord, show me continually in the light of thy Spirit, through thy word, that Jesus that was born in the days of Cæsar Augustus (when Mary, a daughter of Judah, went with Joseph to be taxed at Bethlehem,) that he is the very Christ." Lord, let me see it in the light of thy Spirit, and in the operation thereof; and let me not be contented without such a faith that is so wrought even by the discovery of his birth, crucifixion, death, blood, resurrection, ascension, intercession, and second (which is his personal) coming again, that the very faith of it may fill my soul with comfort and holiness. And O how afraid the soul is lest it should fall short of this faith, and of the hope that is begotten by such discoveries as these are. For the soul knoweth that if it hath not this it will not be able to stand in death or judgment, and therefore saith the soul, "Lord, whatever other poor souls content themselves withal, let me have that which will stand me in stead, and carry me through a dangerous world, that may help me to resist a cunning devil; that may help me to suck true soul-satisfying consolation from Jesus Christ through thy promises, by the might and power of thy Spirit." And now, when the poor soul hath any discovery of the love of God through a bleeding, dying, risen Jesus, because it is not willing to be deceived, O how wary it is of closing with it, for fear it should not be right, for fear it should not come from God.—*Bunyan's "Law and Grace."*

REVIEW.

A Memorial of the late William Peake, of Oakham, Rutland; containing an Account of his Christian Experience, Last Illness, and Death; and also including Notes made by him on Family Bible Readings, and a Selection from his Correspondence with various Friends. London: J. Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street; Oakham: Mrs. Peake, and F. J. Barlow, High Street; Leicester: Jackson, 13, Town Street.

A desire not wholly in death to die, but after the mortal frame is returned to its native dust still to survive in the mind and memory of those whom we leave behind, is evidently a feeling deeply imbedded in the human breast. Nor is this desire confined to the individual heart which seems to covet for itself an enduring remembrance even when it shall cease to beat; it is equally shared in by surviving relatives and friends. From the lowliest gravestone in the country churchyard to the noble mausoleum in the nobleman's park, or the richly-sculptured monument in Westminster Abbey, the desire is equally made manifest, as an all-pervading feeling, that the departed should not be utterly forgotten on earth.

But of all enduring monuments, none abide the corroding tooth of time like those memorials which the deceased have reared to themselves by their own genius or their own abilities. Stone decays, brass rusts; and were it not so, names as names are soon forgotten; but the works on which genius has impressed its ineffaceable stamp live from generation to generation. This is true not merely in nature but in grace, and applies not only to those works which are handed down by applauding hands from age to age as a nation's literary treasures, but to those writings also of gracious men which instruct and edify successive generations of the family of God. Many eminent saints have lived of whose former existence no trace now remains; many deeply-taught and highly-favored ministers have preached whose very names are now utterly lost. But the same God of all grace, who wrought in their hearts to believe, prompted others of his saints and servants to leave on written record either their experience or their testimony to his truth; and thus, though dead, they yet speak, in their writings, to the church of Christ. Their souls have long entered into rest, and their bodies have long mouldered into dust; but they still live in their writings; and their words, which otherwise would have perished with them, are even now as goads and as nails fastened in our consciences by the great Master of assemblies. Men who have lived to themselves all their lives, and never done any real service to God or man, as if they would grasp earth even when forced by death to leave it, seek to perpetuate their memory by monuments of stone and brass, for no living witnesses of their bounty or their benefits rise up to call them blessed; but the faded letters and mouldering stones soon testify that their memorial is perished with them. But where grace has sanctified genius or talent, and employed them in the service of the sauc-

tuary, as laboring with the pen for the glory of God and the profit of his people, not only are the names of such writers embalmed in the memory of the righteous, but as long as their writings endure God is glorified and his church edified by their works. There might have lived in the seventeenth century preachers as powerful as Bunyan, and ministers as deeply led into the mysteries of truth as Owen; but they have left behind no "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Communion with God," to instruct and edify the church of Christ for succeeding generations. In the last century Hart was not the only reclaimed backslider; Newton not the only converted infidel; Berridge not the only pharisee brought to Jesus' feet; but these men of God still live in their writings, whilst their fellow-sinners, and yet fellow-saints, for want of such enduring memorials, are on earth remembered no more.

The author of the "Memorial," the title of which we have given above, was, we believe, mainly induced by a desire to profit the church of God after his death, when he left his widow directions to publish it in the form in which it has come abroad. This is well expressed in the Preface which she has furnished to the work:

"In bringing this little volume before the church of God, I am incited by the wish of a valuable Christian partner in life, of whom the Lord has seen fit to bereave me. I am thankful that he was permitted to express his wish, otherwise the desire might have lain unfulfilled in my own bosom.

"I am fully persuaded that his main object was the glory of God, which he evinced in his life and conversation to be his chief aim, according with the words of the apostle, 1 Cor. x. 31. But I will give his own words: 'I do not desire, as Absalom did, to rear a pillar to the memory of myself, (2 Sam. xviii. 18,) but to the memory of the Lord's great goodness in saving a wretch so vile. When this little work appears, I shall be beyond the censure or applause of mortals. I trust the glory of God and not of my wretched self is my sincere aim.' He wished, (if the Lord should enable me to publish it,) that a copy should be given to each of those with whom he was united in church fellowship, saying, 'he highly esteemed them in the Lord; and so far as earthly memorial went, he only desired to live in the heart's affections and remembrances of the children of God.' He further said, 'he hoped that those of them who were his seniors, and were in Christ long before him, would be enabled to bear with what is amiss in it for Christ's sake; and that those who were of the same standing with himself would receive it as the voice of a departed brother, who, being dead, desired thus to speak to their consolation, edification, and comfort in Christ Jesus and for his sake.' He had a strong abiding sense, which deepened in his last illness, of the greatness and freeness of that grace which had 'made him to differ from a world lying in sin and wickedness,' and which had so wrought in his soul, and 'separated him, and revealed God's Son in him,' (Gal. i. 16,) and that under circumstances the most unpropitious externally, whilst he was unacquainted with any who knew and worshipped the Lord in sincerity and truth; thus fulfilling the prophet's words, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children,' (Isa. liv. 13,) so that it tended to set the sovereign, electing love of God in Christ toward his chosen people very high in his esteem."

As we walked not only in the bonds of church fellowship but of Christian union and affection with our departed friend and brother, whose experience and death this memorial records, for about thirteen years, we feel a delicacy in reviewing his book, lest what we may say in its favor may seem more prompted by our affectionate recollections than by a due regard to impartiality and truth. But it should be remembered that whilst on the one hand our personal knowledge enables us to speak of him with greater clearness and certainty, and thus more decidedly to testify that the book is a copy of the man, our desire, on the other hand, to write in the fear of God, will, we trust, preserve our pen from flattery or exaggeration. Sincerity and truthfulness, we have long known and felt, are, as in every Christian man, so the first of all requisites in a Christian editor; for, were it otherwise, the same crooked bias which would lead him in one direction to flatter friends would draw him aside on the other to vilify enemies. Who, then, could trust a word that he says? A bankruptcy of confidence is the worst of all insolvencies. Money debts may be honorably paid, and confidence may be restored to a name which has appeared in the "Gazette;" but who that loves and values truth will a second time trust a false prophet or a lying editor? We mean wilfully and deliberately such; for, through human infirmity, mistakes may be committed, slips of the pen made, hasty or erroneous judgments formed, none of which involve such a character as the prophet describes, "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?" (Isa. xlv. 20.)

The author of this memorial always viewed himself as a singular object of God's sovereign mercy and superabounding grace in being the only one of his family called to the knowledge of the truth. One reason, indeed, that much weighed with him to leave the present record was the hope that the Lord might be pleased to bless the reading of it to some of his brethren after the flesh; for though by grace effectually separated from them in spirit, he could say, with Paul, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for them is that they might be saved."

The most marked feature in his spiritual character was the eminent possession of that blessed and fruitful grace—the fear of God. This he truly found to be "a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death;" for though surrounded by them in his worldly calling, being for many years an attorney's clerk and manager of much official business, he was preserved from them, and adorned the gospel he professed by a godly, upright, and consistent life. He had not been favored, when young, with much education, at least not as the word is now interpreted, but possessing good natural abilities and a great taste for reading, he educated his own mind as far as he could, often, to the injury of his health, employing for that purpose the few spare moments of which he could avail himself after the protracted labors of the office. Knowing this original defect of education, and the little time that he could devote to self-improvement, we have been surprised in reading his letters and

other pieces in this Memorial, to see the variety of his ideas, and the clear, correct way in which he has given them expression. His "Notes on Scripture Reading," so called because it was his habit, if anything struck his mind whilst reading the word of God in his family, to note it down afterwards, contain, perhaps, the greatest amount of original thought upon the things of God; but we prefer, ourselves, his letters, and especially those which he wrote before marriage to his present widow. Their hearts were united, as rarely witnessed, by both natural and spiritual ties some years before they were permitted to come together, and the apparently almost insurmountable obstacles to their union rather increased than diminished their mutual affection. Knowing on what tender ground our poor fallen nature stands when earthly love seems to claim some expression of its warmth towards its object, we much admire the almost entire absence of what, we presume, most love letters abound in; and yet they are love letters, for they speak much of the best and warmest of all loves, the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge. The following we give as a fair specimen of the way in which, before their union, he was wont to address the object of his affection:

"I bear you on my heart continually, and sympathise with you, and your letter now before me proves you do so by me. It is tender, sympathetic, yet honest in a good degree, and a true counterpart of the heart which indited it. I can heartily unite with you in desiring that we may more and more make each other's cases known.

"You say you think, as it regards general exercises of soul under the Lord's teaching, I am less tried than yourself with unbelief and hardness of heart. It may be so, but we must all be learners, even to our latest breath; and hidden depths of iniquity are not laid open (as you justly say) all at once, nor are they made known to all of the Lord's children in the same stage of experience; yet doubtless these things are revealed in their hidden workings as shall best glorify God, and as we are 'able to bear it.'

"The Lord, at times, favors me with access as to all that concerns us; at other times he 'answers me not a word,' and I am ready to say with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' (Gen. xlii. 36.) But if our faith had no fluctuations, we might well doubt. There is thought, by some persons, to be more of sowing to the flesh than to the spirit in marriage; but it is manifestly the will of God that some of his people should marry, and I think that it is his will that *we* should; if so, we shall not be losers, but gainers thereby, spiritually. Time will prove.

"This day has not, I trust, been unprofitably spent in hearing. Many solemn things were delivered, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. The petition which was most lively upon my heart was this, 'Build thou the cities of Judah; restore the waste cities of Jerusalem;' and surely it must have been indited by the Holy Ghost from the feeling which accompanied it. I thought of you very much, and besought the Lord to seek out and save his poor tempted one, that there might be one fold under one Shepherd, manifestly. I do sincerely desire that you may be enabled to use the language of Psalm xxiii., and say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me into the green pastures, and beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul.' I need not tell you that there is no water like the water of life—the river of God, which is full of water; no well like the well of Bethlehem; no cleansing fountain but that of Christ's blood; no wedding garment but

that of his righteousness; no peace but in him who is our peace; no goodness but from the Lord; no security but on the Rock of ages; and no joy but in the Holy One of Israel. 'Hear, O heavens, and shout, ye lower parts of the earth, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

In the following extract he gives a very interesting account of the exercises of his mind about being called to the work of the ministry, a point, we believe, on which many young believers are tried; the natural promptings of their mind to so important and peculiar a work being often aided by the suggestions of weak, injudicious friends. As we have frequently seen the confusion which this desire to preach (what M'Kenzie used to call "the preaching fever") has caused in churches, and the subsequent failure and disappointment, in every sense of the word, of these youthful aspirants to the pulpit, we give with peculiar pleasure the following extract:

"I promised you, God willing, as opportunity offered, to relate the exercises of mind I have had (and especially a few years ago) as to whether God had appointed such a one as I to labor in word and doctrine in his vineyard; the result of which was I came to the conclusion that he had not. I could not, it is true, at once set aside what dear S. said to me a few days ago about it; but if I could convey to your mind the sense I have of my complete insufficiency for so great a work, you would not, I think, fear lest I run before I am sent; indeed your feelings upon the subject are much in accordance with my own. I thank God that he has given me a desire to walk tenderly before him in this thing, and a fear of being left to listen to the voice of short-sighted man, and so to act presumptuously. He has also given me some little insight into the trials of the ministry, and shown me how weak is my faith in him; convinced me of the necessity of wisdom in it, and of my foolishness; of discretion and my indiscretion; of ability to separate between the precious and the vile, and of my inability; of the necessity of a tender compassion for the souls of men, and how little I think of or desire their eternal salvation; and so I might proceed, filling my letter with 'contradictions:'"

'What contradictions meet
In ministers' employ;
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy;
No other post affords a place
For equal honor or disgrace.'

And we may add, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Assuredly none but those who know that their sufficiency is of God. It has ever been true of the most highly honored servants of God, and those most manifestly called of him, that they were most backward to go forth in his name; for they felt their insufficiency and the great responsibilities of such a position. I need not furnish instances; the Bible contains many, and we have living witnesses in proof.

"But now more particularly as to my exercises. When God, about five years ago, first laid my sins on my conscience, 'as a heavy burden, too heavy for me,' I used to wander alone by the hedge-sides of certain fields on the outskirts of the town, and mourn over my hard lot, that ever I was born into this world, to an acquaintance with sin and sorrow, and to ripen (as I thought) for damnation in the next. Many were the

sighs, groans, and petitions which there escaped my burdened soul, where no eye but God's can see, nor any ear but his hear. In the Lamentations of Jeremiah you may find my true portraiture: 'He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath laid it upon him; he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope.' On one of these occasions, a fine evening in the spring of the year, like to those we are sometimes favored with, a ray of heavenly hope, a 'Who can tell?' seemed suddenly to spring up in my poor self-condemned soul. It was not the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness which arose upon me (these we must scarcely expect in this life), but such a glimpse of their splendor as made my inmost soul exclaim, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' The answer was at hand; yea, from heaven it came, 'Arise, and go thy way, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' (Acts ix. 6.) Sweet peace, and a kiss of his lips whose love is 'better than wine,' accompanied the words; and I 'rejoiced in spirit,' assured that it was the Lord Jesus who had condescended, in mercy, to hear and to answer the prayer of a humble suppliant at his footstool. The remembrance of this visitation which so revived my spirit has often been sweet to me since; and, 'Hath God spoken, and shall he not do it? hath he said it, and shall he not bring it to pass?' 'A word spoken in due season, how good is it! It is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' You will observe I was previously very low sunk in my feelings, brought even to the experience of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast poured me out like water, and all my bones are out of joint;' therefore aspiring thoughts were far off from me; yea, 'I forgot prosperity, and I said, My strength and my hope are perished from the Lord.' But truly is it said, 'Where the voice of a king is there is power.' The same power, in measure, which accompanied the words of the Lord, when he said to the poor widow's deceased son, rather unto the son's corpse, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!' seemed to accompany it. And the sincere desire of my soul was to 'hear what God the Lord would speak.' 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,' was the language of my heart; and my heart's desire before God was to love, honor, and obey him, whatever it might cost me, who had 'turned [for me] the shadow of death into the light of morning,' (Amos v. 8,) who had 'loosed my bonds,' 'set the captive prisoner free,' 'placed my feet upon a rock, established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.' The inquiry, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' was not, then, prompted by any self-righteous or vain-glorious motive. And when my heart, then and afterwards, questioned the reality of the experience, the Lord, in condescension to my weakness, further assured me, 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.' (Acts i. 8.) The manifestations certainly seemed, at the time, to lead me to think it was the will of God I should be employed in the ministry of the word; but (as I was not then admitted a member of the church here, nor perhaps had much thought of being so admitted) when, from persons naming the ministry to me, or from other circumstances, I am led to ponder 'these things in my heart,' I am unwilling to think otherwise than that they have their fulfilment in my standing in the position I do in the church; at least I derive most peace from that construction of the subject; the thought of engaging in the arduous and responsible work of the ministry being, at times, terrible to me, especially at those seasons at which my mind is dark spiritually (alas, how frequent such seasons are!) O then the having to offer up a thort prayer before a few friends occasions exercises which I cannot describe. Perhaps the words of Habakkuk (ii. 3) have a voice to me, 'The vision is yet for an appointed time; at the end it

will speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' The preaching of the cross of Christ has ever been foolishness to the men of this world, and what they cannot understand they can never appreciate, nor the propagators of it; therefore shame and reproach are the only reward of faithful ministers in this life; yet I should be unwilling to admit that the consideration of this greatly influences me, for I trust I seek the honor which cometh from God only, and feel more my own insufficiency than I fear the reproach of men, or am afraid of their revilings. I am fully persuaded that, if there be but the willing mind, there are many ways besides the ministry of the word in which God may be glorified—even in the heart, lip, life, and conversation. And indeed the weakness of my body and of my voice, arising chiefly from my sedentary mode of life, added to my want of that gift of utterance, and spiritual discernment, which are so essentially necessary, lead me to conclude that I shall never enter a pulpit in the Lord's name. My inclination is more to solitude, privacy, and retirement, than the more active, laborious work of the ministry. Give me my books and a mind disposed to heavenly meditation, and I envy not princes, much less the Lord's ambassadors (though it is an honorable office) in this crooked generation. At such seasons I aspire to nothing but an assimilation to the blessed Jesus, and to be

‘Of heart sincere, and temper mild,
In spirit like a little child.’”

We believe that our late departed friend came to a right conclusion—one much more to his own comfort, the peace of the church, and the glory of God, than if, like too many who run unsest, he had broken through the hedge of all the considerations which he so deeply felt, and has so well expressed, and been determined to push his way into a pulpit, whether God had clearly opened the door into it or not.

At the risk of a digression from our present point we feel induced, by the weight and importance of this subject, to pursue it a little further, though we hardly expect that our views upon this matter, the result of long observation, will fall with acceptance upon many ears or hearts, and least of all upon those whom they condemn. We have often said that it is much easier to build up a chapel than to build up a church, and we may add, to make a pulpit than to put a man of God into it. “None but he who made the world,” said John Newton, “can make a Christian;” and none but he, say we, who makes a Christian can make a minister. It is not possessing what is called a gift in prayer, or even having some light on the word, and some power of expressing ideas with force and clearness; or being endued with zeal and earnestness, and a desire for the glory of God and the good of souls, that constitute we will not say a call to, but even a fitness for, the ministerial office. A man may have good natural abilities, a competent knowledge of the scriptures, a clear, sound, doctrinal creed, and some good measure of gracious experience, and a gift with his pen or tongue to set forth what he has known and felt, and yet not be fit for the work of the ministry. Mr. Huntington had sitting under him men such as John Rusk, Keyt, C. Goulding, and others, well taught and gifted with the pen and tongue, far beyond many of our present ministers in light and

life, who never attempted to preach, nor would he have sanctioned the attempt if they had made it. In order to feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood, there must be a special ministerial gift, and that continually kept up and fed by supplies from the only Fountain of light and life. Everything else wears out, and sooner or later comes to an end. Good men, whom God never made nor intended to make ministers, may have spiritual gifts, as the apostle speaks, 1 Cor. xii. 4, and as possessed of such may be very useful and acceptable as private Christians, as members of churches, in reading, and prayer, and conversation, in holding office as deacons, or even in a small way as occasional helps in little country places, or in visiting the sick, and by speaking a word in season to the tried and tempted. These gifts and graces of the Blessed Spirit they may in some measure possess, and yet not have that continued supply of heavenly wisdom and utterance, or that power, authority, and unction which are required for the work of the ministry, so as to be made a real and permanent blessing to the church of God. For the Lord's sent servants have to go on as well as begin, to plough from morning to night, and acre after acre, and that from year to year, as well as put the share into the first furrow. How then can they go on in a work so important and so peculiar unless continually enriched from above with fresh accessions or renewed supplies of spiritual knowledge, holy wisdom, heavenly instruction, divine life and power in their own souls, and above all with the special blessing of God resting on their word and their testimony? Without this new, fresh, and continued supply from above, renewing their youth like the eagle's, and reviving their soul as well as their ministry, sooner or later all they once seemed to possess comes to an end. Gifts wear out; zeal declines; the old expressions, from constant repetition, lose the charm of novelty, and are found irksome; the oft-told anecdote becomes stale and wearisome; the past experience has been related till none care to hear it; the congregation drops off in number; the church declines; and all without and within become as stagnant as the green-mantled pool. But what can the poor man do? He has given up his trade or business; has a large and increasing family; other churches and congregations care little to have or hear him, for a minister unacceptable at home is not usually acceptable abroad. Yet he must go on hammering away at the old irons, going through the same round of prayer and preaching, till he and all around him sink into a state where all life and power seem lost and gone. Now we know that this is a true picture, though not a very favorable or flattering one, of many churches and congregations; but this, in some instances, is not the worst feature of the case; for this is a state of things which especially paves the way for the introduction of error.

Thus far, then, we have assumed the case of a good man, but one not called to the ministry. But now view another case—that of a gifted man without humbling grace, and see with us how this wearing away of gifts places him in a perilous position, as regards the floating errors of the day. The decline of the church and

congregation being generally and tangibly felt in more ways than one, for thinning pews mean a diminishing salary, it becomes plainly seen that in order to stand at all some change is needful, something new and fresh to stir and rouse the minister and people from their present state of declension. This needed novelty, this longed-for change is found at once in one or more of the various errors of the day. There is something in these errors peculiarly fascinating to the natural mind. It suits the reasoning faculties, especially if a man be naturally fond of argument and contention, intoxicates the mind with pride, makes it drunk with the spirit of delusion, and, as we have often thought, acts on the mental faculties, as Milton so well describes eating the forbidden fruit affected our first parents:

“As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth.”

Now, when a minister of good natural abilities has drunk down an error, say, the denial of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, or the doctrine of non-backsliding, or that of non-chastisement for sin, or that of the pre-existence of the human soul of the Lord Jesus Christ, his whole mind becomes infected with the poison, and, like intoxicating drink, it seems to put new life and spirit into him. It gives him quite a new field to walk in, rouses his mind to unwonted energy, imparts a freshness to his views and a new train of thought and expression, all which pass off for a blessed revival from the Lord; and these intoxicating feelings, which are merely a spirit of delusion, or the influence of Satan on the mind as an angel of light, are unhesitatingly set down as the work of the Blessed Spirit upon the heart. There is such a thing as the light of error, what the scripture calls “the sparks of our own kindling,” as well as the light of truth; and as the children of light see light in God’s light, and read truth in the light of truth, so the children of darkness read truth in the light of error. It appears to their deluded minds as if a perfectly new light were cast upon the scriptures. This is “walking in the light of their fire, and in the sparks that they have kindled;” (Isa. l. 11;) and as this fire gives warmth as well as light, they warm themselves at it, and say, “Alia! I am warm; I have seen the fire.” The error, as thus preached with zeal and energy, and, as it appears, with new and unwonted life and liberty, begins to spread. Some of his leading men, perhaps his rich, influential deacons, have either long secretly held or now drink down the error from his lips, and become drunk with the same spirit of delusion. From all this working together arises a temporary flush of prosperity; a new connection is entered into with ministers of the same views; there is an exchange of pulpits; gifted but erroneous men get admission; and in a short time, with the exception of a few of the real children of God, who from their poverty have no weight or influence, the whole church and congregation are drawn into the whirlpool of error, and concerning faith often make utter shipwreck.

We have sadly digressed from our subject; but seeing and feeling

at this present time more than we ever did the wide prevalence of error, and how it is affecting both ministers and churches, we have fallen into a train of thought suggested to our mind by the wise conclusion to which our friend and brother was led in resisting the temptation to undertake the work of the ministry without the especial call of God, and without the needful qualifications. He was not, indeed, a man likely to be led into error, for he loved the truth of God from an experience of its liberating, sanctifying influence on his own soul, and was well established in it; and to him, therefore, our observations do not in the least apply.

We must, however, give one more extract from his letters to his bereaved and deeply-mourning widow, after the Lord had removed the obstacles to their union, and their hands were joined as their hearts before had been.

“ I am thankful, my dearest A., that the Lord still gives you ‘wrestling desires that he would make us help-meets to each other in the things which are enduring.’ These desires are equally my own; and indeed, this ought to be our first object, though when we each feel what poor creatures we are in ourselves we fear we shall come short, but the Lord’s strength is ‘perfected in weakness.’ All things must sink into the shade compared with our union with each other in the Lord, as you well express. This union we already enjoy; may the Lord increase it; and as he has condescended, in numerous instances recorded in his word, to show forth by the institution of marriage the sacred and intimate union between himself and the church, (though all types necessarily fail in some points,) and he has often, since the appearance on earth of the great Antitype himself, the Lord Jesus, sanctified the consideration thereof to the souls of his people, may he in mercy so deal with us, and then our union by marriage can bring with it no cross from friends or relations or otherwise which we shall not be enabled to bear. Indeed, I do hope that in our case we shall only be more separated from the world thereby; and if such be the case, we shall have cause to bless God, not only for our mutual love and affection, but for bringing us together in that most sacred tie, and over-ruling all things connected with it to his own glory and our souls’ good. And I do beseech him that I may ever manifest toward you the utmost tenderness, forbearing care, and unbroken faithfulness; having his blessed example towards his church, and towards myself as an unworthy member thereof, ever before my eyes, influencing my every thought, word, and action. The best, the only real pledge which I can give you is, that I not only love you for your own sake, and for what I see in you to love, but for his sake, who, we trust, hath loved us, and given himself for us, and ‘has left us an example that we should follow his steps,’ and a precept by his apostle, ‘Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it,’ &c. O what a precept! But I trust the promises are ours, as well as the precepts, and it is to them we must look—that is, to their fulfilment—for every real blessing.”

We believe that our spiritual readers, and especially Christian husbands and wives, will admire with us the sweet spirit that breathes through the above extract, the warm, sober, chastened affection which it displays, and the holy basis on which he desires their union to rest.

Several features of his Christian character have come out more visibly and prominently since his decease, as during his life his quiet,

retired deportment tended much to conceal them. Among them was his great sympathy with the afflicted family of God. To one believer in a neighboring town, who had been for many years and still is confined to her room with a most painful complaint, he was particularly attached, frequently visited her, as far as the distance and his occupation allowed, and bore her much upon his heart. It is in reference to her that he addressed a letter to her sisters from which we give the following extract:

“ My mind has many times recurred to my conversation with your beloved sister on Lord’s Day last, with great comfort and satisfaction. I say comfort, for though she is so far before me in the experience of divine and heavenly things, yet she can ‘condescend to those of low estate,’ and my comfort was and is in this, that God gave me, and, I thank him, still continues to give me, comfort in the humble hope that I am a partaker with her of the same grace of life. Believe me, the savor of her conversation yet abides with me, and my friends here are almost tempted to envy me the pleasure I enjoyed, and still do, in measure, enjoy. After getting home at night, I wept for joy that the Lord should give me such feelings [of sympathy towards his poor suffering child in her affliction; nor did I close my eyes all night from thinking of her case and the gracious words which dropped from her lips. Natural feelings will often go far in sympathising with the afflicted, but I trust mine were spiritual. O that God may continue his loving-kindness to her who knows him, making all her bed in her sickness, and causing her to glory in tribulations also; assuredly believing that in his own good time he will deliver her out of all her afflictions, by ‘coming again and receiving her to himself.’ I would with her ‘praise him who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.’ And he who hath said, ‘I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day,’ will never ‘suffer his faithfulness to fail;’ for ‘Judah hath never been forsaken of the Lord, nor Israel of his God.’ ”

He was also a man much exercised in his own soul, and a strong presentiment which he seemed to carry in his bosom that his days on earth would be comparatively but few, was, in the Lord’s hand, made a means of causing him to hold all earthly things with a loose hand. We see this in the following extract:

“ I am daily learning more and more what a wilderness world this is; that it is not our rest, it is polluted; affording no rest for the sole of our foot—doomed to destruction—and worthy of it! that ‘Christ is all in all;’ that he is our rest; yea, our righteousness, wisdom, sanctification, and complete redemption, and worthy of eternal praise. O for grace, with the apostle, to ‘lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and to run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus,’ &c. (Heb. xii. 1, 2.) ”

And again:

“ I arose this morning with considerable pain all round my head, but it has gradually subsided during the day. These visitations seem necessary to keep us in continual remembrance of our mortality. How much to be envied are they who, having fought the good fight, finished their course, and kept the faith, have received the crown of glory laid up for all those who love the Lord’s appearing. Still, if it were the Lord’s will, I would desire of him, for your sake, that my removal from this vale of tears, be it near or distant, might not be by sudden but with gentle

stroke, my evidences bright, and heaven in view, while yet on Jordan's banks I linger, longing to be gone, and to be for ever with the Lord. If the Lord should take me first, I know the consolation my dear wife will need, and therefore it is for her sake, as well as for my own, that I desire all these things; otherwise, sudden death must, to the righteous, be sudden glory; and with them, in every state, it shall be well."

Here, then, we close this notice; and if our Review has been rather wandering and discursive, it has been so from the feeling that as mere details of a private and little-known individual, however much esteemed in his own circle, can but interest a few, we have to write for the many. As a principle, therefore, we usually, in our Reviews, seek to rise from the mere barren ground of a book which perhaps scarcely one out of a hundred of our readers would ever see, into that wide and more enlarged field of thought which brings the subject within the grasp of the great bulk of our spiritual readers. Our Reviews are, therefore, purposely not so much a review of particular books as of principles and subjects—the book being, for the most part, used as a convenient medium of expressing our own views and feelings upon points of interest or edification to the church of God. Influenced by this principle, and guided by this feeling, we have reviewed this Memorial of a departed friend and brother; and in this spirit we desire to commend both the work itself and our notice of it to the tender care and heavenly blessing of the God of all grace, laying it at his feet that he may do with it as may seem good in his sight.

As our notice of the above work may possibly cause some inquiry for it, we think it desirable to mention that as but a small number of copies (250) was printed, and they purposely published at a price (2s. 6d.) so much under prime cost as to put the book within the reach of the poor, but at the same time insuring a considerable loss to the widow. We regret that a larger number was not printed, and we recommend our spiritual readers to apply at once for the copies on hand, either to Mrs. Peake, Oakham, or to the publisher of the "Gospel Standard."

THE chief wisdom of men is attentively to consider the hand of God; but almost all men seem to be immersed in a state of stupor; when the Lord smites them, they stand as it were amazed, and never regard the hand of the smiter; and when the Lord freely and kindly cherishes them, they exult in their own wantonness. In the mean time we ought to strive to connect ourselves with "the poor of the flock," (Zech. xi. 11,) who are deemed as the offscouring of the world, and so attentively to consider God's vengeance that we may seriously fear and not provoke his extreme judgments, and thus perish with the wicked.—*Calvin.*

SHALL my straitened heart and polluted soul indeed change a close dungeon for a large palace, and enjoy liberty and purity at once? Shall my filthy garments and my iniquity pass away in one day? Who can describe the nature of such a change as this? No less than the overshadowing of the same Spirit which formed Christ in the womb of the virgin, doth also form him anew in every redeemed soul; and quickens it from the law of sin and death, to be a new creature in holiness, righteousness, wisdom, and truth, after the image of him who created it.—*Dorsey.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

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

NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE
HENRY FOWLER,

DELIVERED ON TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21ST, 1827, AT EBENEZER
CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.

“And to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”—Heb. xii. 24.

IN taking these words as a text, I have made an omission. The apostle has said, in the chapter above, that Esau was rejected, and found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears; and some of God's own children are much exercised with fears that their case is like Esau's. But were they not God's children, he would let them alone. Esau was a bond-child, as Ishmael was; and all his religious devotions were under and in an old covenant spirit. But, says the apostle, in the next words, “But ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words, which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken unto them any more, for they could not endure that which was commanded. And if so much as a beast touch the mountain it shall be stoned or thrust through with a dart. And so terrible was the sight that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake. But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator.” Ah! this is the blessedness of it, as Hart says:

“None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

I am often brought to Hart's religion. It did not use to be so with me; but now, I find, without Christ all is nothing. He not only can do his people good, but he does do them good.

I will, as God shall dispose, speak

I. Of *the new covenant*.

II. Of *the Mediator* of the new covenant; and,

Lastly. Of *the blood of sprinkling*.

I. There are many covenants which people make which are sure not to stand. Job made a covenant with his eyes; but that was no use. I have made such a covenant, and many others, but broke them all. It is all under the old covenant. I dare say some of you are thinking, "O, if I had not this entanglement, if I were away from these connections, I would do better." Poor deluded wretches! You must be brought to give up all your resolutions, and acknowledge you can do nothing. Hart says,

"His fairest pretensions must wholly be waved,
And his best resolutions be cross'd.
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved
Till he finds himself utterly lost."

The voice of the old covenant is, "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land." (Isa. i. 19.) This is congenial to our nature. "We will be obedient," said the Israelites. "But," says God, "they, like men, have transgressed my covenant." (Hos. vi. 7.) The law says, "Do, and live." Well, we say, "We ought to do, and we will do all the things the Lord hath commanded." But we can do nothing! It saith also, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength." But none ever yet did or can, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God;" it hates him. You will ask, "Wherefore, then, serveth the law?" I answer, "It was added because of transgression, that every mouth might be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God." I find sin mixing even with my most secret devotions, even prayer. This will cure a man of Arminianism, depend upon it: Many preachers, now-a-days, bring the old covenant forward in new terms, and term it "evangelic;" just as the plater makes baser metals pass, by putting a coating of silver on the top. Many set up in religion who never were set crying or seeking by God. Such follow such fellows. Perhaps you will say I am destitute of affection. But, as John Bunyan saith in his Pilgrim's Progress, when asked if the way is safe, "It is safe for those to whom it shall be safe, but the transgressors shall fall therein." So saith Paul, "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." I don't want to set you down short; but depend upon it, if God has set you a-seeking and crying, he will never cast you off.

The new covenant is not called so on account of priority, for it was made before the world began, and was revealed after the law was given, and called so also because God gives his people to feel something of the law first, and because it will ever contain a newness to the elect. It is unconditional and everlasting, and God's "wills" and "shalls" will prevail till every elect vessel is brought safe to glory. This covenant was made between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost said, "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." David sings sweetly of this covenant in his last words. He took many bad steps; (and is not this an encouragement to do the like? God forbid! but they are left on record like beacons or buoys in the sea to bid the sailor to sheer off;) he was a man after God's own

heart; and his Psalms are the best prayer-book in the world. He was the sweet singer of Israel, and in my opinion the man sung the sweetest song in his last words: "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; for this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he make it not to grow." (See 2 Sam. xxiii. 1-5.) I like to hear a person speak of the covenant: "I will give him [Christ] for a covenant to the people, that thou mayest be for salvation to the ends of the earth." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant."

I once read a man's dream. It was printed some years ago. He was an old minister, away from his home, and slept with a friend. As he slept he dreamed of the covenant, and the other heard him talk in his sleep many precious things of the covenant, and at last the old man said, "If the children of God were to dwell more upon the covenant they would be as happy as the days are long." His friend was uncommonly delighted to hear him speak about the covenant. He has laid the foundation of our hope in oaths and promises, and blood. "My covenant shall be with him of life and peace." "My covenant with him will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my mouth."

II. I come now to speak of *the Mediator* of the covenant, which is Jesus the Saviour. Paul says, "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one;" and lost sinners are the offending party. Job wished for "a daysman [or mediator], to lay his hand upon both." Jesus was the Word made flesh, the eternal God, and the Son of Mary, called "a worm, and no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people." "I saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor; then my own arm brought salvation." "Then I restored that I took not away." Joshua saw him, and said, "Art thou for us or for our enemies? And he said, Nay, but as Captain of the Lord's host am I come. And Joshua fell on his face and did worship." (Josh. v. 14-16.) Now compare this with what Paul says, (Heb. ii. 10,) "For it became him for whom are all things in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." He is also called "the author and the finisher of faith." But the text says, "Ye are come unto Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." And he says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And sure I am there is no real rest till we do come to Jesus. There is none arising from convictions, though they are evidences to others of the footsteps of the flock. If I were sure this was the last time I shall speak to you I must say that a sight of and an interest in the Mediator is the greatest blessing you can have by the way. I well remember the happiness I enjoyed when the Lord the Spirit first showed me a little of him. As long as we are here we shall be continually learning, for we learn but little at a time; nay, even if one lived to the age of Methuselah we should still be learning. I find daily need of the Mediator; I could not live without him. O

even a glimpse of him between the clouds is rejoicing to one's soul; for my own heart so befools and bedevils me that I am full of doubts and fears, not of my interest particularly, but of whereabouts I am, like a traveller in a wilderness, or a sailor tossed upon the waves, and who has lost his compass. And the devil will set me to look at the saints and their faults, and at myself, and I am ready to say there is nothing at all in any one. But this is my infirmity; and sure I am that, as travellers cannot pass along without picking up dirt by the way, no more can the saints. But God will often bring his people to confession, like the prodigal, saying, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." There is still the law in the members, "the flesh lusting against the spirit;" and sometimes I have thought it strange that the Lord should indulge others, and seem to pass me unnoticed. Then I have been so jealous, and "jealousy is cruel as the grave," that I have been ready to say, "Tell my Beloved I am sick of love." I was enabled, as I came along to Deptford this afternoon, to sing for a few moments; (and that is something of a wonder now-a-days;) and this was the song:

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given.
More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

And I said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, and forget not all his benefits." Ah! my friends, after a few years we shall be gone, and then what will avail what men think of us, or their opinions about us?

III. I come, in the third place, to speak of *the blood of sprinkling*. It is a figurative expression, in allusion to the blood of the passover lamb, when Moses commanded the children of Israel to kill the lamb and to sprinkle the blood upon the doorposts and the lintels; and when the destroying angel went forth and slew the firstborn of Egypt, he passed by all (or over all) who were in the houses so sprinkled with blood,—this is the meaning of the passover. It is said that "by faith Moses kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the firstborn should touch them. . . . And the book and the people and all the vessels of the sanctuary were sprinkled with blood." And sure I am that all the vessels of mercy are or will be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, said to be "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ;" (1 Pet. i. 2;) and in Heb. xiii. 20 it is called, "the blood of the everlasting covenant." The first thing that the soul feels of any weight is its sin and soul-sickness. As Hart says,

"Thine's indeed a lost condition,
Works cannot work thee remission,
Nor thy goodness do thee good.
Death's within thee, all about thee,
But the remedy's without thee;
See it in thy Saviour's blood."

"Having," saith Paul, "our hearts sprinkled from an evil con-

science;" and again, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement;" "Being justified, by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Hence, "in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee." Why, what's the matter? "Though thou wast angry, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." What, then! Has God changed? No; but it is so in his apprehension. "I will trust, and not be afraid." Why, what's the matter? "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." "Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted." "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth." (Isa. xii.) Such see the King in his beauty. But perhaps you are saying, "I know nothing of this; I am merely weeping." I answer, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

God bless what I have spoken; and I add no more.

IT IS WELL.

My dear Friend,—I just drop you a line to say it is well with my dear partner, it is well with the child, and the best of all is, it is well with our souls. My wife had a very painful time, and we felt tried on all hands. But the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice; for although clouds and darkness are often round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. She has been very dark in mind, but the gracious Comforter brought a sweet portion to her mind that had been blest to her soul some few years back: "Who is blind as my servant, and deaf as my messenger?" This was after her painful labor last night, and she felt it was the voice of her Beloved. O these visits, although short, are more to be desired than rubies. The inward satisfaction she enjoyed I could see by her countenance, and my heart rejoiced. I don't think I was left altogether solitary, for I was thinking of the dear Redeemer's words, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

But I must forbear just now. I should have written to acknowledge your last kind note, (with my letters,) but was anxiously waiting to send you this news. Your note, my dear friend, refreshed our spirits; and your last short visit I felt good, for those words you brought forward fitted well, and were like apples of gold, particularly as my mind was tried: "Bring him to me." You will recollect well I went to the prayer-meeting with the words, "Bring him to me," and begged the Lord he would help us to bring all our troubles, cares, and woes to him, and bless us with precious grace to leave them there. How good and how pleasant it is when brethren dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment on Aaron's head, that ran down even to the skirts.

Give our united and tender love and regard to your partner and companion in joy and sorrow, and tell her, what matter whether we be poor or rich, high or low, &c., so long as Jesus is ours. God bless thee and us with precious faith, that we may be enabled to rest on him, sink or swim—come life or death; for he is a Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother. And we have proved again and again that many waters cannot quench his love, neither can floods drown it.

Yours, in love and in truth,

Croydon, Sept. 22nd, 1854.

H. & E. G.

PEACE.

“Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.”—John xiv. 27.

“Peace by his cross hath Jesus made,
The church's everlasting Head;
O'er hell and sin a victory won,
And with a shout to glory gone.”

How little is this thought of, comparatively, even by the children of the kingdom. The Lord has ordained that they shall find solid, substantial peace no where but in Christ. All other is marred; the worm lies at the root, however pretty the gourd may be; all must perish, that Christ may be “all in all;” and it is in this path, however painfully learnt, that the peace of God is prized by the souls of God's dear children. One ray of light from the Sun of righteousness, one precious word dropped into the soul by the Prince of peace, will give such a measure of peace as the heart of the natural man has never conceived. Thus we find the words of his mouth sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. While reading Luke xvii., the return of the Samaritan leper to give glory to God entered my heart with such a sacred sweetness that I was overwhelmed with sacred joy and peace. In the midst of this sacred delight, these words were sealed on my spirit with solemn and sacred power: “He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.” O what a testimony is this when God the Holy Spirit witnesseth with our spirit that we are born of God.

When our Lord opened his public ministry, he said, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” The poor leper, when he was healed, saw God in Christ, and returned to give glory, and fell at his feet, and with a loud voice glorified God.

“Soon at his sacred feet
I hope with him to fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.”

How the wisdom and compassion of the Son of God shine in this! He well knows, poor trembling soul, how little peace his brethren had to expect in their journey through a wilderness world. How keenly Jeremiah felt this when, under a heavy pressure, and in bitterness of spirit, he cried, “The Comforter which should relieve my soul is far from me.” And every member of the mystical body of Christ feels this in a measure in his season; but he is the brother born for adversity, and to him is given the tongue of the learned, that he may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. Some two years ago, for nearly four months my soul was in such darkness, and there was such a heaviness on my spirit, that I questioned every thing I ever experienced, and the enemy tempted me to destroy myself; so I went about writing bitter things against myself. I looked at Bunyan's man in an iron cage, and I seemed just like him, save one thing; I could not say I counted the blood of Christ an unholy thing. No; I felt sure there was no peace but in that “precious blood.”

In going about the street, I used to cry, "Lord, snatch me as a brand from the burning." Ah, poor soul, if thou art here, no one can comfort you till God himself comes. No;

"None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do."

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you." Neither ministers nor brethren, with all their love and sympathy, can do it, but in his time,

"Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power."

In the providence of God he opened a door for me to earn the bread that perisheth. Having to walk six miles into the country in a morning, and return in the evening, my soul cried unto him for a blessing that the Holy Spirit would open communion with my poor soul; for he only can. I felt assured of this, and I was led to turn that verse of a hymn into a prayer:

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

And this:

"Up to the fields where angels lie,
Where living waters gently roll,
Fain would my soul leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul."

Here I was led to see that the dear man, the writer, experienced Paul's body of sin and death, cold and deathly upon his spirit, pressing him down to earth. And I felt it too. There is nothing imaginary here; no, a deep felt reality. Yes,

"Sin hangs heavy on my soul."

but blessed be God, the dear man as well as Paul knew the remedy, and the blessed Spirit was leading me on to know it too, powerfully and sweetly.

"Thy precious blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy soft wings, celestial Dove."

Here peace began to flow like a river, and I had not passed on but a little further when these words were sealed on my soul: "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." Here, in one moment, I saw the whole work of a sinner's salvation by the power of God the Holy Spirit set forth. My soul was set at liberty, and I went on my way "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." Yes, poor soul, however dark, and however dead you may be, "I am the resurrection and the life;" my word shall yet comfort you and raise you up.

"He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known."

When God is pleased to bring his law into the conscience of his child, (for "by the law is the knowledge of sin,") fear is engendered

in the soul; and if it be a work of some time, great fear and deep distress is felt; and judgment is felt in the conscience, and condemnation too. Dreadful fear will possess the soul; but here is the promise to such a soul: "The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." Yes; "Heal my soul for I have sinned against thee." And what can heal but precious blood? Guilt and precious blood cannot stand together. Guilt must flee when the blood of the atonement is received by the power of God the Holy Spirit. "He hath made peace by the blood of his cross." Thus is peace proclaimed in the conscience. "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." "He that heareth the voice of the Son of God shall live." "Because I live, ye shall live also." Blessed truth.

"Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown."

O we know not the why nor the wherefore some pressures come upon us, and sometimes the Lord blesses them to the opening up of truth in the soul. Under a pressure one day the words of Elijah, "I am no better than my fathers," were laid on my spirit. Elijah had been mighty through God on Mount Carmel; and I believe, like Paul, there was a thorn in the flesh given him that squeezed this complaint out of his exercised soul, "I am no better than my fathers." His peace for a time was disturbed; it was ballast in his vessel, like Paul's, "I persecuted the church of God." But the Lord's eye was on Elijah, and he sent his angel and comforted him, letting a measure of peace into his soul, and giving him strength and a fresh commission. "My peace I leave with you." The pilgrims to Zion often come to such places, and but for a covenant God would sink in despair.

"T'is well when we can sing
As sinners bought with blood;
Or when we touch the mournful string,
And mourn an absent God."

"Poor pilgrims feel their need
Of fresh supplies of grace;
The Mediator's blood to plead,
And run the heavenly race."

How sweet is the promise, "They shall revive as the corn." There is no blessedness out of Christ; "For all the promises are Yea and Amen in him." When the Lord the Spirit reveals a precious Christ by opening up and bringing into the heart some precious portion of the word, and proclaims peace, sometimes it is as expressed in the Song of Solomon, "or ever I was aware my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib." Then we find, "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." Union and communion are realised. We go forth and grow up into him who is the Head, in whom all fulness dwells, and we draw water out of the wells of salvation. "O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord." He possesseth the south, and abideth experimentally beneath the

shadow of the Almighty. But remember, poor soul, "The darkness and the light are both alike with him;" he knows no shadow of a change. "If ye believe not, he abideth faithful." "The same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

"The Spirit will reveal
The Saviour's love and power;
And thy poor spirit 'seal'
In God's appointed hour."

"Often send thy Spirit down
All my mercies, Lord, to crown;
Let me feel this holy fire,
Till thou sayest, 'Come up higher.'"

J. T.

A LETTER UPON IMPORTANT BUSINESS, BY A SHOPMAN.

The Shopman to the Smith sendeth greeting.—Thanks to my beloved brother for his kind and pertinent epistle, and for the pleasant construction put upon his mistake respecting the numbers. From this circumstance you have raised a question to inquire what I consider to be the value of my stock in trade. Indeed, my friend, it is rather a puzzling matter to state the exact value of my whole estate; for you must know that I cannot minutely estimate the amount of what I am now in possession of, much less the portion I hope to enjoy in reversion, when I come of age. It is true I sometimes begin to take stock, but am often sadly hindered by some particular interruptions, arising from the following circumstances.

You must understand that I have two shopmen who constantly attend me in my business; one I have a singular regard for, as being the best friend I have in the management of all my concerns; the other I have an uncommon aversion to; but though he is a continual plague to me, and often makes a very disagreeable confusion in my shop, yet I cannot, if it would save my life, get rid of him. This hateful inmate was in the house when I first set up in business; and according to the tenour of the lease which was made over to me by my fleshly father, I find to my grief that he is to abide in the house as long as I live; and though he is an is of a black complexion; whether he is a native of Africa or Eden I old man, I see no signs of his dying in my lifetime. This old fellow shall not determine; but I often conclude that the devil is in him, or he would never behave as he does; for by his evil conduct he hath, to my knowledge, offended the best friend I ever had in the world since I was created, and he often acts in an unbecoming manner towards a certain comely, delicate woman, whom I have a strong affection for. This said shopman is continually quarrelling with the other, who is now my foreman, and to whose care I commit the principal concerns of my business. This young man, whose conduct I much admire, is a native of the south country, and was sent to my house by a most illustrious Person who was once a resident in the land of Judaea, and at his death left me an invaluable patrimony. This wonderful act of loving-kindness I often reflect upon till my very heart glows; and the tears often burst from my eyes at the consideration of his unexampled bounty to me a poor stranger; for though I have been in this country above 50 years, and have received many tokens of regard from several members of my Father's family, yet amongst them all I never experienced such peculiar marks of tender affection as I have received from this altogether lovely,

faithful, and unchangeable Friend, of whom I may well say that he is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. It was he, my brother, who sent this young man to assist me; and to tell you the truth, I am certain that it is owing to the active services of this person that I have been enabled to carry on my business to this day; for when he first came to me I was exceedingly poor, my circumstances were greatly embarrassed, and to all appearance I was on the verge of bankruptcy; but my kind and loving Friend who sent him to assist me in my distress, furnished him with a great number of bank-notes, and authorised him to render me assistance whenever I was put to it to make up a payment. You may easily conceive what an advantage this has been to me in these hard times, and what a mercy it has been to have such a confidential servant; for many a time, when I have had a large bill to pay, and not above a penny in the house, this foreman of mine has gone in all weathers up to the bank, and brought me home money sufficient to discharge the bill that was due; and often upon settling my day's expenses I have had a penny overplus to lend to a fellow-tradesman in distress.

In this manner I have been enabled to go on for a number of years, with both these servants behind the counter; and though they can never agree, but are always contending together, yet, wonderful to tell, my business is still carried on, and in the midst of all these strange circumstances, my credit is kept up and my lot is maintained.

Having related the matter thus far, I will now show you how I manage to take stock. I never get my two shopmen to unite and assist me in this point, because they are of such contrary dispositions that they never can agree to help each other; therefore it is in vain for me to require such a piece of service at their hands. I will now show you how I get this necessary branch of business done to my satisfaction. Whenever I intend to take stock, I always take a clear, warm, sunshiny day; for you must know at such seasons my old black man is generally very sleepy; and when he lies slumbering under the counter, my foreman and I then embrace the opportunity to balance the books, count the cash and the bank-notes, and weigh the goods in hand. In this way we two get through the matter of taking stock; and though it is then a busy time, we always contrive to live well on that day, with a good hot dinner and a flagon of wine; for you must understand that both my foreman and I are very fond of the pure blood of the grape. These stock-taking days, my friend, are truly pleasant to me; but I am obliged to be very active in order to get through the business before the sun goes down, for as soon as the shadows of evening come on, my troublesome black shopman is sure to awake and begin a disturbance. We always know when he begins to move; but sometimes he has risen up so quickly that we have been so disturbed that we could not finish our wine. At such times I have hid the glass and the foreman has put the bottle into his bosom; for we are mutually agreed never to let this negro taste of our wine. We keep all these dainties to ourselves; and glad should we be could we but turn him out of doors. This we have endeavored to do, but in vain. However, there is one consolation, for I have been well assured that there is a day coming when, by a royal proclamation from the King, this old black man shall be driven out of doors, and never suffered to enter the house again for ever and ever.

I have, my brother, given you a long account about this black slave, in order to caution you not to give him any employ in your shop, especially as I have been credibly informed that he hath, ere now, followed the trade of a blacksmith; therefore I entreat you never to harbor him, for you may depend upon it he is the vilest thief under the sun, and will be sure to rob your house if you give him the least encouragement.

This long account about my two shopmen would no doubt appear mere nonsense to thousands in this day who seem to carry on a great trade in our way; but leaving them to their own wisdom, my brother may depend upon the truth of my relation; and in order to remove any doubt that may arise in your mind on the subject, I will now give you their names, and then I hope you will not question my veracity. The name of my black shopman is Unbelief, and the name of him who is my foreman is Faith. The first is the offspring of the devil, the very image of his father, and the plague and pest of our family. The younger one, who is of noble extraction, and much esteemed by all the children of light, is a very comely person, well made, very active, chaste in deportment, clean in apparel, very particular in his food, an excellent scholar, and a ready reckoner. He has had a liberal education, understands the living languages, and is a good translator both of the Hebrew and Greek tongues. In addition to all this, he is remarkably kind and obedient; and, if occasion requires, he can go a long journey in a very short time. These rare qualifications, together with the fidelity which marks all his actions, have so endeared him to my heart that I hope to live and die with him.

As you requested me to give you some account of the value of my stock, I think it will be obvious to you that this my foreman, whom I have but feebly described, constitutes no small share of my treasure, for it is evident that a man blessed with faith is of no mean degree. And though the men of the world lightly esteem this kind of treasure, yet you and I who have learned what real substance is, are very thankful that we are made partakers of such a blessed portion, though our measure be but as a grain of mustard seed, being well assured that Little Faith is greatly beloved by the King of kings.

And now, my brother, forasmuch as I feel a true affection for thee, I do the more freely impart the secrets of my occupation, having a hope that you will gain by trading a little more in my way; for though I do not abound in some articles that are highly esteemed in this country, yet I feel my heart enlarged towards such as thou art, being persuaded that thy affections are set upon the things I deal in, which are the produce of a far country.

Having this persuasion in my mind, I will now inform thee, my brother, that I and my foreman are in partnership, though very few of those who frequent the shop know anything of the matter. We share in all the profits of the concern; we eat and drink together when opportunity serves; and we often sleep together in one bed. Sometimes we sit talking together till midnight, and our conversation is upon various subjects; for you must understand that my foreman and partner is a good historian, and well acquainted with ancient things; he hath, ere now, told me of things that were transacted before the world was made, and often talks about Abraham and Sarah his wife as familiarly as if he had lived with them; and sometimes I have in my own mind compared him to Eliezer of Damascus, Abraham's steward, for diligence and fidelity; he is likewise well versed in the history of David, and of David's Son and Lord; sometimes he will sit and talk to me about these things for the hour together, and at other times he will entertain me in reading ancient records in which these things are described; and to tell you the truth, I never spend my time so comfortably as when we two can get away together from the hurry of outward concerns and enjoy ourselves in private. In these private seasons he often introduces a sister of his, whose name is Charity, a beautiful virgin, whose person and deportment are truly desirable; when these both come together, their company and conversation are very pleasant to me, and the more so as it appears they often fre-

quent the King's palace; and in these interviews they rehearse what they have seen and heard. In one of these private conferences they were speaking of some things that had happened at one of the King's country houses, where the head steward* had been lately removed to a higher situation in the palace royal; I found out by their conversation that there had been no new steward sent to preside over the family, and that the regular order of the house had not been properly attended to by some of the subordinate servants. It likewise appeared by the account that one Mr. Carnal had contrived to set the servants at variance by stirring up strife and producing contentions among them, till at length they divided into several parties, and the discord increased so much that many left the country house and took lodgings in different places, whence the accommodations proved far inferior to those they left in the King's own house. In these contentions with one another, I understood by the report, that Faith was a great deal jostled about, and his toes were trodden upon in the crowd, insomuch that he went limping for some time. And as to his sister Charity, she was so rudely treated by some that she appears very shy of that company ever since; and it has been observed that she seldom shows herself now with a smiling countenance. However, Faith insisted upon it that when the King came down to inspect the matter, he would settle every dispute; and Charity said she would use her endeavors to bring them into union again, and that she hoped all things would end well at last.

Thus, my brother, I have given you some account of both my shopmen, and of my attachment to the younger, and the reasons of my regard for him. The residue of my stock in hand is made up of many, very many valuables; time would fail me to enumerate them all, for the total sum amounts to a great multitude of mercies freely and undeservedly bestowed upon me a vile, worthless sinner, by the God of all grace! I have never yet been able to count up the sum, for they are more in number than the hairs of my head, the stars in the firmament, or the sands on the sea-shore. Besides all these, what a boundless reversion is laid up! Heaven, with all its inconceivable blessedness, to be enjoyed, and Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the one Lord God of Israel, is, by faith's report, the everlasting portion of all the chosen seed, every redeemed soul.

O my brother, what an unutterable, what a rich portion is this! What a favor to enjoy, now and then, the sweet earnest of these divine things, to feel eternal life operating in our souls, and to have our affections set upon things above. What are all the tribulations by the way, when compared with this inheritance of the saints in light? When we reflect upon our base original, our lost, ruined, and undone estate, the slavery we were in, and the just demerits of all we have ever done, and then ponder over what God hath done for us and wrought in us, we may well join with the Psalmist and say, "How precious are thy thoughts unto us, O God! how great is the sum of them. If we should count them, they are more in number than the sand," even "thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give us an expected end."

Ponder over these things, and forgive what appears amiss. Present my love to the brethren. Remember me in thy court visits, and believe me to be,

May 20th, 1815.

Most affectionately thine,

THE SHOPMAN.†

WHETHER God come to his children with a rod or a crown; if he come himself with it, it is well.—*Rutherford.*

* He means, no doubt, Mr. Huntington.

† The Shopman is J. Keyt.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE JAMES BRIDGER.

Dear Friend, for I dare not call you Brother, yet I think I may dare say that there have been times when my heart's desire and prayer to God has been that your God might be my God, that your Saviour might be my Saviour, and that we may be taught by the same ever-blessed Spirit, and be enabled to walk together as loving friends and Christian brothers in that sweet and happy liberty wherewith Christ has promised to make his own people free. This I can say, that since I have been deprived of your company, I have no one to sympathise with me in my feelings. They do not seem to understand me, and therefore say I am as one that resisteth the promises, and give way to the suggestions of Satan, and refuse to be comforted, and there is but now and then one preacher I can hear who suits my narrow spirit, &c. &c. And I can assure you, when I consider my wicked heart, so prone to wander from the path of truth, and led captive by the power of Satan, how self-condemned I stand before God. I have the sentence of death in my conscience, am at times quite amazed that God should so long bear with me, and that he has not cut me off long ago and banished me from his presence. But blessed be his name, I am still a living monument of his mercy, and have been delivered out of great bodily affliction, when my wicked heart has been so rebellious against him. When I look back upon the little time I have been upon the earth, I am constrained to acknowledge that "few and very evil have the days of my pilgrimage been;" and though my affliction has been very great, and has already caused me many great disappointments, I do believe, if it is possible I can be one of God's children, I shall say, "It was good for me to be afflicted." I believe it has shown me more of the helpless state of man, and to what he is brought by sin, than I could have known had it not been for it. O that the Lord would work in me that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. I would humbly desire at this time to cast all my cares on Jehovah, who changeth not, for I am the subject of many changes.

But the period, at longest, will not be long when my state will be unalterably fixed in either heaven or hell. O serious thought! Let the scoffer scoff; but the word of God says, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still;" and what an awful thing it is to die in our sins! I firmly believe if I die without a further manifestation of the love of God to my soul, that where God is I never can come. The longer I live the more I discover of my own ignorance. "Surely I am more brutish than any man; I neither learn wisdom, nor have the understanding of the holy." May "God be merciful to me a wicked sinner." I would not have you to entertain any idea that I have any real religion, for I fear I have none, and that my prayers are an abomination unto God.

I was alarmed a few days ago. I was taken very suddenly with a violent pain in my stomach. My heart beat at a very unusual degree, and for about three hours I was ready to despair of life; and afterwards I spat up blood; I never was so before. It alarmed my mother much. Since that I hear a neighbor, about 16 years of age, was taken in a similar way, the same day, and died within three days. He was a healthy-looking lad. He said he was afraid to die, because he had been so wicked. When I hear of such instances it alarms my very soul, and fills my soul with horror and dread of eternal damnation. I have none that I can unbosom my mind to without being checked, and told that I am getting like the Huntingtonians. May God guide me, if it be his blessed will, by his Holy Spirit in the narrow way that leads to everlasting life!

I was told, some time ago, that a man I knew very well had got into this Huntingtonian spirit; he formerly attended at the Chapel at Dane-

hill, but I had not seen him for the last seven years; so on Sunday, the 27th of May, I took a walk to his house, a distance of about five or six miles; but he was not at home nor any of his family, which was a great disappointment, for it thundered and lightened, and there was snow half-shoe deep. I turned to come back, when I saw in one of the out buildings a man who was stopping for shelter; so I went to him, and asked him if he knew where the man and his family were gone. He said he believed they were gone to Rotherfield, to hear preaching. I asked him who preached; and he said one Abbott, of Mayfield. So I entered into conversation with him, and he asked me where I had been accustomed to hear; and I told him I had formerly sat under a minister at Rotherhithe, by name of Gathercole, and had also heard at a chapel at Conway Street, Fitzroy Square. After he had heard my observations, I found he knew quite as much about those places of worship as I did, having formerly preached in them. And he was that Abbott that the man and his family were gone to hear. He also informed me that the man has preaching in his own house, once a fortnight, by a Mr. Warmesley, from Tonbridge Wells; so, if it please God, I intend to hear him on next Sunday. I thought it was a remarkable manner in which we met.

Pardon a long scribble, for I have many things yet to say, but have not room at present. Give my love to your parents and to all inquirers; and accept the same from,

Yours affectionately,

Hartfield, June 1st, 1821.

JAMES BRIDGER.

MY SPRINGS ARE ALL IN THEE.

My dear Friend,—I have great cause to bless the Lord for disposing your heart to write to me at the time you did, as it was made an especial blessing to my soul. The night before the morning upon which I received it had been a very trying one indeed. The enemy of souls had been laboring, as he has done many times before, in my sleep, to make me believe that I was an altogether deceived wretch, and that now the deception was discovered. I felt in my sleep to be in black despair; and the anguish I felt I cannot find words to describe. When I awoke, although I was not exactly in that state, I feared that it might be a prelude to it, so that I felt very much cast down, and was just about leaving home for business when the postman knocked at the door, bringing your letter. I felt I must stop and read it, although my time was up to start. And before I could get through it my hard heart was broken, and my soul melted with love to the dear Lord and to you his dear child; and I could and did entreat that the best of blessings might rest upon you. O my dear brother,

“How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Is all his love to guilty me.”

What a favor it is to be vitally united to the living and true Vine, and to one another through and by him. It is nothing less than that blessed sap there is in the root, flowing into the branches, that causes this felt oneness with each other. Alas! that so little of it is experienced in this dark and cloudy day. What is all church-membership without this? Nothing but a name. And how many thousands have this, and yet are dead while they (seem to) live. Therefore, my dear friend, it is our mercy that our springs are all in him, and that those springs shall continue to “run among the hills, and into the valleys, and shall give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses shall quench their thirst,

and by them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation which sing among the branches."

I was very glad to hear that the Lord had been so gracious unto you in making all your bed in your sickness, and given you to prove that the trial of your faith was more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried by fire, and it was found unto glory and honor at the appearing of Jesus Christ. What truth is wrapped up in these words of the poet:

"Gold in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses ought but dross;
So is the Christian purified,
And better'd by the cross."

And again:

"Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me."

I cannot say more just now, but hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before long, and shall be glad to have a letter from you. What a pity I sometimes think it is that there should be such backwardness in us to communicate with each other. This is no doubt the work of our common enemy. It is often found that in writing the soul is blessed as well as in reading. May the dear Lord be pleased to make us more ready to every good word and work to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, and the work of faith with power, is the desire of,

My dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

London, June 27th, 1857.

B. K.

SAFE AT HOME.

. . . My thoughts have been much engaged since I came home about the abundant blessedness of being called to depart and to be with Christ. O how highly favored are our beloved friends that are gone; they are safely housed from all the storms of life, for ever free from the burden of of sin which we have to carry still, and under which we often faint, and should for ever lie, if everlasting arms were not underneath us. Well, let us take courage; the victory is sure through our Almighty Captain, and we too may be much nearer the haven of rest than we think for. O that we may be found watching. I often wonder how it is with you, my dear Mary. The Lord grant you may not be cast down by reason of the way, and dwell too much upon losses and crosses, but that you may be favored with some sweet communion with him, and find he more than makes up for every loss with the blessed communications of his love to your soul. I should like to say more, as I feel that all is well with me, but must conclude.

Yours very affectionately,

Leicester, Feb 13th 1842.

M. B.

THE late MR. GADSBY.—In addition to the instances recorded in our July No. of Mr. Gadsby's views of the Eternal Sonship of the Second Person in the glorious Trinity, the reader is referred to the "Gospel Standard," for April 1841, page 117, where the "eternal generation of the Son of God" is dwelt upon and spoken of approvingly.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. HOOPER.

My dearly-beloved Brother in the Lord, and Companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Christ,—grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied towards thee. Your epistle came safe to me, for which I thank you. The story you related to me is, I know, the work of God's Spirit on a sinner's heart, and I believe that soul is sealed to the day of eternal redemption, who has experienced those operations. Oh! the efficacy of that precious blood which cleauseth from all sin! It does indeed bring deliverance and justification from all the accusations of law and conscience. The captive is then delivered by the blood of the everlasting covenant out of the pit in which he had laid. It is true, indeed, that none can know the sensations of such a soul but such as have felt the same. You told me in the latter part of your letter, that that day had been a good day; even one of the days of the Son of man. I wished you had enlarged on the subject, and told me what particular truths had been applied to you, by which you found your soul more established. Do not keep all to yourself; let me be a partaker of the good things you enjoyed freely. You have received freely, therefore freely give. I find you have been part of the way to my house, but could not venture all the way. What was the matter? Did you think you should have the door shut against you? I believe the hand of Satan was in all this. Give no place to him, no not for an hour. He is a sore enemy to me—he grūdges me every morsel of comfort I enjoy. Perhaps my brother would like to know the place of my abode at present. I am not walking in the high places, though I believe the place of my defence is the Munition of rocks; neither am I walking in the dark valley; I believe the Lord is leading me into a more experimental acquaintance of what is in my own heart. At times he suspends the influences of his Spirit, and leaves me to cope with those corruptions in the dark, till, like the Apostle, I groan, being burdened. He then returns again, and at his presence all these enemies are as still as a stone; but no sooner does the Lord withdraw again, than I find all the corruptions of my heart are as much alive as ever. This teaches me that without Christ I can do nothing. I find my burden always heaviest when I strive to bear it myself. The word tells me to cast my burden on the Lord; but, alas! I can no more do this than I can make a world. Yet the Lord does at times enable me to do so, and then all is well with me. Thus I go on, sometimes up, and sometimes down; but I know this is the saint's path of tribulation, which leads to the kingdom where I hope through grace to arrive at last, when this mortal shall have put on immortality. I find you have had a letter from Mr. J. Will it be too great a favor for me to ask for a sight of it? I hope not. I find likewise that you have had an interview with him. I hope you went not to the prophet in vain. I know the priest's lips keep knowledge, and you and I have oftentimes heard the law from his mouth, when we have gone, like David, to inquire in the Temple of the Lord; we can only say, one day in Thy courts are better than a thousand spent elsewhere; "that we had rather be door-keepers in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." May we be ever living under a sense of the Lord's mercy to us, that he has united our hearts to fear his name. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon, and pray let me know where you are. I know you are going from strength to strength; and as you have enjoyed a good day, even one of the days of the Son of man, I know you have something to communicate, and I hope you will send it me, and Mr. J.'s letter to peruse, and you will much oblige,

Your affectionate Sister in the Lord,

Old House, Dec. 1, 1798.

M. HOOPER.

Obituary.

ARTHUR CHARLWOOD, OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

My dear Friend,—My object in writing to you at the present time is to inform you of the death of our much-lamented friend, Mr. Arthur Charlwood, of Melbourne, Victoria. I believe he was widely known through several counties in England amongst his Lord and Saviour's quickened people, to whom, therefore, a few events of his life in this country may be interesting, if you should feel disposed to notice any part of what, by the help of God, I will endeavor faithfully to relate as briefly as I can. There are many now living in our native land to whom he felt a bond of union that will never be dissolved; and he often named a few of the Lord's sent servants who had been especially blessed of God to him. He frequently quoted their names to us, and the truths that were engraven on his heart which he had received through them in days past. He has been a witness in this colony for God and experimental truth for the past nine years. He tried to sit on his arrival here under several that call themselves Particular Baptists. He left the first because, as we have frequently heard him say, he held errors on the Trinity; and this shocking thing has been made clear more recently, for he now states there is no more benefit in addressing the Holy Spirit as a Person than the Virgin Mary. So our departed friend had a clear conscience in not saying a confederacy with such. Subsequently he opened a room in his own house to one who was thought by some to be a second Daniel. Numbers soon increased; emigration was at its flood; the gold was drawing to these shores the refuse and restless of all classes of society and Christian denomination; so they soon wanted to get a large place and show themselves. But religion, with Charlwood, was not a toy to make a vain show with; he soon saw it to be little or nothing but duty-faith, pride, frivolity, and chattering the word of God into a vain jangle. Under this ministry he endured much leanness of soul and condemnation within for having sanctioned it so long. He has often said that he wanted to go quietly along, and that for some time he was too great a coward to bear the reproach. But he was frequently condemned in his own mind when he remembered a conversation he had with a man of experimental truth in England respecting a minister whom he had been to hear who could spiritualise anything. The man of truth and soberness asked him if he could sit under such a man; when he replied, "Only to be amused, or for curiosity." He never forgot the reproof, and the zeal it stirred up for God's truth; the reply made was, "What! sit and hear God's word talked away for carnal amusement!" This was frequently brought to his mind, and he perceived those that he hoped had the fear of God in their souls standing aloof or leaving, and all their remonstrances scouted by those that were making such haste. He withdrew from taking any part in the service, and sat for some time amongst the people; but found neither savor nor dew accompanying it. This was a great trial to him, for

he had helped forward what did not appear to be the Lord's work, and he ultimately withdrew altogether, preferring a good conscience before God rather than a great name amongst empty professors who called the sensations wrought by creature flattery the work of the Spirit. But Charlwood's religion would not allow him to hide it in obscurity. It moved him to come out from the empty sound, and build a place wherein to rehearse the mighty acts of the God of all grace, who had saved him and called him to a saving knowledge of salvation in Christ, in the year 1840, after ten years' law-wrath and hardness of heart. Hundreds of times have we heard him dwell on the exceeding great and precious promises that were spoken to his soul's comfort and deliverance at that time.

The Lord was now graciously opening his hand in providence, and removed temporal difficulties that had been a sore trial to him for years.* He cheerfully bore the whole cost of building the chapel, without help or assistance from any one that was alike interested. The Lord frequently blessed him in his work, and made his heart run over when speaking of the greatness of God's mercy in Christ to one so vile as he. He never preached what is called a sermon to us, but often dropped precious truth when speaking of what he knew of God's judgments and mercy. He believed that pride, self, and creature-applause, backed up by the devil, made the greater portion of preachers or talkers in our day. Although he had good natural abilities, he counted it no little or no degrading thing to read to the people published truth that had been preached by God-sent men in a distant land.

It is getting on for six years since he built the chapel, and God has honored his humble endeavor in several instances, and he constantly told us the Lord had returned to him many times over all the costs he had ever incurred in his name. He was constantly sensible of past straitened dispensations of providence out of which the Lord had delivered him, and made his cup to run over. He was blest with a liberal heart, and was frequently devising something for the poor in this our native land, and always first to assist the Lord's poor members here or at home, as many living can testify.† But these adverse dispensations in providence were only removed to be

* He had left England in debt to the amount, we believe, of about £300; but immediately that the Lord turned his temporal captivity he remitted home from time to time various sums, until he had most honorably paid every farthing. When he first went to the colony the gold-fields were not discovered, and his temporal prospects were but dark and gloomy. He went to the diggings when gold was first discovered, but found himself unfit for the heavy labor required to obtain the gold. Having been, however, brought up as a carpenter, he began to make "cradles" for the miners; and as they were in great demand, and he could obtain a good price for them, this laid the foundation for his first success in providence. The Lord afterwards remarkably prospered him in business, and gave him withal a most liberal heart to freely give what he had so freely received.—ED.

† We can ourselves bear testimony to this, as he was in the habit of sending us every year, for some time past, various sums to distribute among the Lord's family, besides making up the annual collection at his little place of worship for the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society to amount to £15.—ED.

succeeded by repeated afflictions and bereavements in the family. One member after another has been taken away, so that the family has not ceased to mourn for many years. Through all this the Lord sustained him, and helped him to speak at the graves of his children with a comfortable hope of meeting them where they will no more say they are sick.

Since the last member of his family was taken away, the hand of affliction has been laid on himself. For the last twelve months his natural robustness had been leaving him, and he repeatedly said that he felt an intimation to him to put his house in order, for his earthly one was about to be dissolved and changed for an eternal one in heaven. He felt much liveliness amongst us in the past few months, and used to exclaim, "O to grace how great a debtor," &c. He needed and knew much of the Lord's mercy, and was blessed with a full assurance of his interest in the eternal covenant of peace. He tried to get other poor things to enjoy the same as himself; and would say,

"Shout for gladness, O believer!
Christ has risen, so shall you."

He continued to conduct the service for us up to April 8th, which was his last Sunday with us. He felt persuaded he should not meet with us again, and that the time of his departure was at hand. He said he had known the Lord's pardoning love and mercy for more than twenty years; and

"Though the shore he hoped to land on
Only by report was known,
He could safely all abandon,
Led by that report alone."

The Monday and Tuesday following, he came to town as usual; but on Tuesday he had to return earlier than usual, as he felt worse. He was suffering from disease of the heart and liver, producing dropsy of the most fatal kind. He continued to get rather worse till the following Saturday, the 14th, when his medical adviser said he was sinking, and could not live many hours. He was suffering great pain. I asked him "how he felt in mind." He replied, "No particular joy; but I dare not doubt but that the Lord will perform all that he has promised me." He said he could never say, as some, that the Lord had spoken a great number of times to his soul; but he knew that the Lord had spoken to him twice; and he said that was in such a manner and at such a time of need that he could not really doubt it. He could sleep little or none through the night, and was constantly reminding the Lord of his promise to him on which he had caused him to hope, and begging his presence, and for patience.

On Sunday morning he wished he was able to go in and read once more, as there was to be a collection for a poor widow whose husband the Lord had taken home a few weeks before, a young man from Wiltshire, Joshua Warrey, who had attended with us for some time past. This young man used to creep inside the door, taking the hindermost place, and thinking himself unworthy of any notice.

seldom speaking to any one or any one to him; but he was highly favored. Death had been at his door for the past twelve months. When on his death-bed he said that the Lord promised him two years ago that he should want nothing. He said the Lord had performed his promise, although he had not been able to do anything for the past two years. He spoke to his friends of the time when the Lord whispered these words to him, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee;" and as his end approached he said many blessed things. When he was crossing the river, he exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Victory, victory! O help me to praise him, help me to praise him!" He beheld the land that was not far off. When asked to take a little tea, to moisten his mouth, he replied, "No, no more; I am entering a land that flows with milk and honey." He was able to speak to the last, and the Lord made his bed all through his affliction. I had no intention of naming this little one at first; but it continued to come into my mind. Charlwood repeatedly spoke of him, and said he should soon be with him, and prayed that his last end might be like his.

Sunday and Monday he continued to suffer much pain. On Monday great darkness came over his mind, accompanied with horrible suggestions and temptations. He sank very, very low; all the Lord had wrought for him was taken from his sight, and he cried to God as a poor lost sinner again and again for mercy. He often repeated,

"All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Can I deem myself a child?"

The darkness of his mind was most distressing during Monday night; he was frequently bordering on despair, and exclaiming, "O God, am I deceived? Am I deceived? How awful if I am, and have deceived others!" Then he would cry, "O God, O God! How long, how long wilt thou forsake me?" His cries, and groans, and anguish of mind were so great that none of his family could bear to witness it. He continued to sink lower and lower till Wednesday, when all the powers of hell seemed to assault him. He wished another friend that was watching with me to take his razors from the drawer and put them away, for he was afraid of what the devil might tempt him to do. He then said, "Dear Lord, precious Jesus, suffer it not; let me not curse thy precious, precious name!" He frequently said he was afraid it would come out of his mouth; but he cried to God day and night to be delivered from the power of hell and destruction. In the afternoon some of the friends called; we told him they were there; he replied, "I had wished no one to see me; but let them come in." He cried to the Lord for help, and not to be allowed to dishonor him. When they were in the room, he said to one, "I am a poor vile wretch; pray to the Lord yet to grant me peace and a peaceful dismissal." He then turned to another, and said, "I have been trying to make two men believe I am deceived altogether; but see, they will not." Another replied, "You have your Father's house and many mansions." "Ah," he said,

“Mr. —, you were always for something settled; but now with me it's the same as the poet says,

‘Now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.’”

After this he was delivered from Satan's blasphemous suggestions, and frequently said, “Dear Lord, can I not say that I love thee? May I not say so, dear Lord? I am in great trouble; grant thy presence, and give thy poor child rest.” Then he repeated, “Father, Father, dear Father.”

On Wednesday night and Thursday his faith was much tried. Again he frequently cried for patience, and said, “O Lord, how long, how long, how long? Make no tarrying; come, and thy presence will give thy poor child rest.” I repeated a portion of scripture to him. He replied, with vehemence, “Are you my friend? Would you encourage thought-faith, thought-faith?” adding, “O how much of this there is when life and strength endure, which will never stand a trial or a dying hour! It's pure gold, well tried in the fire, we are counselled to buy; Christ in the heart, the hope of eternal life. This will do; this will do. Blessed God, come and own thy poor child.” He looked me in the face, and said, “I never before knew what Mr. Tiptaft meant by those oft-repeated words, ‘We are all born but not buried.’” Towards Thursday night he told Mrs. C. that these words, “The time of love will come,” had produced a calm in his mind. It was a calm indeed after a fiery test, such as I never heard of or witnessed. He slept at short intervals, which he had not done for many nights. When awake, he was enabled to claim God as his Father; and frequently addressed him, “Father, Father, dear Father; I wait thy peaceful dismissal; I long to see thy salvation. Thou didst tell me twenty years ago that underneath were arms of everlasting love. Yes,” he said, “they all died in faith;” and to my friend D., who had watched with me, he said, “My short distress he has judged enough. Shall I see him again? Yes, I shall; I hope I shall. My dear Father pardoned my sins, and formed his Son in my heart the hope of glory. O if he should say, ‘It is enough; come home, come home.’” He continued resting in God's faithfulness to the end.

The following day he told his medical attendants they could render him no more service. The pain he had been enduring was removed, and the change in body and mind was so great that he thought himself much better than he was. He insisted on our going home to get some rest; but, poor dear man, he was so shaken that he could get no rest to his body. His breathing was so distressing that he could not lie down. He continued about the same till the following Monday, when his breathing became most painful; it was one continuous gurgling noise. It was a little relieved during the night, and on Tuesday he felt much better, and wished to have his chair put in the verandah, that he might breathe the fresh air. He sat there for three hours and a half in the middle of the day, and during the time a clergyman called with book in hand. He first

apologised for not calling before to speak to him of his never-dying soul; and said many more things. Charlwood replied, "I have known God's love and mercy these twenty years, and I am resting in God's faithfulness, for he never alters his mind.

'Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end.'

He made no use of the book, and I thought he was very crest-fallen before the dying man. He said "death would be terrible now if he had not faith that would endure till it was changed to sight." Charlwood talked to me of many things while in the garden; nothing troubled him but life; he longed for death as a weary traveller for rest. He spoke of his death and burial, and things that would take place after he was departed. At half-past three he returned into the house, and said he felt no worse for being in the air. He became very uneasy towards night, and towards the usual bed-time he told Mrs. C. that I was to read Jacob's blessing on Joseph out of Gen. xlix.; then the family knelt down, and he sat in his chair, and prayed aloud, and blessed God for all the way by which he had led him from the womb to his second birth, and from thence to the grave. Then he wished the family to go to bed, whilst he and I sat alone. He occasionally spoke of a few little matters. About 1 o'clock in the morning he said, "James, my dear, I am dying, I think; can you stand the shock alone? I feel I am sinking." I felt his pulse; it was very low and intermittent. His hands dropped down, his head fell forward, and his voice became more faint. He said, "Call mother;" and we quite thought he was going; but in the course of an hour he rallied again, became as before, and asked for something to eat, and thanked God for his mercies. He continued about the same till Wednesday noon, when a parson called to see him, and commenced a world-wide story to a poor creature who for days before could not bear but a few words from those that he was bound in the closest ties with. I had gone home to sleep during the day, or else it certainly would have been prevented. He talked away to himself before the poor man as long as he could; then he abruptly turned himself about, without asking or being asked, and said, "We will have a bit of prayer;" so he continued what to me appeared one of the most heartless things possible, for they that were there turned and looked and looked again with uneasy wonder to know when he would have finished his mill-horse round; but on he went before a dying man, who was worn out, and his breathing indescribably difficult, or I believe he must have stopped him. He told me afterwards that it sounded to him like the incoherent mutterings of the dumb, and that he peeped and squinted every way but the right. It much distressed and excited him. O, my dear Sir, ought not such heartless persons, with their mimicry and fleshly zeal, to be kept from forcing themselves into the chamber of a dying saint? Their sympathy is no more like the spontaneous love, gentle tenderness, and compassion felt by the Lord's family at such times than hell is like heaven. Our poor departed friend had to be taken into the open air

for relief; he was taken in his carriage for several miles at a walking pace.

He felt during the night the same as on the previous one. He had not lain down for several nights past, but towards the morning he slept a little, which refreshed him. When he awoke, he said to friend D., "O, D., the Lord has shown me great things, and things so awful, so many, that I cannot tell you all now; but it is well with me; it is well with me." When Mrs. Charlwood came into the room he said, "Mother, the Lord has shown me terrible, dreadful things. I cannot tell you now; I shall never be able to tell you all." In the after part of the day he said, "The Lord revealed to me his dividing lines." I asked him, "In what manner?" He said, "I saw two lines drawn through the people, and they were separated; there were some who stood with heads erect and above the others; some that I knew that are gone, and others that remain. I saw the time arrive; they were brought down; they went down, and the pit closed over them." He said, "I saw more than I shall be able to tell you, but,

'Tis He from whence the victory came
Instead of us is seen.'

This solemn revelation made him very cheerful through the following day; and towards night he said, "I feel quite a change, and it is possible with the Lord to restore me again; but the body must die." He was afraid there would be a return of the severe pain he was relieved from some days before. He begged the Lord to continue his peace, and to grant him a peaceful deliverance. When night came we prevailed on him to lie down, as his breathing was much better, and he had not been able to do so for many nights past. We got him into bed, made on purpose in the parlor, about 10 o'clock. He lay in a raised posture, but could not sleep, on which he said he had reckoned without his host. He continued to converse occasionally through the night, and was more cheerful than I had seen him before for some time. He got out of bed and in again about 12 o'clock, without distressing himself, and again at a quarter past 1; he spoke firmly and cheerfully when he got out. But a few seconds after there was a great change in his voice. When back in bed again, we could hear his breathing was much shorter, but not difficult. I asked him if he felt any pain, when he cheerfully replied, "No, no; better, better, better; well, well, well; well now." After this, I was quietly intimating something to Mr. D. that I thought we had not done right, to which he replied, "I know all about it." Then he extended his hands and took one of each of ours, and pressed them to him, and said distinctly, "Two real—real—real friends—real friends." He never opened his eyes again, or moved, excepting his right hand. The last words we heard him speak distinctly, as his voice gradually left, were these, "Jesus—Jesus—what—what—care—over—Mary—Mag—da—Magdalene, and—and I." He continued to try and say something; and endeavored to make us understand with his right hand. He lay motionless a few seconds, then gradually lifted his right arm to its full

length and expanded his hand; then he brought it down on to the bed, and repeated it six times, and fell asleep at a quarter to 2 in the morning of April 27th, 1860.

Melbourne, May 17th, 1860.

J. GATEHOUSE.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from Page 163.)

ABANDONING for the present the thorny paths of controversy, in which, though sometimes compelled to tread them, we always walk with much reluctance, we now resume our "Meditations on the Sacred Humanity of our adorable Redeemer." If favored with that "anointing" from above which "teacheth of all things, and is truth, and is no lie," dropping into our heart and from our pen, our "meditation of him will be sweet" to both writer and reader. And indeed, if in any part of our Meditations on this sacred subject we especially need the unction of his grace to lead us into the truth, to endue us with the spirit of faith so as to receive into a believing heart what the Holy Ghost has revealed in the inspired word, to be kept from unhallowed, presumptuous speculation, whilst treading such sacred ground, and to unfold with any measure of holy and heavenly wisdom the mysteries of the kingdom of grace and glory of our risen and ascended Lord, it is now, when we approach that part of our subject where we have to contemplate him as seated at the right hand of the Father. We have seen him rising from the dead and ascending up on high, and our last view of him in these "Meditations" was his triumphant entry into the courts of heaven, or, as the Holy Ghost expresses it, "received up into glory." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) The subject, then, of our present meditation will be a view by faith of what Jesus now is at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

But before we enter upon this most blessed theme, as the proposed subject of our Meditations was "The Sacred Humanity of our adorable Redeemer," it may not be out of place to cast a glance at this sacred humanity in its present exalted state of majesty and glory.

The exaltation of human nature, (what the scripture calls "the flesh and blood of the children," (Heb. ii. 14,) meaning thereby the whole of our Lumanity, body and soul,) as a necessary but most blessed consequence of its intimate and indissoluble union with the divine Person of the Son of God, is the greatest display of the wisdom, love, and grace of a Triune Jehovah that could be afforded to men or angels. In our present time-state, whilst groaning in our earthly house of this tabernacle, surrounded by evils innumerable without, and burdened with a body of sin and death within, we can only apprehend and realise by faith what our nature now is in union with the Person of the Son of God, and what it hereafter will be in that great day when he shall come "to be glorified in his saints and to be admired in all them that believe;" when he "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things

unto himself." (Phil. iii. 21.) Viewed, however, by mortal eyes, as an object of existing sight and sense, human nature can now only be seen in its debased, degraded condition. The original beauty and glory of man, as made in God's image, after his own likeness, were utterly lost in the Adam fall. Sin has marred body and soul, filling the former with disease and pain, and the latter with pollution and corruption. Of this we have daily experience, not only in its most pressing and painful form as the poison in our own body and soul, often making us groan, being burdened, as regards ourselves, but as witnessing also with grief the pain and misery of others by which we are surrounded, and seeing spread before our eyes the vile abominations which run down our streets like water. But this is not all. Though even of this world's present misery and sin but an infinitely small fraction has pressed on our heart or entered our eyes or ears, we have not seen, and God grant we never may see, how human nature thoroughly let loose can both sin and suffer. What sins it is capable of we feel in ourselves, for in our own hearts lie deeply imbedded and struggling for life and growth the vital seeds of every foul and damnable crime; what it has done, and is ever greedily, exultingly, remorselessly doing in others, abandoned to its lusts, we see or read in daily act. Not to speak of such scenes as the courtyard and well of Cawnpore or the late massacres in Syria, even in this civilised land what foul crimes are continually surging up to view, as if from a bottomless deep, where sin is ever seething and boiling as in a flaming cauldron. But in this present life human nature is no more what it will be hereafter in the unregenerate, than what it will be hereafter in the regenerate. Its future capacity for sin is no more known by the iniquities which it now throws up into open view than the depths of the sea by the seaweed cast upon the shore. Take all the depths unfathomed, unfathomable, of your own heart, or look at the vilest wretch whom sins of every shape and name have debased to the lowest pitch, say a Norfolk Island convict, or Australian bushranger, steeped to the neck in blood and crime, so sworn a foe of all laws, human and divine, that, if to be taken in no other way, he must be shot down like a wild beast for the security of the lives of the community; when you have probed the depths of your own heart, or painted in your own imagination the blackest wretch that the hulks have ever held, or vomited forth on a penal colony, you have not then seen or imagined in your mind the millionth part of what human nature really is as sunk and debased by the Adam fall. The very present constitution of the human body, the limited powers of the mind, the laws of society, the restraints of God's providence, and a thousand other visible or invisible checks, now keep human nature shut up in itself, as a wild beast in an iron cage. Nor will earth ever witness the full outburst of the fury of sin as blazing forth in the body and soul of man to its utmost height. Hell, and hell alone will fully manifest, as hell, and hell alone will fully develop human nature as burning with the most intense and unquenchable enmity and blasphemy against God and the Lamb.

But take the converse. We have taken a glimpse at human nature debased and degraded, polluted by sin and set on fire of hell. Now view human nature pure and holy, unspotted, unfallen, and especially look at it as exalted above angels, principalities, and powers in the glorious Person of Immanuel, God with us. There we see humanity in intimate personal and indissoluble union with Deity. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God in suffering man, made after his own image, to sink so low, and in the Person of his dear Son to exalt it so high—that the same nature should be in hell and in heaven; in hell, outvieing devils in blasphemy—in heaven, in union with Deity. It is at human nature thus exalted that we would now chiefly look; and if we have thus briefly touched upon man as debased and degraded by sin, we have thrown in these gloomy colors merely by way of contrast. As in a picture the dark shades set off and more clearly bring out the bright lights, so the very degradation of human nature by sin and its miserable consequences only more clearly brings out into open view the stupendous grace displayed in its glorious exaltation in the Person of the Son of God.

These thoughts, though at first sight perhaps somewhat discursive and foreign to our subject, may, with God's blessing, prepare our minds to approach that portion of our heavenly theme on which we now attempt to enter.

We have, in our past Meditations, beheld the blessed Lord ascend up on high, and have by faith traced his course up to the very gates of heaven; we have seen his angelic convoy, viewed his dismayed foes, and heard the shouts of exultation from the heavenly host which welcomed him home. We have now, then, to consider, 1, *the place* to which he thus triumphantly ascended, and, 2, *the end and object* of his triumphant entry there.

1. The *place* into which he ascended is heaven, by which we mean the immediate residence of God in all his majesty and glory. The blessed Lord is said (Heb. iv. 14) to have "passed into," or rather, as the word literally means, "*through* the heavens," *i.e.*, the material heavens, both the watery heavens, (Gen. vii. 11; Deut. xxviii. 12; Job xxxviii. 29, 37,) and the starry heavens; (Ps. viii. 3; xix. 1;) and to be "made higher" than they, that is, not only actually but locally. (Heb. vii. 26.) It is, then, into "the heaven of heavens," (Ps. cxlviii. 4,) or "the third heaven," (2 Cor. xii. 2,) that the Lord ascended when he went up on high. He is therefore said to be "set on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens." (Heb. viii. 1.) We pointed out, in our May No. the two chief ends for which the blessed Lord entered into the immediate presence of God, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. 1. That he might there *reign and rule* as God's Vice-gerent, in other words, as Zion's *enthroned King*; 2. As the *great High Priest* over the house of God.

It is to the *first* point that we shall chiefly direct our present thoughts, reserving our meditations upon him as Zion's risen and exalted High Priest to a future paper.

1. Just before the blessed Lord ascended up on high he "came and spake" unto his eleven disciples: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) Previous to his resurrection his was a state of humiliation and suffering, for "he was made a little lower than the angels;" (Heb. ii. 9;) "humbled himself, and became obedient unto death;" (Phil. ii. 8;) was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" (Isa. liii. 3;) yea, "a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people." (Ps. xxii. 6.) But when he rose from the dead, his humiliation was past, and his glory began, as Peter speaks, "Who by him do believe in God who raised him from the dead and gave him glory." (1 Pet. i. 21.) Thus his resurrection was the commencement of his Mediatorial reign, and his ascension and going up into heaven was the entering into possession of it, as he himself said to the two disciples, when journeying with them to Emmaus: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" (Luke xxiv. 26.) When, then, he entered into glory, he took possession of the throne of David, according to the promise made of him unto the Virgin Mary: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke i. 32, 33.) He was then "called the Son of the Highest," *i. e.*, openly proclaimed as the Son of God, at and by his resurrection, for he was then "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead;" (Rom. i. 4;) and when he went up on high, and was set "at God's right hand in the heavenly places," (Ps. xlvii. 4; lxviii. 18; Eph. i. 20,) he "received the kingdom," as he intimated in the parable of the nobleman and his ten servants: "He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." (Luke xix. 12.) The "far country" is heaven; the "kingdom" received is his present mediatorial reign; and his returning is his second coming. He received the kingdom not only as a kingdom of grace and glory, but as a kingdom of authority and power. All things were then put under his feet, and all power given him in heaven and earth. The universal power, the spiritual nature, and the eternal duration of this kingdom are no less clearly than beautifully unfolded in Ps. lxxii.: "He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust. For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed." And that this exaltation to the right

hand of God is for the good of his people, and that he might be the spiritual, ever-living Head of his church, is blessedly unfolded by the apostle where, speaking of Christ's resurrection, he says that God "raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 20-23.) Men have unhappily thrown discredit upon this most blessed doctrine of the kingship of Christ, which, as revealed in the scriptures, is full of sweet consolation to the exercised family of God, by carnalising it into an earthly millenium. No doubt there are glories in this sovereign rule of Jesus to be one day more fully manifested, but it is proposed to our faith all through the New Testament as an object of our present spiritual experience; for as Zion's enthroned King he is the Head of his body the church, and as such supplies her out of his own inexhaustible fulness. He died that we might never die. To him, as raised from the dead, we are married that we might "bring forth fruit unto God." (Rom. vii. 4.) "Because he lives we shall live also." (John xiv. 19.) To him, as our enthroned King, we give the allegiance of our hearts; before his feet, as our rightful Sovereign, we humbly lie; and we beg of him, as possessed of all power, to subdue our iniquities, subdue our rebellious lusts, and sway his peaceful sceptre over every faculty of our soul. That he should thus reign and rule, and that over all flesh, (Matt. xxviii. 18; John xvii. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 25, 26; Heb. ii. 8,) was the promise made unto him in Ps. ii., the subject of which is the exaltation of the Son of God as the anointed King of Zion. This exaltation of the Son of God in our nature made "the heathen rage, and the people [*i.e.*, the Jewish people] imagine a vain thing," which was, that by their rebellion and disobedience they could "break the bands asunder, and cast away the cords" in which they were bound by God's firm decree, when he said, "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." This exaltation of the Son of God in our nature, as of the seed of David, Peter preached in that Pentecostal sermon which the Holy Ghost so inspired and so honored: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses; therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear; for David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." (Acts ii. 32-36.) Jesus is here declared to be made by the Father "both Lord and Christ," that is, King and Priest—"Lord," as invested with sovereign and supreme dominion, "Christ," as the anointed High Priest over the house of God. This exaltation of the Lord Jesus was given him as a reward for his incarnation, humiliation, and suffering obedience, as

the apostle so beautifully speaks, "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore, God hath also highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 8-11.)

This exaltation wherewith God hath so "highly exalted him," is to his own right hand; and "the name which he hath given him, which is above every name," is that of "Lord," that in our nature as God-man he might rule and reign, and exercise supreme dominion and sovereign authority over things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. The mystery of grace and glory contained in and made manifest by this exaltation of the Son of God is not that he reigns and rules as one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for this he did as one with them in essence, power, and glory before the foundation of the world; but that he reigns and rules as God-man—as the Son of God and yet the Son of man, as David's Lord and yet as David's Son. (See the following scriptures: Matt. xxii. 42-45; John x. 26, 27; Acts vii. 55, 56; Rom. i. 3, 4; xiv. 9; Eph. i. 20-23; Heb. ii. 9.) This exaltation of Jesus to the throne of glory was typified by the glorious throne which Solomon made for himself, and on which he sat in royal state: "Moreover the king made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold. The throne had six steps, and the top of the throne was round behind; and there were stays on either side on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays. And twelve lions stood there, on the one side and on the other upon the six steps. There was not the like made in any kingdom." (1 Ki. x. 18-20.) It was "a great throne," to show the greatness of his power and dominion; made of "ivory," to denote purity and perfection; and "overlaid with the best gold," to signify value and preciousness. It had "six steps," to denote elevation; and "the top was round behind," to signify that past and present were alike open to view, that there was no escaping the sight and power of him who sat on it, for the throne being round, he could turn his eyes and hands in all directions.* There were "stays on either side on the place of the seat," to signify the firmness of the throne; and the two lions beside the stays and the twelve lions on the six steps denoted the power and authority of him who sat thereon, for he is the Lion of Judah. (Rev. v. 5; Gen. xlix. 9.)

This aspect of the exaltation of the Lord Jesus as the enthroned King of Zion is a blessed subject of meditation when we consider its bearing upon the helpless, defenceless, condition of the church of God. She stands surrounded by foes, internal, external, infernal; and all armed against her with deadly enmity. "Behold, I send you forth," said the blessed Lord, "as sheep among wolves." (Matt. x. 16.) What would have become of the flock, especially in those early times, when persecution so raged on every side, unless the

Lord Jesus, at the right hand of the Father, had guarded the fold? Never could the church have more loudly sung the song of preserving power: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say, if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul." (Ps. cxxiv. 1-5.) And even now, when the strong arm of the law protects them from external violence, what would become of the saints of God had they no sovereign Protector, who, in their nature, as their Head and Husband, rules and reigns on their behalf in the courts of heaven? We are encompassed with foes; for "we wrestle" not only "against flesh and blood"—strong in others, but far more strong and subtle in ourselves, but "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Eph. vi. 12.) What hope or help, then, can we have but in that all-seeing eye, which sees; that all-sympathising heart, which feels; that all-powerful hand, which delivers the objects of his love from all the snares and wiles, and defeats all the plans and projects of these mighty, implacable foes?

As our enthroned King, also, Jesus is the especial object of our faith. We daily and hourly feel the workings of mighty sins, raging lusts, powerful temptations, besetting evils, against the least and feeblest of which we have no strength. But as the eye of faith views our blessed Lord at the right hand of the Father, we are led by the power of his grace to look unto him, hang upon him, and seek help out of him. Trials in providence, afflictions in the family, sickness and infirmities in the tabernacle, crooked things in the church, opposition and persecution from the world, a vile, unbelieving heart, which we can neither sanctify nor subdue, a rough and rugged path, increasing in difficulty as we journey onward, doubts, fears, and misgivings in our own bosom, inward slips and falls, wanderings, startings aside, and hourly backslidings from the strait and narrow path, jealous enemies watching for our halting, with no eye to pity, nor arm to help, but the Lord's—how all these foes and fears make us feel our need of an enthroned King, Head, and Husband, whose tender heart is soft to pity, whose mighty arm is strong to relieve!

It is good also to bear in mind that Jesus, as Zion's exalted King, has received "gifts for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them." This Peter puts prominently forward in that sermon which he preached on the memorable day of Pentecost. "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear. (Acts. ii. 33.) It was as our enthroned King that he received and shed forth the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, the promised Comforter. The same blessed truth is asserted and unfolded by the apostle Paul, Eph. iv.: "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended

is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." (Eph. iv. 8-10.) The apostle is here alluding to the prophetic declaration in Ps. lxxviii. 18. One expression in this declaration is very sweet and beautiful, according to the marginal rendering, "Thou hast received gifts for men" is in the margin, "in the man," *i. e.*, in his human nature, in which he is exalted as our anointed King. The gift of the Comforter was, so to speak, dependent on the resurrection, ascension, and exaltation of Jesus. "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." (John xvi. 7.) Thus he is said to send the Comforter, (John xv. 26,) which he only does by virtue of his exaltation and glorification at the right hand of God, as holy John speaks: "But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." (John vii. 36.) No heart can conceive or tongue describe the blessedness of this gift—the gift of the Comforter. How effectual his teachings! how divine his operations! how heavenly his influences! how sacred his anointings! how sweet his consolations, and yet how deep his convictions! how earnest his cries! how fervent his breathings! how unutterable his groanings! What could we know, or feel, or be, or have, or do; what could we think or say; how could we believe, or hope, or love; repent, or watch, or pray; submit, or suffer; preach, or hear, or write; how could we live; and, above all, and last of all, how could we die, without this holy and blessed Comforter?

But were Jesus not exalted as Zion's King, this shedding forth of the gifts and graces of the Blessed Spirit could not and would not be. It is because God "hath given him power over all flesh, that he gives eternal life to as many as God has given him." This "eternal life" is spiritual life; for its very being and blessedness is that they to whom he imparts it "may know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." (John xvii. 2, 3.) But this life, and this saving knowledge of the Father and of the Son, are given by the Spirit, whom Jesus sends, and who glorifies him by coming to testify of him; for he receives of Christ's and shows it to his people. (John xvi. 14.)

Thus, as Jesus is exalted to the right hand of the Father, he becomes a gracious and glorious head of influence to the mystical members of his body. This was prophesied of him under the figure of Eliakim, the son of Hilkiab, "And it shall come to pass in that day that I will call my servant Eliakim, the son of Hilkiab; and I will clothe him with thy robe, and strengthen him with thy girdle; and I will commit thy government into his hand; and he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem and to the house of Judah. And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open. And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place; and he shall be for a glorious throne to his father's house." (Isa. xxii. 20-23.) The Lord, therefore, who appeared in so glorious a manner to John, (Rev. i.,) as the exalted Head of the church, (for though he was still

the Son of man, (Rev. i. 13,) his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength; and though he was once dead yet he liveth and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of hell and death,) and said of himself, in his message to the church at Philadelphia, "And to the angel of the church at Philadelphia write, These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." It were good for us to be looking up to the blessed Lord as our enthroned King—not only that he might sway his sceptre over our hearts, controlling our rebellious wills, and subduing us to his gentle might, but as Lord over all our enemies, external, internal, infernal.

But pressure of time and space compels us to defer any further thought on this subject to a future No.

It is a blessed privilege to enjoy the means of grace; to read the gospel, the word of salvation, and to live in a Christian country, where we have repeated opportunities of hearing the gospel preached; to be told that divine mercy has appointed an all-sufficient Saviour to be the Daysman and Mediator between a holy God and his offending creatures; that, accordingly, Christ is the Redeemer of those that trust in him; that they are clothed with his righteousness, washed from their sins by his blood-shedding, and created anew unto holiness and good works, by that Almighty Spirit of Grace, whose influence is the fruit of, and was merited by, the atonement of the cross; that such shall be preserved and led safe to the enjoyment of life eternal, and reign in heaven with him who died on earth for them; I say, it is a privilege to be informed of these things; because, hearing is the means God often uses to produce faith in the soul. But, alas, the mere outward perception of the gospel report will conduce but little to our well-being, unless divine grace opens the avenues of the heart; gives us to see with the eye of faith, as well as to hear with the hearing of the ear; and produces in us that abhorrence of self, and that repentance unto life, which causes the soul to discern the unsearchable riches of Christ's redemption, to rest on him for pardon and salvation, and to aim at the imitation of him in holiness of heart and pureness of living.—*Toplady*.

THE way that God has prepared for the saving of sinners is a fruit and product of infinite wisdom, and powerfully efficacious unto its end. As such it is to be received, or rejected. It is not enough that we admit of the notions of it as declared, unless we are sensible of divine wisdom and power in it, so as that it may be safely trusted unto. Hereon upon the proposal of it, falls out the eternally distinguishing difference among men. Some look upon it and embrace it as the power and wisdom of God; others really reject it as a thing foolish and weak, not meet to be trusted unto; hereof the apostle gives an account at large; (1 Cor. i. 18, 24;) and this is mysterious in religion; the same divine truth is, by the same way and means, at the same time proposed unto sundry persons, all in the same condition, under the same circumstances, all equally concerned in that which is proposed therein; others despise it, reject it, value it not, trust not unto it. To the one it is the "wisdom of God and the power of God;" to the other, "weakness and foolishness;" as it must of necessity be one or the other, it is not capable of a middle state or consideration. It is not a good way, unless it be the only way; it is not a safe, it is not the best way, if there be any other; for it is eternally inconsistent with any other. It is the wisdom of God, or it is downright folly.—*Owen*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1860.

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

EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE HENRY YOUNG.

I was born March 12th, 1777, at Bury, near Petworth, Sussex. My parents were industrious, and brought me up to the Established Church. When a child I was conscious of many evils, such as Sabbath-breaking, and many others. About the age of 13 I was put apprentice, where I ran to great lengths in sin, too shameful to mention; and hundreds of times did I promise to live better for the future, to leave all my companions, and live a godly life; but instead of getting better, I ran from bad to worse, and I am sure it will always be the case with the flesh. After a time I was as one arrested as a great debtor, and brought in guilty before God. "Do and live" was my labor from day to day, yet crying for mercy. But corruptions would rise up so powerfully within that I was almost driven to despair; so that I have jumped up from my seat, run to my secret room or some lonesome road, bemoaning my sad state. Sometimes I made a sort of covenant that I would live better, and felt a sort of pleasure in thinking I should keep it, but I was sure to fall ten times worse. When I went to church I was condemned, and could not look up, groaning out my complaints. Such language as, "God be merciful" was very suitable to my feelings; I could heartily say it after the parson; but in anything like praise or thanksgiving I dared not join with the multitude; no, my case was singular, and for conscience' sake I was forced to leave all my companions, who called me over-righteous. But O what a mistake! I felt myself one of the vilest wretches under the sun; I felt myself a lost man, as I could not get better. All hopes of being better were gone, yet I still tried to establish a righteousness of my own, not submitting to the righteousness of Christ; indeed, I never heard of such a thing! and no wonder, only hearing a poor blind guide in the Established Church.

As I felt myself so ignorant as to how a sinner could be saved from the wrath of God, I thought I would purchase a new Bible with the best explanations; but as I knew no one who went to church at all acquainted with Bibles, it became a trial to me to know whom to ask for advice; but I heard of a poor shoemaker that was called a very wise man, only he was called a Methodist, a name I hated;

and I thought I should be in danger of the same if I spoke to him; but necessity compelled me to speak to him, and he was much pleased in giving me encouragement, holding forth the promises, &c. He recommended me to get Matthew Henry's Bible as the best, and told me it would cost £10; but no money would stop me so that I could get that knowledge how I could be saved; so I took the Bible in in numbers weekly, and to work I went early and late, till my faculties got so impaired by study that I thought I should lose my senses. Our new teacher would have me visit him every Sunday to instruct me; and many a time have I left that man fully believing I should keep the next week holy. But O what a mistake! for after vowing and promising to God with that light, deceiving spirit, what temptations would follow me! so that all my building would be swept away, it having no foundation but sand. The worst of all was, I felt something that loved sin. O how that would condemn me, that little word, "Love to sin." If I lived two days without temptation, I thought then I should hold on.

After many ups and downs for months, sometimes in despair, then again in hope that I should attain to the perfection I was seeking for, I got married; and as my dear wife was a seeker of good things as well as myself, I thought I should live as I wished. Both of us were decided freewillers; for our new teacher had so poisoned our minds against the doctrine of election that I thought I could fight for freewill till I was dead.

Soon after I was married, a friend advised me to open a business at Newhaven, saying, "I think there is a living for you there; and my father lives within a mile, where you will find a home;" so I went with him to look at the place, and took a room at 3s. per week; and to my joy I saw a chapel which I thought would be a home for us. After I returned, I went to my brother, and found I could be supplied with money; but in a few days, when I had spent my own money, I received a letter from him saying he was disappointed, for all my friends had heard that I was turned a Methodist, and on that account they could not help me. Now came a fresh trial, as I had spent my money on necessaries for business, and my rent was going on at Newhaven. But another letter came, desiring me to be at my brother's on such a day. The day came. I had five miles to walk. I bemoaned my situation and reasoned about my religion till I was at my wits' end. I could hardly walk, for my knees smote together. Sometimes I would ask myself, "Is the Church right? I know not; but this I know, I am wrong." O how this made me sweat and tremble, so keenly did I feel my lost and condemned state. When I came to my brother's I found three rich gentlemen with him, and they soon began to throw out hints about religion. Being only a condemned man, and very ignorant, they took advantage of me, till grief was seen in my countenance. At last I ran out of the house, weeping like a child, and filled with self-pity. Shortly afterwards my brother came out, desiring me not to fret, for the gentlemen had sent him to say that if I would go to church I should not want for money, if it was £1,000. But conscience would not let me yield,

although my wants craved it. He still urged me; but I refused, saying, "I cannot, I dare not." He reasoned with me, saying, I might have a large family. Then nature began to work, and I said, against my conscience, "I don't care where I go," and in a moment I was like a distracted man. I bade my brother good bye, jumped over a hedge, and ran away to groan and mourn out my troubles to an unknown God. But I now believe the Blessed Spirit helps such poor ignorant creatures; and hears and answers such, for in a few days I went to see my brother again, and he advised me to go to a gentleman, saying, "Tell him I will be bound for £50." So I went and stated my case. The gentleman said I should have it on such a day; but he soon heard I was turned a Methodist, and went and told my brother that if he was bound for me I should ruin him. My brother replied, "I have passed my word." "And so have I," the gentleman said; "so for my word's sake he shall have it." So I received it on the day appointed, on the condition that I returned it very soon. I took it with trembling hand, for fear I should not be able to pay.

By this means I commenced my little business at Newhaven; but work was very slack, hardly a farmer would promise me his work. My poor wife soon became afflicted; and my mind was racked lest I should not be able to pay my friends; I had other debts beside, and no bills to collect. I well remember one day I and my poor wife sat weeping together like two babes, and who should come in but my old friend Mr. E., a godly man. We soon began to tell him all about our difficulties. He said, "Don't grieve, for I heard a man say yesterday that you should have whatever you needed;" and added, "You go to my father to-morrow, and don't make your case any better than it is." So I went the next morning, wondering what all this could mean. When I got to the place, I found the gentleman and his wife walking in the front of the house, and when he saw me his first salutation was, "What wanteth Mr. Young?" I felt a little confused, and said, "Sir, I stand in need of money." He then said, "How much; one, two, three, four, or five hundred pounds?" I replied, "Sir, you astonish me; if I had £40 or £50 it would be sufficient." He said, "Go and fetch it, dame;" and away went the good woman with all the pleasure imaginable, and brought me the £50; and they both said, "When that is gone, come again." I knew not how to be thankful enough; and off I went, blessing and thanking that God who I began to believe had heard and answered our cries.

At this time I and my wife were both seeking souls, though with much legality, being armed with free-will tenets, and having a great zeal for God, or to do good to our fellow-creatures. Nay, I felt I could spend my life in this pleasing work, if I could but see the good effects. But, alas! how far a man may go I know not, when the word of truth says he may cast out devils and do many wonderful works. But with all our supposed good works I found such a devilish nature within that do what I would, sin would plague me, and

to such a degree that I thought it would be my destruction. I still labored to refrain from sinning, but could not.

After travelling some time in this way, I found myself in such a wilderness that I knew not what to do; my puny arm could not stand against one temptation, and my dear wife was much the same. Often she would say, when returning from hearing, "I know not what is the matter, but it seems to me that our minister skims over the top, and cannot dive into the word. I cannot hear anything that I want." I often chided her, laying the blame upon her, at the same time half convicted myself.

About this time a man came to my door with two books for sale; one was Mr. Jenkins's letter to Mr. Williams, the other was called, "The Innocent Game for Babes in Grace," by Mr. Huntington. Now we were cautioned never to hear these gentlemen or to read their works. All manner of evil names were heaped upon them by minister and people where we attended; they even said Mr. J. was so covetous that we must pay a shilling to hear him; so that I was very short to the man; but I agreed to have the books. I took Mr. Jenkins's to read, and my wife "The Innocent Game." After a while my dear wife looked up, saying, "Why, it seems as if scales had fallen from my eyes; I never saw such a book as this in my life; we must go and hear Mr. Jenkins." When I began to read I found my mind armed with enmity against Mr. J.; but as I read on my spirit fell, and my conscience witnessed to the truth of it—but love it I could not. The next Sunday, I and mine, with a friend, agreed to go to hear Mr. J.; and lest the report should be true we each took our shilling. But when we got to the chapel we were received with a smile. Now, when Mr. J. came into the pulpit, he being very corpulent, my heart was closed with hard thoughts, remembering the evil hearsays that he was a glutton. But when he began to pray I was astonished, for he prayed for just such characters as we felt ourselves to be; and in his sermon he was led out of his usual way, as if directed to us three, saying, "What is the matter? Are you starved out? Why," said he, "you have passed by churches and chapels, coming many miles. Are you lost? are you bewildered? is there no way?" We looked at each other, and my spirit blessed God. He described us to be the very characters to whom the Lord sent his servants to preach peace. It seemed as if some one must have told him about us, but we knew that no one knew us there, and we rejoiced to find there was hope for such poor sinful beings. We fain would have fed on husks, but no man gave unto us; and no wonder, for that spark of life must be fed with living bread; so we began to reason on our way home, until we did not know our right hand from our left.

The next Sunday I went to our old chapel, but my wife stayed at home. I felt such a difference after hearing Mr. Jenkins as I cannot describe; it was the ministration of death to me. My dear wife was agonising with God to be led aright, and she opened a book of Mr. Huntington's that a friend had lent us, and the first words she saw

were, "This is the way, walk ye in it," &c.; and as she read, Mr. H. so described the way that she received it, and soon began to tell me how she had been led. Never after did she or I go back again, although I lamented that what we were seeking for could not be found at Newhaven, for it was with difficulty we could get to Lewes. But the blessed Spirit would so witness with our spirit, that it was the truth, and Mr. J. would so tell us the very thoughts of our hearts, pointing out the very trials of the past week, that whilst under the word hope would grow. When in this state of weakness, the old professors we had left would try to stop us from going to hear Mr. J., saying, "Where is the difference?" but we could not tell them, only advised them to go and hear for themselves. Yet their reasoning and my legal spirit did so trouble me that I would sooner meet any one than a false professor; for one in particular, would meet me on the road on a Sunday morning, as I was going to Lewes, and would argue with me till I have been at my wits' end. This man could pray by the hour, whilst I was groaning out my complaints without words; he would talk about his religion, whilst I was a dumb man; he could work for life, whilst I was mourning my short comings; he could take the lead of class meetings, whilst I was seeking one to lead me, and in such a state of weakness, crying, "Lord, keep me, lead me, teach me the right way." But Mr. J. would so clearly describe the difference between a false professor and a poor tried man, who was forced to beg his way, that I would not change with those that I had so envied on the account of their gifts and abilities. After we had been to hear Mr. J. about twelve months, myself, with my wife and friend, all fell into the Slough of Despond together; we now all concluded we were greater fools than ever; in fact, we were learning more of our wretched state by nature. But a short time after came a heavy trial; my wife was delivered of her second child, which was supposed to have life, and my wife was as well as could be expected; but in the night, feeling uneasy about the babe, she called the nurse; but, alas! the child was dead. Then the enemy came in like a flood that she had murdered her child, and the best thing that she could do was, to murder herself. Murder, murder, would follow her so powerfully, till she felt she was lost without a glimpse of hope, and keen temptations to curse God came like wave upon wave. Yet she cried continually, "Lord, keep me! bless God!" It was a conflict indeed. One night she desired me to take away her penknife; then I perceived the temptation, and most alarming thoughts came into my mind. But after the knife was taken away, came another temptation, which would so drive her to cry unto the Lord,—to describe the battle would be a tragedy indeed,—crying, "Bless God! bless God!" to prevent the oaths and cursings from escaping the door of her lips. After about three weeks in this fiery trial the scene was changed; Psalm cvii. was so sweetly applied to her soul, it so exactly described her path, as she could follow those that did business in deep waters, and reeling to and fro, till they were at their wits' end; then of their crying unto the Lord in their distress; of the Lord delivering them out of their

distresses; and how feelingly she could follow them in their praise and thanksgiving. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." But I cannot pen a thousandth part of the goodness of the Lord manifested towards her all that time. The next Sabbath I left her rejoicing, as I went to hear. Blessing and praising God was my sweet employment for the above mercies to my dear wife; and with such nearness as a man communes with his friend. As my wife and I had mourned together, so we rejoiced together; but after came the inquiry. "But Lord, am I a partaker of thy love?" and just as I passed Rodmill, I turned myself round, and finding no one near, I cried with a loud voice, "Hast thou but one blessing, O my Father? Bless me, even me also, O my Father!" and the scene was changed.

But to return. After my dear wife got better, she could look back on all the way the Lord had led her, and said, never more could she doubt of his love. Whilst the dew lay on her branch, her language was savoury; but when that was gone, there was the sound speech still, but not the life and power as before. We often told her she would lose this, and go back again, but she would not believe it; but after a while, Mr. Jenkins took for his text, "Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it." (Prov. xxv. 16.) As soon as I heard the last clause, I felt sure it would come home to my dear wife; I found her tremble as she sat on the seat. The dear man set forth that the honey and the eating more than was sufficient, was to be known by its effects; that it was by a sound speech without the dew of the Spirit, consequently unsavoury, which, if not cast forth, would bring the soul into a dead confidence, resembling a hardened professor. When we got out of the chapel, I think I never witnessed such a scene of misery; she wept like a child, crying, "Lost for ever!" All my trying to comfort her was in vain; for I heard her many times say afterward, that God put her behind. There she was kept; but, highly favored woman, to be put to the lowest seat, only till Christ says, "Come up higher." Oh, what an unspeakable mercy to be poor, blind, and naked, sensibly so; these are God's special blessings, not common. This keeps a man sensible of his fallen condition, and turns him to a pure language, makes him little in his own eyes, and is the forerunner of right thoughts of God. Of this the Blessed Spirit takes endearing advantage, directing the soul to Christ; applying the precious promise, so that he worships God in Christ; and the dead hear the voice of the Son of God, and live to die no more.

But to return to things in providence. The before-mentioned friend that had lent me £50 died, and I had from time to time run it up to £90, as I took to selling leather; and my brother, when he found I had got a friend, lent me £100. Thus my wants were well supplied; but continued afflictions followed my wife, so that I had very heavy expenses; seldom without doctor and nurses, so that I had a continual ballast and but little work. After hearing of my friend's death, we were racked with the apprehension of the £90 being called in, and I had no one to look to, being a stranger to the gentlemen around. I heard nothing for some months, which was

like a lingering death to us. At last an order came for me to meet the family on such a day. I had a mile to walk, but my poor mind was groaning out its troubles to the Almighty. When I arrived at the house, I was ordered in before the family, but although I was treated as a friend, my countenance was sad. After a while the mother addressed me, saying, "Mr. Young, as all my children are settled in life, except one, she will become your creditor, and as the £90 is odd money, she will lend you another £10, which will make the £100." As she told this news, I had hard work to keep from bursting forth in praise with my voice before them all; I knew not how to thank them enough, and as soon as possible I left them, with a heart full of gratitude to God and man, and I and mine rejoiced together. We had no particular trial in providence after this for two or three years, when I received a letter from a gentleman in Surrey, saying, "That in consequence of his marriage to Miss Mary E., he found I was indebted to him £100, and that the money was wanted at such a time." Then came fresh labor, for all my friends had turned their backs, and where to find one I knew not; but the preached word under Mr. Jenkins was so dear unto us, more than all the world beside, that we felt willing to give up all, if I could but get employment at Lewes. So I wrote to the gentleman to that effect; and that it need not hurt his feelings to come and take all, for I and mine were quite resigned to give up all to the creditors. I received an answer as kind as from a brother, saying, "He would do no such thing," but gave longer time; and after that another, giving a little longer time; then another, stating he could wait no longer than the given time. Now all hopes were gone, and we were at our wits' end.

One day as I sat at work, I found a strong cry unto the Lord to appear. Work I could not. I ran up stairs, and begged of the Lord to direct me, and I thought of a gentleman in the place. I said, "Now Lord, I am going before a gentleman that is a stranger, but, if it is thy will, give me favor before the man;" so with this weapon I went trembling to the house. The gentleman came to the door. I stated my circumstances, that I had commenced in business, but must now give it all up, except he could help me. The gentleman turned pale, and turned his back to me, whilst my heart ascended to God. Then, turning again to me, he said, "Go to Mr. E. He has plenty of money." I said, "Sir, if you cannot help me, I can go to none else; so I must give up." He turned himself again, whilst my spirit ascended. He then asked me when I wanted it? I told him, on such a day. He replied, "You shall have it." I thanked him, and returned to my wife, who knew nothing of it, to tell her all the circumstances, and we both had such a feast, seeing the hand of God and glorifying his precious name. On the back of this came afflictions after afflictions. My poor wife, in addition to other afflictions, had had eight dead children, and expecting death every time; and afterwards seven living ones obliged us to keep a servant for fourteen years. With this and the doctor's bills continually, I could not get forward in the world; but in a wonderful way have I been supported. One keen

trial I must not omit. In the autumn of the year, having two sickly children, and one at the breast besides, they both suddenly lost the use of their legs. Their rheumatic pains were so keen that their cries were heard all over the house, and my dear wife so weak that she could not sit upright in her chair, with a babe besides. Now came trouble indeed; my work became burdensome. To see my wife's weakness and to hear their cries, was heart-rending indeed; and what was worse, such a body of sin and death within, rising in rebellion against God, viewing my heavy expenses, and knowing I was so behind in the world. Despair worked with hardness of heart, and a carelessness sometimes as to what became of me. But one Sabbath morning I left my wife and sweet babes whilst I went to hear the word. The first mile I walked, no devil could, I think, be worse; every thing my eyes saw, I hated their tranquillity; the beasts, the birds, and every thing that I saw happier than myself. I thought no devil in hell could be worse. When I came to a stile, I sat down on it to rest, with all the above working most powerfully in my heart, till I wished I might fall down and break my neck. At this time I was surrounded with the singing of birds, and just as the cuckoo finished her last note, the scene was so changed that I am lost for language to describe. My whole life appeared filled with God's paternal love and care to me so great a sinner. My crosses and afflictions, were all so many love tokens; and my dear wife and children were dearer than ever. So that instead of rebellion, I most sweetly committed them all to his care. My sins, that justly deserved eternal wrath, the Lord so overruled, and took such endearing advantage over me, that when I expected death, if his sovereign will, I was blest with life and peace. I jumped off the stile in all the bliss of an immortal spirit, hardly feeling my feet, calling upon birds, beasts, and all the works of creation, to help me, to bless and praise the Lord; for I had a most blessed view of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and I, poor sinful I, a partaker of the wondrous love of a Triune Jehovah whose ways are unsearchable, and past finding. But to write or speak of all I enjoyed I never can.

In those days, I may say for years, I was left to feel the strong powers of darkness, with all manner of temptations, followed by short and powerful appearances or manifestations of God's mercy; so that when I have been tempted by Satan, or I have tempted him, despair has taken hold of me, and that several times in a day. At other times short and powerful changes, with a humble hope as a ruined sinner; debased in myself, yet at times sweet assurances of mercy; and how to account for this I knew not. But, as sure as I had been exercised sharply, Mr. Vinall would set forth the sovereign influences of the Holy Spirit by the wind, the clouds, the sun, or the dews, till I rejoiced in my spirit, and the word was truly precious in those days; for a deep sense of my sinful nature kept me a low, debased man, and the sense of God's mercy melted my heart.

I must relate one particular but true experience. It was at a time when I seemed to be given up to evil, (not outwardly,) so that all day long was I tempted; and, finding something within that

loved it, this made me despair indeed, so that to hear or read I could not. At last I thought I could not live any longer in this way, at the same time at war with God's decrees, bringing God to my bar, being carnal, sensual, and devilish. In this state, one dark evening, walking in our old lane, something said, "Read the Bible once more;" and I thought, if no hope arose, I must jump into the river. I went and got the Bible, with a heart as hard as a stone, and rebellious as Satan. I opened at Exodus xxxiii.; and as I sat reading the state of the rebellious, and seeing Moses take the office of intercessor, and plead with the Lord, and how the Lord talked with Moses, and said, "I will do this thing also, for thou hast found grace in my sight;" and added, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee,"—O! how this broke my heart into a thousand pieces, whilst the dear Lord proclaimed his name as gracious and merciful. My poor soul was crumbled in the dust, so that I could see nothing in myself but sin, the exceeding sinfulness and malignity of it, sinning against a longsuffering and gracious God, till I could clear God of all injustice if he sent me to hell. I pleaded my sins against myself, but this blessed name would so shine that I cried out, "What can I do?" I never saw sin in all its abominableness before. I jumped up, and ran to find a place to pray; but pray I could not, I could only bless an injured God, whom I had sinned against. How I did hate and abhor myself, whilst my soul was enjoying, praising, and loving his gracious name! Truly, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, over all my deformity; and the God-like glory so shined that my hard heart melted like wax; and as wax, when melted, fills every vacancy, so my whole soul was filled. Now the glory of God was seen in the gift of his dear Son Jesus Christ; and to have fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, is glory indeed; and, through grace, O yes, no mistake, poor, ignorant, unworthy I, have in a measure found joy and peace in believing, and all by the Lord proclaiming his name, "The Lord, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth." And now, O thou rebellious sinner, that didst sit in thy chair, at war with thy Maker, whilst thine own conscience condemned thee, so that thou wert without excuse, seeing, witnessing the exceeding sinfulness of sin, with thy mouth stopped, and all hope lost, till thou sawest Moses pleading for such rebellious sinners! The more I saw this, the more did my sins justly condemn me, till I could with all my soul and all my strength justify God in my condemnation. At last the injured Lord was so overpowered, that, let Moses ask what he may, he, the Lord, could not help letting out all his glorious attributes; and what shall I say? Is the blessed Lord just, and the Justifier of the ungodly? Yes, he is; and I glory in his name. What have we to look unto but a bleeding Jesus? Now came repentance, that needeth not to be repented of; no, I never found any reason to repent of it, but many times has my soul proved the same, always producing the same blessed effects; and I have found the blessed word to tally with my inmost soul: it will be sure

to stop the mouth from cavilling against God. O yes, it will keep the sinner in the right place. It makes

“Mercy sweet, salvation great,
And all God’s judgments right.”

If he goes to hear the word he sits as a poor pauper on the bounty of heaven; if he gets into company he takes the lowest seat; and if the mouth is opened it is that the Lord alone may be exalted. Nothing so suitable as Christ alone, set forth in all his saving benefits. What shall I say? Is the Lord just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus? Yes, he is, and I glory in his name. By these trials the Christian learns his own weakness and God’s power, his own vileness and the goodness of God, meeting in a dear Redeemer. It turns a man to a pure language, and his speech will prove that he is taught of God. What God says of man, he learns by heart work; and what God says of himself, that he is gracious and merciful, that he can testify to the honour of his precious name. His language is sure to agree with the church in all ages, “Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, be all the glory!” *

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE STEPHEN DARK.

My ever-dear Friend,—I not only feel a remembrance of you this morning, and your bowels and mercies; but I feel anxious to know a little the state of your soul. I know this is not at all times easy to describe. I know not to give flattering titles to my fellow-travellers to an eternal world; but I do believe it shall be well with you in the end.

“Cheer up, desponding soul;
Your help’s on Jesus laid.
He sees you when you see not him;
He is your living Head.”

At this moment I feel empty, stupid, almost lifeless, poor, and blind; and if I could feel it, the beggar’s petition would suit me, “Have pity upon the poor blind.” How utterly helpless we are! And sometimes to care so little in that state! But, dear friend, a feeling of this surely is a sign that we are not twice dead. But what am I writing about? It may be the good and gracious Lord has returned once more to his poor moaning child, and heard and answered her, and left a blessing behind him. If so, stand fast, child; let no man take your crown of rejoicing. But for a moment something seems to come across my mind, fearing lest it should be with you a day of gloominess and thick, felt darkness, wherein the hideous, deadly, bestial, brutish, obnoxious monster, internal sin, is lusting and working, being puffed up by the bellows of the old black. I must declare that everything that I saw, and heard, and joined in, in his old devilish pranks, whilst I was in his kingdom, under his dominion, dancing after his pipe, rolling in all the filthiness of the flesh and the devil, I never saw nor heard so much of him as I now live to feel internally. I have seen the likeness of Satan printed, and have

* From a letter written by him a short time before his death a part of the above is taken, in which he alludes to this as a special deliverance.

shrank away from the appearance. I have seen in visions of the night his likeness as a dragon, and danced with him; and I found I never made such awkward steps with him in such an engagement, when I was led by him as the foremost and most fearful in wickedness. I have heard tell of him in many, many instances, and have seen his shape; but I live to feel the spawn of this old toad, the scum of the old pot that has been filled by him—in the evil and the bitter fountain which sends up such corrupt streams that it is as black as coal, as red as crimson; its stench is like the filthy, corrupted, swinish, polluted parts of this adulterous, whorish, blasphemous city. Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech, that I sojourn in the smoky tents of Kedar!

But why should I trouble you thus? Shall I burden you? Shall I puzzle you? Shall I leave a mystery on your mind? Shall I distress you by writing in those sable colors? Why should I thus write to you? you who have had such an immortal view of the beautiful garment prepared by your Husband, and put upon you in your presentation to him in the nuptial chamber? This was and is your wedding-dress, in which you were married to the sweetest, most beautiful, most glorious King of princesses and King of princes, the Lord of life and glory, the Lord your hope of glory, the Lord in you the hope of glory. Can you entirely forget your description of him? The marriage between you made a lasting and sweet impression on my heart, so that I rejoiced a little with you in the marriage. What! and is your infinite, your immortal Head and Husband grown faithless? has he forsaken the marriage bed, broken the marriage knot, frowned away his bride, poor in herself but rich in her Husband? What! Has the good Husband taken the riches all away, and left the poor bride to mourn? "I tell you it is expedient for you that I go away, else the Comforter will not come to you." What! Are your comforts few and small, because the Comforter which should comfort your soul is far away also? Has your Lord left you bereft of sensible comforts to try your love, faith, patience, and constancy? Can you go after or with another? O no, no! You are still saying, "Lord, to whom can I go but unto thee? for thou hast the words of eternal life." Go again to him until seventy times seven. He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Love to mother and Mary.

I remain, dear Friend,

Ever yours in love, in Christ Jesus,

Bristol, June 9th, 1851.

STEPHEN DARK.

Is the heart such a sea, abounding with such monstrous abominations? Then stand astonished, O my soul, at that free grace which has delivered thee from so sad a condition. O fall down and kiss the feet of mercy, that moved so freely and seasonably to thy rescue. Let my heart be enlarged abundantly here. Lord, what am I, that I should be taken and others left? Reflect, O my soul, upon the conceptions and bursts of lusts in the days of vanity, which thou now blushest to own. O what black imaginations, hellish desires, vile affections, were lodged within me! Who made me to differ? or how came I to be thus wofully separated? Surely it is by thy free grace, and nothing else, that I am what I am; and by that grace I have escaped, to mine own astonishment, the corruption that is in the world through lust. O that ever the holy God should set his eyes on such a one! or cast a look of love towards me, in whom were legions of unclean lusts and abominations.

—Flavel.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH
OF SAMUEL DARK,

A CORNDEALER IN HERTFORD, WHO DIED OCT. 29TH, 1833, AGED 31 YEARS.

BY MR. GILPIN,

OF HERTFORD, FORMERLY A MINISTER IN THE NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.

I FIRST heard of the subject of this memoir about twelve months before his death, from a young man then resident in the parish. He said, "What an awful case is that of Samuel Dark. He was once a high professor of religion, and under very strong convictions, but since he set up his beer-house, he has become a licentious profligate." After this I often wished for an opportunity of serious conversation with him, but almost despaired of ever finding one, knowing that he was not only prejudiced against religion, but also to a great degree against the Established Church.* He did not continue his beer-house long. He set it up to serve the views of his political party, during and previous to the late contested election. Afterwards he gave it up, still continuing his business as a corn-dealer; but being a young man of talent and conversation (considering his station) he had attracted to him a number of dissipated friends, with whom he went on from bad to worse. Beginning to show symptoms of consumption, he was induced to try change of air, and spent some time with his friends in Norfolk. They were members of the Independent Connexion, and I have reason to hope that his mother-in-law is a sincere and humble person; but I know nothing of the rest of his friends, except by report. Religion was there pressed upon him, but apparently without any hopeful result, and in the course of the autumn he returned to Hertford, in a very bad state both of body and soul, but determined to consider himself in a fair way of recovery. However, his mind must at this time have been inwardly working, as will appear by a letter he wrote immediately on his return home to his mother-in-law, of which further mention will be made. I heard of his illness and return home together about the beginning of October, and that his medical attendant considered his case one of confirmed consumption; and soon afterwards I went in a very desponding frame of mind to see him.

He received me with a degree of cold courtesy, and kept assuring me he should soon be better, so that his apparent indifference and my own sense of insufficiency operating together, my mouth was almost entirely stopped. But I kept praying inwardly that, though I knew not what to say to him, and had indeed about as much need of instruction as he had, I might be enabled to speak; and after a while I began by telling him my own embarrassment, and that although in former days I had found it easy to go about instructing people, as I supposed, yet since I had seen a little of my own ignorance, and the evident self-deception of multitudes, I had found it very hard. Finding the subject thus pressed upon him, he began to

* Mr. Gilpin was at this time still in the Establishment.

give vent to his inward feelings of prejudice and contempt for "the whole system" (as his phrase was), but not, I think, either to offend or to stop me, but only to relieve his own embittered and carnal mind. Afterwards he became more calm, and some way or other, as I proceeded to speak a little of the amazing importance of religion, and of the many ways in which people deceive themselves, his attention became evidently arrested, and by degrees he melted into kindly argument. I told him I had heard he was once under strong religious convictions. He said, "No, I never was; I had a form of godliness; I understood the theory of Christianity very well, so my correct talk and constant attendance at worship made people suppose I was deeply influenced by religion, but I cannot say that my heart was ever engaged in it to speak of." I said, "I believe you, and I do seriously think that the kind of religion you describe, which is only in the understanding and the outward life, is in these days often supposed to include heart work within it. I believe," I added, "therefore, many who have never, in fact, been religious at all, but have only changed from sheer self-delusion or hypocrisy to profligacy, are often considered by ignorant professors as awful backsliders, and are treated as such, much to their perplexity." To all this he assented with a degree of apparent pleasure which convinced me he had been thus treated himself. I now felt more power to speak very seriously. I told him that I feared he flattered himself by a vain hope in continuing to expect recovery, and that his situation was a very awful one; that though he had on the whole seemed to feel gratification from my visit, I could not come to bolster up self-righteous, or self-wrought hopes in him; above all, I told him that I was sure he was still entangled with worldly, if not infidel, companions, and unless God gave him strength resolutely and entirely to break off from them, he could expect no help through me. He assented to the whole of this; and, I believe, rather surprised me by the strength of some of his expressions relative to his sense of the awfulness of his condition; but he expressed at the same time a kind of supporting hope in God's grace through Christ which gave me, I confess, only a very uncertain gleam of comfort respecting him, feeling that such expressions, under such circumstances, might more easily, nay, do more frequently proceed from the *want* of faith than the *power* of faith.

In my second visit (which was a hurried one through some unavoidable engagements) I found him still expressing a hope of recovery; but he said he felt greatly obliged by my coming, and wished me not to keep away long; he also put into my hand a letter he had received from the Independent minister of his native town in Norfolk, in answer to that referred to above, as he had previously addressed to his mother-in-law, which letter he begged me to read. Mrs. Gilpin and I read it attentively together, and were much struck with several short quotations which it contained from his own previous letter, to which it was an answer, especially one to this effect:

"My heart is so cold that, though I have been a desperate sinner,

I cannot bring myself to pray the Publican's prayer; and so hard that, though I believe in the judgment of God to come, I cannot fear to die."

We both felt that this singular confession felt more of the appearance of the work of the Spirit upon his heart than many a more plausible one. For though it may be said to the person who speaks thus, "Then you do *not* believe," it is true after all that he does believe by human faith of assent, which is the only faith the natural man can attain to. Applying this faith with all his might to the awful realities of religion, he finds with surprise that his heart is too cold to melt and too hard to tremble. Then he begins to find out, by God's grace, that this is the very state described, "Ye are *dead* in trespasses and sins," which is the very point of knowledge to which the Lord will bring him to prepare him for his mercy. Influenced by a sense of these things, I went with fear and hope to see Dark as soon afterwards as I was able. I believe I sat down quietly, and said very little. From the eagerness expressed by his wife when she saw me coming, I thought he must have been anxiously looking for me; but he was reserved, though he thanked me. He told me that he felt worse in body, but that he had *enjoyed* the previous Sunday. I asked him why? He said many religious friends had called, and some had prayed with him, and expressed great concern for his soul which had affected him much. I did not know one of these friends, nor could I forbear feeling a fear as to the soundness of their views, and suspecting that his religious friends might do him harm, as well as his irreligious friends, to whom I believe before this he had bidden farewell for ever. But, I said, "Tell me, did you in your letter, the answer to which I have read, say so and so?" (quoting his words). He answered me with a degree of eagerness, the more striking on account of his previous indifference, "Yes, Sir, just so; that is exactly what I have felt and do feel." I said, "Then, perhaps, from this very thing which seems to you to render your case hopeless, a hope may spring up that God is teaching you the truth; and if He works no man can let it."

Now he seemed really to listen with fixed earnestness, and I hope I was enabled to set the truth in some measure before him. I said I feared few people in these days really looked for and waited for God's teaching, but they were ready on all hands to take the gospel for themselves, and give it to their neighbors too. I read to him carefully Job *xxiii.*, which had been much impressed on my own mind from a little intercourse I had lately had with a few very experienced Christians. I said, "God took Job, a very fair and a very sincere professor, which you have never been, and brought him into great afflictions. In that state he permitted Satan to assail him with furious temptations, and his soul was overwhelmed with a sense of darkness and ignorance. He now feared that God had hid his face from him, and again that God had turned to be his enemy, and he could not, with all his religion, submit to so humbling and confounding a dispensation. His friends tried to comfort him, but in vain; nor did they take the right way. One time they seemed to

flatter him, and to assure him that, as he had been sincere, God would speedily comfort him; and again they urged that his want of submission, and the increase of his affliction, evidenced his past hypocrisy. Both ways he rejected their conclusions, and said, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.' But at last Elibu, who was doubtless the subject of the deep teaching of God himself, takes up the debate in this chapter. His speech is, indeed, in parts very severe, but his severity is of a very different nature from that of the previous speakers, and proceeds from a very different view. He says, 'God speaks in different ways and methods, but man perceives it not,' knows not that the teaching is from God. He speaks 'in a dream, in visions, when deep sleep falleth on man, in slumberings on the bed.' (Ver. 15.) He speaks when 'he chastens a man with pain on his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; that is, he speaks to a man who may be at ease not only in body but in mind, and he speaks to a man brought down not only by bodily disease but by spiritual terror, to him who is in the state described Rom. vii. 7; to whom the commandment having come, 'sin revives, and he dies.' Then truly 'his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat;' (ver. 10;) and if another would feed him, even with the very gospel itself, he only rejects it. Then all his confidences fail, (ver. 20,) and he seems to draw near to hell. (Ver. 22.) Yet, in the midst of all, if there be an interpreter who can show him God's work and God's uprightness herein, 'then is God gracious to him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom;' so that, even out of the midst of all this soul-perplexing tribulation, he is saved through this great atonement. Then he truly rises again to newness of life, and God accepts him, and accounts him righteous. (Ver. 25, 26.) For this is God's way. 'He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which is right, and it profiteth me not, he will deliver his soul from going into the pit; and his life shall see the light.' (Ver. 27, 28.) Whosoever feels not only his sin, but that all his righteousness is sin, and that whatsoever he has taken which is right he has only perverted, and so loathes and detests the whole; he, even he, is the man whom God delivers from hell and brings to heaven. Yea, this is God's way continually, not in Job's case only, but in every successive generation; for "lo! all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." (Ver. 29, 30.) This very perplexing, humbling, bewildering state God leads his people in. It is indeed his work and his way, and the issue of it is grace and mercy, life, and light."

I spoke to Dark in this kind of way, which many, I doubt not, would consider strained; but it is my conviction that the chapter I had taken is infinitely more full of spiritual instruction to every one really taught of God in the furnace of such a fire than I could possibly set it forth as being. I said, "If God teach us, let us by all means pray that we may abide his teaching, and not listen to the man, whatsoever he may be, who would persuade us to weariness or

fainting; who would, with much seeming charity, endeavor to lead us out of our trouble, but knows not how in any degree to lead us through it, to the right and saving conclusion." I think a gleam of hope inspired him in the feeling that that sense of impenetrable deadness which he imagined religion obliged him to consider as a sign of hopeless reprobation might even be a sign of returning life, as a part of the teaching of God. Finding him in a very softened and anxious state of mind, I spoke to him in the following way: "I cannot comfort you by forcing God's promises upon you, and bidding you to take them, for I am sure God must apply his own promises to you when and as he will; and for me to say, 'Indeed, you believe already,' when your own conscience assures you you do not and cannot believe, is to offer you that dainty meat which now your soul abhors. But I can show you that whatever bad thing you now feel in your heart God already knows to be there better than you know it, and yet does not on that account bid you despair. Here, then, you may find some comfort. 'Every imagination of the thought of man's heart is only evil continually.' 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it!' 'You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.'"

When I recollect the kind of inward satisfaction which such passages of scripture seemed to give him, as if they afforded somewhat for him to feed upon, which he could derive nourishment from, I am disposed to hope that they were indeed (according to our Lord's expression) his "portion of meat in due season."

I believe this was the last time I saw him out of his chamber; his disorder was evidently advancing very rapidly. The hope of recovery, if not the thought of it, was extinguished without effort; nor was it longer needful to caution him against worldly companions, for he could no longer bear the thought of them. After this I saw him every day till he died; but, as I did not at the time write down the particulars which follow, I cannot answer for their exact order till towards the end. I felt continually oppressed with fear lest I should not be able to understand his case; and I thought, if God be indeed quickening him, he may perhaps be pleased to guide him into depths which I for one have never known, and from whence I am afraid I can hardly be used as an instrument for bringing him. But I felt through all some encouragement to go on, and to pray to be led myself, and to be kept from the vain presumption that I could hasten God's work; (if, indeed, the work were of God;) and, above all, from impeding or from thwarting it.

(To be continued.)

WE sit under the Redeemer's shadow with great delight when the fruit of public ordinances is pleasant to the taste; and pleasant they will always be, when they are attended from spiritual motives, and the Comforter of God's elect sheds forth his refreshing influence.—*Toplady.*

GARBLING OR NOT GARBLING.

MR. J. A. JONES has written two long letters in the "Earthen Vessel," which he has also reprinted in a little tract, by way of reply to our charge of dishonest quotation from the writings of Dr. Hawker. We have no intention of following the poor old man through this long and labored attempt to clear himself from the charge; still less do we feel disposed to imitate the personal reflections which he has so freely used, or the angry spirit which, with one foot in the grave, he has been so left to manifest. Truth, not personalities, is our aim and object; for we are well convinced that it is the force of truth, not of angry words, or of personal attacks, which can alone effectually settle a controversy. We much feel the force of those words which, many years ago, fell with much weight on our mind: "And the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." (2 Tim. ii. 24-26.) But is it not staggering, to say the least, that in his very defence of himself from garbling* the writings of Dr. Hawker, and in the very face of this denial, he has again *twice* done the very same thing? for, in quoting from his "Poor Man's Concordance and Dictionary," portions of the articles "Begotten" and "Generation," he has cited the passages which, as he thinks, make for him, and omitted those which make dead against him. This we will distinctly prove, and then let our readers form their own judgment between us.

1. And first let us see what he quotes and what he omits from the article "Begotten." We will give both passages, for the sake of better comparison:

"But in relation to the Son of God, as the first begotten and the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, if those terms are confined to the person of the Lord Jesus in his character and office as Mediator, here all difficulty vanisheth to the proper apprehension of our mind; and under divine teaching, we are not only brought to the full conviction of the glorious truth itself, but to the full enjoyment of it, in knowing the Lord Jesus Christ in his mediatorial character, God and man in one person, the Head of union with his people, and the Head of communication also to his people, for grace here and glory for ever."

Now let us see the passage which immediately precedes this, and which J. A. Jones has kept back:

"If we look at the several scriptures which speak of Christ being begotten, we find the word connected at different places with different terms. Sometimes, Christ is said to be the first begotten, and at other times, the only begotten of the Father. (See Heb. i. 6; Rev. i. 5; John i. 14, 18; iii. 16. 18;

* The poor old man, who, from want of education or failing intellect, is obliged to have recourse to dictionaries for the meaning of this common word, has retorted upon us what is commonly called a *tu quoque*, and charged us with garbling an extract from his "Letter." Now, we can honestly say that, in speaking of the London Baptist ministers, the omission of the words, "who are reputed sound in the faith," was altogether undesigned. We understood by the expression the ministers who are sound in the doctrines of grace; for it was of such ministers only that we were speaking. This was naturally assumed, for such only could be considered followers of Dr. Gill. The omission of the words did not at all affect the meaning, and therefore cannot be called garbling. We do not consider any to be "*sound in the faith*," who reject such a foundation truth as the true and proper Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1 John iv. 9; Ps. ii. 7.) And some have supposed, that these expressions refer to the eternal generation of the Son of God as God. But with all possible respect to the judgment of those men, I venture to believe that those phrases have no reference whatever to that subject. The eternal generation of the Son of God as God is declared in scripture as a most blessed reality; and as such forms an express article of our faith. But as God the Holy Ghost hath not thought proper to explain it in any part of his revealed word, it becomes an article of faith only, and here the subject rests. We are not called upon to say how that eternal generation is formed, any more than we are to tell how Jehovah exists, or how that existence is carried on in an unity of substance, while distinct in a threefold character of Person. Our capacities are, at present, incompetent to form any adequate conception, and, perhaps, even in our future state, they never may be able."

It is possible that the poor old man, from age and infirmity of intellect, does not understand the Doctor's meaning; and because he cannot reconcile what he considers to be conflicting statements, takes that which he thinks is for him, and omits that which he sees to be against him. But the Doctor's statements, when properly understood, do not at all clash with each other, as we shall now show. He is explaining the scripture word "Begotten"—not unfolding a doctrine from the word, but simply opening the meaning of the term. He remarks, therefore, that "some have supposed that the expressions 'first-begotten,' and 'the only-begotten of the Father,' refer to the eternal generation of the Son of God as God." It will be observed that he does not deny the doctrine of eternal generation, but merely expresses his belief that these phrases have no reference to that subject. But then, to guard himself; for he was a very cautious writer, from the suspicion of thereby denying so great and glorious a truth, he expressly adds, "The eternal generation of the Son of God as God is declared in scripture as a most blessed reality; and, as such, forms an express article of our faith." Can anything be more express? He most wisely adds that we are not called upon to say *how* that eternal generation is formed any more than we are to explain the existence of Jehovah or of the Trinity in Unity; but his language most plainly shows that he held the doctrine of eternal generation to be as much an article of our most holy faith as the very being of God, or the doctrine of the Trinity. Upon the point of eternal generation, then, the Doctor and we are most fully one. The only point which affords the least color to Mr. J. A. Jones for claiming him to be on his side is his explanation of the words "first-begotten" and "only-begotten," which he understands as used only in reference to the setting up of the complex Person of Christ as God-man Mediator. But it will be at once seen that the interpretation of a word or of a text is one thing, and the assertion or denial of a doctrine is another. Two men may hold precisely the same doctrine, but differ in opinion whether such and such a text refers to it. The grand truths of revelation do not stand upon isolated texts, or rest upon the interpretation of this or that word. They shine through the whole scripture as its illuminating sun, and animate it as its inspiring breath. God the Holy Ghost has not committed the grand doctrines of the Trinity, the Deity and Sonship of Christ, &c., to the custody of single texts or of individual words, but to the whole body of the scriptures. Thus, whether the Doctor were right or wrong in his explanation of the word "Begotten," it did not in the least degree affect his judgment or his faith in the eternal Sonship of Christ, and that he was the Son of God as God, and not as God-man. His faith in the Son of God as the true and proper Son of the Father rested on far deeper and more solid foundations than one or two words and their correct interpretation. This made him say that "the eternal generation of the Son of

God as God was declared in Scripture as a most blessed reality," for he had felt its reality in his own soul and enjoyed its blessedness.

But in the following passage the Doctor is still more express, for he says explicitly:

"Everlasting, in the language of scripture, is without beginning and without ending; so that, in the eternal generation of the Son of God, as the Father is eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Father, so must the Son be eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Son. If there had been a period in eternity when the Son of God was not the Son, in that same period the Father would not have been the Father; for both, in the very nature of things, in the constitution of each character, must have been equally existing together."

Can anything be plainer than this, or at the same time more opposed to the creed of J. A. Jones, who, in his "Letter" to us, expressly says,

"The term, 'Son of God,' in the scriptures, uniformly and invariably has respect to our glorious Immanuel in his complex character as God-man; and in this sense, and this sense only, is Christ the 'only-begotten of the Father.' "I venture to assert that there is not one text in the Bible that speaks of him under the character of the 'Son of God,' but it has respect to his office as Mediator, and not to his original, Divine, and essential nature as Jehovah, and coeval with the Father."

And again:

"His obedience flows from his Sonship; and this proves him to be the Son of God in his complex character. What saith the apostle? 'Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.' (Heb. v. 8.)"

"The character of the Son of God (I repeat it) belongs to him only in the union of natures. If we consider him only in his Divine essence, as God, the scriptures never give him the character of a Son so considered. And in the human nature only he could not be the 'only-begotten of God.'"

Now, in exact contradiction of this most unscriptural position that "the character of the Son of God belongs to him only in the union of natures;" and that "if we consider him only in his divine essence as God the scriptures never give him the character of a Son so considered," the Doctor expressly declares that "in the eternal generation of the Son of God, as the Father is eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Father, so must the Son be eternal and everlasting in his personal character as Son." By his "personal character" the Doctor means his divine nature as a Person in the blessed Trinity; and in this personal existence he declares he is eternal and everlasting. This is all we contend for, that God the Son is the Son of God as a Person in the blessed Trinity, distinct from and independent of his covenant engagements, his mediatorial character, and his complex Person, whether set up in the mind and by the decree of God, or manifested in and by his incarnation. There is not, then, the shade of a difference between Dr. Hawker's views of the Sonship of Christ and ours. The only difference is, whether the expressions "begotten" and "only-begotten" refer to his eternal generation, which the Doctor holds as firmly as we do, or to his being set up as the God-man Mediator; and the reason why he refers these expressions to his being set up in his complex Person is because of the words, "this day," and "to-day," which he considers cannot refer to eternal generation. But the good old Doctor is not here always consistent with himself, for in his Morning Portion for February 28, he thus writes:

"Who shall undertake to speak of the most glorious state of the Son of God, before he condescended to come forth from the bosom of God for the salvation of his people? Who shall describe the blessedness of the Father and Son in

their mutual enjoyment of each other? . . . Did Jesus leave the Father's bosom; and did the Father take this *only-begotten*, only-beloved Son from his bosom?"

And again, in his "Personal Testimony of God the Father to the Person, Godhead, and Sonship of God the Son," he writes:

"The Son of God is called his own Son, his dear Son, his *only-begotten* Son, the Son of his love, and the like, not the Son of God by creation as angels and men are, neither is he called the Son of God by adoption, as is the church, neither as Mediator, for in this sense he is God's servant. But he is called the Son of God in a special, personal, and particular manner, as the *only-begotten* of the Father, of the same nature with himself, over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

This last quotation, we should think, must settle the question beyond all doubt what the Doctor's views were, not only as to the eternal Sonship of Christ but as to the application of the word "*only-begotten*" to express that generation. Whether he was always consistent in his use and interpretation of the word "*only-begotten*" it is not for us to determine.

2. But we will now show that in quoting from the article, "Generation," this poor old man who denies the charge of garbling, has repeated the offence, and that in a still more aggravated manner, for he has commenced his quotation in the very middle of a sentence, omitting that part of it which asserts the eternity of the Son of God. To prove this, we will first give the quotation as he has given it, and then as it stands in Dr. Hawker's works:

"Again, under the head 'Generation,' in his Dictionary, the Doctor says, 'The Holy Ghost hath been very explicit in his sacred word, where the Son of God, when standing up as the Mediator and Head of the church before all worlds, is called the first-begotten Son, and the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. All these and the like phrases wholly refer to the Son of God in his humbling himself as our Redeemer and Mediator, the God-man in one Person Christ Jesus. Here we cannot be at a loss to have the clearest apprehension, because they refer to his office character. Hence, all those titles are very plain. 'He is Jehovah's servant.' (Isa. xlii. 1.) And 'his Father is greater than he.' (John xiv. 28.) And, God is the 'God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' (Eph. i. 17.) All these, and numberless expressions of the like nature, wholly refer to the Son of God as Christ, and have no respect to his eternal nature and Godhead abstracted from his office character as Mediator."

Now see the quotation as it stands in the original, and then judge whether our charge of garbling be well founded or not.

"The scriptures in many places have said so much in defining the Person of the Godhead, that there can be nothing rendered more certain, and as an article of faith to the believer, and none is more important. But while this is held forth to us in this view as a point most fully to be believed, God the Holy Ghost hath in no one passage, as far as I can recollect, pointed out to the church the mode of existence, or explained how the Son of God is the Son, and the Father is the Father, in the eternity of their essence and nature. Perhaps it is impossible to explain the vast subject to creatures of our capacities. Perhaps nothing finite can comprehend what is infinite. The doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son of God is therefore proposed as an article demanding our implicit faith and obedience; and here the subject rests.

"But while this doctrine of the eternity of the Son of God in common with the Father, is held forth to us as a most certain truth, though unexplained, because our faculties are not competent to the explanation of it, the Holy Ghost hath been very explicit in teaching the church how to understand the phrases in his sacred word, where the Son of God, when standing up as the Mediator and Head of his church before all worlds, is called the 'first-begotten

Son, and the only-begotten of the Father,' full of grace and truth. All these and the like phrases wholly refer to the Son of God in his humbling himself as our Redeemer and Mediator, the God-man in one Person, Christ Jesus; then begotten to this great design; the first in all Jehovah's purposes for salvation. Here we cannot be at a loss to have the clearest apprehension, because they refer to his office-character. Hence all those titles are very plain: 'He is the Head of his body the church.' (Eph. i. 22.) 'The Head of Christ is God.' (1 Cor. xi. 3.) He is Jehovah's Servant, (Isa. xlii. 1,) and his Father is greater than he. (John xiv. 28.) And God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Eph. i. 17.) All these, and numberless expressions of a like nature, wholly refer to the Son of God as Christ, and have no respect to his eternal nature and Godhead abstracted from his office-character as Mediator.

"And I cannot, in this place, help expressing my wish that the writers of commentaries on the word of God had kept this proper distinction, when speaking of the Lord Jesus, between his eternal nature and essence as Son of God, which is everywhere asserted but nowhere explained, and his office-character as God-man Mediator, the Christ of God, which is fully revealed. The Scriptures have done it. And it would have been a proof of divine teaching, if all writers upon the Scriptures had done the same. Our Almighty Saviour, in a single verse, hath shown it, when he saith, (Matt. xi. 27,) 'No man knoweth the Son but the Father;' that is, knoweth him as Son of God, knoweth him in his Sonship as God, one with the Father, and impossible to be so known but by God himself. And it is in this sense also that it is said, 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which lay in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him;' (John i. 18;) that is, no man hath seen God as God, in his threefold character of Person, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But when he who lay in the bosom of the Father came forth in our nature, and revealed him as the Father and himself as the Son, equal in the eternity of their nature as God, then the glorious truth was explained. Then was it understood, that the Father, as Father, and the Son, as Son, were from all eternity the same; their existence the same, their nature the same; the Father not being Father but in the same instant as the Son the Son; for the very name of the one in the relationship implies the other, and the eternity of the one including the eternity of the other also. So that both, in union with the Holy Ghost, form the one eternal, undivided Jehovah, which was, and is, and is to come."

Will our readers oblige us by comparing together the quotation as given by J. A. Jones, which we have copied word for word from his defence of himself in the "Earthen Vessel," with the same quotation as given by us word for word from Dr. Hawker, in the second paragraph? They will then clearly see that he has commenced in the middle of a sentence, and suppressed the beginning. Now, if what is suppressed were unimportant, there would be no good ground of complaint; but when the suppression of one part of a sentence makes it appear that an author held one doctrine when he really held another, this, in ordinary language, is termed "garbling." This charge we have brought against him before, and we now make it again. He denies the charge in toto, and calls on us for proof. Here it is. The Doctor declares that "the doctrine of the eternity of the Son of God, in common with the Father, is held forth to us as a most certain truth, though unexplained, because our faculties are not competent to the explanation of it." Does not the Doctor here most plainly declare that "the doctrine of the eternity of the Son of God is held forth to us as a most certain truth?" Why, then, did J. A. Jones suppress those words, and begin in the middle of a sentence, except with the purpose of making it appear that the Doctor did not hold that doctrine? And what is this but "garbling" his words, and that for the dishonest purpose of representing him as holding views contrary to those which he really held? for after he has given the quotation he goes on with these words:

"I have now proved that Dr. Hawker held as firmly as I do that the Sonship of Christ was in his complex character as God-man, and that he was not begotten in abstract deity."

But how has he proved or attempted to prove this, but by garbling his words, and suppressing a most important sentence? In this way anything may be proved; and scripture itself might be brought forward to prove "there is no God," by suppressing, "The fool hath said in his heart."

But what can we think of a man's claiming Dr. Hawker to be on his side in denying the eternal Sonship of our most blessed Lord in the very face of the following expressions, which he could not possibly have overlooked, for they form part of the very article upon "Generation," from which he has quoted, and which therefore he must have read: "God the Holy Ghost hath in no one passage, as far as I can recollect, pointed out to the church the mode of existence, or explained how the Son of God is the Son, and the Father is the Father, in the eternity of their essence and nature." The Doctor evidently declares, what we most fully and reverently acknowledge, that the Holy Ghost has not explained *how* the Son of God is the Son, &c. But does he deny that he is the Son of God as his eternal Son, or consider him to be such only by virtue of his complex Person? On the contrary, he declares that "the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son of God is proposed as an article demanding our implicit faith and obedience;" that "the Son of God is the Son and the Father is the Father in the eternity of their essence and nature;" that "the doctrine of the eternity of the Son of God in common with the Father is held forth to us in Scripture as a most certain truth;" and that "the Father as Father, and the Son as Son, were from all eternity the same; their existence the same, their nature the same; the Father not being the Father but in the same instant as the Son the Son; for the very name of the one in the relationship implies the other, and the eternity of the one including the eternity of the other also." We admire the simplicity, the clearness, and the force of this language, and give to it our most hearty and unfeigned assent as a most blessed declaration of the eternal Sonship of our adorable Lord. But the Doctor draws a most sound and scriptural distinction between the eternal essence and nature of Jesus as the true and proper Son of God, and his office character as God-man Mediator; and whilst he holds the eternal Sonship of Christ, and that he is so by eternal generation, he explains the words "begotten" and "only-begotten" as applicable to him in his office character. It must surely be either great ignorance or great disingenuousness to contend that the Doctor denies the blessed Lord to be the Son of God by eternal generation, because in his explanation of the word "generation" he applies the term "only-begotten" to him as expressive of his standing up as the Mediator and Head of his church before all worlds. One would have thought that a very little knowledge of the Scriptures would have shown that the sacred writers themselves have applied the words, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee," to the resurrection of Christ, as Acts xiii. 33. It would not, therefore, at all affect the application of the words to the eternal generation of our blessed Lord even if we admitted that they were also applicable to the setting up of the complex Person of Christ in the mind of God; the fact being that a passage of scripture frequently admits a secondary as well as a primary signification. But nothing can be more unsound, or lead to greater error than employing a secondary meaning of a word to overthrow a primary one.

It is our mercy that we have not learnt the doctrine from man, but by

the teaching of God in our own soul, and by the blessed light cast upon the Scriptures, and shining thence into our heart. We highly esteem Dr. Hawker, and believe he was a man sweetly led into the truth of God. For this reason, and knowing how high his authority stands with the church of God, we have vindicated him from holding such an error as the poor old man is involved in who is so angry at being exposed: Romaine, we freely acknowledge, did not hold that Christ was the Son of God in the eternity of his nature, but that it was a covenant title. He is, we believe, the only writer of any repute in the church of God who has denied the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord; but early in life he became imbued with Hutchinsonian views, and from these he never seems to have been fully delivered. But it is the mercy of those who fear God that their faith does not “stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;” and that they are blest with that “anointing which teacheth of all things, and is truth, and is no lie.”

Here, then, we leave the subject, as far as regards Mr. J. A. Jones, for we are sure, if he still claim the authority of Dr. Hawker, all words must be wasted on him. But as we have found much sweetness and savor in looking over the Doctor's works for further confirmation of his views, we may, in a future No., give some further extracts from them.

Most men have no mind but to busy their reasons about the things of sense, and are naturally unwilling to raise them up to those things which are allied to the spiritual nature of God; and therefore the more spiritual any ordinance is, the more adverse is the heart of man to it. There is a simplicity in the Gospel from which our minds are easily corrupted by things that please the sense, as Eve was by the curiosity of her eyes, and liquorishness of her palate. From this principle hath sprung all the idolatry in the world. The Jews knew they had a God who had delivered them, but they would have a sensible God to go before them; and the papacy at this day is a witness of the truth of this natural corruption.—*Charnock.*

I HAVE nothing that can hire or bud grace; for if grace would take hire, it were no more grace; but all our stability, and the strength of our salvation, is fastened upon free grace; and I am sure Christ hath, by his death and blood, cast the knot so fast that the fingers of devils, and hell-fulls of sins cannot loose it. And that bond of Christ which never yet was, nor ever shall, nor can be forfeited, standeth surer than heaven, or the days of heaven, as that sweet pillar of the covenant, whereupon we all hang. Christ, and all his little ones, under his two wings, and in the compass or circle of his arms, is so sure that cast him and them in the ground of the sea, he shall come up again, and not lose one; an odd one cannot, and shall not be lost in the telling.—*Rutherford.*

THE glorious God, Father, Son, and Spirit, do now declare the furnishing of a Mediator with all fulness, that mercy might have an unlimited vent towards the redeemed, as lately justice had the like upon the Redeemer. To this end, he that was essentially fulness before is now also become a complete Mediator, in the fulness of whatever becomes that office; dignified to the right hand of the Majesty on high, and consecrated a Priest for ever; appearing in the presence of God for his redeemed, qualified to a boundless perfection, and possessing the glory which he had with his Father before the world began, and filling human nature therewith to the utmost capacity. The glory of the holy God doth now dwell, live, act, and manage all things, in the pure nature of man, God himself dwelleth with man, and has named himself Emanuel.—*Dorney.*

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from Page 292.)

IN contemplating the blessed Lord at the right-hand of the Majesty on high, we have thus far viewed him as Zion's anointed King; and have endeavored to show a little of the blessedness of his present reign, and the suitability of his mediatorial sceptre to our wants and woes. But one point we must ever bear in mind, for indeed it will surely be taught us if we are amongst the number of his loyal subjects, that however great may be the benefits and blessings of having such a King as our gracious and glorious Sovereign, we can only truly know, and experimentally realise them as we are brought into the obedience of faith. Let us not deceive ourselves by merely seeing and acknowledging his dominion when our heart is destitute of submission to his sceptre. "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." (Mat. vii. 21.) The Holy Ghost, in Psalm xviii. 44, draws a distinction between the true obedience of Christ's "people" and the feigned obedience of the "strangers" to God and godliness. "As soon as they (the people) hear of me they shall obey me; the strangers shall submit themselves ("lie, or yield feigned obedience," *marginal reading*) unto me." But the same grace which makes the heart honest, and bows it in willing obedience to Christ's sceptre; the same holy anointing which, by revealing the love and blood of the cross, reconciles the stubborn will and softens and meekens the obdurate spirit, opens also the eyes of the child of God to see and his soul to feel his daily need of Jesus as his gracious King. His sceptre is felt to be a sceptre of grace; his kingdom an inward kingdom, (Luke xvii. 21,) which is "not in word but in power;" (1 Cor. iv. 20;) "not meat and drink"—legal observances and fleshly obedience, "but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.)

But that this blessed kingdom may be set up with power in our hearts, we are led into trials and temptations, and thrust as it were into a very host of foes, that we may prove for ourselves the reality and blessedness of such a kingdom and such a king. Every child of God is surrounded by a host of enemies without and within, who, unless they be overcome for him and by him, will most certainly overcome him. There is no neutrality in this warfare; it is a fight for life or death; for certain victory or certain defeat. All the promises are made to him that overcometh, (Rev. iii. 12,) and that most glorious one of all: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." (Rev. iii. 21.) But to be overcome is to be lost, for ever lost, and to perish under the wrath of God. How then shall we overcome but by faith in our risen Head; but by calling upon our enthroned King to fight our battles, who must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet?

If we belong to Jesus and walk in obedience to his will and word we shall surely have many outward foes, "for all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (2 Tim. iii. 12.) But let them pass; they cannot really hurt us, for "who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" (1 Peter iii. 13.) There are much more numerous and mightier enemies within than any foes without; and of these we may truly say with Judah of old, in the presence of the embattled host, "O, our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee." (2 Chron. xx. 12.) And well it is when we can look up in faith and prayer to the blessed Lord as our risen Head and enthroned King, and, from a believing view of his surpassing grace and almighty power, ready to be stretched out on our behalf, can say, "Our eyes are upon thee." When we feel the power of sin, the tyranny of our vile lusts and passions, and what our nature is capable of if left to its own will and way, how sweet and suitable is the promise, "He will turn again; he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities." (Micah vii. 19.) When then our blessed Joshua brings the captive kings out of the cave, and by his Spirit and grace puts our feet upon their necks, (Josh. x. 24,) then he becomes endeared to us as our sceptred King; for in these favored moments we can truly say, "O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." (Isa. xxvi. 13.) "Lord," we say, "subdue our iniquities; bend our wills to thine; reign and rule over and in us as our Lord and God; bring into captivity every rebellious thought to the obedience of Christ; come into our soul in thy love, and blood, and grace; conform us to thine image; make us to walk in thy footsteps, and let not any sin have dominion over us." When thus subdued by the sceptre of his all-conquering grace, we can lie humbly and resignedly at his feet, and, yielding the obedience of a believing, loving heart, commit all we are and have into his sacred hands as our most blessed rightful Sovereign; then we prove that the present kingship of Jesus at the right hand of the Father is no dry doctrine, nor mere speculative notion, but, as received into a feeling, believing heart, is a matter of vital and daily experience. This is the reign of grace; (Rom. v. 21:) the building of the spiritual temple, in which there is heard neither hammer nor axe; (1 Kings vi. 7,) but noiselessly carried on in believing hearts by our glorious Joshua, of whom we read: "Behold the man whose name is the Branch; and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord; even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne; and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." (Zech. vi. 12, 13.)

2. But this leads us to another character of our blessed Lord, as wearing our nature in the courts of heaven, for in the prophecy of him just quoted, it is promised that "he shall be a *priest* upon his

throne." The high priest under the law never sat upon a throne. He was a servant, not a sovereign; for he "served unto the example and shadow of heavenly things." (Heb. viii. 5.) But Jesus is a royal Priest, and as such was typified by Melchizedek, who united in himself the two characters of priest and king, for he was "King of Salem, and Priest of the most high God." (Heb. vii. 1.) This was "the order of Melchizedek," according to which Jesus was made a high priest by virtue of the ancient oath: "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." (Psalm cx. 4.) There were three especial features in the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek which distinguished it from the Levitical order: 1. It was a *royal* priesthood; for Melchizedek was "by interpretation King of righteousness, (that being the meaning of his name) and after that also King of Salem, which is King of peace." (Heb. vii. 2.) 2. It was *made by an oath*. "And inasmuch as not without an oath he was made priest; (For those priests were made without an oath; but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek;) By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament." (Heb. vii. 20-22.) 3. It was *for ever*, for so ran the promise, "Thou art a Priest for ever." Jesus was, therefore, not a temporary high priest, as the high priests under the law, whom sickness struck and death removed, for "they truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death: (Heb. vii. 23.) But Jesus being "made not after the law of a carnal commandment," as was the high priest under the law, "but after the power of an endless life," continueth ever, as having an unchangeable priesthood. And in this consists much of the suitability and blessedness of his priestly office as now carried on in heaven, as the apostle speaks: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Let us then, as the Lord may enable, now take a view by faith of the Lord Jesus, as the high priest over the house of God, and this may give us holy boldness to venture nigh. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh." (Heb. x. 19, 20.) If thus enabled to draw near with a true heart, we may find a benefit in meditating upon our blessed Lord in this relationship to his church and people.

The high priest, under the law, on the great day of atonement, which occurred once a-year, on the tenth day of the seventh month, made a solemn atonement, first for the sins of himself and his house, and then for the iniquities of the children of Israel. (Lev. xvi. 34.) But this he did in two ways; 1. by offering a bullock as a sin offering for himself, and a goat, upon which the Lord's lot fell, as a sin offering for the people; (Lev. xvi. 6, 9, 11;) 2. by taking a censer full of burning coals from off the altar, and filling his hands with sweet incense beaten small, and entering therewith into the most

holy place. This was that sacred spot called "the holy of holies;" or "the holiest of all;" (Heb. ix. 3;) which contained the ark of the covenant on which, between the cherubim, was the shechinah or visible manifestation of the presence and glory of God. Into this holiest of all, the high priest never entered but on the great day of atonement; and even on that day he was forbidden, under the penalty of death, to come within the veil which separated it from the holy place, unless 1. he had washed his flesh; 2. had put on the holy linen garments; 3. taken with him the blood of the sacrifice; and 4. put the incense upon the burning coals in the censer. All these things were highly typical of Jesus as the great high priest. The washing of the flesh denoted his purity as high priest; the holy linen garments, the holiness of his human nature; the blood, his atoning blood shed upon the cross; and the incense, his meritorious intercession. The most holy place was typical of heaven; and the veil of the separation between God and us, and that "the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing." (Heb. ix. 8.) When Jesus died, this veil was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; (Matt. xxvii. 51;) to show that there was no longer a separating veil between God and his people.

But the high priest going within the veil with the blood and the incense, was a special type of Jesus, our risen High Priest, entering into the courts of heaven. There was a connection between the intercession of the high priest without, and within the veil. Outside the veil the sacrifice was offered, but the blood was taken inside it. The brazen altar was without the veil, but the ark of the covenant was within. The high priest shed the blood without, but sprinkled it within. The burning coals were taken from the brazen altar which stood in the open court; but the incense was put upon them as he entered into the most holy place, that the cloud of its fragrance might cover the mercy seat on and before which he sprinkled the blood of the bullock, offered for his sins, and that of the goat, for the sins of the people. Thus our most blessed High Priest, after he had offered his holy body and soul as a sacrifice for sin, rose from the dead, and ascended up on high to enter into heaven in his pure and sacred humanity, typified by the holy linen garments worn by Aaron, when he went within the veil, that he might there fulfil the second part of his priestly office, viz., to *make intercession* for us. This was beautifully typified, as we have already hinted, by the high priest taking the incense beaten small within the veil, together with the atoning blood. The incense was beaten small—bruised, not out, not only that the fragrance might more freely flow forth when lighted by the coals, but as typical of the sufferings and sorrows of our agonising High Priest. "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." (Isa. liii. 10.) "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities." The coals from off the brazen altar typified the wrath of God, for the fire on the brazen altar, kindled in the first instance by the Lord himself, (Levit. ix. 24,) was never put out; and on it were burnt not only

all the whole burnt-offerings, but every part of the other sacrifices, as the fat of the sin-offering, which was laid thereon for that express purpose. The cloud of incense which filled the most holy place, and covered the mercy seat, represented the fragrance of the present intercession of our great and glorious High Priest in heaven. And the blood, sprinkled on and before the mercy seat, typified "the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel;" (Heb. xii. 24;) even that precious blood "which cleanseth from all sin;" which he took with him into heaven when he entered there in his holy humanity, and the efficacy of which to purge a guilty conscience from filth, guilt, and dead works to serve a living God, he still makes manifest when the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and reveals them to the soul with his own divine power.

A believing view of Christ, as typified by the high priest under the law entering within the veil, on the great day of atonement, will prepare our minds more clearly and fully to contemplate him as now carrying on his priestly office in the glorious temple above; for he "is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 24.) The entering in of the high priest within the veil was one special part of his sacred office, by which he was distinguished from his priestly brethren, who might offer the ordinary sacrifices, (Lev. i. 5,) but not go into the most holy place with the blood of the bullock and the goat. (Lev. xvi. 1.) Thus part of his priestly office was without, and part within the veil; and yet the two parts were continuous, connected, and inseparable. So it is with our great and glorious High Priest now within the veil—hidden, indeed, from mortal eyes, as the high priest was from the children of Israel by the veil of the tabernacle, but as really and truly still ministering in our nature there as Aaron ministered in the holy of holies, when he sprinkled the blood on and before the mercy-seat, and filled the place with the smoke and fragrance of the incense. We have already traced a connection between the blood of the sacrifice shed without the veil and the same blood carried within, and a similar connection between the coals taken from the brazen altar and the incense beaten small, the smoke of which covered the mercy-seat. So there is a necessary and most blessed connection between the blood-shedding and sacrifice of Christ on earth and his intercession in heaven. The fragrance of his intercession rises from the altar of his sacrifice, as typically from the burnt offering of Noah "a sweet smelling savor" ascended up to the Lord; and as he is ever presenting his blood-shedding and death on behalf of his people here below, he, in this sense, "ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.) We need not suppose, therefore, that the intercession of our blessed High Priest is a vocal intercession, carried on by actual prayers and supplications. In the typical intercession of the high priest, on the great day of atonement, it was not his vocal prayers which prevailed with God, for of them no mention was made or commandment given, but the blood of the sacrifice and the smoke of the incense. Thus his

office is described by the apostle: "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins." (Heb. v. 1.) And as a remarkable illustration of this we may instance what occurred when the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron, and the Lord was about to consume them as in a moment: "And Moses said unto Aaron, Take a censer, and put fire therein from off the altar, and put on incense, and go quickly unto the congregation, and make an atonement for them; for there is wrath gone out from the Lord; the plague is begun. And Aaron took as Moses commanded, and ran into the midst of the congregation; and, behold, the plague was begun among the people; and he put on incense, and made an atonement for the people." (Num. xvi. 46, 47.) Moses did not bid Aaron pray for the people, but make an atonement for them; so that it was not the prayers of Aaron, as the interceding high priest and typical mediator, but the incense lighted with fire from the brazen altar, which prevailed with the Lord, and stayed the plague which had already begun. (Num. xvi. 45-48.) So it is the presence of Jesus in heaven in our nature, and the continual presentation of his blood-shedding and sacrifice on earth before the eyes of his Father in which the power and prevalence of his intercession consist. Thus he is represented as "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood;" (Rev. xix. 13;) and John had a view of him in the courts of heaven as a slaughtered lamb, for he says, "And I beheld, and lo! in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain." (Rev. v. 6.) His office as an interceding High Priest was thus represented, for as "a lamb as it had been slain" is a type of his sacrifice for sin, so his *standing* as a slain lamb in the midst of the throne denotes that his precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, (1 Pet. i. 19,) yea, of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," in the predestinating counsels and purposes of God, (Rev. xiii. 8,) now continually avails for the salvation of the redeemed, and is ever presented before the eyes of the Father.

The present intercession of our great High Priest at the right hand of the Father, as viewed by the eye of faith, is full of encouragement and consolation to every believing heart. There are but few of the Lord's living family who do not at various times and seasons sigh and groan under a load of sin and sorrow. Now there are two especial features in the intercession of Jesus within the veil which meet this twofold burden. 1. The prevalency of his intercession; 2. The sympathy and compassion of his loving heart. The former suits the burden of their sins; the latter that of their sorrows.

We will, with God's help and blessing, consider these two points separately.

1. Let us *first*, then, take a glance at the *prevalency* of his intercession, and see how suitable it is to relieve the soul under a burden of sin. "If any man sin," says John, "we have an Advocate with the

Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 John ii. 1.) What can we do with our sins?—their burden, their guilt, their filth, and their power? Nothing, absolutely nothing, but to sink under them; for we can neither put them away nor subdue them. But Jesus can do both, for he "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1. Cor. i. 30.) To him, then, a poor, guilty, miserable, sinking sinner may look to plead his case, for in him he has "an Advocate with the Father," one of God's own appointing, and therefore sure of the ear of the Judge, a wonderful Counsellor, (Isa. ix. 6,) who can stand up in the court of heaven on his behalf; one who never lost a cause, rejected a humble petition; or disappointed a client. But the power and prevalency of this advocacy in heaven rest on his atoning sacrifice offered on earth; for John immediately adds, "And he is the propitiation for our sins." It is because "he has put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and "was once offered to bear the sins of many;" (Heb. ix. 26, 28;) it is because he "blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us; and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross;" (Col. ii. 14;) it is because his is a finished work; (John xvii. 4; xix. 30;) and he has made peace through the blood of his cross, (Col. i. 21,) that he is now our prevailing Advocate and successful Intercessor in heaven, where the cause is heard and decided. We are very apt to lose sight of these most blessed truths, and that we have such a Friend above. We believe them, indeed, firmly and fully, anchor in them, and have no hope but what is connected with and springs out of them. But in seasons of darkness and distress, when guilt from repeated backslidings lies hard and heavy on the conscience; when the mists and fogs of unbelief gather over the foundations of our hope; when our evidences are beclouded and our signs but dimly seen, then we want a living Advocate who can plead our cause, we being unable to do it ourselves, and by presenting on our behalf his blood and obedience, his sufferings, sacrifice, and death, may bring us off more than conquerors against every accusing plea and every opposing adversary. As Satan stood at the right hand of Joshua the high priest, to resist him; (Zech. iii. 1;) as the accuser of the brethren accuses them before God day and night; (Rev. xii. 10;) and neither Joshua nor the brethren could plead a word in their own defence, and yet both came off conquerors by the help of the Lord and the blood of the Lamb; so poor guilty sinners now prevail through the power of their heavenly Advocate. It is, then, because we feel the weight and burden of sin, yet see by faith that our great High Priest has passed within the vail, that our eyes, hands, and hearts are all up unto him. As thus realised by faith, there is a peculiar power in this believing view of our heavenly Advocate, which draws desire and supplication out of the soul unto and after him. Nay, it is this living and daily intercourse with Jesus in heaven in which the very life and power of godliness consist. "Because I live, ye shall live also." (John xiv. 19.) He, as exalted above all principality and power, is the church's glorious Head, (Eph. i. 22,) "from which all the body,

by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." (Col. ii. 19.) This union with him as a living Head brings about communion with him; for as he communicates grace out of his own fulness, there springs up in the soul a sweet and sacred fellowship with him, as viewed by faith on his throne of grace as the Mediator between God and man. And these communications of divine light and life out of his fulness, enlightening the eyes of the understanding, and being attended by the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, (Eph. i. 17, 18,) there arises in the heart a gracious view of his beauty and blessedness, of his grace and his glory. (Ps. cxii. 4; Isa. xxxiii. 17; Luke i. 78, 79; 2 Pet. i. 19.) This is drinking at the fountain of life and seeing light in God's light; (Ps. xxxvi. 9;) and is the very "light of life," which the Lord gives to those that follow him." (John viii. 12.) As, then, the soul walks in the light of these gracious teachings, the blood of Jesus is seen as a fountain of infinite value and unspeakable efficacy for sin and uncleanness; his righteousness as a most blessed covering for all its shame and nakedness; his bleeding, dying love as a most healing balm for a wounded conscience, and a heavenly cordial for a fainting spirit. It is by these teachings that the reality of true religion and of vital godliness is learnt; and in no other way. No truly exercised soul can be satisfied with seeing salvation as a mere doctrine of the gospel—a fixed and certain truth that shines in the inspired page. Glad, indeed, he is that the way of salvation is so clearly revealed in the word of truth; and that there is the light, and life, and power of the Spirit within to bear his inward witness to the truth and certainty of the written testimony; but all this light and knowledge in the letter of truth falls short of a salvation revealed and manifested to his own heart and conscience. Here, then, comes in the blessedness of an ever-living Advocate and Intercessor at the right hand of the Father, who, by applying his blood and love with power, says to the soul, "I am thy salvation." It is therefore said of him, "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Who shall describe, as who shall limit God's "uttermost?" David, "from the ends of the earth;" (Ps. lxi. 2;) Heman, when "laid in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps;" (Ps. xxxviii. 6;) Hezekiah, "from the gates of the grave and the pit of corruption;" (Isa. xxxviii. 16, 17;) Jeremiah, "out of the low dungeon," where "the waters flowed over his head, and he said, I am cut off;" (Lam. iii. 54, 55;) Jonah, "out of the belly of hell;" (Jonah ii. 2;)—all these deeply-taught and deeply-tried saints of God knew both man's uttermost and God's uttermost, and that man's uttermost was sin, hell, and despair; and God's uttermost was mercy, salvation, and heaven. Never is the prevalency of our great High Priest's intercession so proved as when it thus saves to the uttermost. And who that knows anything of himself as a sinner, or in whose heart the fountains of the great deep have in any measure been broken up; who that has ever had a view of sin as seen in the light of God's infinite purity and ho-

liness, and trembled before him; who that has ever felt the guilt of backslidings, the pangs of slips and falls, and his own miserable helplessness, not only in the hour of temptation but to remove the load of transgression off his conscience,—who of all these but has his “uttermost,” if not really so deep and desperate as Heman’s and Jonah’s, yet, in his own feelings, such an uttermost as none can save him from but that High Priest and Advocate who liveth at God’s right hand to make intercession for him?

It is here we prove the experimental reality and felt blessedness of having such an Advocate with the Father, against whom and before whom we have sinned. The Lord enable us to commit our cause into his hand, however deep or desperate, and wait and watch for him to appear and save.

We shall hope to resume the subject (D.V.) in our next No.

POETRY.

THE FIERY TRIAL.

WHAT years of conflict I have seen, What battles fought with hell and sin, What various cares I’ve known and felt, What fathoms sunk in sin and guilt.	If now I seek a calm retreat, Sly snares await my slippery feet; Whatever way myself engage, Temptations there with fury rage.
But after all I’ve known and felt, With cares and conflicts, sin and guilt, I’m now in slippery places worse Than all my former pilgrim course.	O what a conflict now I find With hellish foes of every kind! There’s every power that’s base and foul A struggling hard against my soul.
’Tis that unholy fearful path Of sad temptation, working death. With this I’m hourly hard beset, And oft get snared within its net.	O keep me, keep me, holy God, Or I shall fall upon the road. I’m harass’d much, and tempted sore, Nor ever felt so weak before.
O how my eyes and heart are caught With snares and lusts I never sought; But since I’ve known God’s holy fear My soul is hunted everywhere.	Yet ’tis thy holy fear till now Has kept my feet; and who but thou Canst keep me still, while here be- low These winds of fierce temptation blow?
Like David now before his Saul, I’m fearing I shall one day fall. Pursued, beset, where’er I flee, O who can save me, Lord, but thee?	O precious gift, to me most dear Is that most holy godly fear. Its holy influence more I crave Than all the pleasures earth e’er gave.

THOMAS.

THE parties of the covenant are God and man. O, how sweet! that such a Potter, and such a Former of all things, should come in terms of bargaining with such clay as is guilty before him.—*Rutherford*.

Erratum.—In page 269, last No. the 19th and 20th lines from the bottom should be reversed.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

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

EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE HENRY YOUNG.

(Continued from p. 302.)

One Sunday morning, as I was walking along the road to hear the blessed word, and meditating on the many mercies received, and the unchangeableness of the love of God, from everlasting the same, having at the time in my hand a Dutch cheese as a present to a friend, I turned it over and over again, still viewing the unchangeableness of God, so that tears of gratitude fell from my eyes, and my spirit sweetly flowed over in praise to the God of all my mercies. My path was delightful; all rough places became plain, and every crook became straight, viewing all things as foreknown and fore-ordained by infinite love and wisdom.

Now, to return to a blessed providence, which I cannot omit. A person in the country, to whom I owed £100, died, and the money was demanded. In answer I promised to pay £50 on such a day; but before the day arrived, two farmers failed much in my debt; which so disabled me that, to all appearance, I was left utterly unable to fulfil my promise. All I could do was to pour out my wants to the Lord; but a little before the time came to make the payment. I was much exercised. One Sunday morning, the dear man Mr. Vinall seemed particularly favored with nearness to the Almighty, and my spirit followed hard after. All at once, after summing up all his people's wants, he cried with a loud voice, "O Lord, deliver thy people with honor." He knew nothing of my concerns, yet he prayed with my very language. No pen can set forth my feelings, and the hearty "Amen" my soul gave. I left the chapel with a sweet hope that the Lord would appear, though at times fears would intrude lest I should not be delivered with honor. Just as I got opposite the Catts Inn, Lewes, a friend touched me on the shoulder, saying, "I have heard that you are distressed for £50. Now my wife has just had £50 returned that has been out to use; and she says, as it is her money, it is for Mr. Young; and moreover, if anything happens that you are not able to pay her again, she shall only be sorry for you." Now tears of gratitude began to flow to God and man, and I carried the blessed tidings to my wife, and we both rejoiced and were constrained to say, "It is the hand of the God of all

our mercies." The next week I went and received it, and paid the £50 according to promise.

Now I must relate some of the conflicts and sore troubles of my dear wife, together with her happy deliverance. For many months before the birth of our last child she was sorely tempted and oppressed by the enemy and the power of unbelief. The enemy lay sorely at her with the fire of temptation to commit suicide, (to speak of particulars would not be prudent,) being filled with self-pity. O the days of trouble to me and mine I cannot describe. Although I was satisfied that she was a partaker of grace, still I wondered at times where the scene would end. To keep from the preached word was out of her power, (although near her delivery,) catching at every thing that appeared in her favor, every "may be;" yet such was the power of unbelief that she drew the worst conclusions respecting herself. Once Mr. Vinall preached from, "The Lord preserveth the faithful." What a tragedy have I heard her speak of; holding up her soul to the light, expecting to be cut off every Sabbath, and sitting trembling, considering she was unfaithful, feeling her heart such a sink of iniquity, hard as a stone, rebellious and stubborn, no relenting, no meekness; and yet she would weep by the hour, telling me it was only self-pity working, which might easily be taken for real repentance. Mr. V. preached several times from the above text, and spoke of many things the Lord preserved his people from,—two things in particular, self-murder and the presumption of denying the divinity of Christ, which gave her a little hope. Another text Mr. V. preached from was this, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Still she remained the same, until one day, as she was sitting in her chair, she felt a softness of spirit, and a cry unto the Lord; then came the words, "Call upon me," &c. Immediately she went upstairs, and poured out her soul with all the freedom of a child to a tender Father, and with a soul-satisfaction of her interest in the love of God, saying, "How can I glorify thee, O Lord, seeing I am such a sinner?" The answer came, "By praise and thanksgiving." What a merciful change! How sweetly could we lie down in peace that evening! She rested sweetly until 4 o'clock next morning, Sept. 1st, 1821, when she awoke me with sweet calmness of spirit, saying, "Call the doctor;" and these words came to her again, "Call upon me," &c. I have heard her say many times that the Blessed Spirit, as a Spirit of grace and supplication, never ceased until she was delivered. When I went to see her, she put forth her hand, saying, "Bless and praise God, my dear, for this great deliverance." I asked her if she had any fears now; she replied, "How can I fear, seeing this great deliverance?" and she began blessing and praising God, till I was quite overcome with the Lord's goodness, and tears of gratitude flowed which I am at a loss for words to express. Being obliged to leave her for about ten minutes, to obtain necessaries from the shop, I came back and found the doctor standing by her with a fan, expecting she was gone, which he could not decide for above an hour; then he thought he perceived life, and ran to his shop to get some

drops, which he dropped on her lips, when she soon revived, and began to whisper forth praise and thanksgiving to God.

The next day she was much better, and her heart and lips filled with praise and thanksgiving, telling me and my friend Mr. F. of the glory and heavenly bliss she enjoyed during that hour when we thought her gone, saying she was as if already in heaven glorifying Christ, and enjoying that peace that passeth all understanding. O to hear her conversation then, and for two or three weeks afterwards, was heaven upon earth to me and my friend; her words were clothed with power, and the effects peace to all my house. These were days of gladness and rejoicing; nothing but faith working by love filled her soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory, saying, with the Spirit of adoption, "My Lord and my God." Her communion with God was as two walking together agreed. It mattered not who came into the room, speak she must of the Lord's goodness. The nurse warned her of awful consequences; but neither nurse nor devil could stop her. I could not keep away; even business and all must go; this precious wine was so sweet, being always new. My house for three weeks was a Bethel; love filled the temple; envy cannot stand in this blessed element. The sweet spirit of adoption never tires in showing forth God's praise; it wants no rest; it is a sweet labor that has all the properties of rest, quietness, and peace. My dear friend F. could not keep away, coming for hours every day. According as she recovered her health and strength her joys abated, but she never lost the testimony of God and conscience to the day of her departure.

As soon as she was recovered, she must go to hear the word; not an opportunity would she miss, having the means to ride in a friend's cart. The word was truly precious in those days, and often, when returning home, her soul was like a bottle that wanted vent. Although her heavenly conversation was not agreeable to all, yet she must speak out her feelings, to the comfort of some and to the annoyance of others; but the unpleasantness of the company and my being obliged to walk caused her to pour out her soul to the Lord; and at a certain time she received an answer that the Lord would provide a horse and cart for us, so that we could take our family to hear the word. She would often tell me so, but I chided her, saying it was very unlikely, seeing I was so much in debt. But nothing would stop the progress of faith and its blessed results; yet at the same time it appeared, according to reason, impossible; but as soon as she went to the Lord about it all things were possible, and she would tell her friends she believed it would come to pass.

After some months the correspondence between Mr. Fenner and Mr. Morris was published, which I had a great desire to have, but when I heard the price I declined; but a friend would give it to me, which, if I know my own heart, I received as God's gift. This caused a correspondence between me and Mr. M. Shortly afterwards two of his daughters paid us a visit, although unknown to me and mine, but my new friends soon made themselves known; and my dear wife's heart was soon opened, and her tongue loosed to speak of God's

goodness towards her, whilst I sat quite contented to hear, only now and then shedding a silent tear of gratitude to the God of all my mercies. One of my new friends, when I was not present, said to my wife, "I wonder you do not get a horse and cart to ride to Lewes." This caused my wife to speak of her persuasion respecting the same, but how or by what means it was to be brought about she could not tell. After I came in, one of my friends, looking very hard at me, said, "Mr. Young, if a horse and cart were sent to your door, what would you do with it?" This question brought to mind my dame's faith, and how to answer I knew not, (I knew nothing of what had passed in my absence,) but I said, "Don't talk so, Miss; for I know not what I should do." Nothing more was said during their stay with us, but we spent the remainder of the time in speaking of the different trials and deliverances that we had passed through; neither did I think any more about it; but in about a week came a letter, saying there was a horse that cost £15, and a good cart, if I would accept of it; and requesting an answer by return of post. This brought forth in my dear wife praise and thanksgiving to God who had granted her request; but I was sore troubled on account of my circumstances and the fear of man; yet how to refuse such a kind offer I knew not, and accept it I could not. My wife left me to do as I thought best, but at the same time cried to the Lord to direct me. So I wrote a letter of denial, stating my reasons for it. This brought fresh trouble on my dear wife, who was still crying to the Lord to direct me; so I could not send it; and it brought me into such trouble I knew not what to do. The fear of man was so great, I thought all would turn my enemies, and two gentlemen in particular, with whom I stood connected in business. All at once I felt a cry, and a humble confidence in the Almighty. Off I went to their house, and my hap was to meet the one I most feared. After saluting him, I stated the whole affair to him, and begged of him to give his advice, as I had neither stable nor provender; how to maintain the horse I knew not, and how to answer the letter I knew not. He replied that it would be very ungrateful not to accept it; at the same time we were standing near his stable, and he added, "Here is a stable for the horse and a lodge for the cart; and as for maintaining the horse, we shall want it sometimes, and surely between us we shall be able to keep it." My soul secretly blessed God for showing me how to act; and, thanking the gentleman, I ran home to my wife with this providence, which afforded fresh cause for glorifying God and furnished me with an answer, stating how and by what means I was enabled to accept it, and how we saw the hand of God in it. I went on the day appointed, and found my new friends all engaged for my welfare, loading the cart with hay and corn; and when I arrived at my own door my dear wife was quite overcome with the sight of the horse and cart and all things provided.

Thus was seen the hand of the Lord in providing the means for me and my wife and family to go to hear the blessed word; nor did any one chide me for it; every mouth was stopped. Now came days of mercies to us, as my wife and daughter could go on week-nights

besides Sundays. Many a dark night have they come home laden with the best of treasure; sometimes begging all the way that they might not be molested, but might arrive home in safety; and when arrived could bless God for his preserving care. Sometimes the word has been so blest to my wife that she has felt surrounded with the presence of the Lord, so that all fear has been taken away. We soon found the horse expensive; but oftentimes came a pound to help, till I have been a wonder to myself and also to others. These were good days, and days to be remembered of the Lord's goodness.

After these days, or rather years, came a heavy trial to my dear wife; she lost her sweet enjoyments; she was like Samson when shorn of his locks, and wist not that the Lord was departed. Now came legions of foes to bind her; and the worst of all was her own wicked heart, together with the old leaven, so that there were two armies in battle array, and for a long time she despaired of life. The language that came from her lips at times made me tremble; she would say, if the Lord did not appear to deliver, and bring her out as a conqueror, she would declare to all eternity that the Lord had lost one of his own manifestly loved, regenerated ones. This used almost to distract me. I knew not what to do while the trial lasted. The power of unbelief was so great she would cast away every promise as not belonging to her; at the same time testifying that she had greater light than ever, saying she was like Balaam, Saul, or Judas. She would put such questions as I knew not how to answer, yet at the same time would testify that she had believed unto life, and had really enjoyed the Lord's presence, but was now left of God. I told her, where once the Lord gives peace he would never leave that soul to self-destruction;

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

And,

" Whatever loss you bear beside,
O never give up this."

After several months, she read in a book of Mr. Huntington's, where he described the very same exercise, which made the bar of unbelief to give way in some measure. But O what a blessed truth is this doctrine of free grace, without the least worthiness of the creature; for as she was pondering one day over her wretched state, the Lord appeared, broke her hard heart, and she became like a little child; and walking towards the stairs she caught hold of the door, for she could hardly stand, and broke out with the following words: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for thou hast regarded the low estate of thy hand-maiden." Then, going up stairs, she opened on Hymn 39, and read till she came to the following lines:

" Hell is vanquish'd, heaven appens'd,
God is reconciled and pleas'd;"

and her spirit once more entered into rest and peace in believing. Her language became more pure than ever, debasing the creature, and grace, free grace, being the sweet theme of her soul.

I cannot, however, forget the trials that came afterwards in providence; for when I came to place debtor and creditor together, I was like a madman. I ran in to my wife, and stated the particulars, saying, I had better give up to the creditors, and my friend F., who assisted me in making out my bills, sanctioned it; but my dear wife was as peaceable and quiet as if nothing was the matter, whilst I was quite the reverse, and all we said made no impression on her. At last she broke silence, and her words were closed with majesty and power, for her heart was full, saying, "What a mercy"—then paused—"What a mercy that your unbelief will not make the promise of God of none effect." She then gave her advice, saying, "Go on, and leave it in the Lord's hands; let it be his work and not thine, to bring it about as it pleaseth him;" or this was the substance of her words. Shame covered our faces for distrusting the Lord's goodness. But to mention the many blessed providences I and mine have experienced would fill a volume; so I will only mention the following cross providences, yet blessed, because it is the will of Him who can do nothing but good, and causeth all things to work together for good to them that love him, and are the called according to his purpose. Nothing can happen by chance. There may come heights and depths, all as formidable enemies; still the watchful eye of God is over us, and nothing can separate us from the love of God. I could not, by mere reason, make out how it could be that the Lord should so evidently raise up this and the other friend, and then send afflictions after afflictions, and such losses that I was unable to pay my way, when it was my earnest desire not to deprive any one of a penny due to them. I have shamefully rebelled at times because of this heavy cross. I could not endure it to be said that I was unable to pay. But, blessed be God, who did at times enable me to become resigned to his will, and commit all my concerns into his blessed hands, whether for prosperity or adversity; and this brought me into peace with God and man.

For many weeks before I gave up to my creditors, it pleased God to keep all friends at a distance; neither could I ask for the least friendship. But the Lord led me about in a right way, to humble me and to bring all the glory to himself. Finding my circumstances very bad, I made it known to one of my greatest creditors. He said he would be my friend; he told me to go on, and he would be responsible for fresh debts. He went to many of my creditors, and they accepted what he proposed; and had all of them gone to him, no doubt all would have had their money. But this kind gentleman himself soon got into difficulties, so that he could not attend to mine. Then I was in a worse state than before. I was advised to go to a lawyer, and declare myself insolvent; but before my trustee would act, I had to get the approbation of my above friend's trustee, and I walked with a heavy heart, crying to God for direction. When I got to Lewes I called on Mr. D., and stated my case. He said, "Sit down, and I will fight your battles for you." He went and saw the gentleman I so much feared, and found him very agreeable. Mr. D. added, "When I saw your cart pass on Sunday, I said,

“When that poor man’s sale comes on, I will go and purchase his tools for him.” This broke my heart, and my soul was filled with gratitude to God and man. I afterwards called on a friend, while in this sweet frame, to relate the above mercies, but I found him laboring under temptations, so that I considered my trouble light compared with his; but when I began to state my circumstances, the dear man took a part, felt his spirit revived, and put his hand in his pocket and presented me with £5, saying, “This will purchase your wife’s cart and a bed.” I refused it, telling him I only called that he might help me to bless God; but my friend would hear nothing of the kind, and placed the £5 in the hands of Mr. D. for that purpose. Now I must leave those that read to guess at my feelings.

After I had been to the lawyer I returned home to my wife, to tell her of this wonderful day of mercies; and we were constrained to say, “It is none other than the hand of God.” But although this beginning was prosperous, I still stood in need, and on the Saturday previous to my sale on Monday I was very restless, and it was a wet day. I thought I would go and see a person that had been my friend; I had several miles to walk, and when I got to the house, the gentleman was gone out; so I returned home, wet, tired, and fretful. After I had changed my clothes and had a little refreshment, I said to my wife, “I cannot sit still;” so I went out, not knowing where to go. It being dark, I saw a light at Mr. T.’s. I went and called him aside, and told him my trouble. He sympathised with me, saying, “Many can help one. Go to Mr. S., and tell him I sent you.” So I went and told my tale. He replied, “Go to Mr. W. S., and ask him to draw up a paper, and come to me first; and here is a sovereign as a gift.” I went accordingly to Mr. W. S., and found his heart enlarged; and, unknown to me at the time, he went round the place, and collected £9 or £10 before the sale commenced. Almost all the place seemed concerned for me, whilst I and mine stood still, to see the wonder-working hand of God. My trustee came on Sunday evening and desired us to leave the house early in the morning, as he could not bear to see us there. My friend G. also became a friend indeed; he opened his house to receive us, where we had every comfort.

The sale began at 10 o’clock, and the first thing that was put up was my dear wife’s cart. A child came running in, saying, “Mr. E. swears with an oath that he will make that gospel cart into a butcher’s cart.” This sank through my wife. But on the heels of this messenger came my friend G., rejoicing, saying, “I have bought the cart. Mr. E. ran it up, but I got it, and I have bought the bed also.” O what mercy was this to me and mine! So I quite left all other things to the blessed will of God. Mr. E.—k left word for me to put my things in his stables and coach-house, which had three good rooms over them; so after dinner I went and opened the doors, and soon saw my cart draw up full of goods by a friend, and children running to and fro, bringing goods, till I did not know where to bestow them. Even Mr. E., who was determined to have the cart, when he saw I had so many friends, became my friend also.

When all was over, my dear wife came to see what the Lord had given us; and she said, "Surely there must be a mistake; this cannot be all ours." Our hearts and house were full; we had every necessary article. The next day Mr. E—k ordered a good window to be put in the coach house, which makes me the best shop I ever had, well situated for business, and at a much lower rent. All glory to him who turns all hearts at his pleasure, and makes enemies become friends to those that love God. The stables were made into a very convenient house for us. I would just remark that many a time I and my wife had wished we could have these very stables, which were not in use, that they might be turned into a house and shop for us. I had mentioned it to Mr. E—k, and he was quite agreeable; but the next morning he sent word that he had let them on the previous evening, which was a great disappointment to us; but we were to have it in the Lord's time and way, to bring all the glory to his name.

Now came days of gladness, and good days to be remembered of the Lord. Although I was placed in my new shop, still I had no money, and I wanted leather. Just as I was feeling keenly my wants, it being the day the carrier went to Lewes, a friend came to the door, saying he had received £2 from his brother for me. How sweetly did I see and feel the hand of Providence in this. After this, two gentlemen lent me £7; so by this means I commenced business the second time; and I have a hope, by the blessing of God, I may be able to return some acknowledgment to my kind friends; at least I desire so to do, but as far as reason can view I have but little prospect at present. Nevertheless, all things are possible with God, for by him and through him we live, move, and have our being; and it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning. Great is his faithfulness.

I would remark one favored time in hearing the word. I was very much troubled in my mind for many days, lest I should hear of various things being misconstrued. It was on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th, 1835; and it was the desire of my soul that the Lord's servant might come forth as a little child to be taught of his heavenly Father. When I got to the chapel I was very tired, being obliged to walk in haste; and I felt a going out of soul that the Lord might be with his servant, that he might preach the pure gospel, and that he might keep close to his text, whatever it might be, for I thought his eye conveyed a something unfavorable towards me. But he gave out the following text, "The Lord is good to them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." The blessed word was precious to my soul. He said the text did not say, "He will be good," but in the present tense, "He is good;" and he spoke of many ways in which the Lord was good. He spoke first of his goodness to the quickened soul waiting to know his interest in Christ. Secondly, to the soul under trials and temptations, and the hidings of his countenance, and of the Lord waiting to be gracious. Thirdly, by cross providences. And lastly, when the poor trembling soul draws near

his departure; then, even then the Lord is good. My spirit rejoiced, saying in my very soul, "Bless, bless the Lord! O the goodness of the Lord! His dear servant said he is good, good to support under every trial; good to revive, to help, to teach, to strengthen; not to deliver till death, therefore the soul is kept waiting for the Lord as long as he lives; and the unchangeable love of God was always towards them to do them good." O how my soul ascended in praise and thanksgiving. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE A. CHARLWOOD, OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

My dear Friend,—I received your kind letter by the Dec. mail; and if I had not, I intended to have written a few lines as a last farewell in this world, for I have been down to the borders of the grave since I last wrote. I have long felt that all the powers of nature were failing; but having had so much affliction in the family I said but little about my own case, until it was ending in dropsy. My wife would then call in a doctor. I knew of one who would tell the truth; he sounded and examined me, and found I had a disease of the heart of very long standing, which was ending in dropsy. My poor wife was very much cut up; and yet it has had this good effect, that although I am spared till this time she is still prepared for the worst. All my family revere and love me, and every attention that love and kindness can dictate is shown me by them and by kind friends.

Psalm xxiii., especially the 5th verse, has been precious to me, "Thou anointedst my head with oil; my cup runneth over." I never saw such sweetness and blessedness in it before. I have a sermon from Ps. xxiii., preached by your honored father, which I shall read again some day, if spared to meet the people again. I have been silent now some weeks, and the dear Lord has sent us, just at the nick of time, a simple-hearted dear servant of his. I believe the very best and most savory in all the colonies. He paid us a visit last year and again this, from Portland, about 300 miles from here. I have thought the dear Lord in his mysterious providence has just shown the people he has his hidden ones in this country, and that if I am taken away he will fill my place, or at any rate pay a long visit every year, and that the Lord will make it a time of refreshing to the souls of many.

I am just relieved again a little from the most severe attack I have had. On Feb. 24th I was very ill with a burning sensation at the heart. I felt I should faint. Happily a doctor lives in my village, and we called him in; and to the prompt means he used, under the blessing of God, I believe I owe my life. He first put on a mustard poultice over the heart, and told them not to leave me for a moment; and if I had any business to settle, it must be done at once; but happily I had nothing of that sort to harass the mind. I could calmly wait my Father's will. The doctor put on twelve leeches over the heart, and kept them drawing as long as possible. When they were off he cupped me twice over the same place, which drew a large quantity of black-looking blood; and he kept giving me brandy and water to keep the pulse beating, it seemed so nearly stopped. The result is I am much relieved—better I never shall be, so both doctors tell me; but it is a mercy to get relief. I never felt nearer death than on that occasion; and I felt calmness and peace. But you see

the end was not come, and I cannot say how it really may be with me in the swellings of Jordan.

It is some months since the doctor pronounced my case hopeless as to any cure; and it has brought some solemn thoughts, not knowing how near I am to the world of spirits. But sometimes I have felt very comfortable, and even anticipated the glorious company and companions I shall soon join. Your dear father is often on my mind, in sickness or health, in one of his hymns:

“ With what raptures he'll embrace us,
Wipe away a falling tear;
Near himself for ever place us,
And with love our bosom cheer.
Storms shall never
Reach us more within the veil.”

Both doctors have told me they believe it is better for me to come into my office in Melbourne when able, as my mind will be more at ease, &c. “ But remember,” they say, “ if your carriage goes over a stone, and gives an extra shake, you may be gone in a moment, and even die in the carriage, so critical is your state. So the family must not blame us; we tell you the truth.” But after all, my dear friend, I may live months, or even all the year. Indeed, since I have seen the concern of my family and many saints of God, who pray for my life, I have had a desire to live a little longer, if God's blessed will, for their sakes. Who would have thought such an illiterate poor old creature should be so honored in his old age as to be cared for and beloved by the saints of the Most High? My soul is filled with wonder at the love and mercy of my God!

It was only a few weeks ago my attention was drawn to that sweet portion, “ My cup runneth over;” and the dear Spirit opened my eyes to see that for the last seven years, or nearly so, my cup has literally run over with the blessings of providence; and all that I had ever given to the cause of God or the relief of his dear saints was literally the overflowings of the cup. My cup is always full. All I want is to pay my way, and have a little laid up for my family, if I am taken from them; and still it runs over. It is a time of great depression and distress in trade; nearly all our most eminent merchants are insolvent; yet my cup runneth over. I said to my dear partner the other day that I believed the little the Lord had honored me to give to his dear name and cause was only the runnings over; and if I had not done it, it would have been like the widow's oil when there was not a vessel more, it would have stayed; and if I had tried to hoard up these runnings over that they would have stayed; we should have been no richer. She cheerfully answered, “ I quite believe it, father.” It did me good to hear her say so. “ Yes,” I said, “ who but the Lord has preserved us from fire, and from thieves, and from heavy losses, such as have brought down great houses. Still our cup runneth over. Many, many friends I have lent to, friends in distress, &c.; and still have enough for all our wants. Then the heavenly oil too: ‘ Thou anointest my head with oil.’ This makes the face to shine; this is the token for good, for others can but see, when the very joy of the Lord is our strength, the “ oil of joy is given for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”

Many years ago, when in much temporal trouble, I have given out in faith those sweet words of Dr. Watts:

“ Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.”

Mr. Huntington once said, "Seek Jesus, and seek him earnestly, and never give it up; and with him you get everything—money to pay your debts and everything else, and that not in a low, mean, pitiful way, but like the son of a King, as I am." Blessed man! Those words were as a divine fire to my soul, and I have amply proved the truth of them, "Shall he not also with him also freely give us all things?" He gave himself, what won't he grant? Thy Husband is all thou wantest. O my friend, we don't half believe in the providence of God. I now begin to see more than ever the force of this passage, "Seek ye first [above anything else] the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Not all we think we want, but all we really need. How glad I now am that the Lord laid the salvation of my soul with more weight and power on my mind than everything else in this world. Even in early life I was led to knock at mercy's door, and kept knocking many years until I found it an open door.

"He makes the believer, and gives him his crown."

I have known the Lord now 20 years, and can appeal to the great Searcher of hearts that in all that period his dear name and cause have been quite as much or more concern to me than my own affairs; and I know by experience that he honors those that honor him; and while I have been trying to trust him, and speak well of his great name, he is giving me more abundant cause than ever, and opening up the blessed secret, "My cup runneth over." How carelessly we read that word, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." I have proved this many times; and the dear Lord gives such interest as never was heard of. The secret spring of every blessing worth having is from the Lord himself. His love is shed abroad in our hearts, and we love him in return with his own love.

Again, what a mercy it is, my dear friend, really to believe the gospel. Half the professors don't really believe it so as to trust in the Lord, but are more like Ananias and his wife—want a name with God's saints, but keep back part of the price; have a reserve in hand, so as not to go too far. None better knows that it is the Lord only who makes the difference than the poor sinner that writes this. There is more in those words of the blessed Jesus than many see at first, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." I was many, many years there. I believed in God, but it brought no real comfort; but it was profitable. "All who have heard and learned of the Father [in his righteous law] cometh unto me," and, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I think it very probable my friend has not yet fully believed in Jesus. How sweetly Hart expresses it in the hymn,

"Different degrees of faith;
But he that into Christ believes,
What a rich faith has he," &c.

And then again, this sweet assurance of the truth of the gospel, and our interest in it, what a sweet confidence it gives a poor sinner as he stands in God's great name. As another poet says,

"Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone.
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on."

Yes, we fight not uncertainly, as one that beateth the air, &c. We feel we can trust our all—we can die upon it. Perhaps these remarks

may have the effect of making you more thankful, and you will find your cup also runs over. If the dear Lord brings some poor saint before you, don't shut your hand against him. Your dear father said, "If you see a poor minister of Christ, give him a guinea; God will give you two for it." Don't think too much of independence. Huntington once said, "My God hates independence." I tried in early life to launch a ship with that name, but it was my mercy she became a wreck instead. I never got her launched. But my God hath honored me more than ever I could have honored myself. His blessing maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith.

Pardon the freedom of a dying man, my friend. I shall be glad to hear from you while I live.

Yours affectionately, in Christ Jesus,
Melbourne, March 12th, 1860. A. CHARLWOOD.

[The above letter, one of the last that Mr. Charlwood wrote, was addressed to a son of the late Henry Fowler, minister of the Gospel, at Gower Street.]

JOYFUL TEARS.

Dear Father in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—I received your welcome epistle; and I believe what you say is true, that we shall find errors in the church of God; but we need not wonder at this, when we find so many in ourselves. We may say with the Psalmist, "Who can understand his errors?" We have sent for Gadsby's School and Children's Hymn Books, and are going to commence a Sabbath-school, hoping the dear Lord will give us ability not only to teach the little ones to read, but to give them instruction in the word of God.

I spoke on Lord's Day morning from Phil. iii. 3. I had a blessed time in my own soul. Had a prayer-meeting in the afternoon, and was much refreshed; Mr. — was there. After the meeting he came to me, and showed me the 196th hymn, Gadsby's, and said that it was the real feelings of his soul. I said if that was the case it was a mercy indeed. He said he seemed to be quite powerless, and the word of God was a sealed book. I spoke in the evening from Job xxviii. 28, and was as much shut up as I was enlarged in the morning. I came home, and was much cast down; rose in the morning in the same spirit; read a portion of the word of God, felt and lamented before God my ignorance of his precious word; and whether I read men's writings or the word of God, I felt my ignorance, and shuddered when I thought of the poor manner in which I had spoken to the people, and wondered how they could sit and hear me.

On Monday afternoon my secret sins were brought afresh to mind, which I hoped were buried long ago in the fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness; but they came with such power that I could not stand against them.

On Tuesday morning I rose a little after 4 o'clock, read a portion of the word, and these past secret sins came with greater power than ever. I knelt down before the Lord and confessed they were all true. I confessed my sins, and was overwhelmed in sorrow, when these words came with much power and sweetness, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel." I got my Concordance and found them, and they were sweet to my poor soul; also these words, "So the poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth." (Job v. 16.) And so, bless the dear Lord, I found it, for there was no more said about my secret sins; and this crowned the whole, "Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the

tongue," (Job v. 21,) and, "By him all that believe are justified from all things." And now the sense that I felt of my sins, (whether known to the world or secret,) and the pardon of them, was too much for me, and the tears did flow freely, tears of joy; and I had such a time for an hour and a half as I think I never had before. I had such a lively sense of the love and mercy of God, and his grace, and the precious blood and righteousness of Jesus, that I felt quite reluctant to go to work. To go into the company of my fellow-workmen seemed like going to the gallows. I had to walk about a mile before I could go into the cabin, and I had a great set-to to get my mind off these things and my tears dried up, for I could not have wept more for an only son than I did, with a feeling sense of my sins, and the love and favor of God to me. Its sweetness has not left me yet.

I have written these few lines to you to tell you of the dear Lord's gracious dealings with me, a secret as well as an open sinner; but I cannot tell you half; neither can I tell you in that spiritual strain as I could wish; for, although there is some of the sweetness left, there is but little of the power; and you know that I am nothing, and I have nothing, only what the dear Lord is pleased to give me. . . .

Give my love to all the brethren.

I remain, your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

W. H.

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your kind letter, for I assure you I have many bitter things from my fellow-men, even from those who should be my fellow-helpers by the way. But the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, drops sweeter things into my soul, such as can and do make even the bitter sweet. But I make a very poor out at enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ ought to do. The cross often sits very heavy on my back. I feel much weakness and many castings down; but, bless the Lord, not yet destroyed. We are greatly scattered, and much bitterness has come forth, and what the end will be I cannot tell; but I feel certain I am on the strongest side, even on the side of truth—the same truth which I held when I first came to preach at Zoar Chapel, and from which I feel persuaded no man could have turned me aside, had I bought it as dearly then as now I have. Mr. A., at whose house I lodged, was the means of ensnaring my mind; and as the Israelites took of the mouldy bread of the Gibeonites, but asked not counsel of the Lord, and were led into error, even so it happened unto me; but I have smarted for my folly, and bless my Father for it.

And now I feel persuaded that nothing shall be lost by this trial but that which can be very well parted with. We know there is a time to scatter as well as a time to gather; a time to thresh, and a time to winnow, &c. The time does come when men will not endure sound doctrine; a time when those who are or should be learners become too wise to be taught, and despise him who reproveth in the gate; when the branch that beareth no fruit must be taken away, &c.

I know of nothing to prevent me coming to Deptford on Sept. 13th, as you request me; so, if the Lord will, I shall be there; and may Immanuel also come, or it will be a poor time.

The Lord bless you.

17, Manchester Terrace,
Liverpool Road, Islington, Aug. 4, 1860.

JAMES SHORTER.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF SAMUEL DACK,

A CORNDEALER IN HERTFORD, WHO DIED OCT. 29TH, 1833, AGED 31 YEARS.

BY MR. GILPIN,

OF HERTFORD, FORMERLY A MINISTER IN THE NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.

(Continued from page 308.)

Soon after this, he fell into a state of great darkness, in which he expressed not so much horror or despondency, as bewilderment and ignorance. His constant language was, "O, I am blind; I know nothing, and can tell nothing." I said to him, "Do you feel as if God were against you?" He replied, "No, Sir; I feel that I know nothing at all about him. God! Who is he? Where is he?" He continued to express with great earnestness a sense of the deadness and coldness of his heart. So far from taking comfort from the thought of his cries for mercy, he seemed to number them among his sins. He was by no means ignorant of the way of the gospel; indeed he had a correct acquaintance with the Bible in general, which made him continually say, "I, who thought I knew much, find I know nothing, nothing at all." I understand that during my absence he would use stronger expressions relative to his sense of sin, and his fears lest God should leave him unconverted, than I recollect his using in my presence. One of these struck me from its analogy to that in Ps. lxxiii. 22, and also other confessions of sincere penitents in scripture: "Lord, what a beast I am." Indeed, I cannot tell whether reflection on his past hypocrisy and licentiousness, or on his present state in which he felt the universal power of inward sin affected him with most self-loathing. I think the latter.

In this state he was visited by many persons. Some of his former gay companions being admitted, he spoke to them in such anguish of spirit, that they altogether shrank from approaching him. Many professors of religion came, and endeavored to comfort him; but they gained no ground at all. Indeed, when I saw him on the evening of the following Sunday, I could not help contrasting his state with that which he had described to me the preceding week: "Sir, I have had a miserable day. They came to me, and would have me take all they give me, and I cannot; and it makes me wretched. I thought of the words you were reading to me yesterday, 'Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter.'" He complained of one person especially, whose expressions were so indicative of self-complacent confidence that he mistrusted their sincerity altogether, which seemed to give him double uneasiness. I was present a day or two afterwards when the arrival of the same person was announced. Before this he had been talking with great calmness, though in a desponding manner; but as soon as the person entered the room his countenance altered, and with great agitation, both of gesture and voice, he exclaimed, "O I cannot say that I see hope now! A certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation is before me. O that those who are in health would be in ear-

nest about their souls. Indeed, I once thought I knew everything, all the gospel entirely, and that nothing was left but, when I pleased, to put out my hand and lay hold of it. But O now I find I cannot." It was also evident to me that some had expressed great encouragement at seeing his earnestness of distress, and perhaps urged him to view it as a ground of comfort in which he might rest, as though he had attained anything by it; but the work of humiliation being, as I hope, truly of God, he seems to have escaped that very common snare of the devil. This made him labor to assure me that he was certainly by no means better than before; and once he said, "I fear you are deceived in me, and have hopes of me." I said, "I believe you are quite as bad as you think you are, and worse too." He answered, "I am very glad you say so, for now you are not deceived." While he continued in this state, there were some parts of scripture in which he expressed great delight, as sensible of their fitness to his own case; but he could appropriate no promise so as to be satisfied that he felt it; and if such appropriation were urged upon him, "his soul abhorred the dainty meat." Once, on the other hand, I attempted to read with him Lam. iii., which describes rather the state of an established believer under strong temptation than that of an awakened sinner, who has never been brought to the light. I had not proceeded far before he said, "Sir, I cannot enter into it. If I must feel all that, I fear the work is not begun in me." He said he could understand the second verse, "He hath led me and brought me into darkness and not into light." Still, whatever he could find in the scripture, and much there is, spoken to a man who only knows his own blindness and darkness, he entered into with great eagerness; particularly the concluding verse of John ix.: "For judgment I am come into this world, that those who see not might see;" and again, "If ye were blind [sensibly so] ye should have no sin, [for I would have taken it away,] but now ye say, We see, therefore your guilt remaineth."

He said to me, the day after I had conversed with him on these words, that he had seemed to lay hold of them. Also he expressed great satisfaction in the concluding verses of Isa. v.: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God;" and he seemed to abhor the thought of kindling sparks of his own to walk by, denounced in the following verse. He sometimes expressed a desire to have one of Hart's hymns read to him, and always preferred those which express the evil and power of sin in the strongest terms:

"Now the hell appears within,
Causing bitter anguish;
And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish."

While he continued in this state I felt not only that for me or any one else to attempt to make him heal his own wounds by a blindness of presumption which many mistake for faith, would be exceedingly wrong, but also that it would be entirely useless. Nay, I had seen

already that the effect was most galling to himself. Yet from time to time I felt some enlargement in testifying very strongly that though he knew not the power and application of the gospel as yet, he would be astonished when he did know it to find that it was a full and free forgiveness, and every spiritual blessing given to the unworthy through Christ's merits alone. To such statements he would listen patiently, and then make some short remark: "Yes, if I could but apply it." To which, if he were answered, "You cannot; but you must earnestly pray God to apply it to you," he seemed more satisfied. I felt that his case was critical, and often longed that I could find one of deep experience in religion to introduce to him; but I must say I felt a constant jealousy lest he should be misled by worldly and self-confident professors. Hearing, therefore, that his mother-in-law was coming down from Norfolk to nurse him, I felt great fear and doubt, having heard her described by himself and others, equally ignorant, as a woman of remarkable piety; so that I knew he would feel disposed to place great confidence in her words. I did not tell him my particular fear, but warned him in general terms, and said, "Now you will indeed find reason to enter into and pray these words of the Psalmist, 'Be merciful to me, O God, for man would swallow me up.' There is the man within you and the man without you too, which will assuredly swallow you up, unless God prevent it in his mercy." As far as I could judge, he entered so fully into this feeling that I hoped my fears had been made instrumental to his good, though my particular fear was never, I am thankful to say, realised, for his mother-in-law proved to be a woman of a very humble and tender spirit, who seemed to dread presumption more than any other sin, either in herself or others; so that I am persuaded her whole conversation tended to bring him and to keep him low, which I could not but regard as a very peculiar mercy to him.

I began to suspect, partly, I believe, from the tendency of a few words he had uttered, that he would be tempted to rest in his present state; but when I questioned him I had reason to hope otherwise. I drew him into a long confession of his darkness, and hardness, and deadness, which it was very easy to do, and then said, "Now, what are you expecting? to continue in this state? do you think it a good one?" "O shocking! Sir, shocking!" he replied, very earnestly. "Then," I said, "you must pray to be brought out of it only, not to lift yourself out." I found, I think, that he obtained sensible comfort several times by my saying, "I do not wish you to apply God's promises to yourself, but only to consider your present condition, blind, bound, dead, and a sinner, and then to notice whether, after all, the promises are not made to persons like you." In this way he seemed struck with several of the promises which we read together; especially the conclusion of Zecharias's Song affected him: "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death;" also our Lord's words: "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the

broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them which are bruised." I said, "Does it not seem that these words relate to persons like you?" He replied, "It seems so, indeed." One day he thus interrupted conversation of this kind: "Where is that text which troubled me in the night, 'I will spue thee out of my mouth?'" I said, "I will read it, and I believe it will not trouble you." I then read it, and went on to the following text: "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked." He answered, "O Sir, that is not as I thought it was."

I remember, on one occasion, he expressed some hope that he was really being brought to understand true religion, and then observed, "O if I should recover my health, what a sad thing it would be, for then the world would overpower me." I told him he was falling into a very great mistake; for if the work on his heart were not of God he could not expect salvation, were he to die under the full influence of his religious feelings; but if it were indeed of God it would stand for ever, no doubt of that, however it might be tried. The consideration, as far as I could gather, seemed to relieve him very sensibly, inducing a persuasion that there was a substance and reality in the establishment of soul which he was longing after, against which the gates of hell could never prevail. One morning I had sat down by him, and observing more than usual tranquillity in his manner, asked him how he felt. He replied, "More comfortable." I asked, "What has given you comfort?" He answered, "Last night I was engaged for some time very earnestly in conversation with my wife and mother, and a great many texts came partly into my mind, which my mother was able to find me; and I warned them very seriously to be in earnest and not to put off religion as I have done." I was rather disconcerted, for I could not see that the comfort had any solid foundation; and I partly suspected he had been led into self-complacency, which, however, I felt I had no power to charge upon him. How the conversation proceeded I forget, only I believe I dropped no intimation of my suspicion. Soon, however, he said, as if it grew out of the train of reflection excited in his mind, "Sir, I see it now. The devil set me up for a preacher last night, and that was all my comfort." I felt much relieved in my own mind to hear this from him, and said I had no doubt that he had been made to see the truth of the case, and that by all these means God was teaching him to know his own heart, and its exceeding deceitfulness. Afterwards I tried to elicit from his mother an account of what he called his preaching. She could, however, scarcely call to mind what he alluded to under that name, for what had struck her mind the most during the preceding night had been an agony of prayer, in which he had continued some time before he addressed her, "Lord, have mercy upon me, the very greatest sinner."

I earnestly longed at this time to see some appearance of a better kind of comfort, but I found none, except as he said, (but generally

with much hesitation,) a "hope" so little he could not be *sure* he felt it, a "little glimmer." I felt no hesitation in telling him that I believed that little hope was a good one, which God gave him to encourage him, and that he should not try to quench it, but take occasion from it to pray the more earnestly for deliverance, that after "waiting patiently for the Lord," he might incline unto him and "bring him up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay." Such expressions as these from the Psalms, and indeed the whole Psalms which contain them, seemed to be felt by him as a rich treasury. He would say, "What words are these!" "These are glorious words!" Then his countenance would sometimes fall, and he would add, "But O if I could apply them!"

He was frequently very earnest to see some of his old friends, that he might show them, as he said, how dreadful it is to put off religion to the last; and "for me," as he once added, "who have all my life long scorned deathbed repentances, to be looking to one as my only hope! But O what a great thing it is to die—to enter into eternity—and that only with a 'may be.' O how dreadful to have nothing more than a 'may be!'" I said he must look, and ask for, and even expect more than a "may be," for if God were working indeed, he would make perfect work; only not to trust in a "maybe."

But he seemed to me gradually to sink lower and lower, so that I began to be apprehensive I should find him in black despair. His bodily weakness also increased rapidly, so that his mind rapidly began to be feeble, and he could scarcely speak without exciting his cough. His sense of extreme hardness of heart returned with more vividness of impression, and I could only say, "Do not you try to soften it, for you cannot. Bring that heart of yours to God, and if he turn and have mercy, and you look on him whom you have pierced, then you will mourn, and your heart will melt, and that will be true contrition. I think Hart's hymn on the hardness of the heart seemed to relieve him a little, but he said of everything which I hoped might prove a word in season, "I don't think I catch it;" or perhaps, "I do no not know whether I can or not." Once he tried very hard at a passage in Hart, which earlier in his trouble had pleased him very much:

"Leprous soul, press through the crowd
In thy foul condition;
Wrestle hard and cry aloud
On the great Physician."

"I cannot understand it. Well, let me see; do I or do I not? 'Leprous soul—press—'" and then he seemed to give it up.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE most demonstrating resemblances do but partially resemble this union. The relation of parent and child, husband and wife, shepherd and sheep, do but help us to taste, as it were, a drop here and there of the unspeakable nearness, and abounding fulness, delight, glory, and mutual satisfaction of this union twixt God and man, in the mystery of this Mediator.—*Dorney.*

**TESTIMONY OF DR. HAWKER,
TO THE TRUE, PROPER, AND ETERNAL SONSHIP OF JESUS.**

That Dr. Hawker should be claimed as denying the true, proper, and eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord must surprise all who are at all acquainted with his works; for, if there be one author more than another who is sound and clear on that vital point, it is the good old Doctor. The doctrine of the Trinity, it is well known, was one of the chief features of the Doctor's preaching; and in this Trinity, he always speaks of the Three persons as being God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, which in itself is a sufficient declaration of Jesus being the Son of God as God the Son, distinct from and independent of his complex Person as God-man. Take the following instances:

"But we must not stop here; for blessed be our God, in his Trinity of Persons, he hath not stopped here. Acts of unparalleled grace are unfolded of this distinction of Persons in the Godhead, and as particularly made known to the church, in the several manifestations of love from each, and to every individual of Christ's mystical body. It is the Father, of whom the whole family, the church, is named, in heaven and in earth. (Eph. iii. 15.) His is the choice of their persons; his, the adoption of them as children; his, the acceptance of them in Christ. (Ephes. i. 4-6.) It is God the Son, who hath espoused them to himself; taken their nature, and redeemed them from the Adam-fall transgression 'by the sacrifice of himself.' (Isa. liv. 5; Hosea ii. 19; Heb. ii. 16, &c.) It is God the Holy Ghost, who hath anointed them together with Christ; and, by his own personal work, carries on the whole process in the renewal of our nature from the fall, from grace to glory. (Titus iii. 4-6.)"—Vol. i., p. 3.

And again :

"Now the Scriptures, which are the only data from whence we can derive any fixed and undeniable rule of knowledge on this important topic, have revealed to us this great and august Being, under certain eminent properties; the sum and substance of whose exalted character, taken in a collected point of view, is, that in the unity of a divine nature, or essence, there are three distinct persons, hypostases, or subsistences, existing in a manner inconceivable by human comprehension. We are taught to regard *one*, who, by way of distinction, is called the *Father*, as a Being possessed of every attribute which constitute Godhead. We are informed also of *another*, called the *Son*, who equally participates in all the essential perfections of the Godhead. And in the same sacred records we read of a *third*, distinguished by the name of the *Holy Ghost*, in whom we trace, as clearly defined, all the characters of Godhead. And while to each is distinctly ascribed every possible quality which defines the nature of God, and can belong to none but him, we are carefully instructed to consider that the sacred Three, by a mysterious unity of essence, in a manner transcending human intellect to conceive, form but the one Jehovah."—Vol. i., p. 208.

Once more :

"There is a glory in Jehovah, which may be called his *essential glory*, arising from his very nature and being, which is perfectly incommunicable to, and altogether incomprehensible by, any *mere* creature. This is that glory in which he dwells, in Unity of the Divine Essence and Trinity of his Persons, in which the Holy Three in One, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, possess alike and in common all divine perfections; and in the mutual enjoyment of each other, have existed from all eternity, and to all eternity, in one unceasing and never to-be-ended state of holiness, blessedness, and glory. Now with this *essential* glory no mere creature ever hath or ever can have, communion. Angels or men are alike precluded all approach, for so saith the scripture: 'He is the King eternal, immortal, invisible: who only hath

immortality:’ that is, *per se* in himself. ‘ Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen, or can see.’ (1 Tim. i. 17; vi. 16.) The very nature of those perfections, here described, implies as much. His invisibility, his incomprehensibility would cease if discoverable. Hence John saith, ‘ No man (the word is *oudeis*, *no one*, that is, not man only; but all mere creatures, whether *angels or men*) hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.’ (John i. 18.) It is the Son of God only, who came forth from the bosom of the Father, and assuming our nature into union with the Godhead, which made God in any manner visible.”—Vol. i., p. 488.

But the completest proof that Dr. Hawker held the true, proper, and eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord will be found in a work which the Doctor published, entitled, “ The Personal Testimony of God the Father to the Person, Godhead, and Sonship of God the Son. From this we make the following extracts :

“ And I pray the reader yet further to observe with me, that it is the person of God’s dear Son which is above every other consideration in the esteem and affection of God the Father. God indeed loves his dear Son, in having become the Mediator. He loves him for having taken into union with himself our nature; marrying our nature; redeeming our nature; living for us; dying for us; washing us from our sins in his own blood; and, in short, for the whole of what he hath done, is now doing, and will to all eternity do, for his body the church. All are precious acts in God the Father’s esteem, and for which he loves his dear Son, the Son of his love. (Coloss. i. 13.) But all these are secondary and subordinate considerations in the love and affection of the Father to what love he hath to the Son, as he is in himself. It is the Son of God as Son of God; his person, and not his works, which fills the heart of the Father with delight. For the Father is not benefited, neither indeed can be benefited, by all that the Son hath done or suffered in our nature for his people. And to this unquestionable truth the Son of God himself bears testimony, when he said, ‘ My goodness extendeth not to thee, but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent in whom is all my delight.’ (Ps. xvi. 2, 3.)”—Vol. iii., p. 568.

“ There is somewhat very delightful even in the bare contemplation of it. For the consideration of the person of the Son of God, as he is in himself, and independent of his relationship to his people, opens to a subject at once both sublime and blessed. For it is the infinite dignity of his person, which gives infinite value and preciousness to that relationship. And as God the Father is more glorious in what he is in himself than in all his ways and works towards his creatures, so God the Son is more glorious in himself, and his own personal glory, in common with the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the essence of the Godhead, than in all the grace and love he hath manifested to his people. His love to us is indeed precious, yea, very precious; and as the apostle saith, ‘ We love him because he first loved us.’ (1 John iv. 19.) Nevertheless, had he never loved us, had he never taken our nature, nor done and suffered for us what that love prompted him to do and suffer; yea, had we never been, the Son of God, as Son of God, would have been what he is in himself, in his divine nature, from all eternity and to all eternity, being ‘ One with the Father, over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.’”—Vol. iii., p. 569.

“ I have but one point more to finish the subject; namely, the Personal testimony of God the Father to the Sonship of his dear Son; and this is as sweet and as interesting as either of the former; and, together with both, gives a finishing beauty and loveliness to the whole. Indeed, if I may venture so to speak, the Sonship of the Lord Jesus hath a certain claim on our affections, peculiarly endearing and of inexpressible sweetness. For all those blessings which flow to us from God our Father in his relation as Father, flow to us in and through his dear Son, and from our union with him. And so infinitely important is this doctrine in the covenant of grace, that if it were to be relinquished, the church must relinquish with it also all those great and exceeding precious promises given by the Father to the Son, and

the church in him. And there is, according to my apprehensions, somewhat so truly blessed in the relationship of the Father to the Son, and the Son to the Father as our Father in Christ Jesus, that methinks I would not part with the precious doctrine, no, not for the world. And though I dare not, because in truth I cannot, enter into the full apprehension of the subject myself, much less describe it to others, (indeed the relationship subsisting between the persons of the Godhead is not our province to explain,) yet it is our mercy to receive it; and being so plainly revealed, and so fully confirmed in Scripture, under the blessed and familiar terms of Father and Son, I can, and do, accept and believe it, with the most cordial and heartfelt satisfaction."—Vol. iii., p. 599.

"I begin with observing, that from the general statement of the Scriptures on this sublime subject, we are so accustomed to the names of Father and of Son, that it were a violence to our feelings to admit, even for a moment, their reality to be questionable. And as these distinctions are personal, and not simply confined to the nature and essence of the Godhead, it were impossible to relinquish the one, without giving up with it at the same time the other. For if the Sonship of the Son of God be no more, the appellation of the Father is alike no more; the relation of both depending (as necessarily they must depend) upon each other. And in this case, what a chasm would be made in Scripture if both were done away! Where would a child of God go to find his Father, from the relationship to the Son, if these connections in the Godhead had no existence? And what would become of all those great and glorious promises of our God and Father, as our God and Father in the person of his dear Son before the world began, if the church hath no relationship through the Son? neither the Spirit witnessing to our spirits, 'that we are the children of God?'

"Moreover, the word of God hath in express terms given to the church the testimony of the Father to the Sonship of his dear Son, in not only declaring the oneness in nature and essence of the Father and the Son; but by expressions so near and tender, when at any time speaking of the Son, as most decidedly confirms the Father's testimony on this point, and renders it unquestionable. The Son of God is called his own Son, his dear Son, his only begotten Son, the Son of his love, and the like. And all these distinctions are in a way and manner as none beside is or can be called. Not the Son of God by creation, as angels and men are; for all things are said to be created by him and for him, consequently he himself cannot be created. (Coloss. i. 16, 17.) Neither is he called the Son of God by adoption, as is the church, (Ephes. i. 5,) for our adoption is by him; and consequently he himself is not adopted. Neither as Mediator, God and man in one person; for in this sense he is God's servant. But he is called the Son of God, in a special, personal, and particular manner, as the only begotten of the Father, of the same nature with himself, 'over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.' (Rom. ix. 5.)"—Vol. iii., p. 600.

"I do not think it unimportant in this place to add, that the Jews themselves perfectly understood our Lord as giving his own testimony to this Sonship in nature, and for which they charged him with blasphemy; a term wholly inapplicable, according to their view of things, but on the presumption that this Sonship was assumed by the Lord Jesus as thereby declaring himself God, and of the same nature and essence with his Father. 'Therefore the Jews sought to kill him, because he had not only broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.' (John v. 18.) These words, strong as they are to this Sonship of God's Son, would yet have been stronger had our translators given the full sense of every word. But they have wholly left out a word, and that a most important word, which is in the original; namely, *idion*, and which shows that the Lord Jesus had called God his own Father. So that though our modern unbelievers in the Sonship of God's dear Son, as Son of God, presumptuously deny this blessed truth, yet not so the Jews. They did not mistake our Lord's meaning when he said that God was his own Father; for they took our Lord's words just as they were, and declared him in consequence, according to their views, a blasphemer, for 'making himself equal with God.' But

it will be for God himself to decide with whom is the greatest blasphemy; the Jews, in accepting the Son of God's words as they really were, and through unbelief denying his Godhead; or those who call themselves Christians, while refusing to accept Christ's own words as they truly are; but by a construction of their own denying his Sonship, and also 'the record God has given to his Son.' * * *

"Once more. The Sonship of God's beloved Son derives another testimony from God our Father, in that he is called his 'first born, his first begotten, his only begotten;' and is said 'to be in the bosom of the Father.' (John i. 18.) Perhaps it may be said that the two former of those characters may be spoken of the Son of God as Mediator. And perhaps they may. Be it so. I will not stay to inquire. But the same cannot be said of the two latter. 'Only begotten,' and 'to be in the bosom of the Father,' can be applicable only to him as Son of God, and to the exclusion of every other. And let it be observed, (for it is a point of no small consequence to observe) this 'only begotten' is not only limited to the person of the Son of God; but his Godhead is more decidedly shown thereby, in that he is said to be in the bosom of the Father, and this even at a time when declaring him. He is not said to *come forth from* the bosom of the Father, but to be *in* the bosom, as one with him in heaven, when as Mediator he is declaring him in the earth.

* * * "When I take into one mass of evidence the cloud of witnesses with which the church is encompassed, on this great truth of our most holy faith, I stand amazed that there should be found any, among those who admit the Bible as the standard of decision, who venture to call in question a doctrine so fully authenticated, and so essential to the being and well-being of the church, as is the Person, Godhead, and Sonship of God's dear Son. That Satan should tempt to this unbelief, is just as might be expected; for we know he had the impudence to tempt the Son of God himself to question his own Sonship. (Matt. iv. 3, 6.) But it cannot be reconciled upon the principles of common sense, that men, who call themselves Christians, should take their stand upon the same ground, and by endeavouring to rob the Son of God of his dignity, rob the church of all comfort. Are such men aware, that while their quiver is bent against the Person, and Godhead, and Sonship of God's beloved Son, their arrows are, in fact, directed against the buckler of the Father? For added to the testimony God the Father hath given from heaven to the Sonship of his beloved Son, did he not at the same time command the church to hear him? Hath he not held him forth, through all the sacred Scriptures of his word, as the great object of trust, and faith, and confidence? And would he be the suited object of either, but upon the presumption of his oneness with himself in all the divine essence? Nay, would God have said to the church as he hath done, 'He is thy Lord, and worship thou him.' (Psalm xlv. 11.) Yea, have commanded 'all the angels of God to worship him,' (Heb. i. 6.) had he not possessed in common with himself and the Holy Ghost, all those distinguishing attributes of Godhead, by which alone he becomes the suited object of adoration? Oh! what paleness, what horror, what dismay will mark the Christ-despisers of this and every other generation, when the Son of God shall come 'in his own glory' and 'to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe.'—Vol. iii. pp. 603-607.

"The Sonship of God's dear Son, as the Son of God in nature, is of all subjects the most endearing to the church, who are sons by adoption and grace. It opens to the first of all enjoyments in life. Yea, the perfect knowledge and enjoyment of it will be among the highest felicities in the life that is to come. For heaven itself, with all its blessedness, be that blessedness what it may, can have nothing equal to that of the relationship into which the church is brought to all the persons of the Godhead, by virtue of our personal relationship with God's dear Son."—Pp. 607, 8.

"By that glorious act of God's dear Son taking into union with himself our nature, he hath hereby opened a medium of communication to make known (what without such a medium never could be known) the being and nature of God. Hence, though 'no man (or as it is in the original, *oudéis*, no one, neither angel or man) hath seen God at any time; the only begotten

Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.' (John i. 18.) And by making known to the church the personal acts of each, in each person of the Godhead, the people of God find somewhat for the mind to lean upon, for personal communion with each, and with all. So that the children of God, when quickened and regenerated by the Spirit, can and do know, and can and do sweetly and savingly enjoy, communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as the one united source of all grace and salvation. Hence they feel a blessedness and 'a joy which is unspeakable, and full of glory, receiving the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls.'

"I am well aware how galling these things are to all unrenewed minds. And should this little work fall into the hands of men of this complexion, I am sensible it will not fail to displease. Yea, it is possible it may provoke to many a bitter expression, such as I have heard, and heard indeed until my very flesh hath trembled. The Sonship of God's dear Son, and particularly the atonement of his blood, hath called forth in the lightness of their minds such awful sentiments, as if that precious plan of grace represented God the Son as most amiable, and God the Father inexorable! But amidst this horrid blasphemy, the glorious truth itself stands where it always stood, 'from the foundation of the world.' (1 Pet. i. 19, 20; Rev. xiii. 8.) The Rock of Ages feels no motion from all the dashing waves of the momentary ebbing and flowing of the tide below! Could these men see, (what indeed nothing short of divine illumination can enable them to see) the beautiful order in the economy of grace, they would discover both the original formation of the church in holiness, and the fall and recovery of the church from sin, are equally alike the result of one and the same Jehovah, in his Trinity of Persons; and that the whole is founded in the depth of divine wisdom, to minister equal glory and praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."—Pp. 611, 612.

These extracts will speak for themselves. We assent heart and soul to every one of them. They express with a clearness, a power, and a savour far beyond our pen the very faith of our heart, and the very feelings of our soul. O that it might please the Lord to open the eyes of those who deny the true, real, and eternal Sonship of Jesus, to see that glorious truth against which now they fight, and to bow down their hearts to believe it as it is revealed in the word of truth, and experimentally made known to the saints of God.

I HAVE derived much benefit, and am every way satisfied with C. as a physician, but do desire to look only to God. This is a hard contest. How is such a proneness to trust to an arm of flesh; but the Lord does not suffer me to lie down quite under it, and has many ways of showing that he alone is Lord; but while creature dependence rules in the heart, there is no true peace of God.

ALL that you do without faith, however it may please your minds, or ease your consciences, is not at all accepted with God. Unless this foundation be laid, all you do is lost; all your prayers, all your duties, all your amendments, are an abomination unto the Lord; until peace is made with him, they are but the acts of enemies, which he despiseth and abhorreth. You run, it may be earnestly, but you run out of the way; you strive, but not lawfully, and shall never receive the crown. The true gospel obedience is the fruit of the faith of forgiveness; whatever you do without it, is but a building without a foundation, a castle in the air. You may see the order of gospel obedience, Eph. ii. 7, 10. The foundation must be laid in grace; riches of grace by Christ, in the free pardon and forgiveness of sin. From hence must the works of obedience proceed, if you would have them to be of God's appointment, or find acceptance with him. Without this, God will say of all your services, worship, and obedience, as he did to the Israelites of old, Amos v. 21, 25, "I despise all, reject all;" it is not to him, nor to his glory.—*Owen*.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Continued from Page 324.)

WE intimated in our last No. that there were two especial features in the intercession of our great High Priest within the veil which are most blessedly adapted to all our wants and woes: 1, The prevalency of his intercession; 2, The sympathy and compassion of his loving heart. The former meets the burden of our sins; the latter that of our sorrows.

Having attempted, then, to show the nature and prevalency of the intercession of Jesus at the right hand of the Father, and how mercifully and graciously it meets our case as burdened with countless sins and pressed down with innumerable infirmities, we come now to the consideration of the blessed Lord as our most compassionate and sympathising High Priest in the courts of heaven. Sympathy and compassion are necessary qualifications of a high priest, as sustaining the office of a mediator. A priest implies a sacrifice; a sacrifice implies a sinner; a sinner implies a guilty, burdened wretch, justly amenable to the wrath of God, and therefore in a most pitiable condition. For such a one the high priest offers a sacrifice, that he may obtain thereby the pardon of his sins. He must, therefore, compassionate the case of this guilty sinner, that, as feeling sympathy with him, he may present prayer and supplication on his behalf, that the sacrifice offered for his sins may be accepted. The apostle, therefore, says, "For every high priest, taken from among men, is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity. And by reason hereof he ought, as for the people so also for himself, to offer for sins." (Heb. v. 1-3.) The high priest under the law differed in this point from the blessed Lord in that he was himself a sinner, and as such had to offer sacrifice for his own sins as well as for the sins of the people. By this offering for his own sins two things were intimated: 1, that as a sinner he himself needed a propitiating sacrifice; and, 2, he was reminded thereby that, though a high priest, he was really no better than the sinner for whose sins he offered sacrifice. By this sense, then, of his own sinfulness, thus vividly and distinctly brought before his eyes, he was taught to have compassion on his fellow-sinners, and especially on those who had sinned ignorantly, and were "out of the way" through backsliding or infirmity, for there was no sacrifice provided for presumptuous sinners. (Num. xv. 27-31.) Our blessed Lord, then, as the great High Priest over the house of God, would not have been suitable to us, as encompassed with infirmities, unless he could compassionate our case, and sympathise with us in our troubles and sorrows. It is true that, as perfectly free from sin, both in body and soul, he had no necessity to offer sacrifice for himself; but, as a most loving and tender High Priest, he could compassionate the sinner without partaking of his sins. But this was

not all, for even in eternity, before he gave himself for his people, he had pity on them; and we read that, apart from electing love or saving grace, in the days of his flesh, he had compassion on the hungry multitude. But that he might become a merciful and compassionate High Priest he had to learn sympathy with his people in a very different way. In the wondrous depths of the wisdom and grace of God, he learnt to sympathise with us in our afflictions by a personal experience of them. This is the apostle's declaration: "For we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) And what a most encouraging conclusion does he draw from this most blessed view of the compassion of our once suffering Head: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." (Heb. iv. 16.)

We showed in our last No. the close and intimate connection that subsists between the two main branches of our Lord's priestly office, viz.: the sacrifice which he offered in the days of his flesh on earth and his present intercession in heaven. So there is a similar connection between the personal experience of suffering and temptation which the Lord endured here below and his present sympathy above with his tempted and suffering people still in the wilderness. We must not, however, suppose the personal experience of suffering was essential to his knowledge of it. As omniscient in his divine nature, the Lord perfectly knows what his people suffer, for "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. ciii. 14.) In this sense he searcheth and knoweth us, for he understandeth our thought afar off; he compasseth our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways. (Ps. cxxxix. 2, 3.) As the all-seeing, heart-searching God, he sees and knows all our afflictions and sorrows as he knows everything in heaven and earth. But he could only have the personal experience of suffering by becoming himself a sufferer. This is a deep mystery; but as it is revealed to our faith in the word of truth and is full of blessed consolation to the afflicted family of God, we will approach it with all reverence as a part of our Meditations on the Sacred Humanity of our Blessed Redeemer.

It was the eternal will of God that his dear Son should take the flesh and blood of the children, and that he should take it without sin, but not without suffering. Suffering was a part of the atonement: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Pet. iii. 18.) Our blessed Lord was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," not only that by these sorrows and griefs he might redeem us from the depths of the fall, but that he might experimentally learn to feel for, and sympathise with us in our troubles and afflictions.

None can really sympathise with the afflicted but those who have passed or are passing through similar afflictions. We might as well expect a newly-married bride to sympathise with a bereaved widow, or a merchant worth a million with a ruined bankrupt, as for the

unafflicted to sympathise with the afflicted. The very word "sympathy" means a suffering with; but how can there be a suffering with another, if the suffering itself be personally unknown? The primary element of the whole feeling is wanting, if suffering be absent on the part of the sympathiser. Thus, in order that our blessed Lord might personally, feelingly, and experimentally sympathise with his suffering people, there was a necessity that he must himself suffer. O mystery of mysteries! O wondrous heights and depths of redeeming love! that the Son of God should suffer, not only that he might redeem, but that he might personally feel for, and experimentally sympathise with his suffering people!

But though we feel our inability and inadequacy to open up this sacred subject, yet, as we have proposed it as a part of our Meditations, let us now examine this point a little more closely, and see what sufferings the blessed Lord endured that he might learn thereby to sympathise with his afflicted ones, who drink of his cup and are baptized with his baptism.

In viewing these, we cannot well distinguish between the Lord's sufferings as meritorious and his sufferings as intended to teach him compassion and sympathy; for all his sufferings were a part of his atoning sacrifice: "By his stripes ye were healed." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) He that was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities" hath also surely "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." (Isa. liii. 4, 5.) In fact, by the sorrows and sufferings of the blessed Lord several purposes, according to the sovereign will and wisdom of God, were at once accomplished, and principally these following: 1. God was glorified, as the Lord himself said, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him." (John xiii. 31.) "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (John xvii. 4.) By his meek endurance of the sufferings laid upon him, and by his voluntary and patient obedience to the will of his heavenly Father, through the whole course of his suffering life from the manger to the cross, God was supremely glorified. 2. The work of redemption was fully accomplished. 3. He learned obedience by the things which he suffered. (Heb. v. 8.) 4. He left us an example, that we should follow his steps. (1 Pet. ii. 21.) 5. He was made perfect; (Heb. v. 9;) that is, he became by suffering perfectly qualified to sustain his high office as a merciful and faithful High Priest, who, "in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, is able to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. ii. 17, 18.)

It is the last point which chiefly demands our present consideration, as contemplating him now in our nature at the right hand of the Father. The sympathy and compassion of the blessed Lord, as now exercised in the courts of heaven, are chiefly shown under the following circumstances: 1. To his people under affliction; 2. To his people under temptation.

I. The Lord's people are all, without exception, an afflicted people. This was their promised character from the days of old: "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and

they shall trust in the name of the Lord." (Zeph. iii. 12.) Their afflictions, indeed, widely vary as regards nature, number, length, and degree, but all find the truth of that solemn declaration that we must "through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

1. Thus, some are afflicted in *body*, racked with continual pain, or suffering perhaps for years from some complaint which may not much shorten life, yet render life often a burden. If health be the greatest, as all must admit, of temporal blessings, the want of it must be the greatest of all temporal miseries. The blessed Lord, indeed, had no personal experience of sickness, for in his holy, immortal body there were the seeds neither of sickness nor death; but he experienced bodily pain, as when scourged by Pilate's command, when he wore the crown of thorns, when struck and buffeted by the rude Roman soldiery, and more especially when nailed to the cross. Thus, even in the matter of bodily suffering, our gracious Lord can sympathise from personal experience with his poor afflicted family still in the flesh who are racked with pain on their bed of languishing.

2. Many again of the Lord's people are deeply tried in *providence*. Poverty, if not absolute want, is the daily cross of many of the excellent of the earth. But what a personal experience their gracious Lord had of this sharp trial, who had neither purse nor scrip, but was maintained by the contributions of the women who ministered to him of their substance. (Luke viii. 3.) Did he not hunger in the wilderness, and before the barren fig-tree? Did he not thirst at Samaria's well and on the cross? And did he not say of himself, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head?" (Matt. viii. 20.) He who for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be rich, not only spiritually made himself poor by laying aside his divine glory, but actually and literally made himself poor by voluntarily submitting to the pain and pressure of bodily poverty.

3. Others of the Lord's people are subject to cruel *persecutions*. This, indeed, has been the lot of all the saints from the days of righteous Abel, and will be to the end of time, for "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Fire, indeed, and faggot are now unknown, and the spirit of the times, at least in this country, will not suffer fine and imprisonment, and the other acts of violence which our godly forefathers endured for conscience' sake; but the scourge of the tongue is still wielded, heads cut off instead of ears, and reputations branded instead of foreheads. But what a deep and personal experience had the blessed Lord of persecution from the day that Herod sought his life till he was nailed to the cross! How every word was watched which fell from his lips, every action misinterpreted, his character calumniated as a glutton and a wine-bibber, and shame and contempt poured upon him until, as the consummation of hatred, and to cover him, as they thought, with everlasting ignominy, they crucified him between two thieves.

4. Others of the Lord's people suffer from the *treachery* of false friends. Had not our blessed Lord an experience of this in the

treachery of Judas, so that he could say, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me?"

But it is not necessary for us to dwell longer on those *temporal* afflictions which press down so many of the Lord's people, but in which their gracious Head still sympathises with them. He who wept at the grave of Lazarus; he who had compassion on the widow of Nain, (Luke vii. 13,) on the beseeching leper, (Mark i. 41,) on the possessed with a devil, (Mark v. 19,) on the blind man, (Matt. xx. 34,) and on the fainting, scattered multitudes, (Matt. ix. 36,) surely pities and sympathises with his people in all their temporal sorrows, however diversified. These, though heavy, are not the severest afflictions which befall the saints of the Most High. We will now, therefore, divert our thoughts to those *spiritual* sorrows and troubles which all the family of God experience, though these, too, vary widely in number and degree, yet are allotted to each living member of the mystical body of Christ, according to the appointed measure. In these, as peculiar to the Lord's people, Jesus has a special sympathy with his afflicted people, for of this cup he drank to the very dregs, and with this baptism he was baptized with all its billows and waves rolling over him. Whatever spiritual troubles and sorrows the Lord's people may be called upon to endure, their gracious Lord and Master suffered much more deeply than their heart, however deeply lacerated, can feel, or their tongue, however eloquent, can express. But we will look at some of these spiritual afflictions, and endeavor to show how the blessed Lord had a personal experience of them, and thus learnt to sympathise with his people under them.

1. The chief burden of the Lord's living family is *sin*. This is the main cause of all their sighs and groans, from the first quickening breath of the Spirit of God in their hearts till they lay down their bodies in the dust.

But it may be asked, what experience could the blessed Lord have had of sin, seeing he was perfectly free from it both in body and soul? It is indeed a most certain and a most blessed truth that our gracious Redeemer "knew no sin;" (2 Cor. v. 21;) was "a lamb without blemish and without spot;" (1 Pet. i. 19;) and was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) Still, sin was so imputed to him, and the Lord so "laid on him the iniquities of us all," that he felt them just as if they had been his own. "He was made sin for us;" its guilt and burden were laid on his sacred head, and so became by imputation his that it was as if he had committed the sins charged upon him. Take the following illustration. View sin as a debt due to the justice of God. Now, if you are a surety for another, and he cannot pay the debt, it becomes yours just as much as if you had yourself personally contracted it. The law makes no distinction between his debt and yours; and the creditor may sell the very bed from under you to pay the debt, just as if you were the original debtor. So the blessed Lord, by becoming Surety for his people, took upon him their sins, and thus made them his own. How else can we explain those expressions in the

Psalms, which are evidently the language of his heart and lips, such as the following? "For innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me." (Ps. xl. 12.) Does not the Lord here speak of *his* iniquities taking hold upon him, so that under their weight and burden he could not look up, and that they were more in number than the hairs of his head?

2. With the burden and weight of sin comes the *wrath of God* into sinner's conscience; and this is the most distressing feeling that can be well experienced out of hell. So the blessed Lord, when he took the burden and weight of sin, came under this wrath. This was "the horrible pit" into which he sank, (Ps. xl. 2,) "the deep mire in which there was no standing," "the deep waters where the floods overflowed him." (Ps. lxi. 2.) This made him say, "For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth. My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread. For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping, because of thine indignation and thy wrath; for thou hast lifted me up and cast me down." (Ps. ciii. 3, 4, 9, 10.) None who read the word of truth with an enlightened eye can doubt that these Psalms refer to the blessed Lord, and that it is he who speaks in them.

3. Then there is the *curse of the law*, which peals such loud thunders, and sinks so deeply into the heart and conscience of the awakened sinner. But did not Jesus endure this too? Surely he did, both in body and soul, as the apostle declares, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." (Gal. iii. 13.)

4. Then there are the *hidings of God's countenance*, the withdrawals of his presence, and his forsakings of the soul that still hangs upon him and cleaves to him. But cannot our gracious Lord here deeply sympathise with his people who are mourning and sighing under the hidings of God's countenance, for was not this the last bitter drop of the cup of suffering which he drank to the very dregs? Did heaven or earth ever hear so mournful a cry as when the darling Son of God, in the agony of his tortured soul, cried out, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Thus, whatever in number or degree be the spiritual griefs and sorrows of the Lord's people; whatever convictions, burdens, sorrows, distresses, pangs of conscience, doubts, fears, and dismay under the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the hidings of his face, and the withdrawals of the light of his countenance they may grieve and groan under, Jesus, their blessed Forerunner, experienced them all in the days of his flesh, and to a degree and extent infinitely beyond all human conception. Can any heart conceive, or any tongue express what the dear Redeemer experienced in the garden of Gethsemane, when his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; when he thrice prayed that the cup might pass from him, and being in an agony, prayed more earnestly, so that his sweat

was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground? Might he not truly say, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." (Lam. i. 12.) An awakened sinner, under divine quickening, has to bear but the weight of his own sins; but Jesus had to bear the sins of millions. It is at best but a few drops of the wrath of God, and that wrath as already appeased, that fall into a trembling sinner's conscience; but Jesus had to endure all the wrath of God due to millions of ransomed transgressors. It is but the distant peals of the law which sound in a convinced sinner's soul; but the whole storm burst upon the head of the Surety. In a little wrath God hides his face from his Zion for a moment; but in great wrath he hid his face from his dear Son. Thus, whatever be the spiritual sorrows and troubles of afflicted Zion, even though she be "tossed with tempest and not comforted," in all she has a Head who suffered infinitely more than all the collective members. They do but "fill up what is behind of the afflictions of Christ;" (Col. i. 24;) but O how small is that measure of affliction compared with his!

It was, then, his personal experience of these spiritual afflictions which makes the blessed Lord so sympathising a High Priest at the right hand of God. Though now exalted to the heights of glory, he can still feel for his suffering saints here below. The garden of Gethsemane, the cross of Calvary, are still in his heart's remembrance, and all the tender pity and rich compassion of his soul melt towards his afflicted saints; for,

" His heart is touch'd with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

II. But the gracious Lord can also sympathise with his saints under all their *temptations*. This is a deep mystery, but not more deep than blessed; and as it is pregnant with consolation to the tried and tempted children of God, we will attempt to unfold it to the best of our ability. The Holy Ghost expressly declares that our blessed Lord "was in *all points* tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) This, then, we must accept as a most solemn and, as viewed by faith, a most blessed truth. Nor must we limit the language of the Holy Ghost, but as he has said "*in all points*," so must we receive it on the testimony of him who cannot lie. But as the word "*temptations*" has in the original two significations, including in its meaning "*trials*" as well as temptations, properly so called, we will extend the sense of the term, and view,

1. Our Lord's *trials*.
2. Our Lord's *temptations*.

1. The distinction between them is sufficiently evident. *Trials* may have God for their author, but not *temptations*, for we are expressly told that God tempteth no man. (Jas. i. 13.) Indeed, as temptation implies the presentation of sin to the mind, it would make God the Author of sin to make him the Author of temptation. But do we not read, it may be asked, that God "tempted Abraham?" (Gen. xxii. 1.) The word "tempted" there should be rendered

“tried,” for in Hebrew as well as Greek the same word means to tempt and to try. God did not tempt Abraham to sin, as Satan tempted Eve, or as he tempted David, but “tried” him, as the apostle speaks, (Heb. xi. 17,) whether his faith was genuine. Thus our blessed Lord was tried, and tried by God himself; for he is “a stone, a tried stone,” of God’s own laying. (Isa. xxviii. 16.) When the Father provided him with a body in which to do his will, he became God’s servant, as he speaks, “Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth.” (Isa. xlii. 1.) As a servant he yielded obedience, for he “became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” (Phil. ii. 8.) His obedience was a tried obedience. God tried it; men tried it; devils tried it; enemies tried it; friends tried it. The weakness and ignorance of his disciples; the treachery of Judas; the desertion and denial of Peter; the craft and malice of the Scribes and Pharisees; the unbelief and infidelity of the people; the sins by which he was surrounded; the sinless infirmities of the flesh and blood which he had assumed, as hunger, thirst, and weariness, the long journeyings, the nightly watchings, the daily spectacle of sickness and misery—all these, and a thousand other circumstances beyond our conception tried the blessed Lord during his sojourn here below. But he bare all that was laid upon him. The purity of his human nature, in which were no seeds of sin actual or original, the strength of his divine nature with which it was in union, and the power of the Holy Ghost, which rested on him without measure, all concurred to bring him through every trial, and give him victory over every foe.

But by these trials he learnt to sympathise with his tried people. He is “touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” (Heb. iv. 15.) We may then freely go to him with our trials, may spread them before his face, as Hezekiah did the letter of Sennacherib in the temple, may feel a sweet persuasion that he sympathises with us under our heavy burdens, and will alleviate them, or support us under them, or if they be not removed will sanctify them, and make them work for our spiritual and eternal good. Thus faith in the sympathy of our blessed Lord is wonderfully calculated to subdue fretfulness, murmuring, and self-pity, to teach us submission and resignation under afflictions, and to reconcile us to a path of sorrow and tribulation. It brings before our eyes the sufferings of the blessed Lord here below, the trials which he endured, and his holy meekness and submission under them when he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. If we compare our sorrows and troubles with his, how light they seem! This works submission to them, and when we can look up in faith and love, and see the once suffering Lord now sympathising with us under our afflictions, it makes even sorrow sweet. A conformity to the dying image of Jesus is hereby wrought into the soul, a fellowship given of his sufferings, a crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts, a deadness to the world, a mortification of the whole body of sin, a separation of heart and spirit from everything ungodly and evil, and a communion produced

with the blessed Lord at the right hand of the Father. Thus we may bless God for our afflictions and trials, our sicknesses, our bereavements, our losses and crosses, our vexations and disappointments, our persecutions, our being despised by the world and graceless professors, our doubts, fears, and exercises, our sighs and groans under a body of sin and death, and, in a word, for every footstep in the way of tribulation which brings us nearer to Jesus, and opens to us more and more of his love and blood, grace and glory, sympathy and compassion, and all that he is as a merciful and faithful High Priest, whom God has raised from the dead, and seated at his own right hand in the heavenly places, "far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 21-23.)

We hope, with God's help and blessing, to bring our Meditations to a close with our next Number.

POETRY.

LET THE HEART OF THEM REJOICE THAT SEEK THE LORD.

<p>BURDEN'D soul, with sin distressed, Fearing ne'er to be forgiven, Thy own sighs pronounce thee blessed, Tears do write thee heir of heaven. Jesus' tender heart can never Moveless see his children wreck'd, Cannot cast thee off for ever, Cannot utterly reject.</p> <p>While thy soul before him boweth, While thy trembling heart doth groan, Jesus' heart with love o'erfloweth, Heaven rejoiceth o'er her son. While thy sins are thee reproving, Jesus looks at Calvary, Sees his wounds, and still as loving, Yearns and weepeth over thee.</p> <p>Gaze thou too. See, earth doth blacken While thy faultless Saviour dies; Spurn'd by man, by God forsaken, Bleeding for his enemies. Smitten with thy vile transgression, Wounded with thy cruel sin, Crucified for thy salvation, Thy unworthy soul to win.</p>	<p>Sing with tears, and weep with wonder, While the billows o'er him roll; Terrors rend the earth asunder, Fiercer terrors rend his soul. Tempests o'er his head are driven, Vengeance arms the lightning rod; Fiery shafts of wrathful heaven Quench them in the purple flood.</p> <p>O could he have bought thee dearer? Wrath he bore, and drank the gall; Like the sheep before her shearer, Silently enduring all. Lived a debtor to his debtors, Died, and buried all their sin; Rose, and casting off his fetters, Bound their enemies therein.</p> <p>Triumph with a loud hosanna, With him trampling on the tomb; Eat th' ambrosia, pluck the manna; Let your joy like Sharon bloom. 'Stead of sackcloth, robes of glory; Bracelets 'stead of fetters wear; God's thy Bridegroom, heaven's thy dowry; Leave the dust his throne to share. Let the hosanna tune your voice; Weep, and triumph, and rejoice.</p>
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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1860.

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

EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE HENRY YOUNG, WITH SOME ACCOUNT ALSO OF THAT OF HIS WIFE.

(Concluded from p. 333.)

Mr. Young was a most affectionate, kind, and indulgent parent, of a peaceable and cheerful disposition, unassuming in his manners, little in his own estimation, so that he was much esteemed even by those who were strangers to his religion; but he was dearly beloved by many as a Christian and a father in Israel. For many years before his departure he enjoyed good health of body, and went regularly to hear the word, either at Brighton or Lewes. He went to Brighton, a distance of ten miles, the Sabbath before he was taken ill, to hear the word under Mr. Grace, to whom he was very much attached. Towards the end of the week he was taken poorly, apparently with a cold, but he kept about till a day or two before he died. None thought him so near his end. As he got weaker he was most of the time very sleepy, or in a kind of stupor, so that it was but little he said, but his mind appeared stayed and composed with a well-grounded hope of his interest in a dear Redeemer. When asked a question, his answers were expressive of peace and rejoicing in the prospect of a happy release from a body of sin and death. The evening before his departure a friend called to see him, and in a joyful manner, he said, "What! are you come to help sound the jubilee? the last I expected." The friend asked, "Is Christ precious?" He answered, "He is precious! He is the blessed Rock!" This friend said, "Here is your daughter Mary come to see you." He replied, "Ah Mary, my child," and grasped her hand, as if to express the joy of his soul, and he affectionately inquired after the rest of the family that were not present. Then he quoted:

"What can helpless sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto,
But a bleeding Jesus."

At another time:

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till tho' God of love sees fit."

After this his speech seemed to fail, but he waved his hand as well

as he could, and smiled. Then he uttered the following, which seemed to come from his very soul:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast."

After this he waved his hand and smiled. His mind appeared in perfect peace; the enemy was not suffered to molest him, and about 7 o'clock on Monday morning, January 20th, 1851, in the 74th year of his age, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving his family and numerous friends that dearly loved him to lament the loss of one so dear, mingled with rejoicing, as believing he is entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

A letter to Mr. Vinall:

Sir,—As it hath pleased the blessed Triune God to make us of one spirit, to glorify himself, I shall try to pen a few lines, that you, with us, may sing of mercy. You know what a world of trouble we have had to grapple with all our days, and the powers of darkness often assaulting our spirits; and you are not ignorant of the many mercies and deliverances we have experienced; so that I and mine have sung aloud of mercy. Now it appears that my dame's time is short, and her soul is on the wing to enjoy her God and Saviour to all eternity. The cancer makes rapid strides; her pains are keen, her strength nothing but weakness in all senses. When I got home on Sunday I found her very ill, but her language very satisfactory, saying, "The blessed Lord knoweth he hath won my heart to himself;" adding, "But when my pains are sharp I am very impatient, and am forced to cry, Lord, give me patience to wait thy sovereign will. When I get a little ease, then my soul pants for his dear presence, which is more than life. He knoweth that I have enjoyed his blessed presence. Then I can leave myself in his hands, come life or death." Much such precious language came from her lips, which is more to us than all the world. O, my friend, this is not strange language to you. Let you be plunged into hell in your feelings, or distracted by temptation, your pains severe in body and mind, and this last for weeks, months, or years,—one five minutes of the breaking in of God's goodness meeting your vileness will more than compensate, will weigh down all the bulk of sin, devils, or the world, if it be standing for years.

One day I thought she seemed cast down; so I asked her how her mind was. She replied, "I am as helpless as ever, and very dark; no going out in prayer. I seem dead as to feeling; but I know whom I have believed, and I cannot live without him." I said, "Does that book try you?" meaning Bunyan's Barren Fig Tree. She answered, "I know whom I have believed; he will carry on his work to perfection."

March 24th.—A day precious to me. A young person came to see her, when she thanked her for her kindness, with such a lively sense of the approbation of the Almighty resting on her spirit, saying, "The blessed Lord is able to raise me up again, if it be his will; but I can fall into his blessed hands, come life or come death. I know his ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, nor his power abated that he cannot save. O how many times hath he delivered us out of trouble in providence and grace! How many times have we sung praises to his name, when the world has known nothing of it!" The young woman said, "We knew your trouble." "Ah," she said, "you might what was seen; but the temptations and soul trouble none but God and our own souls knew; but

he is merciful; I know he hears me, and so he will all that call upon him." Then she addressed me, saying, "When you see me in great pain, and not able to speak, and appear very low, don't think I am afraid to die. No, my dear, the Lord knoweth that he is mine in heart and affection, and I am his. Never more do I doubt of his love. O what a mercy he does not suffer the enemy to distress my soul." I loved to be a hearer, and could feed sweetly on the precious words that dropped from her lips.

March 31st.—A person came to see her, when she was easier than usual, and she spoke with freedom of the Lord's goodness to her all her days, and justified the Lord in laying his afflicting hand upon her, saying, "Before this I was a poor backslider, and deserving of ten times more than I suffer." Such a sense of God's love broke her heart and ours to hear. She said she well knew the ups and downs of Mr. Vinall. "Sometimes I am a little better; then a hope rises that I shall get better; sometimes I feel worse, and a going out of soul after him, and a yielding to his sovereign will; but always, I know whom I have believed."

April 27th.—I had found my wife for some days very still, and more dead in her feelings. I found my mind going out in prayer to the Almighty, mingled with a distrust of his goodness towards her. I went up stairs, and asked her how she felt. She answered, "I am free from pain; and I have just had a little hope." I said, "Have you? that you will get better?" "No, no," she said. "Did I say, Hope; I have had a taste of the Lord's goodness to me all my life. I may say, with the poet,

"How can I sink with such a prop
As bears the world and all things up?"

She said, "Can Christ die?" I said, "No, my dear." She replied, "Then neither can I. No, never want for a Saviour, a God, a King, an Advocate. No, bless his precious name, he is all that I want. And, my dear, if it should not be his blessed will to grant me his presence, don't despair of me, for his Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that I am his and he is mine. I have had a goodly share of his comforting presence. You don't forget the birth of my dear Mercy; what precious days! O the condescension of God at the birth of my child! My desire is that she may be kept under the word. Don't you remember how precious was the word under that dear man in those days? Yea, for months my cup ran over, my soul was like a bottle wanting vent; very few have enjoyed more than I. So, it may be, I shall feel trying moments at the last." And she went on to speak with such sweet gratitude of soul of what the Lord was to her, and of her soul being founded on the Rock, saying, "If Christ cannot die, neither can I;" but I am lost to express the precious words that dropped from her lips, but she was evidently anticipating a state of glory.

A short time ago, Mr. F. came to see her; and when he delivered the kindness of our friends, it broke her heart with thankfulness and gratitude to God and to her friends. After inquiring about Mr. V.'s health, she said, "My greatest troubles have been at home, and so have my greatest deliverances and enjoyments; but no man, I can truly say, has been made, instrumentally, the blessing to my soul as that dear man, both in the way of comfort and encouragement, as I have heard him more than any other;" not meaning that she set any at nought, but that she had had the privilege of hearing you more than any other.

May 22nd.—My dear wife awoke me in the morning, saying, "I want my breast dressed. Ah!" she said, "I was in such hope this night would have been my last. I thought I was going sometimes, but it was

not his blessed will. O my weakness! How can I live another day! Can you pray for me?" I said, "Surely I can; but my prayer is mixed with praise. I cannot pray for the Lord to reveal himself to you as a God pardoning iniquity. This you have got. I am grieved to hear you mourn and cry through pain. I am constrained to cry, Lord, give strength accordingly; give sweet resignation to thy will." She said, "I was for many years a woman of a sorrowful spirit, seeking to make my calling and election sure, no doubt with much legality. I had many deliverances, but still the cry of my soul was, Give, give me more, till the birth of my last child; but then the Lord so turned my captivity that I lived on that for many days and years. The word was precious; not a time could I miss without feeling the greatest disappointment. The name of Jesus was sweet. O that sweet word, "Lamb of God," was food indeed to my soul. Don't you remember how Mr. V. used to speak of the saints of God on their death-beds? He would say, although they had had great and conspicuous deliverances in the former part of their lives, there was but little said of them afterwards. Some were gathered unto their people; some gathered up their feet in their beds, and gave up the ghost; and so I long to do. Something seems to say I shall. I have nothing more to do." Once she said, "How can I stand in this affliction?" I said, "My dear, we have all been astonished to see you so passive, as you have been lying on your back so many weeks." "O," she said, "what a mercy if the blessed Lord would come; but I cannot talk, and the sound of your voice hurts me." So I left her in peace in believing.

June 6th.—I went to a gentleman's house to get some herbs, and the lady asked me if another bottle of wine would be of service. I thanked her, but I said the doctor had ordered red port, so I ran to get a bottle; when I returned, the lady said she would send a bottle of port. I said, "This I cannot bear, Madam; it appears as if I framed my speech on purpose to get money from you." She replied, "I see your honesty." I returned thanks to the lady, and hastened to my dear wife with a thankful heart for this mercy; and her soul and lips sent forth praise and thanksgiving, which my spirit rejoiced to hear. Indeed, it was wonderful to see how almost all hearts were opened to send my dear wife those nourishments which her long affliction required; and to his name be all the praise who has all hearts at his disposal.

One day, as I was sitting by her, I said, "How glad should I be to see you enjoying the presence of the Lord, as in former days." She answered, with sweet composure, "My life is hid with Christ in God." "Ah," I said, "so I believe; but I should be glad to see you enjoying that salvation." She replied, "So would the family of Mr. Morris, during his last illness, but this is not general; I am in no trouble about these things."

Part of a letter to a friend:

We thought last night would have been her last. She said she was afraid she should not live the night through; then, recalling the words, "Afraid, did I say? No, blessed be God, I am not afraid; I long to die. Come, Lord Jesus, and receive me to thyself." At another time she said, "My poor heart trembles at entering the vale; but the Lord hath promised, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be;' and surely he will never leave me nor forsake me. O that he would come with his endearing presence. Come down, blessed Jesus, into thy garden, and gather thy lily home to thyself, for I long to be gone." At another time she said, "My dear, when I am gone, I do not wish the passing bell to be rung. The Lord hath prepared the way for me to pass to his heavenly kingdom,

through his precious blood; and he hath clothed my poor soul with his spotless righteousness."

One day a lady called to see her. She told her that her time was short, but expressed her confidence in God, and spoke most freely to her of the Lord's goodness and mercy. After the lady was gone, "I expressed my surprise at her speaking so freely to a stranger. She replied, "My dear, it was for the honor of God; that they may know that the God we confessed in life doth not forsake us in the hour of death."

June 20th.—I said to her, "I am sorry you are obliged to take so much composing medicinc." She answered, "If Capt. F. is lost at sea, it will make no difference to him, neither will it make any difference to me; it will not alter or change the love of God towards me. I am quite resigned, come life or death."

June 22nd.—As all were sitting by her, expecting death at hand, I whispered to her, "I hope your mind is stayed, and quite resigned." She answered, "Yes, yes; death is not terrific." Seeing she was not able to bear it, I said no more.

Part of a letter to Mr. Vinall:

Sir,—I feel it my duty to inform you of the peaceful departure of my dear wife, on the 29th of June, which to me is a great loss; but my mourning is mingled with praise and thanksgiving. Many times did my dear wife testify during her last illness that you had been of all the most useful to her as a pastor, especially after the birth of our last child, which glorious deliverance I am not able to comment upon at present; but the sweet effect was love, peace, joy, gentleness, meekness, &c. It was at a time when Mr. F. lay wind-bound in our harbour; and I believe he wished it to continue so; for you know, Sir, this precious wine is ever new. How many times have we sung together, "Glory to God and the Lamb."

And now, Sir, suffer me to give glory to his name, as sensible, lost sinners, equal to devils in ourselves, and without hope only in sovereign love displayed at the footstool of mercy. Very few ever sang louder of mercy than my dear wife. And, Sir, although our life hath been filled every step with trials in providence, tribulation, and temptation, it has been the means of great gain to us. I have known the time, when sharply tried without and within, we have sat down at counting our riches; and we verily believed not one in all the parish could produce such riches, and we would not change with the richest man in the world. Before she was too ill to converse, she often reminded me of the many blessed seasons we had enjoyed in bygone days, saying she might experience trying times at last; but she said, "If I am not able to speak through pain, don't think I am going wrong, or am afraid to die. The Lord knoweth well that he is mine and I am his." The last hymn she heard sung at the chapel she wished to be sung a few weeks before her departure, and tried to join in the following lines,

"Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him."

The blessed claim, "My God," was heard to the last, even in the agonies of death, such as, "O my Father, O my gracious God, help me." Afterwards, she gathered up her feet in the bed, went to sleep, and in a few minutes breathed her last in her sleep, leaving this blessed testimony, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Thus, Sir, may you have another testimony of one to whom the Lord owned and blest your labors, which I know will cause you to shed a silent tear of gratitude to the God of all your mercies.

The following was found in a large Bible; it appears to have been the meditations of the dear man on the following words: "My Father is greater than I."

May 5th, 1843.—O thou blessed Lord! What is it? And canst thou say, "My Father is greater than I?" seeing thou art equal with the Father? Blessed Jesus, was it in that thou becamest man, to die for thy people? What, Lord, is this the mind of the benign Spirit? I am but dust, and cannot understand. Is it that thy body, which thou hast taken, was not then glorified? May I understand it so, that thou art inferior since thou art become man as well as God? O my soul, what couldst thou do if not so? No hope for thee, my soul, only in Gethsemane; no hope only in the God-man Mediator! O what a scene of wondrous love! love that surpasses thought or sense. I am lost in meditation. My soul loves thy precious name. Here I may sit as before God as without fear, yet fear, love, and adore. What must be the unutterable display of love in heaven, for this vile body to be made like unto thy glorious body, so as to be able to bear unchangeable bliss? Here I am so vile, polluted, degraded by sin, vain thoughts, beastly and devilish, not fit to name to mortals; yet wondrous that such creatures may and can tell all their wickedness, wretchedness, and deformity, to a gracious God, mingled with grief, anger, self-abasement, and self-condemnation, whilst Jesus is very high, shouting, singing, "Glory to God!" O my soul, dost thou know these sweet moments, when all boasting is excluded, when, in thyself justly condemned, thou canst clear God of all injustice, nay, plead thine own sins against thyself, and set forth their nature and aggravating abominations? Yet thou saidst, "This is my name, the Lord, gracious and merciful," &c. O what love! Enough to break a heart of stone. How I ran to find a dark corner to pray,* but I could only bless God. I am now sitting, meditating before an unchangeable God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and all this love to be brought before me! Is this the manner of man, O Lord? No; but it is God-like glory, boundless bliss, that rests in a gracious God; whilst the sensible sinner may sit before a gracious God, weeping, blessing, adoring, and rejoicing in his precious name.

I LOVE careful, and withal *doing* complaints of want of practice; because I observe many who think it holiness enough to complain and set themselves at nothing, as if to say, "I am sick" would cure them. They think complaints a good charm for guiltiness. I hope you are wrestling and struggling in this dead age, wherein folks have lost tongue, and legs, and arms for Christ.—*Rutherford*.

THE LATE MR. GADSBY.—My dear Friend,—I read your letter in the "Gospel Standard" for last July, in which you state that some one has said your father had more sense than to believe in the Eternal Sonship of Christ; and it immediately brought to my mind what I heard your father say in the pulpit at Manchester more than twenty years ago. He was vindicating the doctrine, when he quoted the same passage that you give in your letter, "Unto us a child is born." This, he said, he believed was Christ's *humanity*. "Unto us a Son is given." This, he said, was the *Divine* Person, the Son of God. I also heard him bring Hebrews i. 8 forward: "Unto the Son he saith," &c. "This," he said, "remember, was the *Father* speaking to his *Son*;" "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever;" and so on. All which, with all my heart, I then believed, and do believe to this day. Yours in truth, THOMAS COLLINGS.

* Allusion is here made to a special deliverance, before alluded to.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. IRESON, OF
KING'S CLIFFE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Dear Friends in the Lord,—Many thanks for letters and kindnesses shown to a wandering stranger. You will wonder, I think, that I have not written before. About the time I thought of writing, by way of acknowledging Mr. M.'s letter, sent me when you were out, I received a letter inviting me to come to W., and a second letter inviting me to L. I wrote and promised to go; but I at the time had a feeling that held me back, and I could not move from my place. On the Lord's Day after I was taken very ill, and thus entered into a furnace of affliction in which I have had to tread some perilous paths of darkness in the deeps, but have been upheld, and at times favored with manifestations of Jesus as the sinners' Friend. Such he has always proved himself when I have been broken-hearted and ready to perish. In times that are past I seldom had a trouble long before I had his presence; I then lost my burden and was a gainer. But I have often since then had to tread the dreary regions of the shadow of death alone, where hope itself has turned sick, and faith been stunned with the hard lessons and hard things, with the wine of astonishment the Lord has showed me. But the powerful testimonies I have had to the eternal Godhead and spotless manhood of the ever-blessed Christ of the Father, and the soul-dissolving power that has at times come into my soul upon recording that everlasting name I AM, that I AM has held me fast at the foot of the cross, to hope in the mercy of the Lord, believing that he has made a rich atonement for elect sinners. I have begged hard for a shelter here, and an interest in the powerful intercession of this Almighty Advocate before the throne, when the blast of the terrible ones, sin, death, and hell, have been as a storm against the wall. Succoured and at times delivered from the noise of archers, the things of the Spirit have been enhanced sevenfold in my estimation; the great things of the Gospel. My own brutish ignorance, total depravity in the flesh, and the carnal mind being enmity to the cross, become apparent when the wisdom of God is developed at the cross in the rich scheme of sovereign grace bringing salvation to sinners as such, and to me who am chief; for when I can get at the cross I have all good things at once wrapt up in the rich atonement of Jesus. This I have received, and it contains all my salvation; it is my only hope; these things I have felt and handled according to the best knowledge I have of myself. There is no true religion without the Holy Ghost. Life, power, and unction, in any small and favorable measure, prove the possession to be of the one family of heaven. The knowledge of sin and salvation from it is the main line of experience running through the Bible. David's Psalms lay open a life of faith upon the Son of God. The Lord knoweth them that are his, and takes care of them when they cannot take care of themselves. Sighs, groans, and tears have a meaning; they speak something the Lord can read. The desire of the humble and the uplifted eye of supplication are not forgotten, and a word in season, how good it is. Jeremiah found it so, for he ate it. The light of the Lord's countenance made David glad, and nothing short of Christ can fully satisfy any child of God. The man that has Christ for his treasure becomes sensibly a very poor man. The man that has Christ for his power and wisdom becomes a very weak man, and sensibly becomes a great fool in his own estimation. Christ formed and revealed in the bosom of a Gentile sinner is a great mystery. The new man of grace and the old man of sin render him a mystery,—one heaven bound and one earth bound. "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God. So then I, unw-

self, with my mind serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin;" so that "ye cannot do the things that ye would." There, then, is an explanation of the riddle Mrs. M. speaks of. I beg to say to Mr. M. I understand his compliments, and like his letters without any intention to compliment or flatter. There is a line of sincerity and truth running through his letters carrying the marks of the Spirit's work upon the soul. "Woman, why weepst thou? whom seekest thou?" Why do the children of God weep sore in the night of soul desertion? Oh that I knew where I could or might find him! With my soul have I desired him in the night. Whom seekest thou in the Bible, the closet, the house of God?—Jesus. Ask the children of God, one by one, or altogether, what they would have. If they have not got the possession of Jesus, they have but one answer—Jesus. How important is the truth as it is in Jesus, the mercy of God to sinners dead and lost, without God in the world, and without the knowledge of it until life and light are imparted, and then to find a secure and sure dwelling-place in the cleft of the rock, and a quiet resting place at his feet in the dust. It may then be said, "Happy art thou, O Israel." But faith must be tried. Jacob must be led about to be instructed; but grace will be sufficient. We must learn our original nothingness, our state of creature-ship, vanity, and vileness, in order that the Lord alone may be exalted in the Gospel day of his power. Then we sing, "Worthy the Lamb and unworthy is the sinner of such a rich favor." The Gospel, in the fulness, glory, and blessedness of it, can never be fully opened up, but the intrinsic excellence of it consists in this; the Son of God is preached unto sinners, preached—proclaimed—told out—who and what he is in his person and great salvation; not offered but preached unto the hearts of perishing sinners, who feel that if salvation depended upon an act of theirs or any creature-goodness, they must be lost. A Saviour's death and finished salvation on the cross, these are good tidings, but it is eating his flesh and drinking his blood by faith, or tasting that the Lord is gracious, that tells us how good it is. We learn, as we are led round about, what poor, helpless ignorant creatures we are, what a depth of unfathomable depravity there is in fallen human-nature; what poor blind creatures we are, how much we need the Spirit of Jesus; for we cannot see, feel, or know ourselves only as the blessed Spirit quickens us and gives us to see light in the light of life—Jesus. We learn what poor unprofitable creatures we are, forgetful, unmindful, unthankful. How prone to wander like a silly sheep from the good shepherd and good pasture; folly, ignorance, and vanity mark our character in various ways. I think that we cannot live scarcely, in any sense of the word, without his blessed presence who exclaimed, "It is finished!" and bowed his lovely head; and death itself, in the substance of it, was swallowed up in victory. Mr. M.'s letter tells me of some of the trials of some of the L.'s friends; those who have afflicted friends often suffer keenly. A child is dear, a sister is dear; where there is grace, that is everything. In the worst state of things there is a throne of grace, and in the best state of things they will find plenty of errands if communion is maintained. Watch and pray, and pray and watch; but we learn that unless the Lord enable us we can do neither. I am a sorry sad man at this gospel business; but when I get a pressing burden, I must fly with it to the throne. Mercy or Christ, or something I must have, or perish in my feelings. The friends at L. have not forgotten me, you tell me. I believe it. The first time I was in the pulpit, I felt the assurance I shall one day be in that happy region where I shall backslide and wander from Jesus no more; and I felt that gleam of light, and that pure affection, or that secret something that is of celestial origin; in short, a taste of bliss.

I am now suffering from debility and other complaints that render me a burden to myself. I am better upon the whole, but hope in the mercy of God to be restored. If Jesus says, "Live," the work is done. He is the Lord of life and glory, and hath the keys of hell and of death. If the friends at L. can pray for me, they will do me a favor. The great Apostle asked the Corinthians to help him in this way, when he had the sentence of death in himself; deliverance followed. I have had a line of Scriptures given me in reading, and some come to my mind with a degree of power, when not reading; directing and pointing out a path of no common exercises and trials, with a promise of help and final deliverance. I am not at liberty to trifle or play with the word of God, or put it aside, as though it contained nothing. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," said eternal Truth himself. All the promises are Yea and Amen.

I am highly concerned and deeply interested to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. The Lord is a sovereign, and his ways and dealings with his people can only be understood as he is pleased to unfold and reveal them. The world by wisdom knew not God, nor ever will by any wisdom of the flesh. Faith is a very mysterious, precious, and golden grace; when she takes her stand at the cross, wisdom, love, power, mercy, and truth, all harmonise, shine, and glory in a crucified Christ, now glorified and made higher than the heavens. The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof. Faith discovers the divine order of a well-arranged plan, working salvation in the midst of the earth, amidst a confused mass of things to sense and reason, gathering and forming, governing and blessing a peculiar people, distinguished by their creed, life, and character, as a people dwelling alone, not reckoned among the nations. The bonds of grace and love bind and tie them altogether in one common interest of the everlasting gospel. The hope of Israel is on high, and ruleth by his power for the real spiritual welfare of his people, by a wisdom that admits of no addition nor detraction.

"To God only wise be glory" is an ascription of praise freely offered by faith when the heart is made glad, and love crowns the ever-blessed man of sorrows Lord of all. Christ and he crucified is the great object of faith. To be one with him, follow him, confess him, and worship him, is faith's great business. Whatever brings us to his feet, lays us low in the dust, and exalts Jesus, does us good. Christ and sterling truth for its own sake I would gladly learn and receive. The gospel of Christ is one gospel; the language of Zion's children one language; the experience of the family of God's elect one, however diversified it is, one like the golden ore that runs through the earth; it is a secret mine. Lost in Adam, saved in Christ. The new birth produces the new creature; the new creature lives a new life of faith on the person of Christ; his smiles, his looks, his words, his thoughts, his work, his sorrows, sufferings, tears, groans, and prayers. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" the new creature cannot move without God; it complains and is troubled; lame, blind, dead, halt, carnal, sold under sin, hard hearted, senseless mortals, all his Israel feel; and they move when God is pleased to quicken, enlighten, draw, smile, and lead. "Without me ye can do nothing;" and anything that Jesus does for us is a great mercy. I keep going on, proving my state of creatureship and dependance on the rock of eternal ages; dust, clay, and a worm must be what the Lord is pleased to make of me; all grace and springs of life are in him, the fountain of Israel, and the least measure of life in the soul carries with it its own testimony. My present path is trying, but I get helped. I

need much prayer and watchfulness in order to ascertain the meaning of things; the furnace and the flood, fire and water must lead to the wealthy place; there is a cause doubtless. His own glory in Zion's great salvation and best welfare runs through all his dispensations and lies at the bottom of all his proceedings.

I once had a highly-favored time in prayer after a trying day (Saturday) at your house. I got near the throne. These spots are marked down in the memorandum of the mind. I owe you much for hospitality and kindness. I hope the Lord will repay you with the visits of his love. I hope I duly appreciate the valuable present of your excellent late minister's works, as your gift, and more so for its valuable contents—Truth. The fountain of all truth—the Bible, I hope, will be handled with a deeper acquaintance, and enhanced in value with increasing years, if spared to number a few more in my poor unprofitable life. Kind remembrances in the Lord to all friends. I hope Mrs. S.'s loss has been made up by the visits of Jesus. The excellent man is in heaven. Please present my affectionate remembrances in the Lord to John M——, an old disciple. May he honor his Master in the best way—trust him. Also to Mr. and Mrs. L.

With respect and affection in the Lord, accept these fragments of truth.

Yours in the Lord;

R. H. IRESON.

[The writer of the above letter has lately entered into eternal rest. He was a man deeply tried and exercised for many years, and preached to a few people at King's Cliffe, by whom he was much loved and esteemed; but though he has spoken occasionally at Leicester and Uppingham, he was not much known beyond his own immediate circle. We have not heard the particulars of his last days beyond that he made a good end, and died in peace. Several of his letters have at different times appeared in our pages under the signature R. H. I.—Ed.]

INDEED the carnal man says (at last) in his heart, (Isa. liii. 1-3,) "There is no form or comeliness in him; (Christ;) and when we shall see him there is no beauty in him that we should desire him." But he lies; for this he says, as having never seen him. But they that stand in his house, and look upon him through the glass of his word, by the help of his Holy Spirit they will tell you other things: "But we," say they, "all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." (2 Cor. iii. 17, 18.) They see glory in his person, glory in his undertakings, glory in the merit of his blood, and glory in the perfection of his righteousness; yea, heart-affecting, heart-sweetening, and heart-changing glory!—*Bunyan*.

THERE are three things in time which are not in eternity: In time there is a succession. One generation, one year, and one day passes, and another comes; but eternity is a fixed *now*. In time there is a diminution and wasting; the more there is past, the less is there to come; but it is not so in eternity. In time there is an alteration of condition and states. A man may be poor to-day and rich to-morrow, sick and diseased this week and well the next, now in contempt and anon in honor; but no changes pass upon us in eternity. As the tree falls at death and judgment, so it lies for ever; if in heaven, there thou art a pillar, and shalt go forth no more; if in hell, no redemption thence, but the smoke of thy torment ascendeth up for ever.—*Flavel*.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF SAMUEL DACK,*

A CORNDEALER IN HERTFORD, WHO DIED OCT. 29TH, 1833, AGED 31 YEARS.

BY MR. GILPIN,

OF HERTFORD, FORMERLY A MINISTER IN THE NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.

(Concluded from page 342.)

I am conscious that my courage or faith failed at these things. I began unconsciously to think if he is only getting lower and lower in body and soul, I must try and help him out myself; and I think one day (which was only the third from his death) I had urged his mind too far, and produced that bewildered reaction of feeling which I have described above. At last he said, "Well, but what is that "perverted that which was right?" I immediately read Job xxxiii. "O that is the chapter for me; I have sinned, and perverted that which is right." Then, turning to his mother, he said, "My mind is very weak; but do you remember that chapter!" I was told that in the course of the night he called up his wife, and made her read it, and when she came to that verse and the following, he said, "Read them again," "Read them again," "Now again, for I cannot catch them." Also he called for the before-mentioned stanza in Hart's hymns, and with great exertion to himself, perused it over and over again, and that, as his mother thought, with some comfort.

The next day he was weaker in body, and as low though not so excited in mind. I read the parable of the prodigal son to him, which seemed to please him, and he said, "You never read that to me before." I said, "Remember that the prodigal son returned to his father, and his father *met him*. Now I hope and believe you are returning to God, that he has enabled you to desire his salvation; but do not be content unless nor until God *meet you*; and if he meet you, you will know it." But he said he was afraid he had not been returning, for he felt nothing like true repentance, or abhorrence of sin. I said, I believed that was implied in the words, "When he was yet a *great way off* his father met him," but I do not think he realised it. I said, "Do you hope that you can thus return to God?" He said, after some hesitation, "No, Sir." I replied, "What then?" He rejoined, "I hope he will come to me."

In general, he was very strong in declaring his conviction that God *could* help him if he *would*: "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me whole;" and that Christ must be indeed all in all. So he spoke on this day, and encouraged me to press the subject more and more home, till I fell again into the same snare I had been made aware of the day before; and that very much more in my own mind; but whether in words or not I do not know. He said, "Then you think this work is of God?" I said, "Yes, I do; and he will deliver you." His reply was, "I think Satan holds me too fast." I tried to bring the comfort home to him, but I perceived I failed, for his soul abhor-

* On referring to the manuscript of the present Memoir, we find that the name of the person was not "Dark," as printed in our Oct. No., but "Dack."

red the "dainty meat." I concluded by reverting to the same chapter from which he had derived composure the day before. Afterwards, I felt much concerned. I thought to myself, I must not thus say, "Hasten thy work that I may see it." I went to him the next morning, which was the day before his death, and told him my fears, and that, perhaps, I had said too much the preceding day. He asked me "Why?" I said, "I told you I believed God was truly working in your heart. I wished afterwards I had rather said, I hoped so; seeing that you have not yet been brought to a satisfying peace, and must by no means rest where you are." He was not at all distressed at these words, but, on the contrary, seemed to express a cordial agreement with me; but said he had forgotten having pointedly asked me the question the day previous, "Is this the work of God?" I was pleased to hear him say so, gathering from thence that he had not been made less earnest in his prayers for deliverance by my incautious expressions.

The same evening I sat with him a long time, and he was calm and tranquil, but I could not say much. I said, "Can you pray now for mercy?" He answered, "When I am going to pray, some wicked thought strikes across me." I told him to pray the more on that very account, for he might be sure this was Satan's opposition, because he feared he should lose him. When I asked whether he felt hope, he answered, with some hesitation and indecision, saying, "Satan is very busy with me at this time." So I left him, and I felt more satisfaction than I had done for several days, though I perceived his end was very near.

The same night he expressed a wish they would retire early to bed, because he was anxious to be quiet. They drew the curtains round his bed, and he lay quite still from 10 o'clock to half-past 11. About that time he suddenly threw the curtain back and exclaimed, "O, I've not been asleep! I've not been asleep!" He was answered, "Surely you have been asleep, you have been long very quiet." Again he said, "I've not been asleep! I've not been asleep! What is this that is come upon me? This happiness which I cannot express! This is wonderful! It is wonderful! Draw back the curtains, and leave me alone; do not disturb me, even though I cough, for I must enjoy this to myself." After this he scarcely spoke to be understood. In a few hours he gradually became insensible; and as I was entering his door the next morning about 11 o'clock he expired.

Reflections on the Account of Mr. Dach's Death, July, 1836.

It is now several years since I wrote the foregoing. I made no comment upon it, because I felt great fear lest I should speak without knowledge; though I then believed, and believe still, that it describes, as far as I could trace it, that great work of the Spirit in a sinner's soul, which causes joy in heaven amongst all the angels of God. A brief statement of my reasons for this encouraging hope I subjoin :

1. Though it cannot be doubted that Dack's religious concern on his death-bed was very great, the question still is, Did it arise from *legal* convictions or from the operation of grace? I believe the latter; for legal convictions lead to legal striving *only*; but he was manifestly brought off either from thinking light of sin on the one hand, or from confidence in his duties, prayers, and cries on the other. Thus his heart was subdued to cry, God be *merciful* to me a sinner! and through all discouragements, fears, and temptations, he was upheld in thus crying. Now I know that in one way or another all who are truly converted will be brought to this, and always, more or less, by their being left at times in that darkness and temptation which brings them to know the real extent of their depravity, their *lost* condition by nature. "I led thee through all that great and terrible wilderness, to *humble* thee and *prove* thee.

2. He was enabled to discern the great difference between that faith which stands in *man's wisdom*, and that which stands in *God's power*. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) Hence neither the testimony of man, nor the reasoning of his own mind, could extinguish his concern. Had his convictions been merely natural, he would have eagerly caught at the comfort which results from a natural apprehension of the letter of Gospel mercy; but because his convictions were spiritual, therefore he was made to look for a spiritual application of the promise by God to his own soul.

3. In his whole intercourse with men his soul refused to be comforted. Had it been otherwise, we could not therefore have been sure he was wrong by any means, but we should have lacked one presumptive proof that his hope was in God indeed, and the help he looked for that which comes from heaven. Not that he altogether rejected *hope*, either from the letter of the promises or the instructions and testimony of men; but he refused to be *set at rest* by any of these. Yet in the last extremity, when his intercourse with the world was over, and when all natural tendencies were very plainly that he should continue in the state he had been in for long, he expressed with vehemence and wonder the most satisfying consolation. This then, I humbly hope and believe, was the true comfort of the Holy Ghost prevailing over all his fears and enemies, confounding the power of the devil, savingly applying the promises, and sealing his interest in Christ's covenant of salvation.

It is melancholy to reflect upon the ignorance and presumption of multitudes who embrace religion at this day, having no understanding, nor seeking spiritually to attain any, in this work of God in its greatness. Urged by a light zeal, which is indeed not according to knowledge, they are ready upon every occasion to impart instruction according to their respective views; but may be rather said presumptuously to be working *instead* of God, than humbly to be seeking for grace to work *with* Him. None can do this last except the Lord first effectually work in their own hearts. How do many in their desperate pride of knowledge, rather dash the convictions of the Spirit in the heart of those who are under his mighty hand than lead the soul through the whole of them to wait in prayer and

faith for the saving issue of grace. That is, in Scripture language, "they persecuted the poor and needy." On the other hand, meeting with those who never felt the plague of their hearts, nor know the power of sin, they build them up in a light confidence, which is only placed in the letter of the truth, in God's mercy: "And know not that though in the day they make their plant to grow, and in the morning their seeds to flourish, the harvest shall yet be a heap in the day of grief, and of desperate sorrow." But every one who knows the work of God in himself will fall down and tremble—will watch the hand of the Lord and pray to fall in with His teaching; for it is really awful to be insensible to the great submission we should feel wherever the Spirit works; for "Tremble thou earth at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob."

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HUMANITY OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER.

(Concluded from Page 356.)

ONE important part of the ministration of the blessed Lord, as the great High Priest over the house of God, we have not yet touched upon. This is his *blessing the people*. This, we know, was committed to the typical high priest under the law as one of the functions of his ministerial office. "Speak unto Aaron and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel, and I will bless them." (Num. 23-27.) The chief season when the high priest blessed the people according to this formula was on the great day of atonement; when, after having carried the blood of the bullock and the goat into the holy of holies, and sprinkled it on and before the mercy-seat, he laid aside his linen garments, and, putting on the garments of glory and beauty, showed himself to the people who were praying without. (Luke i. 10.) In all this there was a beautiful propriety. The high priest had two distinct sets of consecrated garments. One set was made wholly of linen, which he wore on the great day of atonement. This was simplicity and purity itself; and as such is elsewhere used as a type of the pure humanity of the Son of God in the flesh, as Ezek. ix. 2, 11; Dan. x. 5. The other set of consecrated garments was worn on days of high and great solemnity; and being made of gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, was called "golden," or "garments of glory and beauty." The linen garments, then, which the high priest wore when he offered the bullock and the goat, and took their blood into the most holy place, were not only typical of the pure and perfect human nature of the Lord Jesus, but of that nature in its state of humiliation on earth. Similarly, the garments of glory and beauty, such as the robe of the ephod of woven work, all of blue, with its hem adorned with bells

of pure gold and pomegranates of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and twined linen, and the ephod on the breast, with the twelve precious stones on which the names of the tribes were engraved, (Exod. xxxix.,) typically and figuratively represented the glorified humanity of the blessed Lord, which he now wears at the right hand of the Father. As, then, the high priest, when he had laid aside his linen garments, and assumed the garments of glory and beauty, blessed the people from the court of the tabernacle, so the Lord in his glorified humanity blesses his waiting people here below from the courts of bliss. In him, as the church's risen Head, all spiritual blessings are lodged: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." (Eph. i. 3.) He is the living Fountain whence all the streams flow to water his church here below. The ancient promise made to Abraham was, that "in him and his seed," that is, Christ, as the apostle explains the word, (Gal. iii. 16,) "all the nations of the earth should be blessed." Every blessing, then, which the elect enjoy either for time or eternity, in providence or in grace, comes from him as their covenant Head. They are blessed *in* him as they are chosen, adopted, and accepted *in* him. (Eph. i. 4-6.) Not to speak of his blessings in providence, though in these "he daily loadeth us with benefits," (Ps. lxxviii. 19,) how unspeakable are his blessings in grace! Look at the blessing of eternal life which hangs before the eyes of the poor way-worn pilgrim in this world of sin and sorrow, as the prize of his high calling, the prospect of which, at the end of his race, animates his drooping spirits,—this rich and glorious crown, without which all others would cease to be blessings, is given in Christ. "And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." (1 John v. 11.) This blessing the risen Lord bestows on his people when he first quickens their souls into spiritual life, for he is "the resurrection and the life," (John xi. 25,) and "quickeneth whom he will;" (John v. 21;) and the life thus given he ever maintains; for his own words are, "Because I live ye shall live also." (John xiv. 19.) As, then, he ever lives at God's right hand, for he says, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore;" (Rev. i. 18;) and again, "Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them;" (Heb. vii. 25;) he sends down the blessing of eternal life into their soul. And this blessing of eternal life which he thus bestows has a sweet connection with the anointing which he received as the consecrated High Priest; for the droppings of that rich unction went down to the very skirts of his garments, and falls in regenerating grace upon the hearts of his people, like the dew of Hermon: "It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." (Ps. cxxxiii. 2, 3.) How sweet to carry in the bosom the pledge, earnest, and foretaste of eternal life, and to feel it to be the gift of God; (Rom. vi. 23;) stored up in Christ, who is

himself "the true God and eternal life;" (1 John v. 20;) manifested and brought to light in the Person of Jesus; (1 John i. 2;) and firmly secured by covenant oath and everlasting promise. (Ps. xxi. 2-4; lxxxix. 34-37; Titus i. 2; 1 John ii. 25.) From this overflowing and overflowing fountain of eternal life proceed all other spiritual blessings, as reconciliation to God by the blood of the Lamb; free and full justification by his imputed righteousness; deliverance from all condemnation, past, present, and to come; and, as a consequence of these glorious mercies, manifested pardon of sin; peace of conscience; fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; revelations of his presence, power, loveliness, glory, and beauty; sips and tastes of his dying love; spiritual affections; heavenly desires; holy longings after conformity to his image, for grace and strength to imitate his example and walk in his footsteps, for power to do that which is pleasing in his sight, and to live to his praise;—in a word, all that sweet and sacred intercourse with the blessed Lord which is the very life and power, sum and substance of all vital godliness; and without which all religion is but an empty form, a name, and a notion. It is thus that the reality of the presence of the Lord Jesus at the right hand of the Father is made experimentally known. He is seen, felt, and believed in as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; for he is walked in as the Way of access unto God; sought unto as the Truth, the knowledge of which maketh free; and cleaved unto as the Life, from whom it was first received, and by whom it is ever maintained.

Our blessed Lord was to be "a High Priest after the order of Melchizedec." It will be remembered that Melchizedec met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him. (Gen. xiv. 19.) In the same way our great High Priest blesses the seed of Abraham; for "they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham;" (Gal. iii. 9;) and as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, they walk in his steps who "believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 3, 12.) But Melchizedec the type could only *ask* God to bless Abraham. He could not himself confer the blessing; but Jesus, the antitype, our great Melchizedec, whose priesthood is after the power of an endless life, (Heb. vii. 16,) blesses his people, not by merely asking God to bless them, but by himself showering down blessings upon them, and by communicating to them out of his own fulness every grace which can sanctify as well as save. Even before his incarnation, when he appeared in human form, as if anticipating in appearance that flesh and blood which he should afterwards assume in reality, he had power to bless. Thus we read that when Jacob wrestled with the angel—which angel was no created angel, but the Angel of the covenant, even the Son of God himself in human shape, he said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And in answer to his wrestling cry we read that "he blessed him there." Jacob knew that no created angel could bless him. He therefore said, when he had got the blessing, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." (Gen. xxxii. 26-30.) To this blessing Jacob afterward referred when, in blessing Ephraim

and Manasseh, he said, "The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads." (Gen. xlviii. 16.) Thus, also, our gracious Lord, immediately before his ascension to heaven, as if in anticipation of the gifts and graces which he was to send down upon them when exalted to the right hand of the Father, "lifted up his hands and blessed his disciples;" and as if to show that he would still ever continue to bless them, "he was parted from them and carried up into heaven," even "*while* he blessed them," as if he were blessing them all the way up to heaven, even before he took possession of his mediatorial throne. (Luke xxiv. 50, 51.) As, then, he sits in glory at the right hand of the Father, he sends down blessings upon his people. He blesses them "with the blessings of heaven from above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb, and unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills." (Gen. xlix. 25, 26.) He holds all nature in his hands; the gold and the silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; his is the earth and the fulness thereof; all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth; he holds the reins of government, doing according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; so that none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? He is the sun and shield of God's people—their sun, ever to be their light; their shield, to be ever their defence. He giveth grace and glory—grace here, glory hereafter. (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.) He makes his strength perfect in their weakness, that they may glory in their infirmities; (2 Cor. xii. 9;) nourishes and cherishes them, as being members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones; (Eph. v. 29, 30;) and communicates to them more than heart can conceive or tongue express out of his own fulness; for it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10; John i. 16; Col. i. 19.) He can see all the designs of their enemies, and defeat them; all the temptations of Satan, and overrule them; all his snares, and break them to pieces; all his enmity and malice, and can bruise him under their feet shortly. He can pity their case when bowed down with grief and afflictions; can hear their sigh and cry out of the depths of trouble and sorrow; and can stretch forth his hand to deliver them from the worst of foes and the worst of fears. And what a matter this is of living, daily experience, so as to make the presence of Jesus at the right hand of the Father no mere doctrine seen in the letter of truth, but a very fountain of spiritual life in the heart. How continually, how, in deep trouble, almost unceasingly, is the poor, tried, tempted, and afflicted child of God, looking up to this merciful and faithful High Priest, and begging of him to appear and bless his soul. This is all that he needs. For the Lord himself to bless him comprises every desire of his heart. One word, one look, one touch, one manifestation of his love and blood, is all that he wants. But if he did not see him by the eye of faith at the right hand of the Father, and able to bless him with the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it, would his prayers, desires, tears, and supplications be so directed toward him? If, too, at times he has been blest with a sweet sense of his presence and his love, he cannot rest

satisfied without some fresh manifestation of these blessings to his soul.

And how fully adapted and divinely qualified he is to communicate these rich blessings; for God, by exalting him to his own right hand, has "made him most blessed for ever;" or as we read in the margin, "set him to be blessings." (Ps. xxi. 6.) He has "prevented him" (or, as the word means, anticipated him in his wishes and petitions) "with the blessings of goodness, and set a crown of pure gold upon his head." This is the reward of his sufferings, for "his glory is great in God's salvation," and therefore "honor and majesty has he laid upon him." (Ps. xxi. 5.) And does he not deserve it all? Has he not "obtained eternal redemption for us?" (Heb. ix. 12;) and is he not "of God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption?" (1 Cor. i. 30.) Is he not "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" (Rom. x. 4;) and "the author of eternal salvation to all that obey him?" (Heb. v. 9.) How, then, can we doubt that he is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him?" For what is there which he has not done for their salvation in his finished work? and what is there which he cannot do in the application of that finished work to their heart? For we need his present help as well as his past obedience. When the soul, then, sinks low into trouble or dejection; when troops of sins come to view, like so many gaunt spectres of the past; when innumerable backslidings, slips, and falls crowd in upon the conscience, bringing guilt and fear in their train, how the cast-down spirit will sometimes look at and ponder over the various cases of those sinners of every shape, and hue, and dye, whose salvation, without money and without price, is recorded in the word of truth. How it looks, for instance, at a sinning David, a blood-stained Manasseh, a dying thief, a returning prodigal, a weeping Mary Magdalene, a denying Peter, a persecuting Saul, a trembling jailer, the Jerusalem sinners who killed the Prince of life. And as it views these self-condemned, self-aborred sinners, so freely accepted, so graciously pardoned, so everlastingly saved, how it looks up to the Lord of life and glory that it may receive similar blessings out of his fulness. It is in this and similar ways that a communication is kept up with the risen and ascended Lord upon his throne of grace; and as he, in answer to prayer, from time to time drops down an encouraging word into the soul, each fresh discovery of his Person and work, of his beauty and blessedness, of his grace and glory, raises up renewed actings of faith, strengthens a lively hope, and draws forth every tender affection of the heart to flow unto and centre in him. Seeing light in his light, and how rich and free his blessings are, it cries out with Jabez of old, "O that thou wouldst bless me indeed." An "indeed" blessing is what the soul is seeking after which has ever felt the misery and bitterness of sin, and ever tasted the sweetness of God's salvation. And these "indeed" blessings are seen to be spiritual and eternal. Compared with such blessings as these, it sees how vain and empty are all earthly things, what vain toys, what idle dreams, what passing shadows. It wonders at the

folly of men in hunting after such vain shows, and spending time, health, money, life itself, in a pursuit of nothing but misery and destruction. Every passing bell that it hears, every corpse borne slowly along to the grave that it sees, impresses it with solemn feelings as to the state of those who live and die in their sins. Thus it learns more and more to contrast time with eternity, earth with heaven, sinners with saints, and professors with possessors. By these things it is taught, with Baruch, not "to seek great things" for itself, (Jer. xlv. 5,) but real things—things which will outlast time, and fit it for eternity. It is thus brought to care little for the opinion of men as to what is good or great, but much for what God has stamped his own approbation upon, such as a tender conscience, a broken heart, a contrite spirit, a humble mind, a separation from the world and everything worldly, a submission to his holy will, a meek endurance of the cross, a conformity to Christ's suffering image, and a living to God's glory. Compared with spiritual blessings like these, it sees how vain and deceptive is a noisy profession, a presumptuous confidence, a sound creed in the letter of truth, without an experience of its life and power; and afraid of being deceived and deluded, as thousands are,—it is made to prize the least testimony from the Lord's own lips that its heart is right before him. Looking around then, as with freshly-enlightened eyes, it sees how the world is filled with sin and sorrow; how God's original curse on the earth has embittered every earthly good; how it has marred the nearest and dearest social relationships; how trial and affliction, losses, crosses, bereavements, vexations, and disappointments enter every home, and especially that where God is feared; how, amid these scenes of sorrow and trouble, all human help or hope is vain; that it is dying in a dying world, and must soon pass away from this time state, where all is shadow, into eternity, where all is substance. As, then, the gracious Lord is pleased to indulge it with some discovery of himself, shedding abroad a sweet sense of his goodness and mercy, atoning blood, and dying love, it is made to long more and more for the manifestation of those blessings which alone are to be found in him. For his blessings are not like the mere temporal mercies which we enjoy at his hands, all of which perish in the using, but are for ever and ever; and when once given are never taken away. They thus become earnest and foretastes of eternal joys, for they are absolutely irreversible. When Isaac had once blessed Jacob in God's name, though the blessing had been obtained by guile, yet having been once given, it could not be recalled. He said, therefore, to Esau, "I have blessed him, and he shall be blessed." (Gen. xxvii. 33.) So when the Lord has blessed his people with any of those spiritual blessings which are stored up in his inexhaustible fulness, these blessings are like himself, unchangeing and unchangeable; for "he is in one mind and none can turn him;" "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Those whom he loves he loves to the end; and his gifts and calling are without repentance; (Rom. xi. 29,) for he never repents of having bestowed them, as everlasting love is their unvarying, unceasing source. But these blessings have more than the sweetness of

their present communication. They stretch forward as well as reach backward; look into eternity to come, as well as from eternity past. By their communication and manifestation his people are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, for these blessings have a sweet sanctifying influence. Thus, believers in Jesus are said "to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" (1 Pet. i. 8;) and having a hope of seeing him as he is, to "purify themselves even as he is pure." (1 John iii. 3.) Spiritual blessings are not like mere doctrinal opinions, which often leave a man just where they found him—a slave to sin, self, Satan, and the world. They have a blessed sanctifying influence upon the heart. They prepare the soul for glory; they are earnest and foretastes of it, and are an enjoyment beforehand on earth of the delights of heaven. Thus, their effect is to separate the heart with its affections from the world; to subdue and crucify a worldly spirit; to mortify pride and covetousness; to cause the conscience to be tender and alive in the fear of God; to make sin exceedingly sinful, its remembrance bitter, and its indulgence dreaded; to draw forth a spirit of prayer and supplication; to open up the scriptures in their spiritual meaning; to encourage holy meditation; to feed the soul with choice fruit out of the word of truth; to breathe into it that spirit of faith which gives life and feeling to every gracious movement Godward, and in a word, to communicate, maintain, and keep alive that inward holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. Can earth show a more blessed sight than a believer upon his knees before the throne of grace, looking up to his most blessed Lord at the right hand of the Father, and his sympathising High Priest looking down upon him with love in his heart, pity in his eye, and blessings in his hand? These are, indeed, for the most part but rare seasons, and are often sadly broken through and interrupted by coldness, carnality, and death; but it is only in this way, however long the interval or dark the mind in the intermediate season, that fellowship is maintained with Jesus as the great High Priest over the house of God, and he experimentally made the soul's all in all.

But we have another view to take of our blessed Lord as having entered into the courts of bliss. He is gone thither as his people's *forerunner*, as the apostle speaks, "Whither the forerunner is for us entered even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek." (Heb. vi. 20.) How blessedly did the Lord comfort his sorrowing disciples when he said to them, "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 is gone to take possession beforehand of his and their everlasting home; for he is ascended to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God. He has, as it were, filled heaven with new beauty, new happiness, new glory. His glorious Deity shining through his spotless and glorified humanity illuminates heaven with a peculiar glory, for he has fought the fight and won the day; he has fulfilled all the types and figures of the Old Testament, accomplished the purposes of the everlasting covenant; glorified God by the highest obedience that could have been yielded

to his will, and having finished the work which the Father gave him to do, has returned triumphantly to the courts of bliss to receive the reward of his humiliation, sufferings, and death. In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. His glorious Person as Immanuel is become the object of heaven's praise and adoration. The elect angels, whom he has confirmed in their standing, adore him as God-man; and the spirits of just men made perfect worship him in company with the angelic host. What a view had holy John of heaven's glorious worship, (Rev. v.,) when he saw the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders fall down before the Lamb; when he heard their new song and the voice of many angels round about the throne, and all saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." (Rev. v. 12.) Heaven itself is waiting for the completion of the great mystery of godliness, when the whole church shall be assembled around the throne; when the marriage supper of the Lamb shall come; when the top stone shall be brought forth by the hands of the spiritual Zerubbabel, with shoutings of Grace, Grace unto it. Earth itself is groaning under the weight of sin and sorrow; and "the souls of those under the altar who were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, are crying with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. vi. 9, 10.) Nay, the very signs of the times themselves are all proclaiming as with one voice that it cannot be long before the Lord will come a second time without sin unto salvation.

And this brings us to the last point, with which we shall close our "Meditations on the Sacred Humanity of the Blessed Redeemer," viz., his *second coming*, and the *posture* in which his people should be found, as looking for and expecting his return.

When the Lord ascended up on high in the sight of his disciples, "they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up," their faith, hope, and love all following him up the shining way; and as they thus viewed his glorious track, they seemed to lose sight of every other consideration. But, "behold, two men," two angelic beings in human shape, "stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i. 11.) It was as if the angels said to them, "Jesus, your Master, your Head, your King, is not gone away from you for ever. He will one day, according to his own promise, return in the same glorious Person as that in which he is gone up, in the same divine and human nature, and in the clouds of heaven which have now received him out of your sight. For this, meanwhile, look, watch, wait, and pray." From that moment, therefore, the Lord's return has always been a leading feature in the faith of the church of Christ, especially in the early period of her history. Thus we find Peter at once proclaiming it, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you,

whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." (Acts iii. 21, 22.) That it ever after formed a prominent point in the teaching and testimony of the apostles is plain from the inspired epistles of the New Testament, in which it is continually brought forward and alluded to. Thus, not to quote numberless passages, the apostle reminds the Thessalonians how "they had turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven;" (1 Thess. i. 9, 10;) and seeks to comfort them under their persecutions with the prospect of eternal rest, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" (2 Thess. i. 7, 8;) as well as to console them under their bereavements with the sweet persuasion that "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (1 Thess. iv. 14.) To be looking, then, and waiting for the Lord's second coming was the especial hope and consolation of the saints of old. By this prospect their hearts were comforted when they could look forward to that glory which should be revealed at the appearing of Jesus Christ, for they knew that when he should come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, he would be glorified in his saints, and be admired in all them that believe." (Matt. xvi. 27; 1 Pet. i. 7; 2 Thess. i. 10.) This faith and expectation had a most blessed and enduring influence on their hearts and lives. It made them feel that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth; and that their Master having promised to return, and it being uncertain at what watch of the night he would come, their "loins should be girded about, and their lights burning, and they should be like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they might open unto him immediately." (Luke xii. 36.)

We shall not enter upon the question of the nature and circumstances of the Lord's return, or its immediate consequences, as these are disputed points, and we wish to consider the subject more with a view to edification than to controversy. It is sufficient for us to believe that Jesus will come again with all his saints, and that when he comes it will be to the salvation and joy of his friends, and the destruction and confusion of his enemies. We shall, therefore, rather address ourselves to the consideration of the *posture* in which the church should stand as waiting her Lord's return.

During our present time state we are to be conformed to the suffering image of Christ, and to bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal body. Our present life is to be one of trial, affliction, and temptation, that we may walk in the footsteps of our blessed Lord. (Luke xxii. 28.) We are to be persecuted by the world, despised by professors, assailed and tempted by Satan, and walk in a path of tribulation and sorrow, that we may, as members of his mystical body, fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ.

(Col. i. 24.) We are to drink of his cup and be baptized with his baptism; for "it is a faithful saying, If we be dead with him we shall also reign with him;" (2 Tim. ii. 11;) and "we must suffer with him that we may be also glorified together." (Rom. viii. 17.) The world knew him not, and it is to know us not. It hated and despised him, and it will hate and despise us; for "the servant is not greater than his Lord; and if they called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household." (Matt. x. 25; John xv. 18, 19.) But to suffer will not always be the portion of the church of God. There is a day coming when Zion shall be raised from the dust; when she shall put on her beautiful garments; when the marriage of the Lamb shall come, and to his bride and spouse it shall be granted that she shall be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, and shall sit down with her Head and Husband at the marriage supper. (Isa. lli. 1, 2; Rev. xix. 7-9.) Then those who have been partakers of the sufferings of Christ shall be partakers of his glory. Then the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Then they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever. (Dan. xii. 3.) Then the mystery of God will be finished, and there will be time no longer, for all the former things of this miserable time state shall have passed away. (Rev. x. 6, 7; xxi. 4.)

Now what should be the *posture* of the church as looking for and hastening to the coming of the day of God? and what influence should this blessed truth have upon our hearts and lives? 1. First, it should reconcile us to afflictions, as feeling with the apostle that "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.) And again, "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." Weighed in such a balance, what are all our afflictions, though seemingly so heavy? Are they not light indeed, if they are conforming us to the suffering image of Christ, and preparing us for an eternal weight of glory? 2. It should raise up and draw forth heavenly desires and spiritual affections, as the apostle says, "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." (Phil. iii. 20.) Believers are called upon "not to be conformed to this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of their mind," (Rom. xii. 2,) and to "set their affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" (Col. iii. 2;) they are said to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts; (Gal. v. 24;) and by the Spirit to mortify the deeds of the body. (Rom. viii. 13.) It is true that we are sorely hindered in running the race set before us, for we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, having to carry about with us a body of sin and death, which is our constant grief and plague; and the flesh lusting against the spirit, as well as the spirit against the flesh, we cannot do the things that we would. (Rom. vii. 24; 2 Cor. v. 4; Gal. v. 17.) We are beset, too, by innumerable temptations, have often to mourn

over our darkness, deadness, coldness, and unbelief, as well as on account of the hidings of the Lord's face, and the absence of that blessed Comforter who alone can console the cast-down spirit. Still, though in themselves grievous hindrances, spears in our side and thorns in our eyes, these things do not utterly quench that prevailing bent of the renewed heart to look up and look forward to a brighter day, when tears shall be wiped from off all faces. As, then, a view of the glory of Christ is obtained, and his coming again is realised by a living faith, the soul looks beyond this time state, and all the cares and sorrows of this vale of tears, to that glorious day when it shall be perfectly conformed to the glorified image of Christ, and never sin against him more. At his second coming he will change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. (Phil. iii. 21.) And "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 54, 55.)

Now, if these things are so, if Jesus is but gone before to prepare a place for us, and has promised that he will come again and receive us unto himself, that where he is there we may be also, (John xiv. 3,) will not this heavenly truth, if received into a believing heart, exercise a gracious influence upon our daily walk and life? Such, at least, is John's testimony, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And he that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." (1 John iii. 2, 3.) If we are led by divine teaching to see and feel that this present world is an evil world, from which Christ came to deliver us by giving himself for our sins, (Gal. i. 4,) and as such is under the wrath and curse of God; if we feel everything in it marred by sin and sorrow; and have a good hope through grace that when the Lord appears we shall appear with him in glory, will not this separate us in heart and spirit from the world, and lead us, with God's help and blessing, to walk as becometh the gospel, and to speak and act as a peculiar people, zealous of good works?

But taking a general view of the professing church, can we say that such is its experience or its walk? The wise virgins, as well as the foolish, are sleeping and slumbering; and a cold, lukewarm profession is everywhere prevalent. Error abounds on every side; strife and division widely prevail; and we seem fallen upon those last days when perilous times were to come. We cannot, indeed, marvel that the world is what it ever was, a foe to God and godliness, buried in carnality and death, ignorant of its misery and ruin, and unconcerned at the awful judgment that is awaiting it, and almost ready to burst upon it. But we may justly wonder that the church of Christ, which professes to be redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, should be sunk so low, and manifest so little of the life and power of vital godliness. Yet this is only what we are led to expect from the word of truth. The Lord himself said, "When the Son of man com-

eth, shall he find faith on the earth?" (Luke xviii. 8;) and, "Because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold." (Matt. xxiv. 12.) Thus, instead of expecting that the world will gradually get better and better, as men idly dream, or that bright and glorious days are awaiting the professing church, we may rather expect that things will get gradually worse and worse with both, until he comes who shall come and will not tarry. But come when he will, come when he may, it shall be well with the righteous. Unto those that fear his name the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings; and to them that look for him the Lord shall appear a second time without sin unto salvation.

Here, then, we close our "Meditations upon the Sacred Humanity of the Blessed Redeemer; and can only lament that our views of this most glorious subject have been so dim, and our expression of them so faint and feeble. But such as they are, we commend them to the God of all grace; and if they have been or should be in any way blessed to the spiritual profit of his people, to Him and to Him alone be ascribed all the glory.

If great men be kind to you, I pray you overlook them; if they smile on you, Christ but borroweth their face to smile through them upon his afflicted servant. Know the well-head; and for all that learn the way to the well itself.—*Rutherford.*

WHOM did God send about our great business? The scriptures lay great weight and emphasis on this consideration; faith must do so also. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." (John iii. 16.) So John iv. 9, "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." And again (ver. 10): "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us; and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And who is it that is thus sent, and called the only-begotten Son of God? Take a double description of him, one out of the Old Testament and another from the New. The first from Isa. ix. 9: "To us a Child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" the other from Heb. i. 2, 3: "God hath spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high." This is he who was sent. In nature he was glorious, even God over all, blessed for ever. In answerableness unto the Father, the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person; possessed of all the same essential properties with him; so, what we find in him, we may be assured of it in the Father also; for he that hath seen him, hath seen the Father, who is in him; in power, omnipotent, for he hath made all things, and upholdeth all things, with an unspeakable facility, by the word of his power; in office, exalted over all, sitting at the right hand of the majesty on high; in name, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father; so that whatever he came about, he will assuredly accomplish and fulfil; for what should hinder or let the Mighty One from perfecting his design?—*Owen.*

POETRY.

DWELLING IN UNITY.

"Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."—John xv. 17.

How keen is the loss of a friend,
'Tis a grief that can never be told;
With mourning and sorrow I bend;
Nor can I from weeping withhold.

Yet I weep not as those without
hope;

I know that my friend is at rest;
And God, who did him remove,
I know doth all for the best.

Thus I weep and am glad in one
breath,

And joy in the loss of my friend;
For gain was his bodily death,
And peace was his ultimate end.

We often together did walk
To the courts of the house of the
Lord;

Of Jesus's love did we talk,
As the preacher rehearsed from the
word.

What sweet conversation we felt;
Our hearts oft together did burn,
Affording each other some help,
While Jesus was present to warm.

We would talk of the wonders of
love,

Of our faithful and covenant God,
Who call'd us by grace, and to hope
In his mercy through Jesus's blood.

We would talk of the love of the
Son,

Who with pleasure partook of our
form,

To suffer, to bleed, 'to atone,
Enduring so heavy a storm.

We would talk of his almighty
power

To deliver, protect, and befriend,
To save us in temptation's hour,
By faith kept unto the end.

We would talk of the grace that we
need

For our daily and hourly help;
Likewise from all sin to be freed,
And our consciences washed from
their guilt.

We would talk of the evil of sin,
Which made us to sigh and to groan;
The cage of uncleanness within,
The extent of which never was
known.

We were both very oft in the dark,
With regard to our evidence clear.
The sin of our evil, vile hearts
Caused us sorrow, and doubting,
and fear.

Our faith, too, was often assail'd
With the darts of the foe of our
peace.

The wounds of our soul we bewail'd,
And sigh'd for the sweet healing
leaves.

His path was a rough one indeed,
A wilderness desert and waste;
Dark, cold, hard, rugged, and steep,
Exposed to every wild beast.

Blasphemy, rebellion, and pride
Boil'd up like a pot in his heart;
He was tempted his God to deride,
And away from all truth to depart.

Sometimes he has been heard to say,
"I'm a wretch and a hypocrite bold;
Unbelief seems to turn me away
From Jesus, the mighty Strong-
hold."

He was oft on the coast of despair,
And feared that his soul would be
lost.

I would say to him, "Be of good
cheer,
For God is thy hope and thy trust."

But I could no comfort afford
Till Jesus did speak to his heart
Some cheering or comforting word,
And then all his fears would depart.

He hoping and doubting went on,
Full forty years, quicken'd by grace;
Then quitted this earth for his hea-
venly home,
The glorious Redeemer to praise.

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