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THE

**GOSPEL STANDARD.**

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# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JANUARY, 1863.

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

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## ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

GONE, for ever gone,—sunk, for ever sunk into that deep gulf which has swallowed up so many centuries, is that year whose well-known date our pens have so often traced, but which they will no more trace again as a present waymark on the beaten road of life. Yes, 1862, with all its varied cares and sorrows, trying events and memorable circumstances, has now become a thing of the past, and will never again date our letters, never again be familiar to our eyes and ears as marking day by day and week by week the silent flight of time. A new year spreads itself in the dim distance before our eyes, on which we seem to gaze with that mixture of hope and fear, doubt and desire, which swells the breast of the adventurous mariner who bends his prow into the depths of an unknown, untraversed sea. Already has a hand, irresistible in might, launched us on its waters, and the voyage is even now begun. Will our fellow-voyagers, then, before the land recedes from view, and whilst we are still looking with anxious eyes, sometimes back on the past and sometimes forward to the future, suffer us once more to address to them a few words of friendly, affectionate counsel? It is not the first time that we have traversed with them the stormy deep, and shared with them the trials and perils of the voyage. We are not now strangers to one another. Some years have rolled over our heads since we first met; and, as the good Lord still continues us in life, and still enables us to maintain our post at the helm of our little bark, we trust that we may be allowed once more to speak a few words to them in his name, to whose bounty we owe all that we have, and by whose grace we are all that we are. But it is time to drop our figure, and speak in simpler, less allegorical language.

It has been, then, our wont, and we may add our privilege, to address at the beginning of each opening year a word of exhortation to our spiritual readers; and though, for many reasons, we would gladly discontinue the practice, yet as it will doubtless be looked for by many of our friends, we will endeavour once more to press through the crowd of objections, and lay before them some of the thoughts of our heart in connection with those divine truths which we mutually profess, and of which we have, we trust, alike felt the power and preciousness. In so doing, we shall seek to follow the



spirit and example of the apostle in those memorable words—words to be deeply borne in mind by all who speak or write in the name of the Lord: “Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy; for by faith ye stand.” (2 Cor. i. 24.) If, then, we seem to speak with any authority or decision, it is not as if we thereby sought to claim dominion over any man’s faith or any man’s conscience. Indeed, such a claim would not only be altogether contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, but to the very nature of faith and the existence of a good conscience; for faith is the gift of God, and a good conscience is one that is purged by the blood of sprinkling, and made tender in the fear of God, neither of which blessings can we bestow. But, as an instrument in the Lord’s hands, we may lead where we may not drive, and help faith where we may not domineer over it: If the Lord, in his providence and grace, has put us into a position where we can in any way be a witness for himself and his precious truth in this evil day, when the shades of night seem fast gathering and settling down over the professing church, he has laid us thereby under the deeper obligation to be faithful to our trust. This is inseparably connected with being one of God’s witnesses whether by tongue or pen; for if any be called to be ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God, it is required in them that a man be found faithful; (1 Cor. iv. 1, 2;) and if any one, as a special favour, be allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so must he speak, not as pleasing men, but God who trieth the hearts. (1 Thess. ii. 4.) In this spirit, however grievously we may have from time to time failed, through the infirmity of the flesh, have we sought to conduct our periodical; and in this spirit do we now seek once more at this opening season of the year to address our friends. In so doing, it is our desire to consider ourselves but as an instrument in the Lord’s hands for their spiritual profit. We are deeply convinced of this truth that as no man has any more than the Lord gives him, so no man is any more than the Lord makes him. Whatever good, then, is done by us or by any other, the Lord does it all. “Of his own we give him” whatever we give in providence or in grace, for, as bought with a price, neither we nor ours are our own, but his. Nor will he own or bless any word or work but what proceeds from his own grace. All light, life, and power, all knowledge and wisdom, all unction, dew, or savour, all usefulness and profitableness to the church of God flow out of the fulness of the risen and glorified Son of God as the golden oil into the golden pipe as seen in vision by the prophet; (Zech. iv. 12;) and their communication or their suspension wholly depends upon his sovereign will. Never did we more labour under a sense of our own helplessness, unfitness, and inability than at the present moment, and never did we more feel our need of special and immediate help to enable us to execute the task that lies before us. Let not the word “task” surprise our readers. If it is our privilege to address them it is not the less our burden, and this from various causes. One we have already named—our miserable helplessness and inability to all

that is good. Another is that we have to instruct others when we need heavenly instruction ourselves; to encourage the tried and exercised, the doubting and the fearing, when we ourselves want all the encouragement that the Lord can give us; and to comfort the cast down when we ourselves are often waiting for the consolation of Israel. But the question may rise to some of our readers' lips, "Have you not light? Cannot you walk in it? Have you not knowledge? Can you not use it? Have you not a pen? Cannot you employ it?" Alas! no. Through the goodness of the Lord, indeed, we both know what we believe and in whom we believe, but we are completely dependent on him for the exercise both of our faith and of our knowledge. It is not in the things of God as in the departments of sense and reason, in which a certain fixed standing may be obtained and maintained. In language, in science, in the knowledge of a business or a profession, in mechanical skill, and the various applications of human ingenuity, a fixed position may be obtained, and the subtle brain, or practised eye, or ready tongue, or skilful hand can at once set to work and execute the desired task. But not so in the things of God. There grace reigns sovereign and supreme; there the active mind, the ready tongue, the skilful hand, all alike fail, waiting, like the becalmed ship, a speeding gale to set them in motion. To the exercise of our mere natural abilities on mere natural objects we may say, "Your time is always ready;" but faith, being wholly dependent on the Lord for its being and exercise, has to wait, like its Lord, till its time is fully come. (John vii. 6.) This longing then for divine help is one part of our burden. Another is the solemn weight of the things themselves with which we have to be exercised in our minds, and to bring before our readers out of a believing, feeling heart. The solemn things of God are not to be tampered with by unhallowed hands, or trifled with by a light and vain mind. They are not matters of speculation and theory, of learned discussion and argumentative reasoning, but of faith and experience, of gracious knowledge and obedient practice. In our day we are beset either with error, venting forth its subtle arguments and proud reasonings against all that a child of God holds most dear, or with truth, held, if not in unrighteousness, at least in a light, worldly, trifling spirit, where not altogether bought and sold as so much merchandize for a piece of bread. And what is the consequence? That what is so easily got and so loosely held is as lightly relinquished when any difficulty is to be met on its behalf, or any sacrifice made in its defence. How evidently was this brought to light in the late controversy respecting the Sonship of the blessed Lord. At the first sound of the trumpet proclaiming his true and eternal Sonship some started up as opponents, full of bitterness and wrath; others faltered and wavered as trees shaken by the wind, as if not knowing what they believed or in whom they believed; others disguised their real sentiments under a cloud of words which might be taken either way; and others shifted from side to side, holding first with one and then with the other as best suited their worldly interests. How few seemed to have had any real, vital experience

in their own bosom of a truth so clearly revealed in the word of God, so rich with every spiritual blessing, so precious to all who believe in the only-begotten Son of God. Our own experience and our observation of others have fully convinced us that our only preservation against the winds of error which are blowing on every side, our only safety amidst the perils and evils which daily beset us from without or from within, is a personal, experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. To make this truth known to our souls with a divine power that we may be firmly established in it and experimentally realise and enjoy its heavenly blessedness, is the grand object of the ministry of the gospel. How clear upon this point is the testimony of the apostle: "And he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." (Eph. iv. 11-16.) It will detain us but a few moments to examine the meaning of these words, for they are full of divine instruction. As, then, there is but one body and one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all the mystical members of Christ, so the risen and ascended Lord gives servants unto his church, whether, as in former times, apostles, prophets, and evangelists, or as now, pastors and teachers. But for what purpose? For the perfecting, or maturing, of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying, or building up, of the body of Christ. But when are the saints matured, the work of the ministry performed, and the body of Christ built up? When the saints by these means come to a unity of faith and of a knowledge of the Son of God, so as to be no more children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine, but are grown up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ. But if this be the work of the ministry, and if the saints are to be perfected or matured thereby in faith and love, surely it cannot be done by men drunk with a spirit of error, or by waverers and falterers on the very foundation doctrines of our faith, or by trimmers and timeservers, or by those who crouch for a piece of silver or a morsel of bread. The living stones of our spiritual Zion are not to be built up by such hands as these. The only ministry which the Lord sends, and the only ministry which as sent by him he owns, is one of truth and power; not a cold, dry, and marrowless creed, a mere repetition of set phrases and orthodox expressions, but one which gushes forth in a living stream out of the heart and mouth

of the preacher, as fed by that well of water in him which is ever "springing up into eternal life." (John iv. 14.) But how can this living spring either rise or flow unless the truth has been made precious to his soul, and he has tasted, felt, and handled the word of life?

He cannot, indeed, command it; for who can give himself or communicate to others a blessing like this? and we often sigh for the want of it; but with this life and power, this vital stream of heavenly truth, should our pages be impregnated if they are to be made a blessing to the church of God. They should come month by month into the hands of our readers as if bringing to them a message from the Lord. Sometimes they should instruct, sometimes encourage, sometimes rouse and stir their sleeping graces, sometimes warn and admonish, sometimes draw up their affections to things above, sometimes cast a light upon their dubious path, and sometimes drop a word of consolation into their troubled breasts. These are great things to do; but if our little work do none of them, of what benefit is it to the church of God? It is not sent forth by us as a record of tea meetings and anniversary gossip, a sort of religious newspaper, gathering up all the tales of the churches, and sounding forth all the wondrous doings of the ministers in terms of praise which one would think must be as fulsome to them as it is ridiculous to others. Such is not and never was our object in carrying on our monthly labours. Nay, let our right hand forget its cunning; let the pen drop from its grasp before we prostitute it to such unworthy, such worldly purposes. Our aim and desire, however we may fail in its execution, is to be able to say with the apostle, "We are labourers together with God; ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." (1 Cor. iii. 9.) But if we are to be "labourers together with God," we must labour in his strength and for his truth. Indeed, we trust we may truly say that as a Christian, as a minister, and as an editor, our aim and desire are one and the same—to know, enjoy, and experience the liberating, sanctifying power of truth in our own heart, and to be made the happy, honoured instrument of communicating the same blessings to others. Indeed, what else have we really to live for, as the shades of evening will soon be closing in on our path? Grievous indeed would it be were we with advancing years to decline from the truth, either from its profession or its power, for which we earnestly contended when young. It would speak but little for our experimental knowledge of it, or for our faithfulness to what we know and have so long professed.

But it is time to proceed to the more immediate object of our Address, which is, as our wont, to drop a few words of counsel and exhortation to those of our readers who are willing to listen to a voice which is not now for the first time sounded in their ears. They will be prepared by what we have already said to see what will be its main drift, and that it is once more to dwell upon and enforce those truths which are alike precious both to them and us.

But as these precious truths all cluster round the Person of Jesus, shall we not do well to put at its very head and front that name

which is above every name, and which to every believing heart is, when experimentally made known, "as the ointment poured forth?" The glorious Person of our gracious and adorable Lord is, indeed, the foundation of all our faith, the ground of all our hope, and the object of all our love. If he is "the Way," to walk in him is to tread safely and surely, and not to walk in him is to be out of the path altogether; if he is "the Truth," to know him is to know the truth in its purity and power, and not so to know him is to be a prey to every lie of sin and Satan, and to every meteor-like error which dazzles the eyes of a professing generation with delusive light; if he is "the Life," to live upon him and unto him is to have life eternal in the bosom, and not so to live is to abide in death. So if he be our "Sun," (Mal. iv. 2; Ps. lxxxiv. 11,) to be enlightened with his rays is to walk in the light of his countenance, and to receive out of his fulness no gladdening beam, is to grope for the wall like the blind, and to grope as if we had no eyes. If he be our "Refuge," we shall from time to time run into him, and be safe; (Prov. xviii. 10;) and when we cannot do this, shall feel ourselves exposed to every fear and every foe. So with every other gracious attribute, or glorious perfection, or covenant character of the blessed Lord, all centre in his divine Person as a continual object of faith and love. Thus the faith of a believer's heart has day by day to be looking unto, leaning upon, and cleaving to the Lord of life and glory, as now sitting at the right hand of the Father. And as here is faith's chief work, so here is faith's chief conflict; for every natural faculty of body and mind, every sensual lust and propensity, every thought and affection of the carnal heart, everything that we meet with in the world without or the world within; in a word, all that the apostle calls "the course of nature," (James iii. 6,) all, all are opposed to a life of faith in the Son of God. Into what darkness, then, of mind, hardness of heart, carnality and carelessness, doubt and fear, unbelief and infidelity, do we naturally and necessarily fall when we listen to their suggestions, and take our eyes off the adorable Lord as our only hope and help. Our evidences immediately get beclouded, and our right hand as if palsied. Religion, true religion, we seem to have none; or just so much light left as to see what vital godliness is, and just so much life left as to feel our want of it and long to be possessed of it. Thus we find sometimes by painful and sometimes by pleasurable, sometimes by bright and sometimes by dark, sometimes by joyful and sometimes by sorrowful experience, the blessedness not only of there being such a gracious and glorious Mediator, Advocate, Friend, Husband, and Brother within the veil, but the blessedness of a living faith in him, and the miserableness of the want of it. Memory, too, will sometimes retrace with various feelings the past, and cast its searching glance over days gone by. And what does it gather from the sad retrospect? All that which now gives us pain in the reflection sprang from that wandering from the path which will ever fill a believer with condemnation and guilty shame, from giving heed to the flesh and taking the eyes off the Lord. Whatever thing once said or done now grieves the mind

and furnishes food for painful reflection or humble confession, we can clearly see arose from turning our eyes away from Jesus to fix them, as the hymn says, "on self or something base." The eye got darkened when it was turned away from the only true Light; and the heart grew cold and dead when it strayed from the only true Life. The conscience became hard when it got away from the melting rays of the only true Sun of righteousness; and the affections wandered after idols when they were not fixed on things above, where Jesus sits at the right hand of God. Now all this sad declension from the life and power of faith, paved the way for the entrance of temptation, the hour of Satan, the strength of evil lusts, the prevalence of pride, covetousness, and worldly-mindedness, and for every slip, stumble, fall, or backsliding of which we have ever been guilty since we knew the truth in its power. For with the declension of faith—which declension arose from taking the eyes off the Lord, there was the declension of every other grace of the Spirit. Godly fear, as a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death, rose less high in the soul; prayer declined in power and earnestness; reading the word was not so diligently pursued; the preached gospel was not attended with the same power; spirituality of mind much decayed; and, above all, love, that mainspring of the soul, that influencing motive to every good word and work, grew cold. And as grace declined in power, the flesh grew in strength; as faith waxed weak, unbelief waxed strong; as the new man was not put on, the old man was not put off; and as sin was not resisted unto blood, it strove hard to regain dominion. Thus the clasps and rivets of the heavenly armour got loose; and though not altogether put off, yet the weapons of our warfare were not handled as before. The girdle of truth had got slack, and no longer tightly embraced the loins, or gathered up the loose garments from entangling our feet; the breast-plate of righteousness hung too loosely round the neck; the feet were but ill shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; the helmet of salvation was half falling off the head; the shield of faith was weakly and badly held; the sword of the Spirit drooped in the hand as in a night-mare dream; and prayer, which should have kept all the weapons clean and bright and fit for immediate use, was almost fallen asleep like a weary sentry. And what was the consequence? That the enemy gained great power over us, and, but for the Lord's grace, would have ruined us, body and soul, in name, fame, and reputation, sucked our very life-blood, and then cast out our carcase to the scorn and obloquy of a triumphant world.

Well, then, may we be ever turning the eyes of our faith to that ever-living and adorable Son of the Father in truth and love, who, though enthroned in highest bliss, still looks down from his radiant glory on his poor, tried, tempted, exercised family, the suffering members of his mystical body here below. We have a race to run, a race that will tax all our strength; and how can we run so that we may obtain, unless by looking unto Jesus as the Author and Finisher of our faith? (1 Cor. ix. 24; Heb. xii. 1, 2.) We have a battle to

fight—the good fight of faith; and how shall we come off more than conquerors, except by his grace who alone can teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight? We have to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; to suffer trials, temptations, and afflictions for his name's sake; to wrestle not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. We have to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts; to mortify the whole body of sin; to overcome the world; and, amidst a thousand fears, to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Well might we faint and sink at such a prospect, if all this work of faith, patience of hope, and labour of love were to be done or sustained in our own strength. But we learn by the very difficulty and number of these trials and sufferings to look to the Lord and to the Lord alone, that his strength may be made perfect in our weakness. This is having the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in him who raiseth the dead. Thus, whether we view the past, the present, or the future, what has been done and suffered, or what remains to do and suffer, in all things are we instructed to look to and hang upon the Lord that we may be able feelingly to say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." (Isa. xlv. 24.) Thus to look and thus to live is to live a life of faith on the Son of God; and thus not to look and thus not to live is to have a religion without life or power, truth or reality, happiness or holiness, fruitfulness or usefulness, salt or savour, conflict or victory, present grace or future glory. How many are wearying themselves to find the door; how many are compassing sea and land to make one proselyte; what exertions from the press, what strivings from the pulpit to make men religious. And yet, for the most part, what a beating of the air; what a threshing of chaff; what a feeding on wind and following after the east wind! (Hos. xii. 1.) What a sowing much and bringing in little; what an eating and not having enough; a drinking and not being filled with drink; a clothing but there is none warm; an earning of wages and putting it into a bag with holes. (Hag. i. 6.) What talk and stir about religion! And yet how few know the way to the city; how few enter the strait and narrow gate; how few really find the Lord, or rather are found of him. Amidst all this crowd of busy, active, bustling religionists, the eye of faith may descry here and there a few solitary individuals, sorrowfully plodding their weary way, struggling hard with trials and temptations, doubts and fears, sins and sorrows, but without any strength or wisdom or righteousness of their own to overcome any of them; and yet, amidst them all, looking upward till their eyes sometimes fail for some visitation of the Lord's favour, some revelation of his Person, some application of his blood, some manifestation of his love. These alone know the secret life of faith and prayer, for in answer to their cries and sighs to these the Lord manifests himself as he doth not manifest himself to the world; and every manifestation of his Person and work, love and blood, grace and glory raises up and strengthens that faith whereby they look unto him and live upon him. They can

thus enter into the meaning of his words: "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.) And as they find that this life cannot be maintained except by continual communications out of his fulness, they learn the nature and necessity of abiding in him, according to his own words: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." (John xv. 4, 5.) The great secret in religion—that secret which is only with those who fear the Lord and to whom he shows his covenant, (Psalm xxv. 14,) is first to get sensible union with the Lord, and then to maintain it. But this union cannot be got except by some manifestation of his Person and work to our heart, joining us to him as by one Spirit. (1 Cor. vi. 17.) This is the espousal of the soul, (Jer. ii. 2,) whereby it is espoused to one husband as a chaste virgin to Christ. (2 Cor. xi. 2.) From this espousal comes fellowship, or communion with Christ; (1 Cor. i. 9;) and from this communion flows all fruitfulness, for it is not a barren marriage. (Rom. vii. 4.) But this union and communion cannot be maintained except by abiding in Christ; and this can only be by his abiding in us. "Abide in me and I in you." But how do we abide in him? Mainly by faith, hope, and love, for these are the three chief graces of the Spirit which are exercised upon the Person and work of the Son of God. But as a matter of faith and experience, we have also to learn that to abide in Christ needs prayer and watchfulness, patience and self-denial, separation from the world and things worldly, study of the Scriptures and secret meditation, attendance on the means of grace, and, though last, not least, much inward exercise of soul. The Lord is, so to speak, very chary of his presence. Any indulged sin; any forbidden gratification; any bosom idol; any lightness or carnality; any abuse of the comforts of house and home, wife and children, food and raiment; any snare of business or occupation; any negligence in prayer, reading, watching the heart and mouth; any conformity to the world and worldly professors; in a word, anything contrary to his mind and will, offensive to the eyes of his holiness and purity, inconsistent with godly fear in a tender conscience, or unbecoming our holy profession, it matters not whether little or much, whether seen or unseen by human eye—all provoke the Lord to deny the soul the enjoyment of his presence. And yet with all his purity and holiness and severity against sin, he is full of pity and compassion to those who fear and love his great and glorious name. When these sins are felt, and these backslidings confessed, he will turn again, and not retain his anger for ever. When repenting Israel returns unto the Lord his God, with the words in his heart and mouth: "Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously," then the Lord answers: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as th



dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." (Hosea xiv. 4, 5.) Then, under the influence of his love, Israel cries aloud: "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." (Micah vii. 18, 19.)

Dear friends, there is everything in Jesus, everything in the gospel of his grace to strengthen and encourage our fainting hearts. Trials and temptations, griefs and sorrows, will ever strew our path here below; but in them all the Lord will still make his promise good: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." May we, then, still go on looking and longing, fighting and battling, sighing and crying, waiting and watching, believing and hoping, cleaving and loving, sorrowing and rejoicing, repenting and confessing, doing and suffering, until the Lord fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power, that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in us, and we in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ. And now, dear brethren, what can we more say than to commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified?

But we feel that we should not fitly close our Address unless we made some reference to that sad calamity which, in the Providence of God, has fallen upon the cotton manufacturing districts in Lancashire, and in which, doubtless, many of our dear brethren and sisters in the Lord are now participating. We shall make upon it no political reflections, but confine ourselves to its religious aspect. On this we may observe:

That we must accept it as a *visitation* from the Lord. Whatever be his purposes, and no doubt he will bring good out of this evil, it is for the present a very heavy affliction. But is there not a cause? Plague, sword, and famine do not come unsent. They are the Lord's messengers. Does he not say, "Shall there be evil"—that is, not moral evil, but calamity, "in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos iii. 6.) And is not famine one of the Lord's "four sore judgments?" (Ezek. xiv. 21.) Whether, then, corn famine or cotton famine, it is of the Lord, and his hand should be seen and acknowledged in it. Not to speak of the causes which have brought down his heavy hand across the Atlantic, scourging men by their own sins, was there no cause why Lancashire should suffer by this cruel, bloody, and fratricidal war? Let Lancashire answer, and, above all, the Lancashire churches. Have they not much declined from the power of truth and fallen into coldness, barrenness, and death? Trade has been good, wages high, and work abundant; and all this prosperity may have produced its usual result, leanness and barrenness of soul. But the Lord has laid on them his heavy hand. Poverty, a thing almost unknown, has entered the door, and with

poverty, famine and want. It will be, then, a rich mercy—a mercy well worth all their present sufferings, if the Lord should by this heavy infliction revive his work in the churches of truth. But though we thus speak, we feel much sympathy with them in their present distress, and have desired to manifest it in the most effectual way—sending relief. And here we must render to the Lord a tribute of thankful praise for having so stirred up the hearts and opened the hands of his people through the whole country, to send relief to their distressed brethren. They have made us, to a large extent, the almoners of their bounty; and though our stewardship has entailed with it much labour and more responsibility, we thankfully accept the office and feel honoured by the trust and confidence reposed in us. The whole land has been stirred to its inmost depths by this calamity; and two things must call forth admiration and, we must add, thankfulness to God as the Giver of all good—1, the unexampled display of benevolence all through the country, as tested by the sums from all parts and all parties, from all ranks and stations, whether high or low, sent to the sufferers; and 2, the signal patience displayed by the unhappy sufferers themselves. We could not pass this subject by as now engrossing universal attention; and we shall, therefore, only add the expression of our earnest desire that the Lord will put a speedy end to this cruel war, and that out of it a blessing may eventually come, for which eternal praise and glory shall redound to his name.

Brethren, pray for us.

Your affectionate and sincere Friend and Servant,

THE EDITOR.

SATAN layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a pack-horse of men's souls, when they are wholly set upon this world. We owe the devil no such service; it were wisdom to throw off that load into the mire and cast all our cares upon God.—*Rutherford*.

DEAR brethren, give not place to the devil, by indulging malice or envy one towards another; but if you feel them rise, pray earnestly to Jesus to cast out these devils. Remember, he has strictly forbidden you to harbour them; and your inability to subdue them is no excuse for indulging them. It is hardly truth to say, "It is not I, but sin that dwelleth in me," while we willingly yield our heart and tongue to the service of sin and Satan.—*Hardy*.

THE Lord doth improve many ways and means, to bring a soul under the power of the gospel, as several incidents or occasions, though those things are not properly or principally to be called the ministry of Christ, or the gospel ordinances for revealing Jesus Christ; but they are like the chariot in which the eunuch rode, which was only an outward accommodation to his receiving Christ; but the proper and more immediate means was the book of the prophet, which he had with him in his chariot. We see Paul was by a sudden incident brought into a way for the gospel to have the free passage to his soul; nor did that incident or occasion serve as the means of his receiving Christ, but Ananias who was sent to him was the means instituted by the Lord to be a way of conveying the power of Christ upon his soul. "Faith cometh by hearing" the gospel, which is the "power of God unto salvation."—*Saltmarsh*.

## THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

NOTES OF A SERMON, PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. JOHN MARTIN, OF STEVENAGE, LORD'S DAY AFTERNOON, JULY 1st, 1840.

"And David longed, and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."—2 SAM. xxiii. 15.

THE psalmist David was a true type and figure of all the mystical body of Christ. His troubles, his trials, his conflicts, his battles, his victories, all set forth the path that the Lord's people have to pass through, and the enemies they have to encounter, whilst travelling through this waste howling wilderness: "O that one would give me drink of the water of Bethlehem."

We shall notice, first, in these words what they *imply*. What this longing implies. Secondly, what the word *Give* implies; and then speak a little of *the well*.

I. First, then, the text implies *life*, because you know a dead man cannot long. Secondly, it implies *helplessness*. Thirdly, *freeness*.

1. Now, David *longed*. The wise man says, "the dead know not anything"—and they do not. While man is dead in trespasses and sins, he has no appetite for the things of eternity. We can look back when we longed after the pomps and vanities of this wretched, dying world; when we longed after profits; when we longed after sin; but if the Lord, in his infinite mercy, has quickened our dead souls, we can look back upon what we have been, and that we now long for other things. If the Lord Jesus Christ has taken up his abode in our never-dying souls, we long. When a child is first born, it will begin to cry. God has no still-born children in his family. Saul, after the Lord unhorsed him, and brought him to the ground, and planted eternal life in his soul, the Lord told Ananias that he prayed; and O how he cried. He ushers it in with a "Behold!" as something wonderful: "Behold he prayeth!" We might say, "Did not the apostle pray before?" He was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; nevertheless, he never prayed once before in all his life. Because, as Hart says,

"The feeblest prayer, if faith be there,  
Exceeds all empty notion."

He might pray for an hour, but, nevertheless, not being a living soul by the operation of God the Blessed Spirit, he could not pray at all.

The apostle says, "He that cometh to God must *believe* that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." What faith is it? Why, faith that stands in the justice of God, the immutability of God, the holiness of God, and the power of God. The law enters into the soul. The apostle says, "The law entered that the offence might abound; and when the commandment came, sin revived." That is, his sins abounded. He saw that to be sin which he never saw before, and not only saw it, but felt it too. The Spirit lets a man have such discoveries of what he is by nature that he cannot have a stone to throw at the vilest wretch on earth or in hell.

This leads the poor soul to pray, makes him cry for mercy. This is the fruit and effects of the life of God in the soul of a poor sinner. He may not, perhaps, utter a word, and yet pray blessedly and sweetly, too, to the Lord God of Sabaoth. Perhaps the poor soul cannot do so much as lift up his eyes. Perhaps he cannot utter so much as a single sentence; yet the Lord knows. The Lord knows his groanings. He says, "I will hear the groanings of the poor sinner." The apostle says, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Mark the words; for they deserve to be marked. With *groanings* which cannot be uttered. The feelings of thy soul are such groanings that cannot be uttered. "He that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." If thou dost groan for sin, for deliverance from death, hell, and the grave, this is a proof of eternal life being in thy soul. As soon as thou dost cry and groan for mercy, be sure that there will be something to try to stop thee. As soon as the blind man began to cry, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me," they besought him that he should hold his peace; but he cried so much the more, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." There Satan tries to make thee hold thy tongue; or it may be thy master, or it may be thy wife, or it may be thy father who may try to stop thee; but mark the word again; the more they tried to make the poor man, who sat by the wayside begging, hold his peace, he cried so much the more, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." I can only tell thee, I believe in my very soul the more Satan tries to make thee hold thy tongue, the more Satan tries to keep thee from a throne of grace, the more thy soul will be on fire for the mercy of God. It is a path that I have travelled. The hotter the fire burned, the more I was in earnest. Nobody knows what I have gone through. God's everlasting arms being underneath the poor soul, nothing can stop that poor soul from the mercy of God.

" Mercy, good Lord, is all I ask;  
 This is the total sum;  
 Thy mercy, Lord, is all I crave;  
 Lord, let thy mercy come."

This is what the poor soul needs; this is what he wants; this is what he is crying for; and all hell shall not stop him: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against him."

"David longed and said, 'O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!' And David saith in Ps. cvii., "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." What a mercy of mercies this is! Then he *longed*. If thou hast eternal life in thy soul, there is longing. Where there is life, there must be some little eating, there must be some little drinking. Thus the Lord keeps thy soul above water. It may be from a verse in the Bible, or a verse of a hymn; or the Lord grants thee a little when thou art asleep. The Lord granted me a little once in the middle of the night. I had been musing on a passage

of Scripture the night before, and thought it was lost, and did not think any more about it; but I awoke about 3 o'clock in the morning, and the passage awoke with me with such sweetness and glory that I was like a bee at a flower. I went down on my knees, and had a sweet and precious meditation on the passage. It comes sometimes unlooked for, unexpectedly. It will come without even looking for it, or asking for it. As sure as thou art a living soul, so sure the desire of the righteous shall be granted. Thou canst tell the Lord all about thy fears; tell him what thou art, and where thou art; and though thou canst not get all thou wantest, is not thy hope strengthened? I know there is a little comfort and peace which the world knows nothing about. Thy soul is just like the horse-leech, crying, "Give, give!" You are not just then fit for the world; you are hardly fit to get a living. The Lord Jesus Christ is everything, and you want to leave this dying clod. The psalmist says, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." If thou canst say with David, if David's feelings are thy feelings, that thou art longing, that thou hast hungerings and thirstings for the mercy of God, then "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Here it is that the Lord strips the man of his own righteousness, which is filthy rags, and makes him want to be clothed in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. He finds his own righteousness to be filthy rags. The Lord has plunged him into the ditch, and he cries, "Behold, I am vile!" Here is an end of his own righteousness, and then he longs for another.

"And David longed and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem."

Secondly. It sets forth *helplessness*. If the Lord hath taught thee that thou art a living soul, thou wilt be a helpless creature. Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing!" Thou art brought to see and feel thy helplessness here; that thou canst no more long after the mercy of God, than thou canst touch the stars with thy finger. Thou art as hard as a pebble. Thou canst no more create a spiritual desire than thou canst create a world. What does this prove? That thou art a poor helpless creature. Thy strength is in the Lord. David could not get at it, and you and I cannot get at it.

"O, 'tis beyond a creature's power  
To move a thought half way to God."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." For everything of this sort we are dependent on the Lord. What poor deluded creatures they are who think they are saved by their own free will. David says, "Thy people shall be willing, in the day of thy power." "It is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Christ says in the Revelation, "Whosoever will." We must be willing. God must bring his people; they shall be willing to be saved as helpless, miserable sinners. We are every

one of us Pharisees and Arminians by nature. He brings us through fire and through water. The apostle says, "If any man's work is burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." If the Lord has taught thee anything, he has taught thee that thou art a helpless sinner. I tell you what. When I have been in a cold, dead, lukewarm state and condition, I find it a great mercy to have a longing after the Lord Jesus Christ. I find it a great mercy when my soul can long, when my soul can pant for the mercy of God. I say it is a great mercy. When I am in that state, I am miserable because I cannot be miserable; and even that is a mercy, for what spiritually dead soul can be miserable?

Thirdly. The text implies *freeness*, when poor dependent creatures depend upon the Lord for everything. It comes into thy poor soul free. I have felt at times as free as the air we breathe. We cannot do anything to merit this. If the Lord has made us to hunger and pant after the Lord Jesus Christ, it comes on our souls as freely as the air we breathe. From the feeblest desire to the loudest acclamation of praise, we are indebted for all to the Lord's free mercy.

"The worthless may crave it, it always comes free,  
The vilest may have it; 'twas given to me."

If the Lord has granted thee this, it comes through the blood and the obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God never blessed a sinner out of Christ. He never *can* bless a sinner out of Christ. The apostle says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Now mark the words: "Heavenly places in Christ." From the first mercy that was manifested to thy poor soul, in quickening thee to feel after the Lord Jesus Christ, all comes through the death, the life, and the resurrection of Christ. The apostle says, "By grace ye are saved; through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." What a mercy it is that it is all a *gift* from first to last; therefore it comes to us flowing through his precious merits.

II. "O that one would *give* me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" O what desires are there springing up in the poor soul when he feels that hell is his due, that wrath is his due. He breaks forth in this prayer of the prophet: "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." The heavens appear as brass and the earth iron. "He hath led me and brought me into darkness, and not into light." Yes, I know it well. I have tried to give it up, but could not keep away. "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." My prayers have bounded back into my own bosom. Thy very prayers will stink in thine own nostrils, and thou wilt think thou art the very worst wretch out of the bottomless pit.

And David longed and said, "O that one would *give* me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem." Here, then, are the blessed waters; longings, thirstings, that spring up from thy never-

dying soul. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Jacob will not forsake them." When their tongue faileth for thirst, then the Lord will open rivers in high places.

III. The *well* sets forth the Lord Jesus Christ. First, the *depth*. Here is the well of Bethlehem; it is a *deep* well. Whoever can get to the bottom of the unfathomable love and mercy of Immanuel? I have no doubt some of you have been in the same state as some of old, at the very ends of the earth, yet have been led to cry to him. "I will try this once; I will make another trial." Perhaps this is the case with some of you; you have said, "I'll go to chapel no more;" but when Sunday comes, you have been obliged to go, and the minister has spoken something to your soul, just to keep you from sinking. Here thou hast been crying from time to time like Jonah, "I am cast out of thy sight, yet will I look again unto thy holy temple;" as if he were to take the last despairing look; as if the poor man said, "I will look this once; I will have one more groan; (like Peter, 'Lord, save, or I perish;') I will look once more to thy holy temple." This temple was the Lord Jesus Christ. Daniel, when he knew that the writing was signed, went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and there he prayed. They could say nothing against this Daniel, except concerning the law of his God. O that one would give me to drink of the water of *this* well. It is a deep well. It sets forth the unfathomable mercy of God. The apostle says, "O the depth," &c. Who can set it forth? It is higher than heaven, deeper than hell. It is broader than the earth, deeper than the depth of the sea. Who can set forth the love, and mercy, and compassion of his heart? It is such a fathomless river that in it the blackest sinners may be washed, and live eternally. When Christ is manifestively precious to my soul, I should like to see the blackest characters, that I might preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. Here is a sea that we are completely lost in. My soul has been completely lost. It is not only deep, but it is *full*; as the apostle says, "Of his *fulness* have all we received, and grace for grace;" "for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

David's three mighty men "broke through the hosts of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David. Nevertheless, he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord." What are these men? They seem to set forth faith, hope, and love, which burst every bond. These three rush through every obstacle that lies in the way, when the Lord draws them with cords of love and the bands of a man; and the poor sinner, when he gets it, pours forth his soul as David: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

O what a well is the well of Bethlehem! There is no such a thing as ever exhausting it. It is ever running over, and yet it is not in the least degree exhausted. For whom does it run freely?

It reaches to the most *ruined*, the most undone. O what a mercy! "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!"

Now it is a well. It is under the teachings of the Lord the blessed Spirit that ever the poor sinner gets a drop of water. As sure as ever you have quenched your thirst from this blessed well you shall never die; for "your life is hid with Christ in God." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Then is the poor sinner safe in life, in death, and in eternity. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." If thou art a thirsty soul, and fearest thou shalt die from thirst, the invitation is for thee. Mark the words, no matter who you are, whether you are high or low, fair or as black as the tents of Kedar, the invitation reaches to you. You need not fear to set forth the Lord Jesus Christ to the vilest wretch on the face of the earth. If the Lord never had had mercy upon thee, thou wouldst never have cried for mercy.

Now let me speak to thee, if there are any here that never have cried for mercy. May the Lord, if it be his blessed will, make you to cry with the poor publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" "He satisfieth the longing soul."

May the Lord add his blessing, and he shall have the praise. Amen.

## POVERTY AND PRINCEDOM. BY JOHN RUSK.

"And to make them inherit the throne of glory."—1 SAM. ii. 8.

I HAD intended to leave the subject, already treated on,\* respecting the Lord raising up the poor, &c.; but as it still abides with me, and as there are some things yet that I wish to advance, I hope it will be to my soul's profit, and also to the reader's, to take up the above words, for they have to do with the exaltation of their Prince.

The great apostle of the gentiles, well knowing what this world is, and the wretched state we are plunged into by the fall of our first parents, aims at lifting up God's family above all that they see and feel, both within and without, to the things which are not seen with the bodily eyes, and are eternal; and it would be well for you and me, reader, to be looking continually away from self to the Lord Jesus Christ and his all-sufficient fulness. Hence, Paul tells the church at Corinth: "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," &c. Then he tells us that "death is swallowed up in victory," &c.; and, "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, (over death and its sting,) through our Lord Jesus Christ." Therefore, (as we have got the victory, as we are more than conquerors,) "my beloved breth-

\* See "Gospel Standard" for 1861.



ren, be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." You see here how he aims to get them to look at our blessed Lord and the victory that he has obtained, as also the ultimate end of the whole, namely, that we shall put on incorruption and immortality. Again, writing to the Thessalonians, he brings it in also, and adds, "Then we which are alive and remain (that is, upon the earth at this particular time) shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." What blessed delight this faith will bring into the soul, to see that we are delivered from the sting of death, that we have the victory through Jesus Christ, that our vile bodies shall be changed, and that we shall be for ever with the Lord.

Now, what I aim at, in the second part of the subject, is this, namely, to treat a little of the believer's inheritance, and that it is altogether God's work; for he that raiseth the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dunghill, he it is that maketh them also to inherit the throne of glory; and, as I go on, I will point out, as the Lord shall assist, some of our mistakes in the wrong views which we have of God's work; and endeavour to take up some of the stumbling blocks out of the way. O Lord, thou knowest my poor, weak frame, and with what difficulty I go through from day to day in outward things, and thou knowest my inability, in myself, for the work I have now undertaken; for, Lord, I am nothing. The work is all thine own, and, therefore, do thou lead and guide me by thy Holy Spirit, that I may write the truth, and be kept from every error, both in principle and practice. Amen.

I. I shall treat a little about our *inheritance*; for it is a most blessed truth that we are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ. Now pause for a moment at our own exaltation. Is it possible that such vile, sinful, and polluted creatures as you and I can ever be raised up to such a height, to be heirs of God, &c.? O, my soul, wonder and adore the riches of that grace and love which have conferred such very high honours upon thee! You know that an heir, while he is young, has not got possession; that is, while he is in a state of nonage. As Paul says, he does not differ from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father. Only look back, fellow-traveller, to your former state, and contrast it with this. When you were in Egypt, making bricks without straw; when you were running after various preachers and professors; in bondage, misery, and distress; trying hard by your fruitless labour to gain the favour of God, little did you think at that time that you were an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. Some may say, I never can believe that any soul living can be at a certainty about this; but what is the cause? It is because you have no such experience. Suppose a blind man denied all colours; suppose he denied all light. Are there not colours, and is there not light? Every unregenerated man and woman is spiritually dead and blind, so that they can-

not believe these blessed truths; but, glory be to our God, he has made them known to us; and Paul tells us how he does it: "Because ye are sons," (that is, by predestination, for we are as much sons in a natural state as after, when called by grace,) "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Now, you never can know this in any other way. It is not your uniting with God's people outwardly. This you may do in all the outward ordinances, and you may lay this claim upon God at a prayer-meeting; but all this will be of no use unless the Holy Spirit comes into your heart to bear his witness with your spirit that you are a child of God; and when this is the case, you can say as Paul does: "I am no more a servant, but a son, and an heir of God through Christ." Say you, "I understand it?" Yes; but have you this Spirit? I do not doubt but that you may see how it is; but, my friend, have it you must, if ever you are an heir of God; for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Then he must belong to the devil, the seed of the serpent. Your understanding the letter of truth is of no use. There are thousands in the bottomless pit who understood what the letter of truth was; as, for instance, the man without the wedding garment, the foolish virgins, the man that heard Christ's sayings and did them not; but you see all these came short, for they had not the Holy Spirit, the unction, the holy anointing. Do not think that I bear too hard. It is God's word, and the Scriptures cannot be broken. Therefore, examine, reader, whether you are in the faith.

1. This, then, being the foundation of their inheritance, namely, "*Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ,*" flowing from the fountain of God's love, through the sufferings and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, let us look a little at what the Scripture says respecting this inheritance; for what we shall enjoy to all eternity, we have a taste of while here below. Hence you read of an earnest of our future inheritance. If a servant is bound to a master for one year, for which he is to give him £30, he gives him £1 down as an earnest, to bind the bargain. So this sealing of the Spirit is an earnest to us that we shall enjoy to all eternity what God has given us in his dear Son. We are by this made sure of it beyond all doubts. "In whom, (in Christ,) after ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession to the praise of his glory." You know when a letter is sent to you, it is directed with your name, and sealed, and no one has a right to open the seal but yourself. It is written to you. Now, how is this spiritually? Take it as follows: The letter is written in God's book, called the Scriptures; but that of itself will not do; but the Holy Spirit writes this letter (this love-letter exactly agreeing with the word in our hearts, if we are of God's elect,) in the heart. "Forasmuch as ye are manifestly the epistles of Christ, ministered by us, written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of your hearts." The direction of this spiritual letter may mean, as it respects our name, as

follows: "To the Poor, Needy, Foolish, Weak, Widow, Fatherless, Lost, Perishing Sinner." But although we see and feel, at times, that we answer the character there described, yet no full satisfaction do we find until the seal is opened, and then we can read the contents. This is having full power (to lay full claim to our adoption) to become the sons of God.

Thus you see, reader, what an infinite blessing it is to be an heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ. Such are blessed with the witness and seal of God's Spirit, and their conscience bears witness in the Holy Ghost.

2. But, again, such are *heirs of righteousness*. When Jesus Christ came into the world, it was to obey every law that ever God gave. He came not as a private character, but as a public Head and Representative of God's elect; and he yields this obedience to his heavenly Father in our room and stead; so that justice is satisfied, the law being magnified and made honourable. O blessed truth! And a believer, under the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit, can clearly see all this placed to his account by imputation, and God the Father well pleased with him, for the righteousness' sake of his dearly-beloved Son; and such peace flows into his soul, such joy and quietness, as he never can fully tell. He sees and feels that when Christ was upon earth, doing his great work, God the Father viewed *him* as doing it, because he was in Christ. Sin being imputed to our blessed Lord manifestly when he was eight days old, then every chosen vessel, from Adam the first down to the end of time, was fully delivered from all his transgressions. Hence Paul says, "We put off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ." O how I do wish that every poor tried soul, who labours hard to please God by his endeavours, was led here, and then he would be heart-sick of his own righteousness, and call it, as the church does, "filthy rags," and as Paul calls it, "dung and dross." But it is God the Holy Ghost that must lead us into this, for we can do nothing. Ah, fellow-traveller, in this lies the quintessence of all vital godliness, and that my soul knoweth right well. There are some Scriptures, upon which the Lord has sweetly shone, which have been precious to me, and I will briefly name them: 1. The blessing which Moses proclaimed unto those who observed all that was written in the law which he gave pointed wholly to the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ; because he declared that they which do them, upon them the blessing shall rest. Now, none ever did them, and yet they get the blessing. How is that? Does God change? O no; but Jesus Christ did the whole, and therefore we are blessed with all spiritual blessings in him. Yea, we have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; but the veil was on their hearts, and they understood (not being stripped and self-emptied) that they could keep these commandments; and, therefore, said they, "All that the Lord has commanded us we will do;" whereas, the law was given that the offence might abound, that sin, by the commandment, might become exceeding sinful. Say you, "Are you sure that in this law Moses preached Christ?" Yes, verily.

Does he not tell them that by it they should prolong their days, &c.? What did he mean? Why, he tells them when he says, "He is thy life and the strength of thy days." Again he says, "For this commandment, which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off." And then he says, "It is in thy mouth and in thine heart." (Deut. xxx. 11.) Compare this carefully with Rom. x. 6: "The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thine heart, the word of faith which we preach." Thus you see that Moses preached faith as well as Paul, and tells them it must be in the mouth and in the heart; "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, (imputed,) and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." O the glory I can now see! and had I time and strength, I believe I could write a volume upon this subject; but let me beg my reader to examine what here I have only a little hinted at.

Again, look at Ps. xv., when David tells us who shall abide in God's tabernacle, and dwell in his holy hill. Here the Pharisee begins to work. But, alas! poor soul, thou art deceived by the devil, for David neither means thee, nor the works of God's children, even after converted to God. No; no. Whom, then, does he mean? I answer, the Lord Jesus Christ; for Paul says, "Not of works, lest any man should boast;" and God's word does not contradict itself. But there is a mystery which you will never see in this psalm until the veil is taken from your heart. Here is the glorious righteousness of the Son of God, and I can clearly prove it from the psalm; for the man who does all these things is one who is unchangeable: "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Did Jesus Christ swear to his own hurt? Yes, he really did. Hence he says, "Verily, (there is the oath, having engaged in an everlasting covenant,) till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. v. 18.) And what great suffering he went through to complete it; but was he unchangeable? Yes; "I am God, and change not," says he; for he is equal with God his Father. Say you, "O that I could do the things written in this psalm, because David declares that he who doeth these things shall never be moved." Yes, but David never had a thought about the creature doing them, or he would contradict himself; for he says in another psalm, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which shall never be moved." Thus, by trusting in the finished work of Christ, and believing in him for righteousness, you and I never shall be moved.

Once more upon this head. In Matt. v., after our blessed Lord had pronounced the blessing upon his disciples, he preached a discourse about the law. "Ah," says the workmonger, "our blessed Saviour was no Antinomian." Yes, we know that; but stop, my friend; you are not to have it all your own way. Here is another mystery which no Pharisee can see. Christ tells them, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil." Then he shows all along what that law was that he would fulfil. This was blessedly opened to me one day, a year ago. O the beauty and harmony which I see in God's word! Yea, and sweet comfort from those Scriptures.

Lord, open thy dear people's eyes, that they may rejoice in the complete and perfect work of thy dearly-beloved Son.

This is the way in which the Lord sets us with the princes of his people, and such "know the joyful sound. They walk in the light of the Lord's countenance. In his covenant name they rejoice all the day, and in his (mark that) in *his* righteousness they are exalted."

"By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not yet seen, being moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." (Heb. vi. 7.)

3. But, again, we are heirs of the *kingdom of God*. Ah, reader, things will one day be turned upside down. God's people, while here below, are like their dear Lord and Master, cross upon cross, wave upon wave, despised and set at nought both by the rich and poor. But there is a day coming when we shall fully discern between the righteous and the wicked, between those who serve God and those who serve him not. Therefore, cheer up! for there are glorious days before us. Days, did I say? There is a glorious eternity; for the saints of God shall take the kingdom and possess it for ever and ever, for ever and ever.

Now, a saint is one who is set apart in God's eternal purpose. He comes into this world like the rest of mankind, born in sin and shapen in iniquity; but, in consequence of this election, he is effectually called out of this world, and a separation takes place; and the way this is done is by God putting his Spirit in his heart. This makes all the difference: "I will gather you from among the heathen;" "I will put my Spirit within you, and you shall live." Such are "called to be saints;" such have a new birth, a spiritual birth, "not of blood, nor of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." They are heirs of promise, because every unconditional promise belongs to them; and our Lord prayed, "Sanctify them through the truth; thy word is truth;" that is, the word of promise, which belongs to them as children of the new covenant.

Again. They are *Saints*, as they are all cleansed in the blood of Christ, which they experimentally know in their own consciences; as Paul said, "We joy in God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Hence our Lord said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself;" and that he might sanctify his people with his own blood, he suffered without the gate. "Ah!" say you, "I never can believe that I am a saint." Why not? "O," say you, "if I were a saint, I should be thoroughly changed. I should be holy, and keep God's commandments, and should be devoted to the Lord in heart, lip, and life; but I am opposite to it all, and feel at times as though I should break through all bounds, and go into the world altogether; and such texts as these puzzle me, and make me conclude that I have neither part nor lot in the matter: He, that is born of God doth not commit sin.' 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' 'Such were some of you; but ye are sanctified,'" &c. My dear friend, I can assure you that I was tossed up and down for years in the same way as you de-

scribe, and it arises from looking within, instead of looking and living upon the finished work of Christ. It is not God's intention that we should feel a fixed change, so as to see and feel ourselves good, holy, righteous, &c. This would lift us up, and cause us to boast and lord over others. Christ would be put in the back ground, and, at best, we should be only Pharisees. No, no; this is not the way; but you and I must learn constantly to be going out of self to find our sanctification; for it is not lodged in us, but in Christ Jesus, for "he is made of God unto us sanctification;" and the more we look to, trust in, and live upon what he is to us, the happier we shall be. It is true we shall be greatly opposed both from within and without. The world, with its smile and its frown, snares and traps; Satan with his suggestions, fiery darts, &c.; and our vile, abominable hearts will work in all directions, and a legal self-righteous spirit; but faith will grow stronger, and work through all to get hold of Christ, confessing, praying, reading God's word, meditating upon it, conversing with the saints, reading good books, hearing the word, &c. All these means God blesses, and will bless; but never expect a smooth path, for it is called a fight: "Fight the good fight of faith." It is a path of tribulation: "Through much tribulation you must enter the kingdom." There is a daily cross to be taken up, and he that will not bear it cannot be Christ's disciple. Peter says, he "has left us an example that we should follow his steps;" and Christ tells us that "the servant is not greater than his Lord; it is enough for the servant to be as his Lord." However, we have this encouragement, that all those who are now in glory above travelled the same path. They were all sinners, men of like passions with ourselves, saved freely by God's grace, indebted to him, and will be to all eternity for all that they have and are. O what a high honour is conferred upon them in this kingdom of glory above; and here lies our glory, in our King, Christ Jesus, the mighty Conqueror. Hence, we are told by him, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world;" and "Because I live, ye shall live also." He has likewise "destroyed death, and him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil;" and our old man was crucified with him. The law which we had broken he has magnified and made honourable, and delivered us from its curse. God the Father is well pleased with us for his righteousness' sake, and we are accepted in the Beloved. I mention these things that you may see the groundwork of the saints taking the kingdom, that it is in an honourable way, through the merits of Jesus Christ, who is their King. Keep a stedfast eye upon him, and upon what he has done, and bless God for it. This is the way to live happy here, and after death you will come to the full enjoyment of this inheritance.

I will now mention some of the things which are promised to overcomers: 1st. They shall eat of the *tree of life*, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. There will be no flaming sword turning every way to prevent, but they eat and live for ever, for justice was fully satisfied with Christ's death, &c.

Next, they are to eat of the *hidden manna*, to have a white stone,

and in the stone a new name written, (and what is that but adoption, sons of God?) which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Then these, and these only, shall *escape eternal destruction*, for "they shall not be hurt of the second death, having part in the first resurrection;" "he shall have power over the nations, and rule them with a rod of iron, as the vessel of a potter shall they be broken to shivers, and he will give us the morning star."

(To be continued.)

UPON THE INCURABLENESS OF SOME BAD GROUND.\*

No skill can mend the miry ground; and, sure,  
Some souls the gospel leaves, as past a cure.

You that besides your pleasant fruitful fields,  
Have useless bogs, and rocky ground that yields  
You no advantage, nor doth quit your cost,  
But all your pains and charges on them's lost;  
Hearken to me, I'll teach you how to get  
More profit by them, than if they were set  
At higher rents than what your tenants pay  
For your more fertile lands; and here's the way:  
Think when you view them, why the Lord hath chose  
These as the emblems to decypher those  
That under gospel grace grow worse and worse;  
For means are fruitless, where the Lord doth curse.  
Sweet showers descend, the sun its beams reflects  
On both alike; but not with like effects.  
Observe, and see how after these sweet showers  
The grass and corn revive; the fragrant flowers  
Shoot forth their beauteous heads, the valleys sing  
All fresh, and green as in the verdant spring.  
But rocks are barren still, and bogs are so;  
Where nought but flags and worthless rushes grow.  
Upon those marish grounds, there lies this curse,—  
The more rain falls, by so much the worse.  
Even so the dews of grace that sweetly fall  
From gospel clouds, are not alike to all.  
The gracious soul doth germinate and bud,  
But to the reprobate, it doth no good.  
He's like the withered fig tree, void of fruit;  
A fearful curse hath smote his very root.  
The hearts made fat, the eyes with blindness seal'd;  
The piercingest truths the gospel e'er reveal'd,  
Shall be to him but as the wind and rain  
Are to obdurate rocks, fruitless and vain.  
Be this your meditation when you walk  
By rocks and fenny ground; thus learn to talk  
With your own souls; and let it make you fear  
Lest that's your case that is described here.  
This is the best improvement you can make  
Of such bad ground. Good soul, I pray thee take  
Some pains about them, though they barren be;  
Thou seest how they may yield sweet fruits to thee.

\* "Country Emblems." By John Flavel. Died 1691.

## HERE I RAISE MY EBENEZER.

Dear Servant of the Lord,—It has been for some time impressed on my mind to send you a few lines. I hope the Lord will bring to my remembrance some of the things that he did for my soul during the time he saw fit to lay me on a bed of affliction; for while there, I felt his loving-kindnesses and tender mercies to me-ward, though so unworthy of the least of them. I thought I was going home to crown the Three-One God for ever. My soul rested sure on such a firm foundation. O how I longed to be gone from this vale of tears, to crown him Lord of all in that blessed place where I shall sing that precious song throughout a never-ending eternity: "Unto him that hath loved us and hath given himself for us." How good the dear Lord was to me! The devil was not suffered to come with his fiery temptations; but peace and quiet reigned within; and I said, "Lord, if thou art pleased to take me to thyself, I will never cease to render thee the praises due to thy holy name." I felt like a little child in the hands of a tender father; and though I was so weak in body, and was suffering from such violent pains in my head that I thought I should lose my reason, yet I had no wish to be raised up again, lest I should sin against him.

But it has pleased God to raise me up again, to encounter a few more storms and pass through a few more temptations. Last week, as I was trying to sit up, the fears, doubts, and evils of my wicked heart began to rise, and my soul was overwhelmed with sorrow and distress. O the cries and groans that went up to the God of heaven and earth that he would not leave nor forsake me, but that he would appear for my help once more. Although there appeared to be no answer, I could not help groaning out my complaints to the Lord; and in his own time, he dropped these precious words with power into my heart: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness." And the words of the hymn followed upon them:

"Like gold from the flame, he'll bring thee at last,  
To praise him for all through which thou hast past."

I heard the voice of the dear Lord speaking to me: "Soul, what dost thou want more? I give thee myself." My soul was humbled within me, tears flowed from my eyes, and I had sweet union and communion with my dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I could praise and bless him, and commit my all into his hands. I was like good old Jacob when he said, "It is enough." A precious Christ says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." If there had been no eternal Son of God, who lay in the bosom of his Father from all eternity, there would have been no eternal life to give. All through the week I was much favoured with nearness to him and with the blessed assurance that he would come again and receive me unto himself. It is a long time since I have had such a sip of the brook, and I prize and esteem the mercies and tokens that come from the Living Fountain. I had been asking the dear Lord



for these things and watching for answers. I had the promises day after day, and since the fulfilment of them I can say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." When the Lord gives peace, who can bring trouble? "Even the youths shall faint, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." What a mercy to be a partaker of grace, and to know these things for ourselves by the Lord's sealing and teaching!

I have been telling you a little of my joys; now I am going to tell you how I came into them, through much sorrow and grief and distress. For a long time my heart has been in sore conflict, and I have felt that I should one day fall by the hand of my enemy. He has for a long time sorely tempted me to curse the Lord. No one but God and my own soul knows what I have gone through for some months past. I have gone out to destroy myself; and the devil has said, "If you are an elect vessel of mercy you will be saved." But it is written, "No murderer shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." O what an awful eternity has opened to me! and the tenements of the damned have appeared so near that I have been afraid to go to sleep, for fear I should awake in hell. I cared not what became of me. I felt that I might as well know the worst, whether damned or saved. My soul has sunk in deep mire where there is no standing. The unbelief of my evil heart and the workings of my corrupt nature have almost driven me to despair. I remember one day I went out not caring what became of me. What confession I made to the Lord! Like the prodigal of old I said, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." With deep contrition I confessed my sins and said, "Wash me in that precious fountain; cleanse thou me from the filth, and corruption, and evil thoughts I am the daily subject of." Every day I thought would be my last, and felt sure that I should lose my reason. What horrible pits and miry places my soul gets into from time to time! Yet I cannot doubt that the Lord has done something for me. I kept saying, "Lord, thou hast, in years gone by, been with me and worked for me." I could not doubt that God had begun with me, but feared he had left me, and that he would no more appear on my behalf. Job, and Peter, and my poor soul could well walk together. Job cursed the day wherein he was born; but, after all his troubles, he could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Peter cursed, and swore he never knew the man, Christ Jesus; but when the Lord turned and looked on him, he went out and wept bitterly. O the hard thoughts and false feelings I had of God! I cried out and shouted, but it seemed as if the Lord would not hear me; the heavens appeared as brass, and there was no access to a throne of grace. One day I took up the Bible, saying that if there were not a word in it for me, I would never take it up again. I opened on the 9th chapter of Isaiah, and as I read, I came to the words: "For all this, his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still." Three times in the same chapter do these words occur. How I wondered that he had not cut me down? But then: "His hand

is stretched out still." I saw the forbearance and long-suffering of God in bearing with such a vile wretch as I; if he had consumed me and sent me to hell, it would have been no more than I deserve. How I wondered that I was spared, and why? The longer I live the more I feel of the warfare within; and it is a warfare that few know of. Years gone by I felt I did not care what I went through, so long as I was in the highway that leads to a city of habitation; but I have learnt differently. I sometimes feel constrained to say, "Lord, search me and try me." I dread ease and I dread trouble. I was a poor wretch, and expected every moment that the pit would shut her mouth upon me, and could see no way of escape. I went about crying, "Lord, let me not fall, if thou canst show mercy once more to such a vile sinner; and deliver me from the jaws of the lion. Here is the one who needs mercy." I could not give up sighing, crying, groaning, and pleading; and it was in earnest, too. I have gone about day and night with my hands before my mouth, for fear that oaths and curses should escape my lips; and when things have severely tried me, these curses have come out, and in my sleep, too. My soul has cried out, "Lord, what shall I do? Pardon my sins, for they are great." I have been like one who has lost his reason, and expected that I should soon be in the mad-house. How I have wished that I had never been born, or that I had died as soon as I came into the world.

When my life was despaired of, one time that I was in this state, I heard Mr. G. In the morning, while speaking of the temptations of God's people, he said, "Perhaps they might be some there in such a rebellious state that they could pull the Almighty down from his throne and trample him under foot." With shame I confess that there was one. But at night my soul was delivered. I went, I thought, for the last time to attend the means of grace, and fixed upon a place where I should destroy myself afterwards. Mr. G. began by saying, "There may be some poor soul here who has come for the last time and who thinks that he will make an end of himself; but, poor soul, if you are a child of God, you never shall perish." And he went on to note the holes and pits that the Lord raised his people out of. My heart was broken, and I came out with my head hanging down and my soul humbled in the dust of self-abasement. I blessed and thanked the Lord for his preserving care of one who was so worthless. I felt everything I had this side of hell was a mercy, and blessed the Lord for sending his servant, and that he was able experimentally to explain such places; for I could not believe anybody else had ever been there.

"Then who of mercy need despair,  
Since I have mercy found?"

This was not the first time my soul had been delivered under Mr. G.; and though I have had most precious and blessed seasons at Zoar, under the servants of the Lord, yet I have bidden them the last farewell in my feelings. But the Lord's ways are not our ways.

It has been the state of my mind that has laid me on a sick bed; but it has been a sweet affliction. I have been kept like this ever

since I saw you till the week before I took to my bed. I have had hard work to get about for some time. These words dropped with much power into my soul: "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." The prison doors flew open, my captive soul was set free, and I could rejoice once more in a precious Christ. I felt complete in him, clothed in his righteousness, and although black in myself, I was all fair in a precious Christ. I saw the fulness of his salvation and the price that was laid down to redeem my life. I could say he was delivered for my offences and raised again for my justification; and the way that had been so dark was as bright as day. My soul said, "Father, thy will be done." My mountain stood firm, and I could shout on the top of it, "Salvation is of the Lord," and, "Who is a God like unto thee," who bringeth peace and pardon into my soul through the blood of the Lamb? Every time the Lord delivers my soul, what songs of praise does it raise up to him who has saved me and has stretched out his dear hands on my behalf. "I looked for hell; he brought me heaven." I believe that I shall be carried through all and landed safe at last. The devil does not like this. He is obliged to go into his black hole. He does not like love and blood. Sin, the devil, and my evil heart have often tried for the mastery; but grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life. When this precious robe is once applied, 'tis always on—the raiment weaved by everlasting love.

I am not resting on a mere man, who was not the Son of God until he became incarnate, because it is an unsafe and rotten foundation. I should sink to rise no more with such a prospect. I cannot take the license given to give up all I have known of Christ, because I have had to learn my religion in hot fires and deep waters; and when in sore conflicts, it presses out my groans and sighs to the Lord that he would set my feet upon this Rock and establish my goings. And when he puts a new song into my mouth I can rejoice in my dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God. I want no new Christ. There is no other Christ to seek afresh. The more I know of this precious Christ the more I want to know. I would always live in his embraces, feel his presence, live near him, never with him part, and never have a hard thought of him; but my sinful, base heart is always casting up some filth. When the Lord comes and subdues the evils of my heart and manifests himself to my soul, then I can say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." I have called the devil a liar, for I have proved him to be such. When he has told me that I should soon be seen in hell, he well knew that if there, I should never cease to speak about Christ and what he has done for me.

Though I have walked in the midst of trouble, the Lord has not left me there; though I could not see him, his everlasting arms have been underneath me. I love these precious kisses, these heavenly smiles, these dew-drops that fall from this Rock, Christ Jesus. When they are brought home with power to my heart, I can exalt

his precious name; and these things are what my soul has been living upon since the prison doors have been thrown open. When I feel in this sweet frame of mind I long to be with him. Well, the delightful day will come when my dear Lord will call me home, and I shall then see the face of my Saviour, Brother, and Friend, and throughout a blessed eternity I shall sing the triumphs of his grace.

I will now tell you a little of what made my countenance so cheerful the last time I saw you. It was not what you supposed it to be, for I had a heavy burden underneath, but was borne above it. At one time I had a faith's view of the dear eternal Son of God. I felt I could see him in the bosom of the Father from all eternity. I blessed the Father for sending his dear and only-begotten Son; and I blessed the Son for ever leaving the bosom of his Father to suffer, bleed, and die for me; and I blessed the Eternal Spirit for ever quickening my dead soul. I can never describe the beauty, and grandeur, and glory that I saw in the One in Three and Three in One. I was lost in wonder and amazement at the mystery. For years past, my mind had been much tried about this error, which is now spreading so fast. I did not get my faith from man, for I had never heard it spoken about. I used to wonder how it could be when I read of the Father and the Son. My carnal mind asked who was before them. But O what joy and peace and thankfulness arose in my heart when my eyes were opened and the mystery was revealed to me. This came not from man. How any one can deny this precious truth I know not; but I hope all such will be led to see their error. They talk about having communion with the Lord of Life and Glory; but I do not believe it, for I am sure the Lord never imparts truth to one and error to another. "I have not so learned Christ." They are very hard taskmasters; they give no straw, and I cannot make their bricks.

But I must bring this letter to a close. The Lord strengthen you and supply all your needs, and may you enjoy much of his presence and favour. May you have great nearness to him in this great day of trial.

So prays one who is in a path of tribulation.  
London.

H. B.

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THE spirits of just men made perfect cannot mediate for us; for though they are human, yet they want living bodies; but Christ has his human body with him; and therefore is nearer to men, who are clothed with flesh. Neither can one mortal man mediate as a mediator betwixt God and man, because though he have the human nature in him, yet it is in him personally, and not representing the whole race of man, as the pure nature of Christ, the second Adam, doth; and besides, mortal man is but man; but Christ is both God and man, that he might lay his hand on both parties, God and man, to reconcile them together, as they are reconciled in the person of a Mediator. (Col. i. 19-22.) Promises cannot mediate; for man has no right to them, but through Christ first. Duties cannot mediate, because they are loathsome without a foregoing interest in Christ. Graces cannot mediate, because they are fruits of reconciliation through the Mediator. The fruit cannot be the cause of the root from whence they come.—*Dorney.*

## A LETTER TO A DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH, BY THE LATE MR. PARSONS, OF CHICHESTER.

My dear Sister in the best of Bonds,—May the Almighty God of Jacob be with you, to bless you in every time of need, through our dear Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

I received your good news and glad tidings from a far country. It rejoiced my poor heart to hear from my dear daughter and the Lord's blessed child, for such she is, I fully believe; neither shall all the united powers of earth and hell together, with all the thousands of corruptions within her, nor the black train of unbelief, carnal reason, and the workings of her flesh, no, nor time nor eternity itself, prove me a liar, nor make my speech of no effect; for she cannot with truth, on her side and honest conscience put her "Amen" to it, that her dear, sweet, loving, Almighty Jesus hath done nothing for her. No; he hath done great things for her, whereof she ought to be glad. Remember how he first convinced thee of thy state as an awful sinner in his sight; opened thy heart to receive the great truths of the law and gospel; quickened thy conscience into life; gave thee to feel condemnation within; showed thee thy utter inability to save thyself; gave thee life to cry, pray, and supplicate his blessed Majesty to pardon thy poor soul, fully and freely; opened thy eyes to see the all-sufficiency, grace, glory, power, and heart-attracting body of the Saviour, and led thee with a sharp appetite to hunger and thirst after the bread and water of eternal life; and being famished with hunger, my poor daughter set out in pursuit of that provision which God has made for the poor and sensibly weary in Zion. She heard the voice of the King of kings, saying, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider; incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thy Father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him." And she by grace was enabled to obey the heavenly call, leaving the professing church and her own relations all behind, not fearing their displeasure nor their wrath, for she "endured, as seeing him who is invisible, having an eye to the recompense of the reward." And this enabled her to make the blessed choice to suffer afflictions with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And although she endured the displeasure of all her carnal relations and the devil, yet a full reward was given her of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings of Almighty power, grace, love, and mercy she was brought to trust.

Call to remembrance, my dear daughter, the never-to-be-forgotten time when thy dear Jesus said unto thee, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee;" when thy heart burned with love to him for his unutterable love to thee; when his glory filled thy head and thy house too; when he spoke to thee to the overcoming of thy heart, the filling of thy poor soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory; when he laid thee in the deepest self-abasement and humility; when he kindled in thy heart the flame of never-dying love; when he took thee by the hand and brought thee into the banqueting house, fed thee with the richest food and entertained thee with regal dainties; gave thee faith to feed upon his bruised body and spilt blood, and assured thy poor soul that he had loved thee with an everlasting love. These were the days of thy espousals, of feasting, rejoicing, and singing. This was the time that you were sucking at the breasts of Zion's consolations; and surely you were delighted with the abundance of her glory, saying, "Christ Jesus is my salvation and my glory."

Then what can my poor daughter expect but the divine accomplish-

ment of God's word in her and upon her, before she reaches her heavenly home? "Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom;" "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The devil, carnal reason, unbelief, pride, our own hearts with the whole professing world, will all be in arms against that blessed work which God hath wrought in our souls, which is the image and likeness of himself, Christ the hope of glory.

Cheer up, my daughter, Christ hath gotten the victory over sin, death, hell, devil, and the world, and we shall be more than conquerors through him that hath loved us and conquered for us. Thousands may be your fears, great your darkness, many your trials, sharp the conflicts, and hard and rugged the way; but under all this and many more thy Jesus will support thee, bring thee through and finally out of all at last: "The righteous shall hold on his way." So I write and so at last you shall believe.

Give my love to all dear friends. My wife and all wish to join in the same. We should be most glad to see or hear from you. God bless my daughter.

So prays,

Sept. 1, 1829.

E. PARSONS.

**THIS IS THE LORD; WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM; WE WILL BE GLAD, & REJOICE IN HIS SALVATION.**

My dear and much-esteemed Friend,—I thought I would send you a line, just to let you know that I am still creeping on like a snail. My progress is so very slow, that I often fear I have no grace at all. I am more and more convinced that nothing but the mighty power of the Lord the Spirit can quicken a poor sinner who is dead in the ruins of the fall. As it is written, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Nothing short of the arm of Jehovah Jesus will do it; and so must the living family of the living God feel the living power of the Lord the Spirit put forth in their souls to enable them to go forth in living desires after the dear and ever-blessed Jesus. O, I do feel, my dear friend, that nothing besides the almighty power of God the blessed Spirit can shed abroad the love of Jesus in our hearts. As dear Hart says,

"'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,  
'Tis holiness, 'tis all."

Again:

"Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when  
To go and when to stay;  
Attract us with the cords of men.  
And we shall not delay."

Again:

"Breathe on these bones so dry and dead;  
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed  
In all our hearts abroad.  
Point out the place where grace abounds;  
Direct us to the bleeding wounds  
Of our incarnate God.  
"Conduct, blessed Guide, thy sinner train  
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,  
And with us there abide.  
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,  
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,  
And view his wounded side."

I hope I shall not tire you, but I could not break off until I had given you those sweet verses. They are so much to the point.

I suppose our friend, Mr. P., is at Eden Street. I feel I would give the world to hear him, but I must be content, and would say with Job, "I know that thou canst do all things, and that no thought is withholden from thee." Had it been the Lord's pleasure, he could have ordered things otherwise, for there is nothing too great for his almighty power to perform; and I trust we can say feelingly, "This God is our God; we have waited for him."

Let us just look at our dear Lord, when he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." What an expression is this, "Not where to lay his head!" He that lay from everlasting in the bosom of the Father, the Father's everlasting delight, as one brought up with him, now stands as the Surety of his own elect people, and must have opposition from every quarter. If he look up to his divine Father, there is the revealed wrath of God against him, as the sinner's Surety. If he look to his disciples, they all forsake him and flee. You well know that all the evil powers and rulers, and with them all the powers of hell, headed by the old dragon, were in rebellion and malice against God's Holy One; and we hear his dear Majesty saying, "Deliver me from the power of the dog; save me from the lion's mouth."

But I must close. Please give my best love to all friends, and accept the same yourself, and cover all my imperfections with the mantle of love.

Ever yours, in the best of bonds,

July 23rd, 1852.

WILLIAM HARRIS.

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### GIDEON'S ARMY.

WHEN Gideon took his army down To drink from out the stream, And watched them (as the Lord had bid), A difference soon was seen. Some in the hollow of their hand A little water took; The greater number bowed them down And drank from out the brook. That army is a type of those Who <i>know</i> and <i>love</i> the Lord, And those who but <i>profess</i> to know And love him but in <i>word</i> . For he whom God himself hath taught Knows that the mighty stream Of earthly pleasure, wealth, or fame Hath nought to comfort him. In worldly things he does but sip As duty may demand, With caution takes a little in The hollow of his hand. That river only, whose pure streams Make glad the sons of God, Can strengthen and refresh the soul Redeemed by Jesu's blood.	While they who but profess the Lord, With hearts from him estranged, Their taste, like Moab, still re- mains; Their scent is yet unchanged. The gains, the pleasures of this life Alone they care to win, To these, their gods, behold they kneel! Bow down, and drink therein. Of Gideon's army 'twas the few Who merely turned aside, And lapped the water from their hands, With little satisfied; Yes, 'twas the few whom God de- clared Should fight, and they alone; Whilst those who bowed to drink full draughts Turned each man to his home. So none e'er fight the fight of faith, Save <i>God's despised few</i> ; And through their King they'll con- querors prove, And more than conquerors too.
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R. H. B.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

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

## A SERMON, BY MR. PHILPOT.

PREACHED AT CROYDON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 26, 1846.

“Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.”—Ps. cxix. 132.

MOST of us, who have ever felt the word of God precious, have our favourite portions of Scripture. *Those* will be prime favourites which the Lord has specially opened up, or blessed to our soul; but there will be other portions of God's word which may not, perhaps, have been in any especial manner made a blessing to us, yet such a sweet light has been cast by the Blessed Spirit from time to time upon them, or we have seen and felt such beauty and glory in them, that when we open our Bible we almost instinctively turn to them. Ps. cxix. has almost become in this way one of my favourite portions of Scripture. If I had the experience of that psalm fully brought into my soul and carried out in my life, there would be no such Christian in Croydon, nor 60 miles round. I repeat it, if I had the experience contained in Ps. cxix. thoroughly wrought into my heart by the power of the Blessed Spirit, and evidenced by my walk, conduct, and conversation, I need envy no Christian that walks upon the earth for conformity to God's will and word, inwardly and outwardly. What simplicity and godly sincerity run through the whole psalm! What tender affection towards the Lord! What breathings of the heart into his ears! What desire to live to his honour and glory! What a divine longing that the life, and conduct, and conversation, the inward and the outward man, might all be conformed to the revealed will and word of God!

“Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.” Three features strike my mind as especially apparent in the words before me:

I. That *God has a people who love his name.*

II. That *the Lord looks upon them, and is merciful unto them.*

III. The *breathing of the Psalmist's heart*, that God would look upon him, and be merciful unto him, in the same way that he looks upon and is merciful unto them.

I. *The Lord has a people who love his name.* But where are these people to be found? In a state of nature, as they came into this world? No; no man by nature ever loved God, for “the carnal mind (which is all that man has or is, as the fallen child of



a fallen parent,) is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." We are all "by nature the children of wrath, even as others;" (Eph. ii. 3;) and are "alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in us, because of the blindness of our hearts." (Eph. iv. 18.) There is a veil of ignorance and unbelief, by nature, over man's mind, so that he can neither see nor know the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. (2 Cor. iii. 15; John xvii. 3.) Thus, no man ever did, or ever could love the Lord's name, that is, the Lord himself, so long as he continues in that state of nature's darkness and nature's death. A mighty revolution must, therefore, take place in a man's bosom before he can be one of those who love the Lord's name, a change not to be effected by nature in its best and brightest form, nor to be brought about by any industry or exertion of the creature, but begun, carried on, and completed by the alone sovereign and efficacious work of God the Spirit upon the heart. This is the express testimony of God: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. Which were born, not of, blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John i. 11-13.) But it may be asked, why should these highly-favoured people experience this new, this miraculous creation? The only answer that can be given to this question is, that the Lord loved them from all eternity. *Why* he fixed his love upon them to the exclusion of others, God has not informed us. Eternity itself, perhaps, may never be able to unfold to the mind of a finite being like man, why the infinite God loved some and rejected others; but to all the cavillings and proud reasonings of man, our sole reply must be, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" (Rom. ix. 20, 21.) The Lord, then, having loved the people with an everlasting love, it is necessary, in order that they may enjoy this love, and be satisfied with some streams of the river that maketh glad the city of God, that they should be taught and brought to love God, or how can they delight themselves in him, whose name and nature is love?

But are the first dealings and teachings of the Spirit of God upon the heart usually such as will bring a man to love God? No; a man has a great deal to unlearn before he can learn this. He has to be brought out of the world, to be weaned from creature-righteousness; to have all his old fleshly religion broken to pieces, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, before the pure love of God can come down, and be shed abroad in his soul. It is for this reason the Lord cuts his people up with convictions. This is frequently done by the ministry of the word; as, in the days of Pentecost, Peter's hearers were many of them pricked in their heart; and the ministers are compared in the word to fishers and hunters: "Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them;

and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks." (Jer. xvi. 16.) The fishers with their sharp hooks draw them out of the water, and the hunters with their pointed spears drive them out of the holes in which they sheltered themselves. These convictions of sin, causing guilt to lie hard and heavy upon the conscience, accompanied for the most part by a discovery of our fallen state, and a manifestation of the evils of our hearts, spring from a believing view of the holiness of God, a sense of the breadth and spirituality of his law, a discovery of his eternal and inflexible justice. A measure, therefore, of these convictions it is necessary to feel, such a measure, at least, as shall drive the soul out of its deceptive hiding-places, what the Scripture calls "refuges of lies," in order that it may be brought to embrace the rock for want of a shelter. How beautifully and clearly this is set forth in Isa. xxviii. 16, where the Lord tells us, that he "will lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation. He that believeth shall not make haste." But, in order to show how his people are brought to have a standing upon this "tried stone," this "precious corner stone," this "sure foundation," the Holy Ghost adds, "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it." (Ver. 17, 18.) This laying of judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, is connected, you will observe, with the foundation which God has laid in Zion; thus evidencing that before the sinner can be brought to stand experimentally in his conscience upon this foundation, this only foundation "which God has laid in Zion," judgment must be laid to the line in his heart, and righteousness to the plummet in his soul's experience; the hail must sweep away every refuge of lies, and the waters of God's wrath overflow every hiding-place, in order to disannul the covenant which he has made with death, and break to pieces the agreement he has entered into with hell. Thus, in order to bring the people of God to know him as the God of love, it is, in the very nature of things, absolutely necessary that they should pass through convictions of sin, should feel a guilty conscience, and have a discovery of the evils of their hearts, to bring them out of those lying refuges in which every man by nature seeks to entrench himself. Their depth, indeed, and duration God has not defined, nor need we. Yet this we may safely declare, that they must be sufficient to produce the end that God has in view. But it is not the Lord's purpose, when he has sufficiently brought his people out of their lying refuges, to be always wounding and lacerating their consciences with convictions. He, therefore, after a time, brings into their heart a measure of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and this teaches and enables them to "love his name."

But what do we understand by the expression, "the name of

God?" It is one which occurs very frequently in the Scriptures of truth. By "the name of God" I believe, then, we are to understand all that God has revealed concerning himself, but more particularly the manifestation of his grace and glory in the Person of his dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, as the Blessed Spirit casts some light upon the character of God in Christ as revealed in Scripture, and brings a sense of this with divine savour, unction, and power into the soul, the "name of God" becomes spiritually made known to the heart; and as the Lord the Spirit, from time to time, opens up all those treasures of truth, mercy, and grace which are hid in Christ, and raises up faith to believe and lay hold of them, he sheds abroad in the heart a sacred love to the name and character of God, as thus revealed in the word of truth.

David saw that there was such a people. The Lord had given him what he gives to all his family—eyes, discerning eyes, whereby he saw that the Lord had a people that loved his name; that amidst the ungodly generation amongst whom his lot was cast, there was a scattered people, in whom God had shed abroad his love, to whom he manifested mercy, and into whose hearts he had dropped a sense of that loving-kindness of his which is better than life itself. David looked upon them; and as he looked upon them, he saw what a blessed people they were. He viewed them surrounded by all the perfections of God. He saw them kept as the apple of God's eye. He viewed them as the excellent of the earth, in whom was all his delight, and his very heart flowed out in tender affection unto them, as being beloved of God, and, in return, loving him who had shed abroad his love in their souls.

Very many of the Lord's people are here. Their eyes are enlightened to see that God has a people. Of *that* they have not the slightest doubt; and not only so, but their hearts' affections are secretly and sacredly wrought upon, to feel the flowing forth of tender affection to this people. They count them the excellent of the earth. They love them because they see the mind, and likeness, and image of Christ in them, however poor, however abject, however contemptible in the eyes of the world. There is a secret love that the people of God have towards one another, which binds them in the strongest cords of spiritual union and affection. David then saw that God dealt with this people in a peculiar way, and therefore cried out, "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name." He saw that the Lord dealt in a special manner with this people, that they were the favoured objects of his eternal love; and as being such, the Lord was continually and perpetually blessing them.

II. There were two things which David specially saw that God bestowed upon this people; one was *God's look*, and the other, *the manifestation of God's mercy*: "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name."

i. But how does God *look* upon his people? Does not the Lord see all things? Are not his eyes running to and fro through the earth, to see the evil and the good. And are not all secrets

open before his heart-searching eyes? Do not his eyelids try the children of men? They do. But still there is a favoured people that the Lord looks upon in a *peculiar* way—in a way in which David desired the Lord to look upon him.

1. *He looks upon them in Christ.* He does not look upon them as standing in self. If he looked upon them as they stand in self, his anger, wrath, and indignation must blaze out against them. But he views them as having an eternal and vital union with the Son of his love; as the apostle says, "Complete in him." And viewing them as having an eternal standing in Christ, viewing them as bought with atoning blood, and washed in the fountain which was opened in one day for all sin and for all uncleanness, as clothed in his glorious righteousness, and loved with dying love, he looks upon them not as they are in themselves, wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked; but he looks upon them as without spot, without blemish, in the Son of his love; as the apostle expresses it in few words, "Accepted in the Beloved." David saw what a blessed state this was to be in; that when the Lord looked upon his people, he did not look upon them as poor, guilty, miserable sinners, but looked upon them as having that standing in Christ, that union to Christ, that interest in Christ, whereby he could look upon them with acceptance in his dear Son.

2. But this is not the only way in which God looks upon his people. He looks upon them *with affection and love*. Thus, when he looks upon his people, he looks upon them with all that love and affection that ever dwells in the bosom of the Three-One God, and is perpetually flowing forth to the objects of his love, choice, and mercy. We know something of this naturally. Does not the fond wife look sometimes upon her husband with eyes of tender affection? Does not the mother sometimes look upon her infant, lying in the cradle or sleeping in her lap, with eyes of tender love? Wherever there is love in our hearts, our eyes at times rest upon the objects of our affections. So it is with the Three-One God. There is that love in the bosom of God towards the objects of his eternal favour, that when he looks down upon them from the heights of his sanctuary, he looks upon them with the tenderest affection. As we read, "He rests in his love;" and again, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. lxii. 5.)

3. But besides this, he looks upon them *in pity*. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. ciii. 13, 14.) Just as when, after the flood, he looked down from the height of his sanctuary upon Noah, and those with him in the ark, and his heart went forth in tender pity, so, from the heights of his sanctuary, he looks down upon all poor, labouring, struggling pilgrims here below, and views them with an eye of pity and compassion, out of his merciful and compassionate heart. I was bringing forward just now the figure of a mother loving her children, or a wife loving her husband. But let a sickness fall upon the husband, let some affliction befall the child, and then, there is not merely a

look of love as before, but a look of pity and compassion also. And if a wife could remove her husband's illness, or a mother cure the child's ailment, how pity and love would each flow forth to remove that which causes pity to be felt. In the same way spiritually. The God of heaven looks down upon his poor, tried family. Some he sees buffeted with sore temptations; others he sees plagued with an evil heart of unbelief; others he sees afflicted in circumstances; others wading amid deep temporal and providential trials; others mourning his absence; others persecuted, cast out by men. Each heart knows its own bitterness, each has a tender spot that the eye of the Lord sees; and the Lord, as a God of grace, looks down upon them and pities them. When he sees them entangled in a snare, he pities them as being so entangled; when he sees them drawn aside by the idolatry and evil of their fallen nature, he pities them as wandering; when he views them assaulted and harassed by Satan, he looks upon them with compassion under his attacks.

4. Besides that, he looks down upon them in *power*, with a determination to render them help. Reverting upon a moment to the figure I have used before—a mother looking upon her sickly child, there was pity painted upon her features, compassion beamed from her eye. Could she help, as well as pity, would she hesitate to do so? But the Lord has not only a mother's pity and a wife's love, (for he himself challenges the comparison; he says, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee;" Isa. xlix. 15;) but *power* for his family. He has almighty power to relieve his poor suffering children, toiling and struggling through this vast howling wilderness; for "help is laid upon One that is mighty;" who is "able to save unto the uttermost."

ii. But, besides this, he is *merciful* unto them: "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name." David saw how merciful the Lord was to those who needed mercy. They were guilty criminals; they were fallen creatures; they were sinning continually against the God of all their mercies. And, therefore, they needed mercy. And that not once, when the Lord was first pleased to pardon their sins and deliver their souls. They need mercy not once, nor twice, but they need mercy every day that they live, every hour that they breathe upon earth; as Hart sweetly expresses it:

"Begging mercy every hour."

David, then, saw the Lord was merciful to his people. He knew that upon the footing of righteousness none could be saved; he knew by painful experience what hearts they carried in their bosoms; he knew what temptations beset their path; he knew what snares Satan was laying for their feet; he knew their weakness, and he knew their wickedness; yet he saw how merciful the Lord was to them; how he bore with their manners in the wilderness; how he "multiplied pardons," as the Scripture expresses it; how he forgave their iniquities; how he blotted out their sins; how he showed mercy and compassion upon them, who were by nature the vilest of the vile.

He saw there was that in their hearts which justly provoked God's condemnation. But then he saw mercy in the bosom of the Redeemer more than proportionate. He saw their hearts were full of evil, full of wickedness, full of unbelief, full of everything that God hates; yet he saw how the mercy of God abounded, how his grace superabounded over all their sins. He saw how the mercy of God was from everlasting to everlasting. As the cloud sometimes covers the face of the earth, so he saw the Lord covering all the iniquities, transgressions, and backslidings of those who love his name.

III. And this leads me to the third part of my discourse. This it was that opened up in his soul this *breathing of his heart* toward God, that he would look upon him, and be merciful unto him, as he useth to do unto those that love his name. I believe I may honestly say, thousands of times have these words gone out of my lips, "Look thou upon me." Rarely do I bend my knee in prayer before the Lord of hosts without the words, "Look upon me." How expressive it is! As though the desire of the soul was that the Lord would not pass him by; would not consider him unworthy of his notice; and would not banish him as from his presence, but would cast an eye of pity, love, and compassion upon him. But mingling with this desire, that the Lord would "look upon him," was a distinct feeling of his helplessness, sinfulness, and unworthiness. It is as though David was lying at the footstool of mercy clothed with humility, sensible of his sins, feeling the inward vileness of his heart, and judging himself unworthy of the least smile of God's countenance, or the least whisper of God's love. But still he could not but see that the Lord had a people that loved his name; nay, he himself felt a measure of this same love. He might not have the full assurance of it. His heart might be desolate and afflicted. Doubts and fears worked in his mind; but still, amidst it all, he felt the tender goings forth of affection to the name of the Lord, which was precious to his soul; he felt nearness of access unto his sacred presence; and there was that in his heart which was melted down into love and tenderness at the very name of the Lord. "Because thy name is as the ointment poured forth, do the virgins love thee." But mingled with this tender affection, blended with this secret and sacred love to the name of the Lord, was a deep sense of his own worthlessness. And these two feelings always go together. Far from my heart, and far from yours who desire to fear God's name, be that bold presumptuous confidence that claims God's mercies, unmingled with any movement of godly fear in a sinner's bosom, unmingled with a sense of worthlessness, weakness, and wickedness, that ever lives in a regenerated breast. No; wherever there is any true love to the name of the Lord, wherever there is any breathing of affection after the name of Jesus, depend upon it there always will be mixed with it the deepest sense of our own worthlessness. David could not but feel that there was love in his heart toward the Lord's name. David could not but feel there was a people that, like himself, loved that name. David could not but see that the Lord looked upon that people with an eye of

love and pity. David could not but see that the Lord was specially and peculiarly merciful unto them. He himself experienced these tender sensations of love in his bosom. He was deeply penetrated—he was inwardly possessed with a sense of his own worthlessness; but he dare not intrude. He stood at a distance, and could not go boldly and presumptuously forward. He drew back, as being one of the most worthless of those who sighed after the Lord's manifested favours. Thus, the very expression, "Look thou upon me," not merely implies that David had a love to the name of the Lord, but also, mingled with it, a sense of his own undeservedness that the Lord should bestow upon him one single blessing.

Again, "Look upon me" implies that his soul was in that state and case which specially needed a look from the Lord. If your heart is hard, you want but one look from the Lord to dissolve it. Was it not so with Peter? When Peter had sinned so grievously, when he had denied his Lord and Master, do we not read that Jesus turned and looked upon him? What was the effect? The stony heart gave way; the obduracy of his mind was melted; and we read, "He went out, and wept bitterly." We often feel a sense of our obduracy and impenitence; but, if the Lord do but look upon us, he can melt them away in a moment. There is also a sense of our vileness, our sinfulness, our wickedness; a feeling of this nature: "O that the Lord would but look upon me, though I am so utterly undeserving of the least notice, or least favour from his hands. O that he would cast an eye of pity and compassion upon me, for I cannot do without him." It also implies that the soul desires some peculiar manifestation of God's mercy and favour. David could not be satisfied with hearing about God's mercy, nor reading about God's mercy, nor knowing there was a people to whom the Lord did show mercy. He desired that the Lord would look upon him, visit him, bless him, and manifest himself to him, come down into his heart, visit his soul, bless him with sweet manifestations of his dying love. And is not this the language of the broken-hearted sinner at the footstool of mercy? Does not this express simply the feeling that he has at the throne of grace? "'Look upon me;' here I lie at thy feet, all helplessness, all weakness, all wretchedness, all inability. I deserve not the least smile from thy countenance; I deserve not the least whisper from thy mouth; I deserve to be trampled under thy feet into everlasting perdition. Yet, Lord, I cannot do without thee. 'Look thou upon me.' Give me one look of mercy; give me one look of love; give me one look to bring into my soul that which my heart longs to feel." To see, it may be at a distance, but still to see, the people that the Lord looked upon with such peculiar looks of pity, compassion, and love, he could not but covet a measure of the same blessing; and his heart burned within him that the Lord would bestow on him similar favours. Has this ever been the experience of your soul? What do you pray to God for? I suppose many of you fall upon your knees before the footstool of mercy. What do you pray to God for? Is it for some special blessing to your soul? Is it for some manifesta-

tion of Jesus to your heart? Is it that the Lord himself would look down upon a guilty worm, and speak to your soul in the soft whispers of his mercy and his love? These are true prayers; these are spiritual breathings; this is the intercession of the Spirit in the sinner's bosom with groanings which cannot be uttered. If you know what it is in soul experience thus to lie in humility, in simplicity, in sincerity, in brokenness of heart, in contrition of spirit, before the footstool of mercy, crying, "Look upon me"—me, who am utterly unworthy of thy mercy; me, who have continually backslidden from thee; me, who am the vilest of the vile, and the guiltiest of the guilty—yet, 'look thou upon me,' for I cannot bear that thou shouldst pass me by unnoticed, that thou shouldst not look upon my soul, as thou lookest upon thy children"—this is a cry which most surely will be answered.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR WHO MAKETH THEE TO DIFFER FROM ANOTHER?

1 COR. IV. 7.

WITH grateful feelings, Lord, I would confess;  
Discriminating goodness (nothing less)  
Makes me to differ from the madden'd race  
Who fight in opposition to thy grace.

Thy grace has conquered, and I gladly own  
Myself the conquest of free grace alone;  
Mysterious mercy! Once my Maker's foe,  
But now a friend; 'tis grace has made me so.

Dear Lord of grace, oft make my heart to teem  
With thoughts divine; O let the pleasing theme  
Of marvellous, discriminating grace  
Dwell in my heart and cause a shining face.

Like Moses had, when on the mount with thee,  
He had communion sweet—the oil flowed free;  
His face so shone that Israel could not look  
When from it he the veil of covering took.

Nor could I see the end of Moses' law  
Until, with unveiled face, I Jesus saw;  
But when the veil of covering was removed  
I saw in Jesus I was well beloved.

He is the Rock on which by faith I build;  
In him I see the precepts all fulfilled,  
Myself secured from wrath; in him I bless  
The Lord Jehovah; He's my Righteousness.

Jan. 1863.

A. H.

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THE hearts of believers are like gardens, wherein there are not only flowers, but weeds also; and as the former must be watered and cherished, so the latter must be curbed and nipped. If nothing but dews and showers of promise should fall upon the heart, though they seem to tend to the cherishing of their grace, yet the weeds of corruption will be apt to grow up with them, and, in the end, to choke them, unless they are nipped and blasted by the severity of the threatenings.

—*Owen.*



## POVERTY AND PRINCEDOM. BY JOHN RUSK.

“And to make them inherit the throne of glory.”—1 SAM. ii. 8.

(Continued from page 28.)

Again. As overcomers, they shall be clothed in white raiment, (Christ's righteousness,) and Christ will confess them before his Father and the angels. Again. He that overcometh, as being in Christ the Conqueror, will be made a pillar in the temple of God, and he shall no more go out. While below he used to go in and out, by faith, and find pasture; but now it is all being in, and no going out. “And I will write upon him the name of my God;” that is, God's covenant name which he proclaimed to Moses. This shall be in our foreheads, “Gracious, merciful,” &c., “and the name of the city of God,” which is “new Jerusalem,” which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and which signifies the city of God's presence. There he will dwell for ever, having desired it. The name of the city shall be, “The Lord is there.” “And I will write upon him my new name,” (Isa. lxii. 2-4,) which may signify Christian, or Anointed; for this is a new spirit we shall be filled with to all eternity.

Once more. We shall *reign with Christ* in this kingdom above. Ah, poor soul! Although in this world you are cast out and set at nought, yet, being one of these saints which are to take the kingdom, hear what God's word says, and may he enable you to take the comfort of it: “Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds.” By beds in the plural, I understand resting in the everlasting love of God in Three Persons—the only living and true God. Solomon says, or the church by him, “Our bed is green;” and as green denotes life, here we rest. David calls this his rest, and you and I, if saints, can rest no where else. The song which we shall sing aloud upon these beds will be “Salvation to God and the Lamb,” &c. “Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two edged sword in their hand.” This sword Paul tells us is the word of God. This sword being in their hand, signifies in their power: “I will give him power over the nations,” &c., “to execute vengeance upon the heathen.” Every unbeliever is a heathen. “And punishments upon the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgment written. This honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.” (Ps. clix. 5-9.) And Paul says the same: “Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?” &c. How very mortifying will all this be to the proud spirits, both of men and fallen angels, to be judged by those who have been their captives, and on whom they have ever poured the greatest contempt; but it shall take place, as sure as there is a God, for the Scriptures cannot be broken.

Lastly. These overcomers shall *sit with Christ* upon his throne. As it is written: “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 on his throne.” (Rev. iii. 21.) From all which you may clearly see that Jesus Christ was not a private character, but a pub-

lic head and representative of the whole church of God. As God, he had a right to the throne of glory independently, being equal with his heavenly Father; but here you must view him in our nature, sitting down; and this he had both for himself and us, as a mighty conqueror, an overcomer, and we in him.

But what did he overcome? Why, he overcame *the world, the flesh, sin, Satan, death, and the grave*. These were all our enemies and his, and very mighty enemies they were, which would have overcome him, had he not been the Almighty Jehovah, which he was, though clothed in our nature. This *world* with all its snares, flatteries, and frowns, has overcome thousands and thousands, but it never touched him, so as in the least to gain the victory, nor believers either, as considered in him. Hence he says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world;" but if our victory did not wholly hang upon him, we should have no cause to be of good cheer whatever, for the world would overcome us altogether.

Again. The *flesh*, the old man with his deceitful lusts. O how very powerful do these work in all directions, which every child of God feels, and lives daily in expectation of being overcome by them; but notwithstanding all his secret and open backslidings from God, he never shall be finally overcome, because "Our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed," &c. Here is our victory.

Again. The *devil*, or devils, for they are innumerable, and you may see their power if you read the book of Job. What Satan did by permission against poor Job, and what would he not have done had his power not been limited? But glory be to our mighty Conqueror, that, "Through death, he destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and delivered all his elect.

*Sin*. O what has sin done, and how are we all plunged into innumerable sufferings and afflictions of all sorts through this monster. Sin has destroyed angels innumerable, as well as man, and yet it never gained the least ground with our own dear Lord. Hence he said to his enemies, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Satan calls him the Holy One of God; and Pilate, when he tried him, called him a just person. Yes, he was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; and John declares that in him is no sin. Depend upon it, that all our victory lay here. It was because he never had the least of sin; only by the imputation of ours, for the which, as a Surety, he stood responsible, and on which account he sanctified himself.

And what does he say of *death and the grave*, which have swallowed up millions? "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction. Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes." (Hos. xiii. 14.)

Add to all this his *obedient life*. He magnified God's holy law, and made it honourable, and wrought out a perfect spotless righteousness for us, satisfied every demand of justice, and endured all that wrath that was due to us; and, therefore, having completed the

whole work, he took his seat at the right hand of the Majesty of the Most High: "When he had by himself purged our sins." And every individual of the chosen family, whether high or low, rich or poor, weak or strong, he will gather them all home to himself, to be with him, and to be like him. Hence he says, "If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

You see by all this what a solid foundation we have to go upon, Not a hoof shall be left behind. He will raise us all up at the last day. "They shall sit with me in my throne, (a throne of glory above.) even as I also overcame, and have sat down with my Father on his throne." Thus they shall inherit the throne of glory. And thus I have showed you that they are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ; that they are heirs of righteousness, heirs of the kingdom of God, that they overcome, and shall sit with Christ upon his throne.

But I have not done yet, for this is a blessed subject. You read another description of character which they have. They are called wise. "Ah!" say you, "this cuts me quite off, for I do not believe that ever there was one more foolish than I am, and my foolishness increases day by day." But stop. Be not too hasty in your conclusions. Let us examine the word a little. It is not worldly wisdom that is meant, for our Lord, upon this head, thanked his heavenly Father, and rejoiced in spirit that he had hid these things from the wise and prudent; and if the "gospel is hid, it is hid to them that are lost;" consequently, they never can be heirs of glory. Again. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God;" and do you know that the very foolishness that you complain about is the way that God takes with all his children to make them truly wise? Hence it is written, "If any man will be wise, let him become a fool that he may be wise." God will pull down all fleshly wisdom, or whatever you and I formerly gloried in, and then he will give us true saving wisdom; which you may briefly take in three things: 1. To be deeply concerned about what sort of an end we shall make, whether we shall be with the sheep on the right hand, or the goats on the left. True wisdom will not put far away the evil day. O, no; but true wisdom foresees the evil of our hearts and lives, and sees what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. As it is written, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." 2. Real wisdom never can rest satisfied with head notions. What its possessors want, is what Mary Magdalene got; that is, the knowledge of salvation by remission of their sins, because God has promised to give this, and they feel their need of it. They want to feel conscience purged, and peace in their souls; and this is being made wise to salvation. 3. The wisdom of the wise is to understand his way. Such understand that they are sinners of the deepest dye. They understand that God is strictly just, yet can pardon such as Christ died for; and they are enabled to believe in him as their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, so as to give the whole

glory to God alone. "Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understands and knows me," &c. This is the way that God forms us for himself; the ultimate end of which is that we may inherit the throne of glory; for "The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools."

Again. They are *heirs of life*; a life of happiness, pleasure, and delight. We sometimes say, when people are poor, "Such live, poor creatures, but it is a poor life;" or, "They exist, and that's all;" but of those that have an abundance, we say, "Ah! they do live indeed!" and so it will be when we inherit glory above. We shall live as we never lived before; for all we can have, while here below, is only at best the streams; "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God," and after having tasted them, we feel a death in everything. The old man is put on. Bondage, slavish fear, and terror are sometimes felt, or temptation to suck sweetness from those things which afterwards distress, and are a vexation to our souls, and are the cause of much grief and sorrow, but here we shall be at the fountain head, in the image of God, not having this old nature; and the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe our tears from our eyes. It will be a life of love, joy, peace, light, knowledge, righteousness, comfort, consolation, singing, and praising our God, and casting our crowns at his feet, having palms of victory in our hands; and all these things in an abundant manner, without intermission. Then a fulness of life will be enjoyed, at which we can only hint. God in Three Persons is the fountain of all spiritual and divine life, from whence all this fulness flows. Hence he is called a "fountain of living water," "well of salvation," "the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." All blessings will be enjoyed in glory above in an abundant manner. The blessing of pardon, of peace, of righteousness, &c. Upon the mountain of Zion God commanded the blessing of eternal life. Every promise, then, will be fulfilled in the highest sense, which is also eternal life. All the covenant engagements made between the glorious Persons in the Trinity in behalf of the elect will be fulfilled and terminate in an eternal life of glory; and all the treasures of grace which we had below will be filled to full in glory above. We shall see God: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and Christ has promised to show us plainly of the Father. Peter tells us that God's children are heirs of the grace of life, and these princes will be exalted to inherit a life of glory above. This inheritance is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away;" and how very different then it is from what we have while here below; for let them be ever so pleasing to us, temporal things are all perishing continually. There is nothing durable in them. Everything we eat and drink, what we wear, and is so delightful to flesh and blood, which we admire, and others admire, such as beauty in men, women, children, &c., all turns to corruption. Health, strength, gifts, abilities, wisdom, &c., it matters not what; it is all perishing continually. There is no

substance, nothing durable; and not only so, but everything is defiled by sin. It works in everything like a slow poison. Hence it is that afflictions of all sorts are constantly making inroads upon the children of men, that, let them have what they will, they are never safe from things of a bitter, painful nature; and sin is the cause of it all. It has made this world like a hospital. A man shall have property, health, strength, a large family all in a flourishing way, good connections, &c., and appear to want for nothing, and a trifling thing shall upset the whole. See Haman. How that man appeared to flourish, and only that one thing, because Mordecai did not bow to him, it marred all, and upset him. A natural man, let him possess whatever he may, has no promise in God's word to secure his standing for five minutes:

" Hell-born sin,  
Once crept in,  
Mars God's fair creation."

Everything fades as time goes on. Have whatever you will, time will alter the beauty and lustre of it. This is really the case in all buildings, dress, &c. It matters not what it is, time will see it out. Hence you read that the rich man fades in his ways; that "moth and rust corrupt," &c. But not so this inheritance; for these are durable riches and righteousness.

But let us attend a little to the words of our text more particularly: "And to make them inherit the *throne* of glory." What are we to understand literally by a *throne*? I answer, it is usually very magnificent, and on which sovereign princes sit to receive the homage of their subjects, or to give audience to ambassadors when they appear with pomp and ceremony, and from whence they dispense justice. If you read 1 Kings x. 20, you will see a description of Solomon's throne. There was not its like in any kingdom. It was all made of ivory, and plated with pure gold. The ascent was by six steps. The back was round, and two arms supported the seat. Twelve golden lions, one on each side of every step, made a chief part of the ornament it had. Throne is also for royalty and regal authority. Pharaoh told Joseph, "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." Heaven is God's throne, and the earth is his footstool. Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, and he is also seated on a throne of grace. "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace."

(To be continued.)

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CHRIST often heareth when he does not answer; his not answering is an answer, and speaks thus, "Pray on, go on, and cry; for the Lord holdeth his door fast bolted, not to keep out, but that you may knock and knock." Prayer is to God, worship; to us, often, it is but a servant upon mere necessity sent on a business. The father will cause his child to say over again what he once heard him say, because he delighteth to hear him speak; so God heareth and layeth by him an answer for Ephraim: "I have heard Ephraim bemoaning himself;" (Jer. xxxi. 18;) but Ephraim heard not, knew not, that God told all Ephraim's prayer over again behind his back.—*Rutherford.*

KEEP ME FROM EVIL, THAT IT MAY NOT  
GRIEVE ME.

My dear Cousin,—I often think about you, and wonder how you get on in the ways of God. The Lord grant you much real prosperity of soul, and much sweet communion with himself, which surely is the highest blessing we can possibly enjoy this side eternity; but it is usually accompanied with trials at which our flesh shrinks, frets, and murmurs, though we know in our judgment that we could not be in a worse state than to be altogether unexercised, as we should then soon become unmindful of the God of our salvation, and be carried about by every wind of temptation, to the dishonour of that holy name whereby we are called, and to the grief of our own souls.

I have been treading a trying path of late, and I think I never before experienced so much inward murmuring, fretting, and self-pity, with that worst of all evils, coldness towards God and spiritual things. These things at times sink into my spirit, and make me ashamed to lift up my head; but, blessed be God, though the law in the members thus wars against the law in the mind, I am not left altogether to the power of sin and Satan; for the earnest desires of my heart are to be kept free from sin and to live near to the Lord; however painful the means used for this end may be.

I remain, Yours very affectionately,

Leicester, March 15th, 1843.

M. BLYTON.

SUCH SHALL HAVE TROUBLE IN THE FLESH.

My dear Girl,—I cannot conceive how or by whom you could hear that I disapproved of you on account of your obedience in the ordinance of baptism, or indeed upon any other ground, for that I know nothing against you, as I told you at Ninfield. It is necessary to be careful how you receive every report. As I once felt an interest in your estate and case, so do I now; as I once united in spirit with you, I know not that the union is dissolved; as I once desired your knowledge and increasing in the knowledge of God, so do I as much desire it as ever I did. I cannot charge my memory with ever dropping the least hint otherwise. If I ever said anything about you to any other person beside Mrs. Crouch, some false construction must have been put upon my words, or a mistake of my meaning. Perhaps you have imagined some things, because I have long delayed in writing to you. Remember, my dear girl, it is a large circuit that I have to travel, and many times in the course of a month that I have to preach; and when I come home I am weary, dull, and faint.

I hope you will be enabled to be still, and as quiet as you can. I suppose I shall have an opportunity of seeing you at Ninfield, if my health, strength, and life be spared to go amongst the dear people of that place.

May the Lord bless you in your change, or intended change of life. Marriage is honourable, where it is in accordance with the word,

and a true union of spirit, as well as of heart, can be found. But in the best, the very best thereof that can be found, you must make up your mind for trouble, for be sure that a portion of the same will fall unto your lot. Not because it is wrong for you to do so, but to know the effects, the sad effects of your mother Eve's transgression. Also to witness that with all the comfort, they that "will marry shall have trouble in the flesh." Besides, they who find peace in Christ shall likewise find tribulation in the world; also to feel that there is no happiness or rest without a mixture of grief and care. But if you can seek the Lord with all your heart, he will be found of you. If you can commit your way unto him, he will direct all your paths. If you find power to trust him, he will bring all things to pass that himself hath promised. I have lived, and still live, to prove the truth of his most holy word of promise, and to speak of his faithfulness in fulfilling the same; and sweet and pleasant it is to know and experience it.

The Lord keep, direct, watch over, and bless you in all things that he has promised. So prays,

Pell Green, March 30, 1848.

WILLIAM CROUCH.

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#### A LETTER TO MR. WHITEFIELD BY A PARISH CLERK.

Worthy Sir,—Although I am unknown to you in person, I trust I am, by the grace of God, awakened to a new and spiritual life. I think myself under an obligation to give my testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to pay my grateful acknowledgments to the freeness of that divine grace which has made you so wonderfully instrumental in calling me, a most unworthy sinner, at this last hour of the day, from a state of darkness and insensibility to the marvellous light of the glorious gospel.

The circumstances of my conversion were as follow: I heard you were to preach on Thursday, 19th of April last, at Mr. Seward's, of Badsey; and living at Bretforton, a village about a mile from thence (where I had been clerk of the parish for about thirty years) being now in the sixty-third year of my age, my curiosity, as I then should have termed it, but as it is since evident by the consequences the wonderful goodness and providence of the Almighty God, led me to hear you, which I did with great attention, and was much affected. The next day, being Good Friday, I attended your ministry again with great warmth, when you spoke with such demonstration of the Spirit and with power, from these words: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch," that I was convinced I was in the state of the foolish virgins, who were unprepared to meet the Bridegroom, having been all my life long taken up with the lamp of an outward profession, thinking it sufficient that I duly and constantly attended public worship, the sacrament, and the like; but I soon found, to my great confusion, that I had been offering to God the sacrifice of fools, being destitute of the oil of grace in the heart, which alone could make me meet for the marriage supper of the Lamb. The new

birth, justification by faith only, the want of free will in man to do good works without the special grace of God, and the like, were, as it were, strange language to me; for though I remembered the letter of these doctrines, the spiritual sense thereof I was an utter stranger to; but, being very much oppressed in thought concerning those important truths which you delivered, as soon as I returned home, I searched an old exposition of the catechism, the church articles, and book of homilies, which I found exactly to correspond with that I had heard delivered by you.

Some days after this, being a tailor by trade, I was sent for to work at a little ale house, called Condercup, where (though one of the last places in which I should have expected food for the soul) the man of the house told me he had some old books which he got from Mr. F., a glazier and plumber in Tewkesbury, who had thrown them by in order to have sent them to the paper mills, as fit for no other purpose, but that he begged they might be given to him; that he had heard Mr. Whitefield had got his sermon on the new birth; and that these old books spoke to the very same purpose as Mr. Whitefield did. Upon hearing this, I desired to see one of them, the other being then lent out, the title whereof was, "General Directions for a Comfortable Walking with God," by Robert Boulton, an old divine of our church. I had not read long before the light broke in upon my soul with such powerful evidence that I was from that instant clearly convinced, and I hope, by the grace of God, determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and him crucified. Upon this I avoided all carnal acquaintance and reasonings as much as possible, and constantly attended the religious society at Badsey, where, by hearing your sermons and other religious exercises, I was daily strengthened and comforted.

Soon after this, I got the other old book, which was so providentially preserved from the paper mills, the title whereof is as follows: "Six Evangelical Histories, viz.: Water Turned into Wine; the Temple's Purgation; Christ and Nicodemus; John's Testimony; Christ and the Woman of Samaria; the Ruler's Son Healed, contained in John ii. 3, 4, opened and handled by the late faithful Servant of God, Daniel Dykes, anno 1617." This old book has been a very grateful cordial to my soul; and though I had lived under the sound of the gospel so many years and thought I did not want to be taught the first principles of Christianity at this age, being as I apprehended well thought of, and esteemed among my neighbours, yet I am fully convinced I knew nothing as I ought to know, and that the gospel was to me a sealed book; but by the wonderful free grace of God, I now read it as the savour of life unto life, and can say experimentally that the word of God is a light to my feet and a lantern to my paths. For this declaration of the truth, I have suffered the reproach and derision of them that are round about me, but I trust that the grace of God, which hath called me when so old and dead in trespasses and sins, will also touch the hearts of my opposers and work in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure. I have been even threatened with the loss of my bread for the profession of the



truth, but hope God will turn the hearts of my enemies. If not, and it were his blessed will, I hope I shall be enabled to lay down my life in defence of that gospel which I can truly say is great tidings of great joy to my soul; and I could, I think, be content with old Simeon to cry out in transport, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," the inward light and comfort I have felt being to me more miraculous than if I had seen one rise from the dead.

May the Lord prosper your labours and make them successful to the turning many souls to righteousness; and as you know in whom you have believed, so I am confident you will join with me in giving all the glory to that God who, I trust, hath created us anew in Christ Jesus; in whom I most humbly and thankfully beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your most unworthy Servant,  
To Mr. George Whitefield.

THOMAS WILLIS.

*A BAND WHOSE HEARTS GOD HAD TOUCHED.*

WHEN Saul went home to Gibeah, then	To seek for sin forgiven; Touch'd with a heavenly light to trace
The Lord's decree was such, There went with him a band of men Whose heart the Lord did touch.	The path that leads to heaven. Touch'd with a view of precious blood,
King Jesus hath a little band, Who act a humble part; And they are bound for Canaan's land,	For them so freely spilt; By faith they touch the Son of God, And thus lose all their guilt.
For God has touch'd their heart. This touch, this heavenly touch di- vine, Is known but to a few, And these were chose before all time,	Touch'd with a view of boundless grace, All sovereign, rich, and free; And each one's touch'd when he can trace, His standing, Lord, in thee.
Elect whom God foreknew. He saw them ruined in the fall, Defiled in every part, Yet then his love embraced them all; He meant to touch their heart.	These touches cause this little band To leave all things below, And soon will lead them to the land Where endless pleasures flow.
They're touch'd with keen convic- tion's dart, They're touch'd with deep dis- tress; They feel they're foul in every part; Being touch'd they this confess.	This little band in Christ the Lord, They love each other much; They love their Lord, they love his word, Because they've felt his touch.
They're touch'd with drawings from above, This little humble band; And touch'd with everlasting love, Astonished do they stand.	The wicked hate this little band; They cannot walk with such; They see no beauty in the land; They've never felt the touch.
They're touched with supplicating grace,	They'll laugh and sneer, deride and mock; In shame they glory much; But death will give the mighty shock, To die without the touch.

W. S.

## Obituary.

### MR. JOHN WRIGHT, OF LONDON.

ON Monday, March 24th, my dear father was suddenly seized with an alarming sensation in his head, attended by a noise resembling, as he expressed it, a person screaming as loudly as possible. This lasted some time. When he had somewhat recovered from the violence of this attack, he said to my dear mother, "The name of Jesus has rested with such sweetness and savour on my spirit for some time past that I cannot help believing that my end is near." He then spoke in a most beautiful manner of the love of Christ. It so happened that when he was thus seized none of his children were at home. However, I and my husband, having been absent a day or two, returned that evening. On our entering the room, he said, "I thought you would not have seen your father alive again."

The following morning his weakness was so great that it was with difficulty and not without assistance that he could get down stairs. Yet we hoped he was better, and that in a day or so he would be as well as usual, especially as nearly the whole day passed without his having even a slight attack. One thing he remarked (though a great reader) he could not get through a chapter in the word of God, as it would affect his head. Added to that, the severity of the attack the evening before had materially weakened his eyesight, which, up to that time, had been so good that he could see the smallest print without the aid of glasses, never having used them.

On the Wednesday he was weaker, and had one or two attacks, and, on the Thursday, he was again seized in so violent a manner that he beckoned me to him to take hold of one hand, my dear mother having hold of the other. He then laid his head on my shoulder, saying that he thought now the Lord was about to take him, and that he wished the rest of his family to be sent for; adding, "O, dear Lord, come and take me to thyself, if it be thy dear and blessed will." He turned to my mother, and spoke most beautifully of the love of God the Father in sending his only-begotten Son into the world to save sinners; and after discoursing for some time on that, he said, "But hark! I have something more to tell you. The eternal and ever-blessed Son of God willingly came, taking into union with his glorious person *our* nature, and in that nature suffered, bled, and died, that such poor ruined sinners as I should live. But we could know nothing of this were it not for the love of the blessed Spirit, the Third Person in the glorious Trinity." He then said, "Did you think I was going to tell you something better?" "No," said my dear mother, "you could not tell me anything better than that." Just after this, my sisters arrived, as also the doctor. The latter said he was not to come down stairs the next day, and, indeed, this was the last time he was ever in the dining room, though he did not keep his bed until the last month of his life.

On the following Sunday morning, my dear mother and I being at home with him, a chapter and some of his favourite hymns were read,

which he appeared much to enjoy; for on my husband and sister returning from chapel, he said to the former, "We have had a nice morning, and have had the presence of the Lord." About 4 p.m. he was seized with another violent attack, and those of his family who were not present were again summoned. He then spoke to each of us separately in a most solemn, sweet, and impressive manner, and commended us to the care of God. But once more it pleased the Lord to spare him. He turned to us, and expressed his disappointment that the Lord had not taken him home, and prayed that he would give him submission to his will. One evening, when sitting round him, he repeated the whole of Isaiah liii., commenting on each verse separately. While doing so, his whole soul seemed on fire with love to Christ.

One night, when he thought he was going, he said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Soft as downy pillows are."

Another time he said, "This is Jordan's cold flood; but there is a solid Rock to lean upon, and I believe I am on that Rock." When he recovered from the attack, he was again disappointed that he was still in the body. Looking at his son-in-law, who was by his side, he said, "I thought I was in Jordan's flood, and felt the cold shivering of death; but had no fear, no, not the least. Is it not wonderful?" One evening, the enemy harassing him much, he said, "Surely the Lord will not leave me now. Do you think he will?" The hymn was then read to him commencing,

"Great High Priest, we view thee stooping."

He was much melted down, and repeated each verse, especially laying great emphasis on the following :

"On the cross thy body broken,  
Cancels every penal tie;  
Tempted souls, produce this token,  
All demands to satisfy.  
All is finished; do not doubt it,  
But believe your dying Lord."

Looking up with tears in his eyes, he repeated :

"Tempted souls, produce this token."

"O blessed be his name! He will not leave me. It is dishonouring him to think so."

"My soul through many changes goes;  
His love no variation knows."

And,

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

The day after this he said, "The Lord will be satisfied with nothing less than the hearts of his people, and his people are never happier than when he has the whole of their hearts and affections. This I know, for those have been my happiest moments when I have been enabled to lay my heart open in secret before the Lord and given it fully to him." On Good Friday he said, "The glorious gospel of the grace of God! I never saw so much beauty in it before."

Well might Peter say, 'Unto you who believe he is precious;' and I am sure he is precious to me, precious in his glorious righteousness, precious in his glorious atonement, &c.

"O that I 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."

On the Sunday following, he looked on those around him, and said, "O what mercies, comforts, and conveniences have I at this time of need! but what are they to the sweet mercies in a blessed Jesus? This, this is it." Again he said, "How sweet have these words been to me many times: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' also 'Him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out;' no, in *no wise*. And after so much kindness and love shown to me, it would be dishonouring him to think he would leave me now."

I must just say here, the enemy, taking advantage of his weakness, often tempted him sorely that the dear Lord, whom he so loved, would leave him at last; hence the reason he so often expressed himself in this manner.

At another time he said, "His dear face was marred more than any man's. That dear head was crowned with thorns, that guilty sinners such as I should be crowned, not with the curse, not with wrath, but with tender mercies and loving-kindness. I am so afraid I shall dishonour him by impatience. I thought last night I was going. When I awoke I felt so disappointed." One of his daughters said, "The Lord has very mercifully granted you patience, and he will still give it you." Shortly afterwards he said,

"All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth,"

and requested that that hymn should be read to him. He then, with tears in his eyes, repeated the following line:

'What forms of love he bore for me;

*for me, a guilty sinner like me.*" He listened most attentively to the whole of the hymn, and was much melted down. An attack coming on just afterwards, he said, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good in his sight; he cannot err."

A day or two after this, as one of my sisters was reading the hymn commencing,

"Nature with open volume stands,"

he looked up, and, repeating the verse,

"O the sweet wonders of that cross!"

he said, "How sweet has that verse often been to me! O that he would come and take me to himself, that I may see him as he is. When I awake in his likeness, I shall be satisfied. I want to have communion with him. I want his sweet presence."

On April 22nd, he repeated the hymn,

"Jesus o'er the billows steer me!"

After which he said, "This is a furnace. May it consume the dross, and refine the gold. Blessed Jesus! Thy will be done! If I am to bear this, keep me from murmuring and impatience. Do not leave me to dishonour thee; but in thine own good time take me to thyself." Turning to my dear mother, he said, "May he be your support, your guide. Be not cast down. Though you cannot see clearly your own interest in his great salvation, yet you have this evidence, you *do* love the Lord's people."

On April 23rd, just before retiring to rest, he said, "Seventy-four years and upwards the Lord has brought me on in this wilderness. He watched over me when going on in sin.

" ' Preserved in Jesus when  
My feet made haste to hell,  
And there should I have gone  
But thou dost all things well.' "

And, blessed be his name, he brought me to his feet, and I have been favoured to enjoy many sweet seasons. I cannot deny his mercies; and why should I? He will not leave me now, I hope. No.

" ' That soul that on him hath leaned for repose,  
He will not, he will not, desert to his foes.' "

On Sunday evening, April 27th, when speaking of a nervous fear he often felt on retiring to rest, and his grief on account of its inconsistency, his son-in-law said, "This is one of our infirmities, and arises more at this time from your extreme weakness; but shortly there will be a leaving it behind." He answered, "The Lord grant it speedily, if it be his will." Then he said, "Sin is the great bar which separates the soul from God; but let that be removed, there is then communion and fellowship with him; and to the end that this bar might be removed, the Father sent his Son; and in no other way than by his death can it ever be removed." He often remarked that he was now learning what it was to walk by faith.

On Saturday May 3rd, after asking a blessing before taking dinner, which he did in a most solemn, sweet, and impressive manner, he said, the tears trickling down his cheeks,

" ' There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan.' "

In the night of the 14th of May, he had an attack of paralysis. The following morning, we got him up as usual, but, alas! found he could not walk, as was his wont with our assistance, into the adjoining room, and he was obliged to be wheeled in his easy chair from the bedside. This was the last time he ever got up. When his son-in-law came in that morning he said, "Does my face look strange? Does it look like death?" He replied, "No; O no." My dear father said, "How dissappointed I am! I was in hopes it was death on me." Afterwards he said, "I will wait all my appointed time, until my change comes."

During his illness he was visited by several good servants of God, who will ever remember the sweet savour that attended all his conversation, which was *always* of him whom his soul loved. One day

after he was confined to his bed, dear Mr. W. called to see him. They had some sweet communion together of the glorious state they were both anticipating, when they should cast their crowns at the feet of their dear Redeemer, and join the saints above in singing,

“ Unto him who hath washed us, &c. &c.”

When Mr. W. arose to go, my dear father said to him, “ When it is well with thee, remember me.” “ Oh,” he replied, “ *Remember* you? I never forget you. I cannot help praying for you many times a day.” My father then said, “ Bless the Lord for this token. *It is a token for good* when the Lord lays us on the hearts of his dear people.” About this time also, Mr. T., who was supplying at Gower Street, frequently called upon him, and my father used to look forward with pleasure to his visits and to wonder at the Lord’s kindness in inclining his servant’s heart to come to him. One circumstance occurred at this time which filled him with wonder and gratitude at the goodness of God. We were raising him up to give him something, and my youngest sister, who was supporting him on one side, was speaking to one of us, when my father asked her to repeat it. On her doing so, he said, “ How wonderful ! I can hear you as well as ever I did in my life.” This was indeed a great relief to us all, for, from the severity of one of the attacks some time previously, he had become *totally* deaf, and almost blind, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could make him understand anything. So pleased was he, that he held conversation up to a late hour that evening, so late indeed, that we feared he would be quite exhausted. He very often spoke of the goodness of the Lord in restoring his hearing, which he never lost again while he lived. One day when his friends Mr. and Mrs. C. called to see him, he said, “ ‘ Let not your heart be troubled,’ &c. &c. Hear how condescending his language is: ‘ I go to prepare a place for you;’ and then with emphasis he continued, ‘ *If it were not so, I would have told you.*’

“ ‘ How tender, how sweet are his words ! ’ ”

At another time when Mr. C. called, my dear father, being much harassed by the enemy, said, “ Ah ! Have you come to see whether you could make any thing of me ? ” He replied, “ No, O no ; for I am as sure of your being in glory as I am of any one.” He took his hand, and said, “ Ah ! you have often encouraged me. The very first time I went to see you you were led to say something which was much blessed to me, and on my return home that evening I had a sweet season of communion with Jesus in private.” On Mr. C.’s taking leave, he said he should soon come again. My father put both his hands out of bed, and with earnestness said, “ I shall be glad to see Mr. C. as long as I know him,” and it was very remarkable that his dear friend called upon him and they conversed together for some time only half-an-hour previously to my father’s losing his consciousness.

On the next Sunday morning, which was the last he spent on earth, he requested us to read Rom. ix. to him, which he appeared much

to enjoy. When we had finished, he said, "What a precious chapter that is. It is fraught with blessings; it contains sweet and *glorious* truths to the children of God. He then turned to one of his daughters, and said, "When did you last see him whom my soul loveth?" She replied that she could not say she ever had that blessing; it was what she wanted. "O, my dear," said he, "have you *never* been able to say you love him?" She said she hoped that she *could* say that sometimes. "Well, then, you could not love him if you had never known him." "O," she said, "that is what I want to feel." "*I have*, my dear; once when near despair, I felt him sweetly and *sensibly* draw near and dispel *all* my guilty fears, removing *all* my sins, and many times since then. O how sweet it is! What condescension! He even comes, as it were, *entreating* poor guilty sinners in language like this: 'Open to me, my dove, my undefiled.' Wonderful! He sees nothing but beauty in his spouse. Though 'black' in themselves, they are 'comely' in him. How heart-melting, soul-ravishing is his dear presence! What sweet words he speaks." Whenever any one said to him, "What would you do without Christ now?" he always replied very quickly and energetically, "What could I ever have done without him?"

One day, his sister having written requesting one of us to ask him for a portion for her, he said, "Tell her 'It is *Christ* that *died*.'" He often used to repeat the following: "Sown in weakness, raised in power; sown in corruption, raised in incorruption." "Mark! we do not sow it ourselves. It is sown for us."

My father was particularly fond of hymns, and often used to repeat, as he lay in bed, that hymn of Dr. Watts's,

"Come we that love the Lord."

He was always very thankful for the least thing that any of us did for him, and used frequently to contrast his condition with that of the dear Saviour's, saying, "I have every comfort in the time of need, every want supplied, and my dear family around me; but the dear Redeemer had none to pity him. Yea, even his disciples forsook him and fled."

On Monday, June 16th, his highly-esteemed friend before mentioned, (Mr. C.) called on him. He was very pleased to see him, and though suffering much in his head, he conversed with him a long time. During this, his last conversation, he said, "I am always preaching to myself. Now, here is a text. Perhaps you, Mr. C., can help me out: 'As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.'" He said, "I think the cluster there means the whole house of Israel, and the blessing in it to be the Messiah." Then he went on to show that the whole house of Israel could not be destroyed as a nation until after the Messiah came. He enlarged very much upon it, both spiritually and historically, and it was truly astonishing to hear how clearly and distinctly he spoke. When he had finished, he was silent for a few minutes, and then said, "How rare a thing it is we ever speak of the dear Redeemer, without seeking our own glory; so much dross and tin! but we are exhorted to edify one another. Mr. C., I know not how

I could pass my time away unless I had something to meddle with. We have need of the Lord's long-suffering forbearance, in putting ourselves so forward as to speak our mind on these things, and these words come; 'Who art thou, that thou shouldest take my name into thy polluted lips?' Having frequently during his illness longed to depart to be with Christ, Mr. C. now asked him "if he were now desirous to go?" He replied "I am, when the Lord is pleased to give me some sweet taste of his love; but without him I am a poor creature." Mr. C. then said, "He must manifest himself to you, or you could not speak as you do." "O," he said, "he does, he does; and as he thus entertains me, so must I speak to you." He then took leave of him, never again to see him on earth. After he had gone, my sister said, "Mrs. C. sent her love, and said she would come the next time." Dear father said, "The Lord bless her; the Lord guide her; the Lord be with her; the Lord support her." Soon after this, he turned round, saying, "O dear! O dear!" for a quarter of an hour. He was then seized with a fit, which deprived him of all consciousness. Soon afterwards one of his daughters came to see him. She spoke to him, but he did not know her. She felt this acutely. But about half an hour afterwards, my youngest sister said to him, "C. has come to see you, dear father." She repeated it. A glance of consciousness at that moment returning, he said, "Where is she?" She immediately came to his side. As she was coming, he said, "Set—her—as—a—seal—upon—thy—heart—a—seal—upon—thy—arm," and kissed her; and the gleam of consciousness fled.

In this state he continued until 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, when, in his son-in-law's arms, he suddenly ceased to breathe. So gentle was the dismissal, we could scarce tell that his spirit had fled into the presence of that dear Saviour whom he had so often longed to see and be with for ever.

M. L.

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I OBSERVE a soul that is not informed by a pure gospel light, nor apprehending clearly the way of faith, Christ, the promises, and the glory of the New Testament, is ever unsettled, unstable, full of fears, doubtings, distractions, and questionings. The more such souls are reasoned with concerning their condition, the more they question the truth of every spiritual working in them. This comes from the power of the law working on their consciences, which is more powerful to convince and accuse them than the gospel is, as yet, to excuse or acquit them, having more of the ministry of condemnation in their eyes than the ministry of life, and Jesus Christ. Satan, taking advantage of their legal condition, stirs up jealousies and doubts; and so much as there is of legal apprehensions, so much there is to hinder the bringing in of the kingdom of God to the soul, which is righteousness, peace, and joy. Therefore, under the Old Testament, where they saw the blood of Christ only through the blood of bulls and goats, and heard the apostles afar in the prophets, and were brought to the mountain that smoked, they lived in much bondage; and being under the law till the fulness of time that the seed came, were like servants, though heirs; "the heir differing then nothing from a servant, though he was Lord of all."—*Saltmarsh.*



## REVIEW.

*Nichol's Series of Standard Divines, Puritan Period. The works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co.*

THE name of "Puritan" is such a household word in the history of England, both civil and religious, that it is almost as familiar as their own to all who have any knowledge of, or take any interest in, the past records of our beloved country. And even amongst those whose circumstances in life, or whose disinclination to all such secular studies may have precluded them from much knowledge of the past history of England, there are few who have not read or heard of the writings which these ancient worthies have left behind them as an enduring heritage to the Church of Christ. Who has not read the "Pilgrim's Progress?" Who has not heard of Owen, and Goodwin, and Flavel, and Sibbes, and other mighty men of valour who fought the good fight and won the day, and have left their swords and shields to us as enduring trophies of their victory? But though their name is so familiar to the ears of most, few, comparatively speaking, are aware of the immense debt which is their just due on other than religious grounds. That our Puritan ancestors were men mighty in the things of God; that they were heartily and conscientiously opposed to the errors of the Prayer Book and to the corruptions of the National Establishment; that they suffered cruel persecution by fine, mutilation,\* imprisonment, and exile from the ruling powers in Church and State; that they were, for the most part, sound in doctrine, rich in experience, and godly in life; that through their hands the sacred lamp of truth was kept burning with pure and holy light, and handed down to us; and that by their writings, either still preserved in their original form, or from time to time reprinted, these godly men, though dead, yet speak—all these are facts known to most who have any knowledge of the religious history of our native land.

But on other grounds—grounds not strictly religious, and yet much connected with our present religious privileges, the deepest debt of gratitude is due to our Puritan ancestors from the country at large. The history of the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which filled England with confusion and often with bloodshed for

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\* As a specimen of these horrible cruelties let it suffice to name the case of Dr. Leighton, who, for publishing a book called "Zion's Plea against Prelacy," was sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000, to be publicly whipped, and pilloried for two hours at Westminster; to have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and be branded in the face with a hot iron with the letters S.S. (Sower of Seditious); then after seven days to be whipped and pilloried again in Cheapside, have the other side of his nose slit, and the other ear cut off, and then be imprisoned for life. When this atrocious sentence, which was executed to the very letter, was pronounced upon him, Bishop Laud, who was present, pulled off his cap and gave God thanks. In reading such fearful persecutions of men whose only crime was contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints, one hardly knows whether the recital most stirs the blood with indignation against their persecutors, or touches the heart with compassion for the persecuted.

more than a century (A.D. 1558–1688) has been sadly miswritten. Church historians, of whom Lord Clarendon is the prime offender, have done all in their power to blacken the character and misrepresent the motives of that gallant band of men who resisted even unto death the conspiracy against the laws and liberties of England, into which had entered sovereigns lusting after arbitrary power over the purse, and Bishops over the consciences of the English people. Against this conspiracy of kings, men like Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell struggled in the Parliament, and against this conspiracy of bishops men like Dr. Preston, Reynolds, Ames, (names now alas! forgotten) struggled with their pen. We who are sitting under our own vine and our own fig tree, none making us afraid, are little aware of the debt of gratitude which we owe to these defenders of civil and religious liberty. That trial by jury and not by Star Chambers and High Courts of Commission\* is the law of the land; that the press is free, and noses not now slit or ears cut off for condemning balls and theatres; that parliament still sits at Westminster; that we are not taxed but by our own consent, nor governed but by laws which we help to make; that life and liberty are respected, and that a grinding despotism is not crushing us into the very dust; and above all that we can quietly and peaceably assemble ourselves together, and worship God after the dictates of our consciences—all these glorious privileges which have made England what it is—the land of the free, we owe, under the blessing of God, to that noble band of men—the calumniated Puritans.

But as in a former Review† we have traced out these points at some length, and wish to introduce into our pages as little as we can of what is not strictly religious, we shall now direct the attention

\* These were Law Courts consisting of Commissioners appointed by the sovereign, and invested with arbitrary power to fine and imprison all who were guilty or supposed to be guilty of heresy, schism, sedition, &c. It was this court which passed the horrible sentence on Dr Leighton.

We will give a specimen of one of these High Commissioners to whom power was given to fine and imprison without appeal all whom they pronounced guilty of sedition, &c. The Earl of Dorset made the following speech at the trial of Prynne: "I declare you to be a schism-maker in the church, a sedition sower in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing, in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. (The very worst of all villains.) I shall fine him ten thousand pounds, which is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserves. I will not set him at liberty no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who, though he can't bite will foam. He is so far from being a social soul that he is not a rational soul. He is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers, like himself; therefore I condemn him to perpetual imprisonment; and for corporal punishment I would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and have his ears chopt off." This was not merely a threat. The sentence was passed and executed, except that a fine of £5,000 was substituted for £10,000. And for what dreadful crime was this horrible sentence passed and executed? For writing against plays, masques, and dances, of which the Queen, as a young and lively Frenchwoman, was immoderately fond. This was to stir up sedition, to infringe the sacred rights of kings, and to bring the throne into contempt—and for this dreadful crime punishment was to be inflicted more worthy of cannibals and wild Indians than an English Court of Justice.

† See our vol. for 1853 pp. 63–58, 88–98., in which we reviewed Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's "Protector, or Vindication of Cromwell."

of our readers to the Puritans under their spiritual aspect. Their writings are the brightest mirror of their character, as well as the most enduring evidence of their worth; for in them, as in a glass, we see reflected the features of the men, and, we may add, of that wondrous era when religion in this country was not a shadow but a substance, not a form but a power, not a name but a living reality, pervading all classes and ranks to a degree never before, and never since known. The history of the Puritans, as a religious body the salt of England, reaches from the accession of Queen Elizabeth, (A.D. 1558,) to the Revolution. (1688.) But their writings, at least most of those preserved to the present day, have not so wide a range. The early Puritans were chiefly engaged in controversy against the corruptions of the Establishment, the spread of Popery and Arminianism, and the arbitrary power of the bishops. Their writings, therefore, were not of the same experimental character as the later productions of the same school. The press also being heavily fettered, and no publications permitted but those which were licensed by the Authorities in Church and State, truth was gagged, and its voice choked in the very utterance. When before the writer stood the pillory with the Westminster mob, at its foot the executioner with the hot branding iron in one hand and the shears in the other, and behind it a cell in Newgate for life, it required some boldness of heart to put pen to paper, and paper to press. In Laud's breast there was no more pity for a Puritan than now rests in the bosom of a London magistrate for a garotter; and as to punishment, there is not the least comparison, for no criminal out of Russia would now be treated as was Dr. Leighton. But when what is usually called the Great Rebellion, but what should rather be termed the uprising of the English people against the most determined conspiracy of church and king to overthrow all their ancient laws and liberties, broke out, and in its progress and results liberated, to a large extent, the public press, then appeared a long and successive series of writers upon every religious subject, doctrinal, practical, and experimental, who filled the land with their works. The religious activity of that age it is almost impossible for us to conceive, and the contrast which it forms with the present is something absolutely marvellous. The change is as great as of that of a man one day in full vigour of mental and bodily health, and the next lying on his bed with a paralytic stroke; or that of a fire blazing high, and casting heat and flame in all directions, and then sunk down into a heap of black ashes, under which it feebly and faintly smoulders. When, too, we consider other points of comparison, the contrast will appear more marvellous still. England at that period, say from A.D. 1640 to 1660, may well be contrasted with England of the last twenty years. It was then very thinly inhabited, its whole population probably not exceeding four or five millions. There were no great towns; manufactures were but scanty, the woollen being the only one of any importance; the roads most miserable, and to wheel-carriages almost impassable. And yet, with all these disadvantages, there was an energy in writing, reading, and spreading religious works all over the

length and breadth of the land as much beyond the present apathy as the serious earnestness, the ardent zeal, the Christian devotedness, the godly life, and the unwearied labours of the Puritan ministers outshine the words and works of their degenerate descendants. In those days men breathed religion, ate religion, drank religion. In the House of Commons, Oliver Cromwell would speak more in one half hour of the grace of God, the work of the Spirit, and the blessedness of knowing and serving the Lord, than most ministers in our day in a whole hour's sermon; and the very soldiers in his army over their watch-fires would read more in their little black bibles by the lurid light, and talk to each other more of the precious things of God in one evening, than many of our great divines would do of either in a week. We by no means intend to express an opinion that all this was real religion, vital godliness. There is no fire without smoke; but, again, there is no smoke without fire. Shadow is not substance; but there is no shadow without it; and the larger the substance the greater the shadow. There is, indeed, the form without the power; but form presumes the existence of power, as much as the image of David, which Michal made in the bed with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, (1 Sam. xix. 16,) presumed the existence of David. In those days there was, you will perhaps say, much false fire, hypocrisy, delusion, enthusiasm, and wild fanaticism. No doubt there was. But false fire implies true fire, or why should it be false? If, as has been well said, hypocrisy be the tribute paid to godliness, there must be the tribute receiver as well as the tribute payer. So with delusion, enthusiasm, and fanaticism. Where would be the place for these imitations of the light, life, and power of the Spirit, except in a day when his operations were specially manifest? But Satan is often transformed, you will say, into an angel of light. True; but there must be angels of light to induce the arch deceiver to attempt the transformation. Thus, after making all the deductions that a friend, not an enemy, to vital godliness may assume, we must believe that in that day there was a blessed amount of real, experimental religion. How men could find time to write, money to buy, leisure to read, and strength to digest the ponderous folios which issued from the pens of Owen, Goodwin, Charnock, Manton, Howe, &c., seems at the present day an almost inexplicable mystery, of which we know but one solution—that in those days there was a large number of persons in different classes of society, who took the deepest and most lively interest in the things which concerned their everlasting peace. One thing is certain, that there must have been a remarkable hunger for food in the land; or why such ample provision? When we see the piles of food heaped up in the London markets, we know that there must be a proportionate number of consumers. So when we look at even the fragments of those ample provisions which have come down to our times—the twelve baskets which remain when the 5,000 men, besides women and children, have eaten and been filled, we must acknowledge that there was in those days a hungry multitude for whom so large a table was thus spread in the wilderness. For it must be borne in u

mind that the provision furnished by the Puritan preachers and writers was of the most solid, substantial description. There were no Gorilla lectures in those days, illustrated with dissolving views, and well seasoned with jokes to keep up the interest of the audience; and instructions how "to make the best of both worlds" was a piece of religious jugglery not yet introduced into the Non-conformist body. What Dr. Owen would have thought, and in his quiet, yet strong language, have said of such exhibitions and of such perversion of truth, and what place John Bunyan would have given them in his immortal Allegory, let those judge who have been baptized into any measure of the same Spirit which rested so abundantly on these men of God.

The appetite and digestion of persons may, in some measure, be judged of from the food which they most relish and healthfully eat. Tried by this test, our Puritan fathers must have had strong appetites and vigorous digestions; for their food was of a most solid, substantial kind. Do our readers know Dr. Owen's "Commentary on the Hebrews," or what we consider his greatest work, that on the "Person of Christ?" Have they ever read his "Communion with God," or his work on "the Spirit," or even that blessed production of his latest pen, finished but a few days before he died, his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ?" What a solidity; what a depth; what a holy wisdom; what digging deep into the Scriptures; what a variety of gracious experience; what a fund of practical instruction and godly admonition; and the whole brought before us, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, with an earnestness of language, and sobriety of expression, yet pervaded and, as it were, permeated with such a manifest unction from the Holy One, whereby, and whereby alone, we know all things. Owen is, in our judgment, the greatest of all the Puritan divines for depth and solidity of heavenly wisdom. Goodwin on some of the higher points of our most holy faith, such as the eternal union of the church with Christ, and the blessings of the everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, had, we think, deeper and clearer views than Owen; but we confess, as a matter of personal experience, that we have not felt the same power and unction in his writings. But take these two men as specimens of the preachers and writers of the Puritan era. Would our age hear them as that age did? And though we have still amongst us those who read and love their works, are they not few in number and separate from the general profession of the day? We are very sure from our own experience that to read Owen continuously and with soul profit requires a spiritual mind, a real love for experimental truth, a willingness to be well probed and searched, a longing for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, a separation of spirit from the world and things worldly, and heavenly affections fixed on things above. When this inward spirit and one of Owen's experimental works come together there is a quiet sinking of his words into the heart, and they are felt to be full of instruction and edification, leaving a sweet savour of heavenly realities on the soul. Now,

such writers must have had readers of a similar spirit with themselves—solid, serious, spiritually-minded men, with a heavenly sobriety of spirit, well-ripened judgment, and clear discernment in the things of God. There is no fairer or better test of an age than its approved authors, for they represent and embody its spirit; and just as surely as the licentious dramatists of the era of Charles II. reflected the features of that dissolute court, so did the Puritan writers reflect the age of England's noble-minded, yet grossly calumniated Protector.

But now contrast that age as a religious epoch with the present as exhibited in the sermons and writings of the popular ministers of the present day; and take as a test of the general appetite the same rule which we have already adduced—the nature of the provision bought and sold in the religious market. Where are the solid joints of our Puritan divines? Nobody would buy them, for they could not be digested. Like a sickly invalid who cannot digest solid beef and mutton, and therefore lazily picks the wing of a boiled chicken, or contents himself with a little weak broth and a plain pudding, so in our day the bulk of religious professors have lost all appetite for solid, substantial food. The sermons most in vogue are very little better than moral essays; or, if a little religion be insisted on, it is something within the reach of all, the discriminating doctrines of grace being carefully excluded. And, as regards the readers, instead of the massive tomes, or the spirit-stirring, heart-searching smaller works in which our Puritan ancestors found matter of instruction, reproof, and deep examination, a missionary tract or a half religious, half political article in some party periodical; or a romantic tale of some beautiful girl disappointed in love, converted by a pious servant on her death-bed; or some wonderful history of an African slave, after the model of Uncle Tom, who, in his Negro gibberish, exemplifies all the holiness of a saint and all the patience of a martyr; or a childish, infantile story of what Johnny said to Willie, and how Willie's dying words about going to heaven converted his father and mother and all the family—such is the staple of modern religious reading, the weakest of all broth, and as repulsive to a healthy appetite and a sound digestion as so much lukewarm water. Forgive us, spiritual reader, for naming such dishes. They cannot be more disgusting to you than they are to us. But, as the prophet had to testify against "every form of creeping thing and all the idols of the house of Israel pourtrayed upon the wall round about," (Ezek. viii. 10,) so, in a similar spirit, would we hold up to view as a warning and a reproof the idols of our professing generation.

But it may be said, "Do not the modern Non-conformists admire and venerate the memory of their Puritan ancestors? Had they not last year a Bicentenary Commemoration of the ejection of the 2,000 ministers in 1662 for conscience' sake? Does not this show how deeply they venerate the men and their principles?" Yes; but veneration is not imitation. Did not the Scribes and Pharisees, in our Lord's time, venerate the ancient prophets? Did

they not "build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous?" And yet, with the same hands, they crucified the Lord of glory. But it may be said, "If the ministers preached the same doctrines, brought forth the same experience, and enforced the same practice as the Puritans, their people would not hear them; their churches would be broken up and their chapels deserted." Most probably; for, unless the Lord were to revive his work and pour out his Holy Spirit on the ministers, a mere imitation of the Puritan preaching would be but a counterfeit; and as in preaching Puritan doctrine they would be almost sure to mangle it, in handling Puritan experience woefully to mistake it, and in enforcing Puritan practice lamentably in the pulpit to legalise it and out of it to contradict it, the hypocrisy would be all the more flagrant and all the more disgusting. A man must have it in his heart before he has it in his lips. Nadab and Abihu, as priests of the Lord, took either of them his censer and put incense thereon. But whence got they the fire? Not from the altar, whither it had fallen from God, but from the sparks of their own kindling. They, therefore, and their offering perished together.

But though we despair of any such revival, at least in our day, we are very glad to see our Puritan divines once more showing their godly faces before this professing generation. Mr. Nichol, the enterprising Edinburgh publisher, we are happy to state, is publishing them in a most convenient and acceptable form. But the work before us is of too important a nature to be hastily glanced at at the end of an article; and we therefore hope in our next No. to enter more fully into the intention and execution of his admirable enterprise.

(To be continued.)

I HAVE had the sentence of death in myself, that I might not trust any more in myself, but in God who raised the dead. I am a dry tree; but he who is raised from the dead is a green tree, and in him is my fruit found.—*Dorney.*

THAT state is surely best which keeps you dependent on God, and thankful to him; and so you shall find it in the end. Reader, trust thou in the Father of all mercies, and the God of all consolation, for every supply. Independent Adam, and the independent prodigal, came both to bankruptcy and beggary; therefore trade thou with the stock of God, and thou shalt never fail.—*Huntington.*

MOST of the leading incidents, whether sacred or civil, of general importance, either to the church or to the world, were foretold in the Bible. The four universal monarchies, for instance; the advent, the sufferings, the resurrection, and the ascension of the Messiah; the miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost; the abolition of the Levitical economy; the ruin and dispersion of the Jews; the calling of the Gentiles; the ten general persecutions; the vast spread of Christianity through the Roman empire; the rise, progress, and continuance of Popery and of Mahometanism; with a multitude of great events beside, were circumstantially foretold in the sacred writings of the Old and New Testaments. From hence results such invincible demonstration of the truth of Christianity as all the infidels in the world will never be able to surmount, while the sun and moon endure.—*Poplady.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1863.

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

## A SERMON, BY MR. PHILPOT.

PREACHED AT CROYDON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 20, 1846.

“Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.”—Ps. cxix. 132.

(Concluded from p. 45.)

“*And be merciful unto me.*” When shall you and I get beyond the reach of mercy? Shall we ever get beyond feeling a desire after it as long as we breathe here below? God keep us, who desire to fear his name, from ever living a single day without breathing, more or less, after the sensible manifestation of mercy. “But,” say you, “you have had mercy; what do you want it for again?” Will it not do once in your life?” The man that makes that speech knows nothing of his own heart, knows nothing of the manifested mercy of God to a sinner’s soul. As sins abound, as guilt is felt, as corruption works, as the conscience is burdened, as the iniquities of the heart are laid bare, as our hearts are opened up in the Spirit’s light, do we not feel our need of mercy continually?—mercy for every adulterous look, mercy for every covetous thought, mercy for every light and trifling word; mercy for every wicked movement of our depraved hearts; mercy whilst we live, and mercy when we die; mercy to accompany us every moment, to go with us down to the portals of the grave, to carry us safely through the swellings of Jordan, and to land us safe before the Redeemer’s throne?

“Be merciful unto me.” Why *me*? Because *I* am so vile a sinner, so base a backslider, such a daring transgressor, because I sin against thee with every breath that I draw; because the evils of my heart are perpetually manifesting themselves; because nothing but thy mercy can blot out such iniquities as I feel working in my carnal mind. David saw that this mercy was *peculiar* mercy. He says, “Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest do unto those that love thy name.” He knew it was not common mercy that the Lord bestowed upon those that love his name; but inexhaustible mercy—everlasting mercy—superabounding mercy. For he knew that nothing but such mercy as this could suit such guilty sinners as those who love the Lord’s name. David was too well instructed in the mysteries of his sinful nature to expect that that nature would ever be anything but vile. David knew



too much of the weakness and wickedness of his heart to dream for a single moment of perfection in the flesh. David never expected to be in a spot where the mercy of God should not be needed every hour. But he saw the people of God were dealt with in a different way from other men. He saw that they were of that blessed generation upon whom the dew of heaven fell, and his heart longed after a measure of that dew to fall upon his soul. Has not that been the case with you sometimes? You have gone amongst God's people; your heart has been oppressed, cold, and dead; but you have gone and conversed with some of God's saints; you have seen grace shine in them, and your heart has been sweetly warmed in your bosom; you have felt your soul melted and dissolved under the unction and grace of their words; and you have longed to experience some of the things that they have been speaking of, and that the same power and dew that rested upon them might rest upon you. Well, you have said nothing, but have gone away—hasted away before the time—put on your hat, or your bonnet, and gone away. But when you got away, O what a going up of your soul towards the Lord, "O that thou wouldst be pleased to look upon me! That thou wouldst give me some sweet manifestation; that thou wouldst grant me a blessing that will satisfy my heart!" So that, seeing grace shining in the person with whom you were conversing, there was a communication of life and feeling whereby you longed after a similar manifestation of mercy and love to your heart; after the same divine dew and blessed unction to water your soul. It is something like, in nature, two farms or gardens, upon one of which the rain has fallen plenteously, while the other is dry and parched. The owner of the latter, while he looks only on his own ground, thinks it may do. But let him go a little distance from home, and see a farm richly watered with the rain of heaven, and covered with verdure; when he returns to his own patch, and sees no such crop there, does he not long for the same fertilizing rain to fall upon his land? So spiritually. If you go amongst the people of God, and see grace shining in them; the image of Christ in them; the blessed Spirit carrying on his work in them; their souls clothed with beauty and verdure, while you are cold, dead, and dry—does not your soul long to experience some of the same blessings, and be watered with the same dew and rain that have fallen upon their hearts? When the soul is here, we can say, "Look thou upon me, and be merciful upon me, as thou usest to do to those that love thy name." Lord, give my soul a portion of that blessing which springs from the operations of thy Spirit in the hearts of thy children." When the child of God sees clearly the operations of the Spirit in the bosom of another, his own heart longs after a measure of that same power to rest upon him, that the same fruits of the Spirit may be brought forth in his heart, in his lips, and in his life.

Sweet spot to be in! Safe spot to be acquainted with! Far better than that vain confidence and presumptuous assurance which many make their boast of, who never doubt, or fear; always see their interest, and claim God's covenant mercies; can say, "My

Father," "My Jesus," with unwavering breath, while, perhaps, they have been wallowing, half an hour before, in all manner of uncleanness; while their hearts are as covetous as the devil can make them, and their hands polluted with everything that this world can soil them with. God's people cannot walk in this path. They cannot get upon these mountains, where there is neither dew nor rain. This is their spot, when they are in their right mind—to lie at the footstool of mercy, waiting upon God to shine away their fears whether they shall ever get to heaven; to have mean thoughts of themselves, as the vilest of the vile, and the weakest of the weak; to put in no claim, but simply breathe forth their desires to the Lord, that he would show mercy, favour, and kindness to them. There may be some here who are in this spot. Perhaps they have been writing bitter things against themselves, because they cannot tower to the same height of assurance as some speak of; because they cannot sing those hymns which are sung in some chapels; because they cannot use that bold language they hear fall from the lips of others; and thus they are sometimes tried, condemned, and cut up in their feelings, as to whether they have the love of God in their souls at all. Now, if there be such a one here, can you not find some of the feelings I have been describing, some of the experience I have been endeavouring to trace out, in your heart? "Look thou upon me"—is not that the desire of your soul? You could not utter that prayer before the Lord quickened you. Before you can utter that prayer you must have faith to believe that the Lord does look down upon his people. You must have a desire in your heart that the Lord would specially bless and favour you. You must be weaned from all creature righteousness, creature wisdom, and creature strength, and be looking to the Lord to bless you with that blessing which maketh rich. Do you not see how kind and tender the Lord is to his people? Do you not see that they are the only people on the face of the world whose lot is worth envying? Does not sometimes this petition—if not in words, at least in substance—steal out of your heart, "O that thou wouldest look upon me! Though I am a vile wretch, though I am a guilty sinner, though I am a base backslider, though I am a filthy idolater, though I deserve to be banished from thy presence, though I merit to be trampled under foot—yet look upon me! It is what my soul desires—that thou wouldest bless me, that thou wouldest show me thy mercy, that thou wouldest shed abroad thy love in my heart, that thou wouldest speak with thy own lips, and whisper into my heart, 'Fear not, for thou art mine.'" And when you read in the word of God, or hear from the lips of some experimental man of truth, the feelings of God's people, those whom the Lord has really blessed; when you hear of the rain and dew of heaven falling upon their souls, and the secret of the Lord resting upon their tabernacle—is there not in some of your bosoms a longing desire that the Lord would so bless you, so manifest himself unto you, that you may enjoy the very same things in your own heart, by an application of them with power to your conscience? Now you who know something of these

things in your soul may, and indeed certainly will, be despised by heady professors; you may be ridden over by them, trampled under foot, cast out as knowing nothing; but, depend upon it, you have true religion, more vital godliness in your hearts, that know some of these feelings, desires, and exercises by divine teaching, than all these high and heady professors. Yes, there is more true religion, more vital godliness in a sigh, cry, and groan, in a simple petition put up out of a labouring bosom at the foot-stool of mercy, than in the presumptuous language of all the hypocrites in the world put together. There is more of the Holy Ghost's work in the conscience of a sinner that goes burdened, exercised, tried, and distressed to the throne of grace, and there looks up to a bleeding Jesus, and longs after an application of his atoning blood to his conscience, than in all the presumptuous claims that thousands have made with presumptuous lips. Here we have it in the word of truth, here we have before our eyes the experience of a saint of God, drawn by the hand of the Spirit; here we have the breathings of a tender conscience, the sighings of a broken spirit, the utterance of a feeling heart.

Now, can you find yours there? Look and see whether you can find anything of the experience of the 119th Psalm in your soul. Never mind what people say about you, nor what they say against you; no, nor even what your own heart may say in your own bosom. But can you in honesty, simplicity, and godly sincerity, find David's feelings in your bosom? David's prayer in your heart? David's breathings in your breast? If so, God has made you a believer. If so, you are under divine teaching. If so, David's God is your God; and as sure as David is in glory, so surely will you be in glory too.

But as to a religion that knows nothing of these things, neither sighs, nor cries, nor breathings, nor groans, nor longings, nor languishings, nor meltings, nor softenings, that feels no contrition, no tenderness, no godly sorrow, no desire to please God, no fear to offend him—away with it! Throw it into the river! Bury it in the first dunghill you come to! The sooner it is got rid of the better. Religion without heavenly teaching, and the Spirit's secret operations; without a conscience made tender in the fear of the Lord; without the spirit of prayer in the bosom; without breathings after the Lord, without desires to experience his love, and enjoy a sense of his mercy and goodness—all such religion is a deception and a delusion. It begins in the flesh, and it will end in the flesh. It is all that man can produce; and as the Lord says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," so fleshly religion cannot. "The flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you," said the Lord, "they are spirit and they are life." But if there be within these walls any who know something of these fruits in your souls, something of this experience traced out by the Spirit of God in your hearts, you are safe, though perhaps you cannot see it yourselves; you are secure, though your hearts may sometimes quake and fear. For the Lord, who has begun the

work, will carry it on, and bring it to full perfection, satisfy you with a sweet discovery of his grace and love here, and eventually and eternally bless you with a weight of glory.

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## POVERTY AND PRINCEDOM. BY JOHN RUSK.

“And to make them inherit the throne of glory.”—1 SAM. ii. 8.

(Continued from p. 50.)

But our text speaks of the throne of *glory*. Now, what are we to understand here by the throne of *glory*, which we are to inherit if we are set with the princes of his people? I answer, in a word, it is the Lord Jesus Christ. It really is, and no other; for what would heaven be to us without him? Nothing at all; but let me prove this: “A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.” (Jer. xvii. 12.) If we examine this text we shall see that every part of it belongs to Christ: *Glorious*. He is the king of glory. *High*. He is exalted for above all heavens. *Throne*. He is our throne of grace and mercy-seat from the beginning. *Sanctuary*. “And he shall be for a sanctuary, but to both the houses of Israel for a stone of stumbling and rock of offence, for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.” (Isa. viii. 14.) Thus you see that the prophet here means in the text the Lord Jesus Christ; and this is the throne of glory which we shall inherit.

But again. The prophet Isaiah will fully establish this truth: “And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will call my servant Eliakim, the son of Hilkiyah, 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 the house of Judah. And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulders; 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 (for these princes to inherit who have been raised up out of the dung-hill) to his father’s house. And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father’s house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons. In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall the nail that is fastened in the sure place be removed, and be cut down, and fall; and the burden that was upon it shall be cut off; for the Lord hath spoken it.” (Isa. xxii. 20–25.) That none other, in the highest sense, but the Lord Jesus Christ is meant here, is very clear, as God-man Mediator, clothed in our nature, and fitted by his heavenly Father for the great and glorious work which he covenanted to do: “I will clothe him with thy robe, and strengthen him with thy girdle.” This clothing is honour and majesty. Read Ps. civ. 1. By the girdle, understand righteousness and faithfulness: “And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.” (Isa. xi. 5.) “And I will commit thy government into his hands;” and the same prophet, when speaking of Christ, in chap. ix. 6, tells us “that the government shall be upon his should-

ders," &c.; "And he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah." Then read Isa. ix. 6, and he is called the "Everlasting Father," &c. By the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judah, understand all God's elect, and none else. It was for these that the fountain of his blood was opened up, to wash away their sins and uncleanness, and on them, and them only, that the spirit of grace and supplication is found. Read Zech. xii. 10, xiii. 1. "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder." By which I understand the Spirit being upon Christ without measure, the keys of knowledge, and the keys of hell and death. This is what I understand was laid upon Christ's shoulder, not as God, but as God-man: "He shall shut, and none shall open; and he shall open, and none shall shut." Read Rev. iii. 7; and all this is particularly applied to Christ, verbatim. That the key, or keys, is the power of the Spirit, appears clear if you take notice of what Christ said to his disciples: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whose soever ye retain, they are retained." "But tarry ye in Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high, till I send upon you the promise of my Father," (which was the Holy Ghost,) "as ye have heard from me."

Again: "I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place." This was his crucifixion, or death upon the cross. It was a sure place, because victory was certain, for he conquered every foe, led captivity captive, and destroyed Satan, sin, and death. "And he" (mark that) "shall be" (to all eternity for the princes to inhabit) "for a glorious throne to his Father's house." Zion is his Father's house, where he will dwell for ever, having desired it. "And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house." It was for this very end that this good work was begun and carried on in the hearts of those princes, or his Father's house, namely, that all the glory might be given to (or be hung upon) him: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." "Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, whereby he shall be glorified." "The offspring and the Issue;" that is, such as are born again, have a spiritual birth. Hence David says, "He that is our God, is the God of salvation; and to God the Lord belong the issues from death;" that is, passed from death unto life. These hang the glory of their salvation upon the Lord Jesus Christ, who has saved them with an everlasting salvation. "All vessels of small quantity." That is, babes in Christ, little children, weak in faith, and such as fear him, who are but small, still they are vessels of mercy, meet for the Master's use; and here they hang their hopes, and here they hang all the glory. "From the vessels of cups to all the vessels of flagons." By the latter, understand young men and fathers, such as are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; such as can eat strong meat, who are of full age, and can discern between good and evil. And these vessels they hang (all their hopes and all their glory) upon the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom they also are wholly indebted. "In that day, saith the

Lord of hosts" (take notice who speaks all this, Jehovah of hosts, whose word can never fall to the ground, but is infallibly fixed) "in that day shall the nail that is fastened in the sure place be removed." That was when he bowed his head, and said, "It is finished!" Christ, the nail, was removed. "I go to prepare a place for you," &c. "And be cut down and fall." "Messiah," says Daniel, "shall be cut off, but not for himself." No; it was for us; and he fell. Yes, he did; fell by wicked hands, for they crucified the Lord of glory. "And the burden that was upon it shall be cut off." That was the burden of our sins, which lay heavy upon him, he standing in our law place, responsible for all his chosen family. The burden was cut off when he finished his work; for "he removed the iniquity of that land in one day;" and this was the day prophesied here. "He finished transgression, made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, brought in everlasting righteousness," &c. Thus the burden was cut off; and it adds: "For the Lord hath spoken it." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

From what has been written, it is evident that the throne of glory which these are to inherit, which are set with the princes of his people, is the Lord Jesus Christ; the glorious high throne from the beginning, and a glorious throne to his Father's house.

But let us go on a little further by way of illustrating the subject, and tracing what the Scripture saith of a believer's inheritance up to the Lord Jesus Christ, the fountain head.

1. As I told you before, they are *heirs of God*; but take away the Lord Jesus, and they are not; for our God is a consuming fire; and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Therefore Paul adds, "And joint heirs with Christ." Heirs of that where all our hopes anchor; for it is by virtue of our union with and to him, that we are heirs of God, and shall inherit the throne of glory. 2. "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and *heirs of the kingdom*," &c. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit *the kingdom* prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Now it is the saints who are to take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever and ever; and, as I have already shown, a saint is one that is set apart in God's eternal purpose, chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, "preserved in him, "and called to the fellowship of him. Thus you see that the kingdom is to be traced up to the throne of glory, which is Christ Jesus: "And to make them inherit the throne of glory." 3. They are *heirs of salvation*. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation? And where will you find salvation if you take away the Lord Jesus Christ? Hence you read that he is God's "salvation to the ends of the earth;" and God the Father says, "I will save them by the Lord their God, and I will not save them by bow, by horses, nor by horsemen." "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," and from the wrath of God, our just demerit. For we are saved from wrath through or by him; and we are saved from every enemy, the hand of all that hate us,

the curse of the law, and the second death. This is an everlasting salvation, and all comes to us through the throne, Christ Jesus, which we are to inherit, agreeably to our text, "And to make them inherit the throne of glory." 4. We are to *inherit righteousness*. We are sinners; but, blessed be God, sensible sinners; not self-righteous, for Christ's commission never reaches such: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" and he freely imputes to all his family a perfect righteousness, which he in his life and death wrought out for them; and, like Noah, they are all heirs of it "by faith." Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith;" and this is a wonderful thing, to change a sinner into a righteous man, as though he had never sinned in thought, word, or deed, perfect in righteousness. And this is really the case: "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" "By his obedience shall many be made righteous." This is God's own appointed way. "Surely shall one say," (that is, all God's elect, the bride, the Lamb's wife, for his undefiled is but one,) "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength," &c.

Thus you see that this glorious high throne is "the Lord our righteousness," and we are heirs. Then is not our text true, and does it not mean the Lord Jesus Christ when it says, "To make them inherit the throne of glory?" O what a glory have I seen in this one thing, namely, the imputed righteousness of the Son of God; and how often has my soul rejoiced in it; but no soul living ever can delight in it, until a twofold work has passed upon him. First, he must be effectually stripped of his own righteousness, and from his heart call it, as the church did, "filthy rags;" and next, he must be clothed with this righteousness, as the church, when she exclaimed, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness;" and all this is God's work: "Thou hast wrought all our works in us."

But, 5. We are *heirs of promise*. "We, as Isaac was, are "heirs of promise." Observe it is in the singular, not in the plural, and it takes in every promise that ever God made as belonging to his elect, whether conditional or unconditional. John expresses it the same way, when he says, "This is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." He called this promise a record, that is the whole of God's revealed will, wherein are promises innumerable to all the chosen family. Now, take particular notice what the apostle Paul says: "For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen, to the glory of God by us." But all the promises of God are not unconditional, and therefore what comfort, say you, can I find in a conditional promise? I know God's family are often discouraged this way; as for instance: "For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "Ah," we say, "I don't walk uprightly," being conscious of our own backsliding

hearts; and this sinks us greatly. Again: "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am there shall also my servant be. If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." "Alas," say we, "of what service am I? I am only a cumber-ground, like the barren fig tree." Again: "If a man love me, he will keep my commandments, and I will love him," &c. These, with many more having conditions joined with them, greatly discourage us, and we are full of fear. I remember one day when very much cast down upon this head, that it was very sweetly brought to me that I never should discover myself complete but in Christ Jesus, and in one moment I could see that he had fulfilled all conditions, that they all point to him; so that you and I, when we find a condition, must take it to Jesus Christ; for "all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen," but no where else, in him. Do not forget our eternal union with and to him; and the grand reason that these promises in some parts of holy writ go by the name of promise in the singular is this; if you and I get one promise brought into our hearts, we get all in that one, if there are ten thousand. "Ah," say you, "and what is that?" I answer, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." And is Jesus Christ promised as a free gift? Yes, he really is: "Behold, I will keep him, and give him for a covenant to the people," &c. Thus, having him as the great storehouse, every conditional and unconditional promise is Yea and Amen to me a believer in him. Glorious truth! Thus these princes inherit the throne of glory, which is Christ Jesus in all these promises.

6. We are *heirs of everlasting life*: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." "Ah," say you, "there is a conditional promise again; and what could I do to forsake all?" Stop, my friend; do not be too hasty; for in the Lord we have righteousness and strength, and as thy day so shall thy strength be. Paul could do all these things through Christ strengthening him, and so can the weakest believer. You want strength lodged in yourself before the day of trial comes; but this you will never have; for it is "*as thy day*;" mark that, and bless God for it. Now, only look at our inheritance in this one thing, everlasting life. What a deal it takes in! Indeed, it takes in everything. It takes in God's new covenant, for that is a covenant of life and peace; it takes in every blessing in that covenant, for God's blessing is life evermore; it takes in every promise, as before observed: "This is the promise which he hath promised us, eternal life;" it takes in every grace of the Holy Spirit, called the grace of life; it takes in God's everlasting love; he circumcises our hearts to love him; but what for? That we may live a life of faith here and a life of glory hereafter; and it takes in the wells, the fountain, and the river from which all these things flow, even God, Father, Son, and Spirit. Hence God is called a fountain of living water; also wells: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" and this water is in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life.



God is also called a river of the water of life, clear as crystal, &c., the streams whereof make glad the city of God; and I know that these streams have often made me glad. Now, we get all this life in the same way as we get the promises, and that by getting Jesus Christ; but short of him, eternal death. O this is a weighty thing, and of the greatest importance. Take notice of what the apostle John says, reader, and may God fix it in thine heart, and may you never rest satisfied short of this experience: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Again: "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Thus, you see the way these princes become heirs of everlasting life, a life of glory which they shall inherit. It is by having the Son, who is this high throne, and a glorious throne to his Father's house.

7. Peter tells us that we are to inherit a *blessing*: "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing." (1 Peter iii. 9.) Now this, as Bunyan says, is a big-bellied promise; innumerable blessings all couched in one. There is *pardon*: "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven," &c. There is *righteousness*: "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works." There is *peace*, the effect of pardon and righteousness: "The Lord will bless his people with peace." There is *life*: "As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for ever more." These blessings are very great and not scanty, but as full as they are great. As it is written: "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord," &c. (Deut. xxxiii. 23.) And is it not so in experience? When we are satisfied in our souls of God's favour to us, are we not also full with the blessing of the Lord? Truly we are. Again: "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Such as I told you, some time back, as are to hang their hopes and glory upon Christ the nail. This offspring shall have God's blessing poured upon them. Again. It is said that "a faithful man shall abound with blessing." Such are not under the law, but are of faith, and blessed with faithful Abraham, unto whom God promised that he would give the land of Canaan, to him and to his seed; but there is a mystery wrapped up in that promise which none can see but God's elect. Hence we are told that, "he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." That he, with Isaac and Jacob, "desired a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." And this is of great importance to the Gentile believers, because the blessing of Abraham comes upon us Gentiles through faith: "And as many as are of faith (wrought in their hearts by the Holy Ghost) are blessed with faithful Abraham." And as it respects the *abundance* of these blessings, observe: "And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause

the evil beasts to cease out of the land, and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods, and I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessings." (Ezekiel xxxiv. 25, 26.) Read the whole chapter, for it is full of promises to the poor and needy. Truly it is all wonderful! These are spiritual blessings treasured up for us in Christ Jesus, and revealed and made known to us by the Holy Spirit. Hence Paul says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." When good old Jacob called his sons together before his death, he pronounced various blessings on them. "Joseph was to be a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well." All fruitfulness wholly arises from a vital union to the Lord Jesus Christ: "From me is thy fruit found;" and I know of no well which will make us fruitful but what you read of in Isa. xii. 3, "The well of salvation," or a Trinity of Persons in God; but if you take it as it is here, namely, well in the singular, it means one living and true God. "Whose branches run over the wall." By the wall I understand salvation: "Salvation shall God appoint for walls and bulwarks." These branches running over show the life, vigour, and strength of them; and when you and I are blessing, praising, and rejoicing in God's salvation, our branches then may be said to run over the wall. "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him." It is impossible for you and me to escape the hatred of the world, with the devil at the head of them, if we are fruitful to God. You and I often wonder that the Lord does not appear for us in answer to our prayers; but very likely he will let us go for days, or weeks, or months, before he fully answers or delivers, to humble us more, and that his delivering hand in our behalf may leave a very deep impression upon our hearts as we shall not easily forget. See Israel's deliverance from that tyrant Pharaoh; and, indeed, the Scriptures abundantly testify, in numberless cases what I have advanced. Jacob told Joseph the Almighty should bless him. Do not let us pass this over; the *Almighty*. By this name he was known to Abraham: "I am the Almighty God." And what have you and I to fear when our God is Almighty; that is, above all, greater in power than all? By the "blessings of the deep that lieth under," I understand the deep decrees of God, and his deep designs from all eternity: "O the depths both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out." All his wonderful love to us. Hence Paul says: "That ye may comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and depth, and length, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," &c. Again. To be brought out of that deep mire which David was once in, and to have our feet set upon a rock like him, this is another blessing, indeed and a great one; and God declares he will bring his people again from the depths of the sea, in allusion to Israel in the Red Sea. And how very many straits and difficulties have you and I been in, completely

hedged in on all hands, and yet the Lord has appeared again and again in our behalf, made darkness light, and crooked things straight? This is the way to secure all the glory to his ever-blessed Majesty. These deep waters of affliction of various sorts God's dear people often get into; and, although they are painful and grievous, yet they are blessings in disguise, blessings of the deep. Hence Heman says, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps." And David says, "Deep calleth unto deep;" that is, depths of distress call unto the depths of everlasting love for deliverance. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." These are blessings of the deep that lieth under.

*(To be continued.)*

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### AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROMAINE.

The following letter is copied out of the scrap-book of Mr. W. Draper, who died in London in the year 1838, and whose end is mentioned in the "Life and Letters of James Bourne," p. 228, and in the "Gospel Standard" for August, 1862. It does not appear in the published works of Mr. Romaine, and probably has never been printed. The style and manner of it seem good evidence that it is genuine.

"Hon. Sir,—I cannot see the motive for your reproof; but whatever it was I fall under it, and stand corrected. I cry, 'Peccavi.' My mouth was never more stopped about self-defence than it is at present. Although I am persuaded of God's special love to my soul, and of the free forgiveness of sins, yet I feel it daily hard fighting against them; now, at the close of the battle, very hard; yea, so hard that I am stripped of every great and high conceit of myself, and am forced every moment to renounce all confidence. There is not a man in the world more exercised with the body of sin, or more plagued with its continual opposition to God's most holy will. In these sore conflicts there is not a sin that can be committed but I find it in me; and if God leave me to myself it may be committed by me. In this situation your reproof found me, acknowledging that salvation never did come, nor possibly ever can come, to one less deserving of it than I am. Go on then, Sir; repeat your charges, make one fault a thousand, multiply that by thousands, yet still you are far short. I feel more than you can number. I have nothing in me, nothing done by me, nothing I can ever think of, which is mine but what God knoweth I loathe myself for. If I ever did and said anything praiseworthy, it was the Lord's entirely. The will, the power, the success was his; he has all the honour. What was blame-worthy was altogether mine own. I take the blame of it altogether to myself; and wish for more of that true humility which he felt who confessed, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' Everything that brings and keeps a deep sense of this alive on my soul is profitable, because it is the means of keeping up communion with the Almighty Saviour. It affords a fresh conviction that I have

no failings pardoned but through his blood, nor subdued but through his grace; and I trust I am living to learn to magnify him for both. In which, if you will give me your prayers, it is the only favour I have to ask of you; and a great favour it is. The Lord incline your heart to do it fervently in brotherly love, such as I feel towards you. O pray, and may the Lord bless you to pray, for

“W. ROMAINE.”

“To Mr. John Thornton.”

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### BLESSED ARE YE THE SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

To my well-beloved, much-esteemed Friend and Brother in Him who is the faithful witness, the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth, him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,—Grace unto thee, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. I received thy golden epistle, dated Aug. 5th, from the myrtle plantation in the bottom, (Zech. i. 8,) where thou wast within hearing of good words, and comfortable words. And what says my Lord unto his servant? Why, he says that he will visit our sins with his fatherly chastisement, and his rod is sometimes made up of men. These, being often under Satan's influences, generally exceed, by permission, the rule laid down for their actions; and when oppression lies heavy upon a poor Israelite, its effects produce groaning. When this is the case, the Almighty is sure to notice it, for “his eyes are over the righteous, and his ear is open to their prayer;” for no sooner does he hear their groaning than he comes down to set matters to rights; for “he knows their sorrows.” He hath said, “I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the calamity.” But he declares, “I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with great jealousy, and very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease.” And then adds, “I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies,” &c. And you know when he builds us up in confidence and in comfort, then he appears truly glorious in our eyes. In this valley of trouble, there is a daily cross to exercise our graces, which are a precious treasure, but the vessel is earth; and you know all the vessels of the sanctuary were to be washed in the water of separation. (Num. xix. 9.) The leprous man, garment, or house, all typical of us, must be washed. No salvation without washing. What a display of free love was it in God to provide and to open such a fountain as this, and then to bring us to it; for we never could have found it, any more than Hagar could the well, if the eyes of our understanding had not been opened. Blessed be the God of our salvation, he hath promised to bring these waters to us, if we cannot go to them; for “living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, in summer and in winter shall it be;” and wherever they come, the blessed effects are life.

And now, my friend, your morning meditation comes afresh to my mind. “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send

forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass." What think ye? Is it not blessed work to sow beside the waters? You know the justified sinner is to sow to himself in righteousness, and reap in mercy; and these are both ends of a husbandman's labour; and the blessed fruits of it are rejoicing in one's self and not in another. To send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass may be reduced in our way to this: You know these are both beasts of labour; one draws in the yoke, and the other carries burdens. Suppose I am called to drag along the rough path of tribulation, or to carry a heavy, heavy cross. If I have no refreshing water, I must faint and sink under my trouble. It is of no use to look to anything within or without for help, for we have proved all beneath the sun to be broken cisterns that can hold no water. Well, it is evident these creatures have feet. Yes, we walk by faith, and we walk in love; and we send forth these feet in their actings, in humble prayer, in reading, and in meditation upon the word of life, in assembling with the saints for public or social worship; and now and then in a packet of paper and ink. I am no expositor, you know, but if you refer the passage to preaching the word, it has another interpretation.\* I was much pleased with your treatment of "Harry Hase." This could not have been learned anywhere but in the Corinthian school. (2 Cor. viii. 2.) Abundance of joy and deep poverty will produce it, and nothing else, and the 9th verse shows who the teacher is. I admire your "steps," and have found benefit from taking your stomacheic bitters, though they have made my flesh shake; but I hope ever to be mindful of thy "tears of contrition." Thanks be to the Governor for laying his hand upon Zaccheus. He shall choose our inheritance for us, because he knows what is best for us; and we are such fools that it is not proper we should ever choose for ourselves. Bless his dear name, we are very thankful that he hath undertaken in loving kindness to guide us with his counsel, and that afterwards he will receive us to glory.

You see, my brother, what an in and out way I have wandered, to answer your excellent epistle. Had the wise widow of Tekoah lived on this side the water, she might perhaps have been useful to me, by entreating thee to reverse the sentence of banishment, if my scribble should bring me into disgrace; for it would be a grief of heart to me if I thought one hair of my (covenant) Head should fall to the earth. As I have none to speak on my behalf, I hope, with your spectacles, you will be able to make it out; and if you should at any of my turnings see an opening, look in, and send me word what you have discovered; and when the spy returns, I hope he will bring another cluster from the brook, that he and I may sit down, eat, and rejoice together.

In this hope I remain, with undissembled affection, the beggar's friend and brother,

Aug. 10th, 1813.

JOHN KEYT.

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\* The passage refers, we believe, to the ministry of the gospel, "waters" representing people, (Rev. xvii. 15,) and "the ox" the minister of truth. (1 Cor. ix. 9, 10.)

## Obituary.

MR ROBERT ROFF, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,  
STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

MY deceased friend was called by grace about the year 1823. While under great exercise of soul, as he walked with me he used to sigh and groan, not knowing what to do; and sometimes alongside a wall near the road which led to my home he would pour out his soul in prayer to God. When parting he would say, "Do pray for me;" and I being in the same state of feeling, would reply, "And you pray for me." When we went on the Lord's day to the Baptist chapel, his looks in some measure spoke out the inward feelings of his soul, as if weighed down with grief and sorrow. Sometimes when I have met him, his first looks seemed as if he were a little eased of his burden; and when he spoke out he would say, "I have a little hope." After some weeks of exercise, sorrow, and woe, on a day he never could forget, as he was sitting at the tea-table with his heart ready to break, he got up, and, going into his little room, took the Bible to read before he bowed his knees. He opened the book, when a solemn feeling came over his soul, and such joy unspeakable entered into his breast as obliged him to bow his knees to praise instead of pray. All his sins he could see were put away, and that his soul was covered with Christ's precious robe. This made him sing for joy and gladness of heart. And one time, as he went part of the way home with me, he said the Lord blessed him in such a way as, to use his own words, "I was as light as a feather. All gloom, sin, and sorrow were gone, and Jesus shone with brightness and glory." But he has said many times since it was somewhat of a trial to him oftentimes, because he could not say his deliverance was by the word of God spoken home to his soul; but many, many times after that, before the Lord called him to preach his holy gospel, as he was led on in a trying path, the Lord made his promises sweet to his soul; so that he could say, "I go on from strength to strength."

About the year 1824, he, with myself, was baptized, and joined the General Baptist Church at Stow. The minister at that time thought a good deal of us, and made very much of us. While amongst them, my departed brother told me what a solemn feeling came on his mind while in the chapel one day about preaching. These words came with great power to his soul: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

At first he used to go to villages to read sermons on a Sunday evening, but would sometimes break off and go on without the book, and speak out the feelings of his soul, till at length he took only the Bible, and was compelled to speak, by the help of the Lord, the words which the Lord gave him; and then he spoke before the people at the chapel, who professed to say they heard him well, and wished to encourage him. After this, he was sent out to several places to preach, till at length the Lord gave him clearer light into the truths

of the gospel, and a more feeling acquaintance with him in an experimental way; when he was obliged to tell the way God had led him in, and trace out the paths of God's people. While doing so, he caused a little stir amongst some great professors, and a union feeling amongst some living souls; and as we met for prayer and reading the word of God in the chapel, we sometimes found a little refreshing from the presence of the Lord, as we mingled together in speaking of the goodness of God to us, and felt a dissatisfaction in some things of the free-will and duty-faith system brought forward in the pulpit by the minister we sat under; so that we were obliged to speak of his inconsistency; and for so doing the chapel was closed against us, so that we should not meet for prayer; and afterwards six of us were separated. To use my friends own words, which I have just seen written in a little book of his: "Six of us were unanimously excluded from the Baptist church at Stow, in the year 1830, for no other reason but a conscientious adherence to the precious truths of our covenant God and Father, as they signally stand in his written word, as they are revealed in the hearts and minds of his elect, and as they are drawn into act and exercise by the Lord the Holy Ghost. In consequence of which, after laying the matter at the feet of his blessed Majesty, we were constrained to take a house; and in this we continued to meet together for divine worship, the Lord being pleased to fulfil his gracious promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I;' and he has been with us and blessed us many, many times." He said also in a letter to me sometime before he died, "These troubles and trials furnish us with messages to the feet of him who saves to the uttermost, and says, 'Call upon ME in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;' and who also said to me many years ago, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass;' which truth he has been pleased to verify in my creature, my Christian, and my ministerial career, until this morning, which finds me with no other resting place than the Rock of Ages, no other refuge than that which is for the destitute, and neither hope nor help but in him who is both to the hopeless and helpless, the hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof. Here, my dear brother, I cling, I look, I hang, in my decline of life, which I feel much, being in my 66th year; and this brings its train of feelings unknown to the robust, young, and strong, but daily reminds me that ere long, I must (or rather the Lord will) fold up this robe of mortality and lay it in the dusty chamber till the morning of the resurrection, when it shall be reassumed, and mortality be swallowed up of life. O my brother, to have a hope in these things, as thou knowest well, is indeed better than all things without the same. In regard to my bodily health, I have lately been very poorly, in a declining state, accompanied with great nervous prostration, which in its very nature causes both physical and mental weakness, depressing the soul as with a deadening weight, an experience of which has been useful in the Lord's hand of leading me into the sighs and secrets of many of the Lord's dear children, in different parts of the

vineyard, under the ministrations of his holy gospel, which, in numbers of instances, he has owned and blessed, testimonies of which I am frequently receiving."

After we met together in the house, we met with great persecution; but, in spite of all our foes could do or say, God appeared. One after another came to hear, and their ears were so far opened that they were obliged to come, until their hearts were so affected as to speak out what God had done for their souls, and there was an adding to the little number.

In 1832, (I think it was,) my dear friend was invited to go to a village about six miles from Stow, to preach in a room, where many heard the word gladly. After this, he was invited to go to another village about eight miles from Stow, and many could speak of the power attending the word; and then to another, about nine miles; and there the Lord owned his truth, so that many can now say he was not sent in vain.

Many years have passed away since he was invited to London, Bath, Birmingham, Trowbridge, Liverpool, and other places, where there were some witnesses of the power of the truth through him to their souls; and oftentimes I have heard him say, "What blessed work to be honoured by the Lord to preach his most holy gospel, and exalt the name of Jesus in proclaiming the truth of God feelingly as the Lord hath opened it to our souls by the Holy Ghost; and I should like to live and die in the work."

Mr. R. was one whose delight was to honour the Lord Jesus Christ in speaking of him in his Sonship, as being one with the Father in his Divine Person, and in his God-man character as Mediator and Surety for his people, and extolling him very high. One time, about 23 years ago, he was preaching from these words: "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil;" and while preaching on the Sonship of Christ, a man in the congregation contradicted him; but he maintained his ground and fought for the Lord's honour; and at Bath, when the error on the Eternal Sonship sprang up, he opposed it with the might and ability God gave him; and though he and myself were spoken against for going while the error was there, we were compelled to go and preach the truth, opposing the error, believing God would, in his own good time, appear; and as he said to me, "My brother, how can we leave them now? Let us fulfil our engagements, and who can tell what God will not do?" And there did he fight, sword in hand, the Lord's battles, opposing those who denied the Eternal Sonship; and he would oftentimes say, "Why, if he is not the only-begotten Son of God in his Divine Person, then he could only be what they say he is, an Eternal Son by name or covenant, and then not God's real Son; but," said he, "he is the only-begotten Son of God in his Divine Person; and I believe it, let the enemies sneer as they may, and try to carnalise it." This was before the error broke out in London; so that neither of us had our views from Mr. Philpot. No.



no. And as to myself, I can say I had this truth upon my knees nearly 30 years ago, and could go to the floor I was kneeling when God appeared and revealed it to my heart.

The last note I received from my friend was about six weeks before he died. He wrote as follows:

“My dear Friend and Brother in the ties of Grace and Graciousness, Love, and Blood,—not the blood of bulls and goats, which were only shadows, but of God’s dear Son that cleanseth from all sin, the sacred streams from the gospel set open for sin and uncleanness for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and all for you; yes, for you; and I have a gracious hope for *me* also, poor worm me, who in myself am nothing, have nothing, can do nothing but sin; but who in my Lord, my dear Lord Jesus, am all, have all, and can do all through his strength made perfect in my great weakness, and whose grace has been hitherto sufficient for me; yea, and yourself also; that has so mercifully brought us through all floods and flames, storms and tempests, up till now, to whom I am necessitated to look for the future of my hitherto eventful life. Having no native stock or inward reserve to help me in times of need, my hope, my expectation, my all is in him, where I have long known yours is also. I published you for morning and evening next Sunday, once more to sound the gospel trumpet in our little despised place; and I pray God the Holy Ghost to bring you up in the fulness, freeness, and blessedness of the gospel of the Prince of Peace and peacefulness, God’s Eternal Son, the essential Word made flesh, who dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only and eternally-begotten Son of the eternal and everlasting Father, full of grace and truth, of whose fulness have we in our little measure received, and grace for grace. No small mercy this, my brother, amidst all the errors on this glorious truth, to be settled and established therein, which I bless the Lord I am in my simple measure, not having hitherto been moved by all the natural writing and reasoning thereon from this sweet point of our most holy faith.

“I am still very weak and poorly, but have been helped hitherto, bless his dear name, and hope to be so in my journey once more to Bath. Expecting to see you soon, with love to all friends,

“I am, Yours as ever,

“Stow, Oct. 13th, 1862.

“R. ROFF.”

The last time but one that I saw him, he was speaking how God had honoured him while exalting Jesus in proclaiming him as the only-begotten Son of God in his Divine Person, and he said, “Go on, my friend. The Lord will stand by you.” After this, he said, “God has been so helping me of late, and blessing me in the work since I have been at home, preaching twice on the Lord’s day, that I know I am in my right place. We have three, who have given good testimony of a work of grace upon their souls, coming forward for baptism, besides others who can say, ‘God is amongst us of a truth.’”

He had often said, “If it is the Lord’s will, I should like to preach and honour my Lord to the last;” and he was laid aside only two Sabbaths before he died. The last Lord’s day he was at the chapel was Nov. 9th. Being very weak, he went in the morning and took his seat by the side of his wife, and told the people he should preach to them a silent sermon, and perhaps that would be more profitable to them than a vocal one; and then called a prayer meeting, closing

the same himself by prayer. In the evening he walked to the chapel, when one of the friends read and prayed. After which our friend spoke for about 20 minutes, taking for his text; "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." And it was a time not to be forgotten by many, as some thought it would be the last time; and one told me it appeared as if the Lord was getting him ripe for glory.

On Sunday, Nov. 16th, while sitting at home talking to his sister-in-law of the power of the truth, and of his being near his end, putting his hands together, he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." His sister-in-law, in answer, said, "I have not fought like you;" but both could join as to the crown in prospect.

Nov. 21st. After he had been speaking to his wife on the sufferings of Christ, he was looking earnestly about the room, when she asked him what he was looking at. He said, "The fire in the garden;" and she thought he meant the fiery sufferings of Christ in the garden; but, being weak, he could not talk much.

Nov. 23rd. He said to a friend who had been a few minutes in the room, "It is of him, and through him, and to him are all things. To him be glory, for ever and ever. Amen." The same evening his son-in-law came to see him, when he took hold of his hand and said, "May the Lord bless you, and give you wisdom, prudence, discretion, and honesty to follow your daily calling, and give you grace."

He said to his wife sometime before his death, "Satan is not suffered to buffet me in the least. I can die in peace with all men."

Nov. 24th. His wife asked him if he had any fears. He answered, "No, no. Underneath are the everlasting arms." Afterwards he was in great pain, when he said, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and correcteth every son whom he receiveth." After that he had no more pain of body. The same evening a friend said to him, "You are going to heaven;" when he replied, "And you will be there."

The night before he died, he said to his daughter,

"On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes."

The same night the son said, "Father, is Christ precious?" "Yes, yes." "Father, give me one more loving look." He did so, when the child burst into a flood of tears, and said afterwards, "I shall never forget that look."

Nov. 26th. In the morning, about one o'clock, he whispered to his wife, as well as he could, "I want to sing; I want to sing." She said you will soon sing, 'Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.' He tried to reply, but could not; but afterwards kissed his wife, and said, "Good bye." He then turned his head on the pillow, and went

gently down to the last, agreeably to his many repeated prayers, which were for a gentle decline down into the silent tomb. He breathed his last about six o'clock in the morning.

Truly "the memory of the just is blessed;" and, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The church has lost a loving pastor; but their loss is his gain. He laboured for some years amongst them in the house before named; and when that became too small, they built a chapel, where he preached for more than 20 years before his death. The place was well attended, and is now free from debt, agreeably to his wish many years ago that he might leave it free from any incumbrance. But they are now in want of a pastor to go in and out before them as an under-shepherd, to feed them. Their desire is to have one of God's sending, and with views in accordance with the word of God, like their late pastor; and to preach, as felt and known experimentally for themselves, the living word of God.

His widow felt the stroke keenly, having lost a bosom friend and loving husband; but her Lord has greatly supported her and borne up her poor mind far above what she ever expected; so that she has found him to be faithful who said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The children have lost a praying father and instructor; one who loved them dearly, wept for them, and took his leave of them in prayer and hope that God might bless them indeed.

And as to myself, I have lost a companion and true yoke-fellow. I feel it keenly; but it is the Lord's taking hand, and he cannot do but what is right. I should be glad to hear that God had sent the people a man to preach his truth, whom I could take by the hand as another true yoke-fellow, that we might work together in love; but "there is nothing too hard for the Lord."

He was buried in the Stow Cemetery on Dec. 2nd. The body was first carried to the chapel, when I spoke from a few verses, 1 Cor. xv., before a number of people, more than could get into the chapel. The body was then carried to the cemetery, where it was deposited, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," for it to remain till the resurrection morning. After speaking over the grave to a large number of persons and friends, many having come from a distance to show their respect to their departed friend, I took the last look into the silent tomb, and separated with thoughts and feelings not to be expressed.

G. GORTON.

OUR Pastor is gone, and our spirits are drooping,  
As, like lonely widows, we wail o'er the dead;  
Our hearts, sorely bruised, like a bulrush are stooping,  
And our eyes are bedimm'd by tears which we shed.

We shall see him no more,  
And we deeply deplore  
The loss of our teacher, our father, and guide,  
From whose ministrations  
Flowed rich consolations;  
But ah! the sweet stream that refreshed us is dried.

May we turn from the streamlet to drink at the fountain  
Which still, everflowing, appears to our view;

Our Jesus still reigns on the glorious mountain,  
Our poor drooping spirits by grace to renew.

As we bow down before him,  
And humbly adore him,

O may he refresh us with draughts of his love.

May we follow our friend,  
Who had peace in his end,

Until we rejoin him in regions above.

He is comforted now, he is landed in glory,  
With Jesus secure in the regions of bliss;

He is gone to continue the soul-cheering story  
In you happy world which he published in this;

For redemption's sweet story  
Is chanted in glory.

Our friend's happy spirit has joined the bright throng  
So prostrate before him,

And ever adore him,

To whom all the praise and the glory belong.

His armour he left on the brink of the river;  
His sword and his helmet, he needs them no more;

He laid down the silver trumpet for ever;  
But he strikes th' golden harp on the heavenly shore.

The song is "Salvation!"

The justified nation

Arrayed in white robes are surrounding the throne.

Hark, how they rejoice!

With one heavenly voice

They re-echo his praise who died to atone.

Ah! Never again shall the tempter molest them,  
For they are now free from sin, sorrow, and pain;  
Nor sickness nor sore tribulation distress them,  
For each tear is dried by the Lamb that was slain.

To the fountain he leads them,

And sweetly he feeds them,

And joy everlasting their portion shall be.—

My soul is on fire

To join the blest choir.

O when, blessed Jesus, shall I thy face see?

C. SPIRE.

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THERE are in Christ, in his one, single individual person, two distinct natures; *the one* eternal, infinite, immense, almighty, the form and essence of God; *the other*, having a beginning in time; finite, limited, confined unto a certain space, which is our nature, which he took on him when he was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.—*Owen*.

IN all God's chosen, the spirit of life maintains a restlessness, a disquietude, and an appetite that wants something, which something must be had. Besides, the Holy Spirit works, and stirs up jealousy, suspicion, and fear that all is not right, and much distrust about it, and about the treachery of the human heart. And he will lead us to try, to judge, and to suspect the ministers that we hear, and will give us no satisfaction under those by whom Christ doth not speak, but will show us that they contradict those longings, hungerings, burdens, distresses, and the sight and sense of sin that he gives us, and the anointing that we have received, which proves that they are only in the letter.—*Huntington*.

## INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Will you please to give us your thoughts on the following subject, as there are many minds unsettled upon the matter?

Is a believer justified in attending to a business which the word of God condemns, simply because his conscience is at rest in the matter, when the business is oppressive to those who fall as customers into its hands, such as lending money at a high rate of interest?

M. R.

## ANSWER.

“The love of money,” says the highest of all authorities, “is the root of all evil;” (1 Tim. vi. 10;) and as such, when at all inordinate, it blinds the mind and hardens and deadens the conscience to a fearful degree. Some sins, as, for instance, drunkenness, dishonesty, licentiousness, so carry with them their own condemnation that they cannot well disguise their dreadful sinfulness, either from the guilty criminal himself or from the world around him. But covetousness is a sin of so subtle a nature and so imperceptible a growth that, like a person in a consumption, a man may be very far gone into it without his own conscience being alarmed, or its drawing down much observation or reprobation from professor or profane. A root is hidden in the ground; and therefore the love of money does not attract much attention until the stem gets stout and tall, and shows flowers and fruit. This very circumstance, therefore, makes it all the more deceptive and dangerous. We cannot have a stronger proof of this deceptiveness than that it should have become a matter of inquiry in our pages, as a doubtful point, whether taking a high and oppressive rate of interest is becoming a Christian, and whether, because the conscience is at rest in the matter, therefore it must be all right. Now, in a sin like covetousness, we must not, for the reasons we have above given, make a man’s conscience the test whether it is consistent with a Christian professor to avail himself of people’s necessities to advance money at an extravagant rate of usury; for his conscience may be deadened by his covetousness, and he may see nothing inconsistent in such a practice when all around are crying shame upon him. Did you ever know a covetous man who could see his own covetousness? or did you ever know one to be convinced of it, to confess it, and forsake it? No; they go on in it, and the older they get the more are they hardened and confirmed in it; for, unlike other sins, it is the special and growing besetment of advancing years.

But what means lending money at a high rate of interest? It means one or both of these two things: either gambling—for a high rate of interest always presumes great risk of loss—or a preying on other people’s necessities. Whether either of these things is Christian conduct let those judge who know anything of the precepts and spirit of the gospel. For just see how the thing works. A man, say a tradesman or small manufacturer, is in difficulties. A bill is due which he must meet, but he has not the means. Well, he comes to me to borrow the money. I ask him, “Why don’t you go to the bank?” “O,” he says, “the bank won’t advance me any unless I

give them security, which I can't do." Now, am I to take advantage of this man's necessities and say to him, "I will lend you the money at 6, 8, or 10 per cent.," according to the risk? Why do I want more than fair interest for my money? Because I may lose it all. Then I am gambling, and this is my venture: if the man stand, I win 10 per cent.; if he fail, I lose the whole. How does this differ from betting on the Derby? But take it the other way. This poor man wants the money and must have it. I don't feel any pity or compassion for him, but a good deal for myself, and as he wants money and I can lend it him, I will take advantage of his necessities to exact a high rate of interest. Is this Christian conduct, especially when not done once or twice, but as a regular matter of business?

But look at the whole subject again in another point of view. Who are the associates, that is, in general idea, with these professing brethren who make such excellent interest out of their money? Some of the most disreputable characters in the commercial world—Jews, bill brokers, peddling attorneys, griping, grasping money lenders, dealers in post-obit bonds, pawnbrokers, talley-shops, and the whole race of hawks, kites, and night birds, who fasten bills and claws on the very entrails of the necessitous—men without bowels of pity, conscience, honour, or honesty. Surely to be found in the ranks of such disreputable characters is condemnation enough, even where there is no open association with them; for a man may sin in private as well as in public, and do a nice little snug business of lending and discounting at home without being a partner in the house of Messrs. Gripe, Grasp, Solomons, & Co.

The flood of business and wonderful increase of trade seems to threaten a revolution of all moral principle in the church as well as in the world. To be bankrupt, two or three times over; to borrow money here and there and everywhere, with a thousand lying promises of speedy payment, when the men know they are hopeless insolvents; to use the cloak of religion to get money from religious friends, under the plea of helping a needy brother; and after being whitewashed in the insolvent court go on again just as before, without a grain of shame, confession, or pity for those involved by them in trouble, if not in ruin—is all this to be thought nothing of and to entail no discredit? Well may the world call us "Antinomians," if we can sanction conduct of this kind! Many of the poor children of God toil and slave night and day, and half starve themselves and their families, to keep out of debt, when those who are more favoured in providence either by carelessness, speculation, or extravagance, bring an open reproach on the cause of truth; or by their covetousness, as in the case before us, grieve the people of God, and differ nothing from the dead in sin. Brethren, these things should not so be.

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FORGIVENESS of sin is free; it costs the sinner nothing; it is full; it extends to all sin; it is sure and final, never to be recalled.—*Flavel.*

## REVIEW.

*Nichol's Series of Standard Divines, Puritan Period. The works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co.*

(Concluded from page 68.)

ONE of the choicest spiritual blessings which the Lord can bestow upon any of his people is a believing, prayerful, meditative spirit, which finds its element and home in those divine realities which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," but which God reveals by his Spirit unto those that love him. Before such a believing, praying, meditating heart the word of truth spreads itself in all directions as a goodly land, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." (Deut. viii. 7-9.) But if the word of truth contain, spread on its surface, or locked up in its bosom, food so ample and treasure so rich, why, it may well be asked, do the saints of God in our day, for the most part, feed so scantily on the one, and lay up for themselves so little of the other? Is it not much for want of that spirit of faith, prayer, and meditation of which we have just spoken as so choice a spiritual gift? If the word of truth be a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, these fruits of the soil must be gathered by faith, fed upon by prayer, and digested by meditation, or they will not nourish the soul; and if its hills store up iron and brass, these metals must be dug out by believing hands, and forged and welded by praying, meditative hearts, before they can be used as serviceable weapons of spiritual warfare. "O generation, see ye the word of the Lord. Have I been a wilderness unto Israel?" asks the Lord. (Jer. ii. 31.) So if the word of God be to any who profess to fear his name a wilderness, without corn, wine, or oil, where shall we lay the blame? On the word of God, or on the unbelieving heart of man? If, then, we cannot drink, it is not that there is no water in the well, but that we have nothing to draw with. If we are not enriched with heavenly treasure, it is not that the mine is exhausted, for "the stones of it are still the place of sapphires, and it yet hath dust of gold;" but we want "the vulture's eye" to pierce into the depth of the vein, and the gold-digger's skill and strength to make the bright nuggets all our own. Spiritual life as much requires to be fed and nurtured as natural life; and just as our bodies, when first born, need to be cherished, built up, and maintained in health and vigour by suitable natural food, so do our souls, when new born, need to be nurtured, built up, and maintained in health and strength by suitable spiritual food. The babe needs and thrives on milk; the grown-up man requires and is nourished by meat. The distinction holds good in grace: "As new born babes,

desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby;" (1 Pet. ii. 2;) "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." (1 Cor. iii. 2.) Child's food is not man's food, nor man's food child's food. To live on milk would starve a man; to feed on meat would kill a child. These may seem to be truisms; but they really imply important facts, and have a very wide bearing on Christian experience. This bearing we shall now endeavour to show.

The Scripture speaks much of a blessing which in our day is either sadly overlooked or grossly misunderstood—the gift of an understanding heart. We can scarcely open, for instance, the book of Proverbs without lighting on some passage which sets forth the blessedness of this heavenly gift. But take the following passages as a full description of its nature and blessedness: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her." (Prov. iii. 13–18.) And again: "Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." (Prov. iv. 5–9.) Once more: "Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." (Prov. viii. 32–35.) Now, whatever the Holy Ghost intends by this "wisdom," or "understanding," it is evident that he speaks of it as a most choice blessing, and one which is the special gift of God. It is indeed of his own most gracious communication, and was first given by him to the Head before bestowed upon the members. Thus we read that the Spirit of the Lord was to rest upon the pure humanity of Jesus, as "the rod out of the stem of Jesse," as "the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." (Isa. xi. 2) As, then, the same Spirit which rested on the Head rests on the members, he is to them also a "spirit of wisdom and understanding, a spirit of counsel and might, a spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; for "the precious ointment poured upon the head of our great High Priest went down to the skirts of his garments." (Ps. cxxxiii. 2.) The apostle, therefore, prays for the Ephesian saints that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father



of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of your calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints;" (Eph. i. 17-18;) and for the saints at Colosse that they "might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God;" (Col. i. 9-10;) and further desires ardently for them "that their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. ii. 2, 3.) Thus we see that there is "a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ," in connection with an "enlightening of the eyes of the understanding;" a "being filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and understanding;" and a comforting of believers' hearts when "knit together in love unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding;" and we further observe that these are prayed for and earnestly desired as choice spiritual blessings, and as most gracious means of building up the saints of God on their most holy faith.

Now surely it must be a sad misunderstanding not only of the word of truth, but of the very blessing itself, to confound this gracious knowledge of the things of God with what is generally termed "head knowledge;" as if there were no difference between the barren, speculative knowledge of a mere professor, and the gracious, enlightened understanding of a child of God. And yet this distinction is continually lost sight of, and all gracious knowledge of the truth is either confounded with mere speculative knowledge, or a mere doctrinal acquaintance with the letter of truth is put on the same level, if not identified with that teaching which is unto profit, which reveals the Son of God to the heart, and makes him experimentally known and dearly loved.

But as this is rather an important point, let us, at the risk of a little repetition, endeavour to unfold our meaning a little more clearly. There are, then, two distinct misapprehensions upon this point, though of two widely different parties in the professing church. "What is the use," say some, for instance, "of ever prying into the doctrines, and puzzling and perplexing one's poor mind about such difficult and obscure points as the Trinity, the Person of Christ, whether he is or not the eternal Son of God, and cutting off and condemning those who do not see exactly as we do? For my part I am sick and tired of so much doctrine, and never want it mentioned or brought forward more. All I want is to have my feelings described, and my experience traced out, and everything beyond that is only head knowledge, and no good to anybody." What then? Are we to give up all mention of such glorious truths as the Trinity, the Person and work of Christ, &c., and count them as matters of so little moment, because you cannot see the

difference between a gracious experimental knowledge of the truth wrought by the power of the Spirit in the heart and a few speculative notions merely floating in the head? Your very experience, if it be genuine, is so connected with a knowledge of the Person and work of Christ, that if they could fail, your experience would fail with them. Is your knowledge of Christ, of the pardon of your sins, of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, "head knowledge?" "No," you reply, "I hope not." But do you not see that without a knowledge of the Person and work of Christ there is no knowledge of the pardon of sin; and without a spiritual view of the Father there can be no shedding abroad of his love? So you see that all the choicest parts of your experience flow out of those very doctrines which you seem to set so lightly by. In a similar way you may be condemning that as "head knowledge" in others which may really be as good as your own, though a little deeper and clearer than you have yet attained unto. But it is hardly worth while to expose so simple and yet not uncommon an error. The distinction that we are drawing between a gracious knowledge of the truth and a mere notional knowledge is plain enough to every discerning child of God. He carries daily in his own bosom a test which discovers to him the difference between the knowledge which puffeth up and the knowledge of the only true God and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, which is eternal life. He deeply feels that "the anointing which teacheth of all things and is truth, and is no lie," widely differs from a few speculative notions; and that the heavenly wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," as far exceeds a natural, notional knowledge of the truth as the reality exceeds the counterfeit, and precious metal worthless dross and clay. The one, he sees and feels, is grace, the other nature; one is spirit, the other flesh; one is power, the other form; one is light, life, liberty, and love; the other darkness, death, bondage, and enmity; by the one Jesus is revealed and made experimentally known, the kingdom of God set up in the heart, and Christ formed within, the hope of glory; by the other, pride and self are set up, the flesh pleased and gratified, and a name to live substituted for the work of faith with power. By the one, sin is repented of and forsaken; the world put under the feet; and every fruit and grace of the Spirit brought forth into living and active exercise. By the other, the heart is deceived; the conscience hardened; sin indulged; the strong man armed kept in possession of his palace; the flesh gratified; and the world loved and eagerly pursued. By the one, the saints of God are highly esteemed and dearly loved; their company sought after, their trials and afflictions sympathised with, their infirmities borne with, and they esteemed the excellent of the earth, with whom we wish to live and die. By the other, the real people of God are despised and hated, their company avoided, their experience misunderstood or misrepresented, and the heady, high-minded, dead, and lifeless professors preferred before them. Need we say more? Who that has eyes to see the state of

the professing church, or is favoured with any spiritual discernment to distinguish between the living family of God and those who have a name to live but are dead, will not say that these things are true?

But the question may naturally arise, To what point do these observations tend? or what connection have they with the subject of your Review—the Series of Standard Puritan Divines now in course of publication by Mr. Nichol, of Edinburgh? The connection is this; the point at which we have been aiming is, to show the blessedness of that spirit of wisdom and knowledge which the Lord bestows on his people, and to distinguish it from that mere speculative, natural, and notional acquaintance with the truth, which is commonly called head knowledge. Now, this heavenly principle, this gracious, enlightened apprehension of the spiritual understanding, needs to be fed and nurtured that it may not gradually pine away for want of suitable nourishment, but rather thrive and grow. Various, indeed, are the ways which the Lord employs to strengthen and sustain this heavenly principle, such as temptation, trials, afflictions, a daily cross, and a continual conflict. But his chief means, and that to which all others are but subordinate, is the word of truth. The promises applied with a divine power to the heart; the invitations and exhortations scattered up and down the sacred page; the grand and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, shining like so many brilliant constellations in the firmament of the inspired record; the testimony everywhere given in the Scriptures to the Person and work of the Son of God, from the first promise in Eden to the closing prayer, “Even so come Lord Jesus;” (Rev. xxii. 20;) the opening up of the word of truth by the light, life, and power of the Holy Ghost; and the sealing evidence afforded thereby that these are the true sayings of God—such is the food of that heavenly understanding which the Lord bestows on his people.

But helps are needed to break up, as it were, the food and set it before the understanding heart. Thus, when the Lord Jesus would feed the hungry multitude, he first blessed the bread, and brake it, and then gave it to his disciples to set before the people. (Mark viii. 6.) So now the Lord gives, and blesses, and breaks the bread, but often uses the instrumentality of his disciples to give it to the people. Is not preaching one such means? As the servant of the Lord brings forth the word of truth as his divine Master blesses and breaks it up to him, are not the people of God fed and nourished? How clearly is this set forth in that striking passage Eph. iv. 11–16, on which, as we dwelt upon it at some length in our opening Address, (Jan. No., p. 8,) we shall not now enlarge, merely directing to it the attention of our readers as a clear and blessed description of the work of the ministry. But, besides the living ministry of the servants of God now on the battlements of Zion, the Lord graciously uses the labours of those his eminent servants, who though dead yet speak in their writings, as blessed instruments of feeding the souls of his people. Take, for instance, the writings of Bunyan, Owen, Huntington, and other eminent servants of God. What a blessing have their writings been made to the church of Christ. So with other

less known writers, less known chiefly from the scarcity and dearness of their works, such as Dr. Goodwin, Sibbes, Manton, Howe, Flavel, &c. It is for this reason that we hail the publication of the present series of Puritan Divines by Mr. Nichol as a boon to the church. His intention is, for the annual subscription of a guinea paid in advance, to bring out six volumes yearly of the complete works of Goodwin, Sibbes, Charnock, Bishop Reynolds, T. Brooks, and the practical works of T. Adams, and D. Clarkson, forming, when complete, about 60 volumes. Of this series have already appeared five volumes of Goodwin, three of Sibbes, and three of Adams; all handsome books, strongly and elegantly bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, in a bold clear type, and edited with great care. Our attention, for the present, has been directed chiefly to the works of Goodwin and Sibbes, and we must say that we have found them most instructive and profitable reading.

We should like much to make a few remarks on the writings of Sibbes, of which three volumes have already appeared in the present series, and which we consider very profitable and experimental, but our limited space warns us to confine our attention chiefly to the works of Goodwin, with which the publishers have done well to commence.

There are two points in which Dr. Goodwin pre-eminently shines: 1, as an expositor of the word; 2, as gifted with a clear and penetrating insight into the deep mysteries and fundamental doctrines of our most holy faith. Both of these distinguishing features appear in their full lustre in the volumes now before us, being at present five out of the fifteen in contemplation to complete his works. The first three volumes are chiefly expository; and to show the fulness of his comment on the word of truth we may remark that the first two volumes are chiefly occupied by an exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians from chap. i. to ii. 11. Think of nearly 1,000 closely printed octavo pages as an exposition of 34 verses of God's word! Should you not naturally wonder how an expositor could spin out his thread to such an inordinate length? And yet, if you were favoured to read this long commentary with a believing, prayerful, meditative spirit, you would find very little sameness, prolixity, or repetition in it. He is such a thorough master of his subject, digs so deeply into the Scripture mine, and turns up such rich treasure, that it is exceedingly profitable and instructive to follow him step by step. He opens up so scripturally and enforces with such amplitude of sound, clear argument every minute point of that sacred divinity with which the Holy Ghost has filled the early chapters of that grand and glorious epistle, that the truth seems to shine forth with a new and holy light. Such expressions, for instance, as "in Christ Jesus;" "all spiritual blessings;" "heavenly places;" "the good pleasure of his will;" "the praise of the glory of his grace;" "accepted in the Beloved," &c., in Goodwin's hands, are opened up to their very depths, so that one such phrase becomes a sermon, and yet is treated in such a scriptural and experimental way that it is neither prolix nor tedious. We can speak here from experience, as the more

we read his writings, the fuller do they seem to be of heavenly truth, and the more profit and instruction do we derive from them; for he is not only most sound, deep, and clear in opening up the mysteries of election, sovereign grace, salvation by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, &c., but, being a man of choice experience, he so blends with it the work of the Spirit, in all its various branches, as to enrich his exposition with a heavenly savour and unction which carries with it great force, and commends itself in a very sensible and profitable manner to the conscience. To follow him, indeed, through all the turnings and windings of his argument, and walk step by step with him as he keeps on unfolding the various points and holding up in different lights the deep mysteries of the gospel, needs some patient, uninterrupted attention; for he is a close, acute, logical reasoner. But the whole argument is so scriptural, and so enforced by a whole array of passages from the word, brought forward with the greatest suitability, that it is eminently instructive and edifying, and will amply repay all the pains bestowed in endeavouring to follow him. But, as we have before said, a spiritual mind is the chief requisite—a heart which really loves and feels the power of divine truth, and seeks its food and consolation in the precious things of God.

Goodwin is an author eminently adapted for ministers who have time, leisure, and, above all, inclination to devote themselves to reading, prayer, meditation, and to follow the advice given by Paul to his beloved Timothy: "Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." (1 Tim. iv. 13–16.) A minister who would profit the family of God needs to have his own heart well established by grace, and to find his happiness and home in the precious truths which he brings before the people. But he needs food for himself as well as for the people; and what he brings before them must have been first tasted, handled, and enjoyed in his own heart, or it will not profit and edify them. Besides which, unless there be more or less of continual exercise of mind upon the things of God, his ministry will get cold and vapid; there will be no fulness or variety in it, no point, pith, or power. But many of the servants of God cannot read the works of good men; some for fear of stealing other men's thoughts and words; some from an inability of mind to read and digest anything but the Bible; some for want of means to possess their works; and some from sheer laziness and a want of that deep interest in and love to the truth which is necessary for profitable reading and meditation. But you will say, "Do you wish me then to hash up dead men's brains, and bring before the people what I have pilfered from authors?" By no means. This is what no honest man would or could do, for his own conscience would fly in his face and accuse him of theft and dishonesty. "But what is the difference," you will urge, "between reading good men's writings and getting instruction from them and

bringing *that* before the people, and stealing their words downright at once?" A good deal of difference. We remember well an observation made to us in private conversation by our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, for it so exactly agreed with our own experience that we have never forgotten it. "I often read," said he, "Mr. Huntington's works, for my own soul's profit, but I never can make the least use of them in the pulpit. There," he added, "I must have it all my own, and just as the Lord is pleased to give me?" This is the very distinction we are drawing. A minister's own soul needs feeding and instructing. The Scriptures, we well know, must be the grand source of all his instruction. This is the pure undefiled well of heavenly truth at which thousands have drunk, and yet it flows still as full, as divine as ever. But there are many points on which ministers, as well as others, need instruction that they may have clear, sound views of the truth, and be well and firmly established in it, able to contend for it, and to defend it against all gainsayers. Now, we firmly believe that, if instead of yawning and lounging their time away in sloth and idleness, or gossiping from house to house, they would apply their minds to reading, prayer, and meditation, live more alone, commune more with their own heart, be more separate from everything worldly and carnal, and give themselves more to the work, when out of it as well as in it, in the chamber as well as in the pulpit, they would find the benefit of it, not only in their own souls, but in the exercise of their ministry. A cold, lifeless, indifferent heart—though at various times, every servant of God has to mourn over his coldness and deadness—but a heart habitually cold, lifeless, and indifferent, and rarely otherwise, cannot be expected to warm up and cheer the drooping desponding, hearts of the family of God.

But whilst we have sufficiently, we think, indicated our high opinion of the value of these good old Puritan divines, we would carefully guard ourselves against the conclusion which some might thence draw that we fully agree with all their views and sentiments. This is very far from being the case; for in some points we most widely differ from them, as, for instance, in offers of grace, progressive sanctification, the law being a rule of life, calls to the dead, &c. Upon these points, mainly through Mr. Huntington's writings, the church of God has more light than in the days of the Puritans; and as we are to call no man master on earth, and are bound to walk according to the light which is vouchsafed us, it does not make us inconsistent to revere and admire the Puritan writers, and yet not tread servilely in their footsteps. We follow them as far as they follow the word; but when they depart from that, we depart from them. This is our Christian liberty; and as long as we use it not as a cloak of licentiousness, but as enabling us to serve the Lord in newness of the spirit and not in the oldness of the letter, none can justly condemn us for inconsistency.

Our limits preclude for the present, any extracts from Goodwin's and Sibbes's works, but it is in our mind to give some as detached pieces in a future No.

We cannot, however, conclude our Review, without expressing our opinion that it was a great mistake to include the works of Adams, in the present series, as, though full of quaint practical remarks, yet in point of clearness of doctrine, and spirituality of experience they are far inferior to Goodwin and Sibbes.

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O SAVE ME, FOR THY MERCY'S SAKE.

Ps. vi. 4.

MANY years have pass'd away  
 Since I was brought to cry,  
 "I am undone, O Lord;  
 Come, save me, or I die."  
 And yet this prayer now suits me  
 well:

"O, save me, or I sink to hell!"  
 Save me from loathsome sin,  
 From selfishness and pride,  
 For those my peace destroy,  
 Or thy dear name deride.  
 Let all the world and Satan see  
 That thou, dear Lord, hast saved  
 me.

Save me from Satan's snares,  
 Which everywhere abound;  
 From vanity and vice  
 That would thy Spirit wound.  
 Thus shall I live beneath thy smiles  
 When freed from Satan's hellish  
 wiles.

And when he tempts me sore,  
 Though I seem half inclined  
 To fall in with the snare,  
 Keep my unstable mind,

C—, June, 1859.

Firm fix'd on Christ, the sinner's  
 Friend,  
 Whose tender mercies never end.

Save me from self, that foe  
 Which grumbles at thy way;  
 And when I feel thy rod,  
 Let me submissive say,  
 "Thy will be done, O Lord, my  
 God;

I have deserved thy chast'ning rod."  
 When thy afflicting hand  
 Shall on my body lie,  
 Speak some consoling word,  
 And help me then to cry,  
 "I have deserved thy chast'ning  
 rod,  
 But all is well; thou art my God."

When thou shalt call me hence,  
 And death my eye-strings break,  
 Bid me to glory rise,  
 For thy own mercy's sake.  
 And then I'll praise thee for that  
 love

Which brought me to the realms  
 above.

ZACCHEUS.

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I MUST confess I am no admirer of sick-bed repentance; for I think, verily, it is seldom good for anything. But I say, he that hath lived in sin and profaneness all his days, as Mr. Badman did and yet shall die quietly; that is, without repentance steps in betwixt his life and death; he is assuredly gone to hell, and is damned.—*Bunyan*.

HENCE came into my heart, as a voice, "The Redeemer liveth?" "O God," said I, "should there live a Redeemer for me, for such a one as I am?" Thereupon, came to me, "Your Redeemer liveth." "O," said I, "should there live a Redeemer for such a one as I am? Who is, then, that Redeemer?" And now it was as if a voice said in my heart, "That Redeemer is none other but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who hath shed his blood upon the cross, that your sins should be forgiven thee." I said thereon, "O, wilt thou redeem me?" and thereon came as a voice inwardly in my heart, "I am yours, and thou art mine." It was as if the Redeemer stepped in for me at the bar of God's righteousness, and that all my guilt and sin were laid in a scale or balance, and Jesus' righteousness in the other; but that Jesus' righteousness was the heavier, even more than all my sins.—*Catherine Merck's Experience*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1863.

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

## SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY MR. HOBBS, PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17TH, 1847.

“Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.”—2 Cor. xiii. 5.

THE apostle, in the commencement of this chapter, says, “This is the third time I am coming to you. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.” The apostle here had an eye to the Jewish law, that no one was to be put to death unless there were two or three witnesses to prove the crime. Not that the apostle was at Corinth three times. He went there once and established the church of Christ in that city, and God blessed his ministry. The first epistle was his second coming, which was as effectual as his preaching. It contained reproofs, admonitions, and corrections; and the second epistle was his third coming to them, which would be like effectual. There were some professors in this church that disputed the apostle’s right to use authority in the church. But in the word of God we have no instance of any prophet or apostle being reproved, in the way implied, by any member of the church. Saith the apostle, “Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father.” But a servant of Christ is to use reproofs and corrections; and this the apostle did. He says, “When I come, I will not spare you;” “Since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me, which to you-ward is not weak, but is mighty in you.” Either I am the servant of Christ and ye are the witnesses and seals of my ministry, or I am not; but I trust I am made manifest in your consciences. But since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me, have you profited by my ministry? Have you received the grace of God? Therefore to know this, saith he, “Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?”

We will consider the things contained in the words of our text as they lie before us:

I. Let us examine ourselves, to see whether the law has done its work in our souls. I do not mean that it is the same with all, in kind and duration, nor that all experience the same depths of distress; for we have proof of this in the word of God. The duration of conviction and the depth of it is different with some to what it is with others; but a sinner must know this change. He must now



what it is to live a life of faith here, or he will not inherit glory hereafter; for as the tree falls, so it lies. It is said of the thief, that when first fastened up, he reviled the Lord, and cast the same in his teeth as the multitude did; but soon the Spirit of God entered his soul and convinced him of sin. First, here is *conviction*; secondly, *justifying God*; and thirdly, the *prayer of faith*. And he said to his companion, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" there is *conviction*; "and we, indeed, suffer justly, for the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss;" there is *justifying God*. And then comes the *prayer of faith*: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And this did not last but a few minutes altogether; but it was not the less genuine for its short duration. The Lord cut the work short in righteousness.

Do we, my brethren, know what the law discovers in us, that we are sinners? For by the law is the knowledge of sin; as says the apostle, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died." Not, "Are we sinners along with the rest of mankind?" but, "Do we feel that we are the chief of sinners?" Because, if we feel this, it is more than common knowledge. The best informed in this world, and the most learned, are not to be compared to those who profess this knowledge. True religion will mix and amalgamate with nothing. It is different to everything else.

When God puts his fear in a man's heart, he sets up his throne in that sinner's conscience, where all the pleadings are carried on; and at this tribunal God tries the sinner. It is the sinner's place to condemn himself, and it is God's to justify: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin." Not, "Who *has* no sin," for "there is none that doeth good and sinneth not," but "Blessed is he whose sin is covered."

There are many professors in our days who shift about first to one thing and then to another; and all they seem to be hankering after is knowledge. Now, they think they see better than they did before. They may sit under the truth for a time, and, like the Jews, who, for a time, were willing to rejoice in that light, and they are very well pleased with religion as long as it is pleasing to them—but, by and by, when their zeal begins to cool, and trials, troubles, and tribulations arise, religion loses all its charms and pleasures to their view. But, brethren, God the Holy Spirit always teaches a man the same thing. He does not do and undo. The man is always learning; it is the same light, only it increases: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Saith the Saviour, "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bed, or under a bushel, but putteth it on a candlestick, that all that come into the house may see the light." The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord searching the innermost parts of the belly, searching the heart, bringing things to light, and showing them in their true colours. But, my brethren, if we really feel that we

are sinners, that we must be lost if grace prevent not, this is the work of God the Holy Spirit in our souls. Thus he searches a man.

Have we, my brethren, been brought here? God's word, rightly understood, never discourages, but encourages. It may rebuke a sensible sinner, it may reprove him, but it never discourages. The Holy Spirit always teaches a sinner the same thing, not one thing and then another, but the self-same; for, saith the apostle, "Nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing." And, again, "I write to you no other thing than that I have written." The church of Sardis is exhorted to hold fast that which she hath received.

II. Let us examine ourselves *whether we have received the grace of God.* This is generally manifested by the effects it afterwards produces; but in many, it is so gentle, and so gradual in its operations, that the sinner does not know when, and where, and how it came; but it will produce these effects. It works the fear of the Lord; not slavish, but filial fear. It makes the sinner love the truth, and that in earnest, and to love the Lord's children. This grace keeps increasing in his soul; but the further he goes, the worse he appears to get in his own view at times. He feels more distance from God, less of the Lord's presence enjoyed, less bright shinings, and more hardness. And when a man is in earnest about his state, nothing else will satisfy him but to know whether he has the grace of God in his heart. If he goes to attend the means of grace, and any come to him with any cavil or quarrel, he wants to hear none of them. He says, "I come to seek the Lord." He cares nothing about forms and ceremonies; he only wants to seek the Lord. They are poor sinners that come to Jesus: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

No one can live a life of glory hereafter, without living a life of faith here. If a man goes out of this world in a state of nature, he must perish for ever; but if in a state of grace, he shall inherit glory for ever. So let us examine ourselves, whether we are in the faith.

Men in a state of nature want different things. The wants of men are as numerous as their persons. Some want riches, some want honour, some to get a name and renown among men; but none of these will answer the wants of a child of God. A natural man does not want the fear of the Lord; he does not want the love of God; he does not want his grace, nor faith; he does not want to know whether he has begun the good work of grace in his soul; but when the Spirit of God comes, these will be the results; and he now has fresh desires and different thoughts to what he had before; and as he goes on he is encouraged from time to time. He hopes, and every comfort strengthens his hope; and so he hopes and hopes on. He loves God's word, and he wants to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. "I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope."

III. Let us examine ourselves *whether we have come in by the right way.* John Bunyan describes two, Formality and Hypocrisy, who

came tumbling over the wall; but he told them they would prove to be thieves and robbers, because they came not in at the right way, the gate. Have we come in, by faith in Christ? There is no other way but Christ. He is the door: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall go in and out, and find pasture."

Christ is the bread of life. It was the want of food that made the prodigal return home. "Bread enough in my father's house, and I perish with hunger." But he little dreamed of the preparations that were made for him. All he wanted was food: "Bread enough in my father's house." Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith.

## POVERTY AND PRINCEDOM. BY JOHN RUSK.

"And to make them inherit the throne of glory."—1 SAM. ii. 8.

(Continued from p. 80.)

All the comfort and consolation that flow to us are peculiar to Zion, and to no other characters. Hence, they that mourn in Zion are to be comforted; and it is generally the case that when God first fully delivers his people from the burden of sin and guilt and all their fruitless labour and toil to extricate themselves, I say it is generally the case (though God is a sovereign) for such to have a large share of this; as it is written: "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord. Shall I cause to bring forth, and shut the womb? saith thy God. Rejoice ye with Jerusalem and be glad with her, all ye that love her; rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her." It is very evident that the very first beginning of life and light in every soul is a being born again. Such are changed. They, as it were, leave this world and come to Zion. Zion, as a body, travailed for such, and they are "brought forth," and translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. But some may say, "Such are not delivered in soul, and, therefore, how can they be born again?" To this I answer, "Although they are not fully delivered, yet they are delivered from many things: 1. From insensibility, or the sleep of death; for they have now *new life*, and never will again be dead in trespasses and sins. 2. They have *light*, and never will be in gross darkness again, which covers the face of the earth and the people upon it. 3. Although they are in prison, yet they are 'prisoners of hope,' and they never can possibly lose that hope altogether, although, according to their feelings, they may. 4. They *taste* a little of those sweet things, which, when they are fully delivered, they will *feast* upon, such as peace, quietness, mercy, salvation, &c. They have many a sweet lift under a sermon and in reading God's word, in meditation, conversing with the saints, &c.; so that they hope for better days." I can look back and remember that I had many sweet promises and tastes of this kind; and all this shows that such are born again: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby, if so be that ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." Such things never can be lost, and never were found in any soul but such as are born again. They are issues from death.

Now as such go on, they will have a greater deliverance than all this, so as to be fully satisfied about the pardon of their sins and the justification of their persons. Take notice: "Then shall ye suck and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolation, that ye may milk out and be delighted with the abundance of her glory." Now before this takes place, we desire the sincere milk of the word; but no child literally desires the milk till it is born; but afterwards we suck and are satisfied, and we are delighted with the abundance of Zion's glory. Peace is extended like a river; not merely a little taste of it, and then shut up. No. "And the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream," flowing to us and in our hearts from God the fountain. This is the river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. We are then borne upon her sides and dandled on her knees; that is, every sermon we hear is precious; reading and conversing all bring in abundantly: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." "And when ye see this." The light which discovers this is the true light, and no other than what we had at first, only the objects are different, for before this we saw our sin ever before us; but now we see it all cast into the depths of the sea. Before this we could see that God was angry on account of it, but now we can find, feel, and see God's anger turned away, and that he comforteth us. Instead of an angry judge, now we see a kind Father; and instead of a consuming fire, a fountain of living water. "Our hearts rejoice and our bones flourish like a herb," &c. (Isa. lxvi. 9-14.) And little do we ever think, at such times, of being weaned from this milk and drawn from the breast.

These are some of the blessings of the breast; but do you know that there is in the world a false church, and that there is a danger for a time (not of being finally drawn aside, that is impossible, but for a time) of being ensnared by her?

"Let thy fountain be blessed, and rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe. Let her breasts satisfy thee at all times, and be thou ravished always with her love. And why wilt thou, my son, be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger?" (Prov. v. 13-20.) From which you may see that there are a false church and false breasts, and a danger of sucking them; so that you and I need continually to pray with David, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

But to proceed. "Blessing of the womb." By this I understand the covenant of grace, where we all lay in God's eternal purpose; and when God is pleased to open to our views all the blessing of this covenant, O how wonderful does it appear! This is Sarah, who is "free and is the mother of us all." Paul very beautifully sets forth the two covenants by two women, Sarah and Hagar. Hagar signifies all the non-elect, the bond family, and Sarah the elect, and she is free. They all lay in this new covenant, and as time goes on, one and another comes forth out of bondage into liberty. The Son having made them free, they are free indeed. He proclaims liberty to these captives, and opens the prison to such as were bound; the ac-

ceptable year of the Lord, the jubilee, the year of release. "No more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." "By the blood of thy covenant," says the Father to his Son, "I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit in which there is no water." (Zech. ix. 11.) A covenant, you know, is an agreement, a compact, and has conditions belonging to it. This new covenant of grace took its rise in eternity, and it is called a council: "The council of peace was between them both," i.e., between the Father and his Son, but not to the exclusion of the Holy Spirit, as he was the witness; in which covenant God the Father gave a certain number of the human race (considered as fallen, although chosen in Christ,) to his Son: "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me," &c., upon condition that he should, in our nature, obey God's law and work out a righteousness, satisfy the utmost demand of justice, stand as our surety in our law place, be responsible for all our debts, which were infinite, and that he should procure for us, in his life, death, resurrection, and ascension, in all his covenant offices and characters, all that should terminate in our good, and in glory, honour, praise, and power to a Triune God for evermore. This agreement, being entered into, and the conditions punctually fulfilled by our covenant Head, has brought to us innumerable blessings, more than it is even possible to tell of. It is called a covenant of *grace*, because it does not in the least depend upon anything done by us, either in whole or in part. It is called a covenant of *wedlock*, because we are married to our Lord Jesus Christ. He is our Maker, and our Maker is our Husband. It is called a covenant of *peace*, because we are at peace with God, and he at peace with us. It is called a covenant of *life*, because every soul belonging to this covenant will live with Christ in glory to all eternity. It is called a covenant of *mercy*, because it was for us, though we deserved wrath. By which you and I may understand the Holy Ghost dwelling in the hearts of all God's family, never to depart. This is the new covenant. It is not according to the old one; yet how hard have men laboured to join them together, when God declares that this covenant is not according to the other (Jer. xxxi. 32) in any respect. This we may see if we look a little into it: 1. The old covenant said, "Do this and thou shalt live;" but the new covenant freely gives eternal life without our doing anything at all. In the old covenant we read, "Showing mercy unto thousands in them that love me and keep my commandments." Here mercy hangs upon obedience; but in the new covenant God says, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." In the old covenant there is nothing but a killing letter; but in the new a life-giving promise. In the old covenant we are *commanded* to love God and our neighbour; but in the new he *circumcises our hearts* to do it. The old covenant is a revelation of the *wrath* of God; the new is a revelation of the *love* of God. The old covenant belongs to every *bond child* who is in his sins, under the curse; but the new covenant belongs to every *son*, every heir, adopted into God's family; and such are under the bless-

ing: The old covenant has no promise of the Holy Ghost connected with it; but in the new covenant he is poured forth. The old covenant, and those belonging to it, had the law given to them on tables of stone; but in the new covenant God writes his laws of faith, truth, love, and liberty, in our hearts, and in our minds he puts them; and thus it is not according to the old covenant. If Jesus Christ had not punctually fulfilled every jot and tittle of the old covenant, there never would have been the new covenant. All conditional promises pointed to him, and he obeyed them all; and now our comfort is that the new covenant is unconditional. Hence the language of it is, "I will and you shall;" "I will be their God and they shall be my people." In the old covenant there must not be the least deviation from the rule of strict righteousness, or it was all of no use; for he that offended in one point was guilty of all; but O! for ever blessed be our God for the new covenant, which has this voice in it, "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you;" and I told you it was a covenant of wedlock. These things rejoice my poor soul while I am writing of them.

Thus it is not at all *according to* the old covenant; but the *intention* of it to all God's elect is this: The Holy Spirit gives the sinner life and light, and then applies the law, or the old covenant, and we do, as in a glass, feel and see our lost estate and the spirituality of God's holy law. We either suddenly or gradually find that from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head we are full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; and we also learn that we cannot in the least help ourselves; and truly our case is wretched indeed; but all this is a preparation that we may with all our heart and soul receive the new covenant. Hence you read, "The law was given that the offence might abound, that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful;" "Out of his right hand went a fiery law for them;" "The law worketh wrath," &c. So that we are quite shut up in prison by that dispensation; and it is not in any respect according to the new covenant. The two covenants differ in everything. Thus the new covenant is the womb in which all God's elect lay; and to this the church alludes when she says, "It was but a little that I passed from them, (the watchmen or ministers,) but I found him whom my soul loveth (that was Jesus Christ). I held him (that was by a living faith, for faith lays hold of eternal life in Christ Jesus,) and would not let him go (knowing his worth as good old Jacob did when he wrestled for the blessing) until I had brought him into my mother's house, (the covenant of grace, tracing him in all his office and covenant characters) and into the chamber of her that conceived me." Thus she was led to trace the whole work of God in her soul and what it would all terminate in, namely, to be with him to all eternity. (Song iii. 4.)

But to proceed. "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of thy progenitors, unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills." Now I cannot help thinking that this prevailing above the blessing of Joseph's progenitor alludes to the Lord Jesus Christ, for he in all things has the pre-eminence. This is my thought. De-

pend upon it that this very extensive promise-prediction, or these blessings, look to the word Jesus; and these everlasting hills are the Holy Trinity. "They shall be on the head of Joseph (which was the Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the church,) and upon the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." Hence we read that he ascended far above all heavens, thrones, principalities, and powers, all being made subject unto him, that he is over all, God blessed for ever.

I have dwelt a good while on this part of our inheritance, yet I hope to profit.

Now our text says that these princes are to *inherit the throne of glory*. I have told you that Jesus Christ is this glorious throne to his Father's house, &c., and have traced up our inheritance, as I have gone on, to him, he being the sum and substance of it all; and the last which I have been showing was this, "that we might inherit a blessing." "Well," say you, "and is this blessing, or are these blessings to be traced up to him also?" Yes, they really are; for God the Father has "blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things (as some read it) in Jesus Christ." Thus, then, if all spiritual blessings are in him, and we are to inherit a blessing, must he not be this throne of glory which these princes are to inherit? I think this also is very clear.

8. *Our Sonship.* This is a most delightful thing to treat about, because this takes in everything else, "God being our Father;" and here I should like to be very particular. Are we not all sinners by nature, birth, and practice? Truly we are "children of wrath, even as others." We are not sons of God naturally only by creation, as is all the human race indiscriminately, but we are adopted into God's family. Yes, we really are. "And when," say you, "did this take its rise?" I answer, "From all eternity, in God's eternal purpose." Say you, "I always thought that it first began with every soul in time, under the preaching of the word; for I once heard a minister say that God turned goats into sheep." If he said so, it showed his ignorance of God's blessed word, for that says no such thing. Now observe what the word says: "I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far and my daughters from the ends of the earth." You see he calls them sons and daughters before they are brought from far, (while in their natural state,) and says, "I will say to the north, Give up," &c. And when our Lord was upon earth he said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Here he is alluding to the Gentiles, and he calls them sheep, although in their natural state, and says, "Them I *must* bring." They are not brought yet. "They shall hear my voice;" they have not heard it yet. So in Peter's vision, which he had when the sheet was let down from heaven full of four footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. Peter calls them common and unclean; but he is reprov'd for it, and the answer is, "What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common." By which we are to un-

derstand the Gentiles in their natural state, yet cleansed in God's eternal purpose. Thus they are called sons, sheep, and cleansed, before any change had taken place in them.

Again, they are predestinated to this adoption, and to be conformed to the image of Christ. Now, observe: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us," (mark that, it does not say who *will* bless, but who *hath* blessed us, &c.) "according as he hath chosen us in him (Jesus Christ) before the foundation of the world, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." And they are predestinated to this adoption, so also to this conformity; for it is not God's intention ever to take any out of this world into glory above in their natural state. No. They must be made meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light. Hence Paul says, "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son." I mention these things, because the whole of our inheritance hangs here, namely, on our adoption and conformity.

Having shown the rise of this adoption, let us notice how it is brought about. In a word, it is in and through the obedient life, sufferings, and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Hence Paul says, "For it became him, for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." (Heb. ii. 19.) Now this one verse takes in the whole of the work of Christ, from first to last, to bring these sons to inherit the throne of glory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROFF.

My dear young Friend, and, according to your profession of relationship, my Child in the Gospel and ministerial Daughter in the Faith as it is in our dear and divine Redeemer,—I received yours, by which I find you are still in the body, still in the flesh, still in the wilderness, still in the world; but, what is vastly superior to all, is, that you are still "in Jesus," as the great, the grand, and glorious centre of your hope and expectation, comfort and consolations, joys and sorrows, salvation and glorification. This is the great source and centre of all Zion's family, where they live, move, and have their being, the great and glorious hinge on which the apostle has hung the gates of salvation, and the foundation on which her walls stand; for "other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Also in Ephesians i. we find that *short* (not *little*) word "*in*" mentioned upwards of twenty times; among which it is said: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings *in* heavenly places," (*margin*, "things,") "*in* Christ Jesus." Read the whole chapter. It is both rich in itself, and enriching to the poor, needy sinner. The Lord make it so to my young friend.

You say you are dark in your mind. Of darkness there are seven-



tal sorts, such as the darkness of hell, of the sinner in his sins, and of a quickened convinced sinner, when under the curse and condemnation of the law, lying in the condemned cell waiting for execution, until our dear Surety and Law-Fulfiller, not only as "the Sun of Righteousness," shines through the bars of his cell, and gives him a cheering ray, but as our spiritual "Eliakim," who has the keys upon his shoulder, (See Isa. xxii. 22, and Rev. iii. 7,) comes and opens his prison doors, and brings the prisoner out of the darkness of the prison-house. So also there is the darkness in the saint, which arises not from the *absence* of the sun, but from the *hiding* of the sun, which may be not only by fogs, mists, and clouds, but by the high and black separating wall of sin, (See Isa. lix. 2,) which is not only black in itself, but reflects and produces darkness, and hideth the Lord's face from us, together with our marks and tokens; so that we see not our signs. It is a good thing to know it, a better thing to mourn it, and the best of all to be brought out of it into the sweet and comforting sunshine of the gospel.

You say you look round for some who once seemed to walk with the Lord and with you, but they are gone. No marvel, my child. This is nothing new. Even our blessed Lord had, in the days of his flesh, to ask his very disciples, "Will ye also go away?" which Peter answered by saying, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And to whom can you, can I go, but to him who says by his apostle, "Be ye followers of God, (the dear God-man,) as dear children." In the contemplation of this, there is room for a fatherly and friendly exhortation, to cleave to the Lord in his word, his house, his throne of grace, his ordinances, his people.

O my dear young friend, while Orpah took the parting kiss, and returned to her country and her gods, let Ruth's determination, in the strength of divine grace, be yours, as in Ruth i. 16, 17. The path of gospel obedience is the only safe path for gospel Christians. Seek it out and walk in it, and you shall find rest unto your soul.

I have been very poorly with an affliction that has confined me at home ever since May; still, through mercy, I am able to preach to my own dear people, and am now somewhat better.

Present my Christian regards to our old friend S. A., and say I should like to hear from her; and as to yourself, with my best gospel wishes for your welfare,

Believe me, Yours in the gospel,

Stow-in-the-Wold, Oct. 4, 1862.

R. ROFF.

SOME OF THE LAST WORDS OF MR. T. SCOTT, THE COMMENTATOR:

"I think nothing of my bodily pain; my soul is all. I trust all will end well; but it is a dreadful conflict. I fear, I hope, I tremble, I pray. O! to enter eternity with one doubt on the mind! Eternity! eternity! eternity! eternity! Pity, pity, pity, pity, Lord. Deliver me, Lord; suffer not Satan to prevail. O! what a thing sin is! Who knoweth the power of his wrath? If this be the way to heaven, what must the way to hell be? If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Death is a new acquaintance, and a terrible one, except as Christ giveth us the victory and the assurance of it."

## THE LORD IS NOT SLACK CONCERNING HIS PROMISE AS SOME MEN COUNT SLACKNESS.

Dearly-beloved Brother and Companion in Tribulation,—I received your kind, affectionate note, and find by the contents that you still are a living witness for Christ, who hath declared that in the world his people shall have tribulation; but, O blessed truth, closely connected with it, in him they shall have peace. But, alas, alas! how often are we brought into the state of one of old, and, like him, in the bitterness of our souls, we say, “Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace; I forgot prosperity.”

I can assure my friend that my path of late has been a very mysterious one. Little did I think when I parted from you at the railway, that such a sudden change would have taken place with me. O what a truth is this, “In the midst of life we are in death.” I thought I had not been so well for a long time; but, before I had ascended the steps which lead to the train, I found myself quite poorly. On Christmas Day, I was worse; and, on Saturday and Sunday, I grew worse still. When I reached the chapel, I could scarcely ascend the stairs to the pulpit, and, when there, I thought I should not be able to stand or speak a word; but the Lord wonderfully strengthened and supported me, and some of the friends said they had never heard me speak so strongly and powerfully before, and were quite pleased that I was, as they thought, well and happy. In the evening I felt worse, and, on Monday, the weakness continued to increase. I fully intended to come to Bath on Monday, but the friends would not by any means consent to it. On Monday night I was much worse, so much so that I could not remain in bed, and when I arose I could scarcely stand or sit. I thought of calling to Miss L. and Miss S., but did not, as I thought it would disturb and alarm them. I expected nothing but present death, for my life and breath appeared to be departing from me; when suddenly my tongue uttered this petition: “Lord, have mercy upon me!” Hardly had it escaped my lips, before I was enabled to get to bed, and slept quietly until the morning, when I found myself getting weaker and weaker. The friends stayed up with me three nights, and, on Friday, they hired a pony and car, and took me to Badminton, Miss L. and Miss S. accompanying me home. Still I got worse and worse. My wife and sons thought it advisable to send for a doctor, and when he came, he said my disease was very alarming, and that it was a fearful stroke; and, indeed, my dear friend, it was a heavy stroke, and completely prostrated me. I did not leave my bedroom for nearly five weeks. But, through mercy, I am now able to get about and walk out a little way, though I still find myself very weak and poorly.

I know not at present what the will of the Lord is concerning me, neither am I very anxious about it; but if it be his blessed will to raise me up again, I hope it will be to speak of his goodness and mercy which he hath been pleased to reveal and manifest to me, a poor, unworthy, undeserving, rebellious sinner.

I cannot at present give you much account of the exercises that I have been exercised with in my distressing and very alarming affliction; but this I can say, with poor afflicted Job, "I have escaped by the skin of my teeth." O that, like David, I could call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless and praise his holy name, who hath saved my life from destruction, and crowned me with mercy and loving-kindness, who hath, I trust, forgiven me all my sins, and who will, in his own good time, manifestly heal all my infirmities. O this delightful and most desirable spirit of thankfulness! How different am I in it! But I find I cannot command thankfulness, or gratitude. This is a blessing which God alone can bestow, and is only felt and experienced when he is pleased to work it, or create it in the soul by the operations and influences of his Holy and Divine Spirit. My dear friend knows as well as I that all our springs are in him, with whom alone are the issues from death. My dear brother's song, with my own at present, are songs of complaint; but our blessed Lord hath a salve for every sore of his blood-bought family; therefore he saith, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are they that weep now, for they shall laugh." This perplexing path of tribulation appears to be almost unoccupied by the generality of professors, who have found out some bye-path wherein they escape all the trials, losses, crosses, temptations, and poverty that the real, sterling Christian is exercised with. They appear to run well, for nothing appears to prevent or hinder them. The world, the flesh, and the devil give way for them. Like Ahimaaz of old they take the way of the plain, and thus they outstrip the poor burdened Cushis, who are bowed down and burdened with a body of sin and death, which, they feel to their sorrow, they carry about with them. O the oppressing world without, and the tormenting and distracting world within! Like two tumultuous, raging seas, when they meet, they would, were it not for the preventing and preserving mercy of our covenant-keeping and promise-performing God, rack and torture our souls, and sink them into the gulf from whence there is no redemption. But here, my dearly-beloved friend, lie our mercy and safeguard. Though the sea is mighty, and the waves thereof rage horribly, yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier. He stilleth the infuriated seas, the noise of the waves, and the madness of the people; and when he is pleased to arise and rebuke the wind and the waves, they instantly obey him. All is hushed into a sacred calm, and the soul glides softly and sweetly into the desired haven, where it feeds and refreshes itself at the banquet which the Lord from everlasting ordained and prepared for it.

Come then, my dear tried and perplexed brother, raise up your spirits and speak like a man. Have not these things been felt, verified, and realised in days that are past and gone? When all hope of being saved both in a temporal and spiritual sense was departed, hath not the Lord stepped in, and have not health and cure accompanied his divine appearing? Hath it not brought life, light, and salvation to light in your spirit? Hath it not caused you to ride

upon your high places and shout, "Victory, victory, through the blood of Jesus?" O these are divine things, new covenant blessings; blessings peculiar to heaven-born souls. This is the children's bread, which dogs never did, nor ever will partake of. O then, my highly-favoured, and much-beloved friend, why hang down the head like a bulrush? Why go mourning all the day? Is the Lord's hand shortened that it cannot save, or is his ear heavy that he cannot hear? Is he not of one mind? Can he then be turned? "Is he a man, that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent?" Hath he not declared that repentance is hid from his eyes? O then, is not his love the same? Is not his power the same? Are not his pity and compassion the same? Is not his honour the same? Is not his word the same? His promise and oath, are they not the same? O blessed for ever be his dear name, he hath not only promised that he will never leave us nor forsake us, but he hath also sworn to fulfil his promise. O rich grace, free grace! Lord, who desired thee to promise? Who compelled thee to swear? As dear Bunyan said, "we use to take honest men upon their bare words; but God, 'willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, hath confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things (his promise and his oath) in which it is impossible for God to lie, (or break either of them,) we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us." "I'll warrant you," as Bunyan said, "God will never break his oath; therefore we may well have good ground to hope from such a good foundation as this, that God will never leave us indeed."

And now, my dear friend, I must draw towards a close. No doubt you are led to perceive that I have been blundering on in my old way. O that the Lord would own and bless these simple things, which are written in love, although in much weakness.

I cannot take my leave of you now without making a remark or two upon the precious statement which you sent me. O, my dearly-beloved brother, how doth it betray you, and make manifest to the discerning mind that you have been with Jesus, and that you have learned of him. O what a plain copy or trait is your soul's travail of the footsteps of our blessed Lord. He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and he has left his dear people this example, that they might follow his steps; for as he was in the world, so are all his followers. O, then, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial, as though some strange and new thing happened unto you, but rather rejoice; for after you have suffered awhile, the Lord will strengthen, settle, and establish you. Mercy is on the wing. It is near you, even at the door, for the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple.

Wishing you every blessing that our covenant God in Christ can bestow,

I remain, Your Friend, Brother, and Companion,

J. REED.

## IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING?

My dear Sir,—For many years I have felt a desire to send you a line respecting a very great blessing a gracious Triune God was pleased to make you the honoured instrument of; but not knowing your true address, and feeling, after so many desires, something still telling me not to write, but more stronger something to do so, I again attempt. May the dear Lord grant me his blessed Spirit with power to write, and you the same influence to receive it, that we may both profit, yea, rejoice together in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

When you called on me a few years ago, with my friend Mr. P., I said but little, for my mind was sorely tried, and I felt in a low place; and the following day I heard you from, “O when wilt thou come unto me?” And truly I felt the pathway of my soul so truly described, my very inmost desires told out, and for many years some of the dark places I had been groping in opened, that I could rejoice indeed; and I don’t think I shall ever forget it.

But I am on before my time of beginning, or at least the Lord’s beginning with me; that is, I have begun in the middle of my intended narrative.

About 18 years ago I went to Pewsey, as dead as a stone, vile as sin, proud as Lucifer, and as gainsaying as Korah, to hear you preach. With shame of face and bitter reflection, I must tell you the real truth; but O! the long-suffering goodness of God! When you read, something ran through me like lightning; and when you went on to speak from those words, “To whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men,” &c., how you proved I was *not coming!* Even the very sayings and doings I was speaking of, and my guilty practices were told out. I verily felt some one had told you all about me, for as the poor woman at the well, so I had found “a man that told me all that ever I did;” but instead of reviling you, I went home cut up to the very core. Sleep I could not, and when I got to work, the briny tears ran, and I could not hide them; and from that day I have felt a guilty and hell-deserving sinner, notwithstanding many months of bitter soul travail. I was once much comforted in hearing you, for I could not keep away, though I trembled to go, from “Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,” &c.; and here I resolved and vowed I would get on better, and get more holy; but, alas! I got only worse. So holy did God appear in his law that I feared to be alone a moment, and felt as though his drawn sword was over my guilty head, and only waiting to cut me down. How terribly did his justice arraign every word, look, thought, and act; and hell beneath seemed to be ready to devour. I cannot tell you one half of what I felt.

And now came the trial. I could not go out, get drunk, swear, nor dance, nor stay up till midnight reading novels, which I had been much addicted to; nor is this a tithe of the things I was firmly

bound to; but all was now death to me; and, O, how I tried to hold tightly the Established Church; but no! that must go. All was dead there; and I felt once, the last time I went there, that the place would come down on my guilty head, and then I should be in flames in a moment. Still in the midst would come now and then a little hope: "Who can tell?" and I would try to pray, and oftentimes only heave groans; or again cry, "Do have mercy, and I will get better;" but I still felt worse and worse, till I could not but groan out, "Have mercy!" and much I needed it, but could not see how it was to be brought to wretched me.

Thus I went on two years and a half, trying to keep God's holy law, and vowing to fulfil its last requirements, and as fast did, "He that breaketh one, is guilty of all," come and cut me down; and it was a very sore travail. One Sabbath morning, after I got home from the little chapel at M., I felt I could not live any longer. I went upstairs, and took up a Bible to read, and these words came: "Son, thy sins are *all* forgiven thee." This broke my heart to shatters: "*All* forgiven thee." What! Is it possible? *That* sin, and *that*, and *that*, and *this* one, which none but God and my guilty soul know of? "*All* forgiven" took away the guilt and sting; and this, bless his dear name, was like savoury meat to my black soul; and I had much comfort. But soon the devil went to work to baffle me on the *all*; but he could not bring the guilt back again. And now how sweet were the words of the Lord to me in reading.

I cannot relate how the great and solemn truths were opened up to me one after another, how dear were his people to me, and how I longed to be one with them; and after this I joined them, and shall never forget the day I was baptized, how dark I was after naming it, that I wished I had said nothing about it; but while singing; that hymn of dear Gadsby's, wherein occurs these lines:

"Jesus, overwhelmed in blood,  
Sank in wrath's tremendous flood."

O what a time I had! Darkness fled, and doubts were gone, and, with a broken heart and streaming eyes, I saw and felt what sin had done, what it had cost, what the price had secured, and that it was secured for me. Yes, for *me*; and if ever I hated sin, as sin, and abhorred self, it was here. The blood of Jesus shed for sin and applied, I know will make one abhor sin and self.

About this time I went to Allington, to hear that dear man of God, Mr. P. He spoke from: "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial," &c., if I mistake not; and what a day I had! It was, indeed, one of the days of the Son of man.

I had some ups and downs in those days, and I then thought I should get better; that by and by I should have more faith and less unbelief, more joy and less sorrow of soul, more nearness to the dear and precious Jesus and not be so far distant, shut up in unbelieving fetters, more conspicuous deliverance and less bondage, more softness of heart and less hardness and more holiness and be less tormented by indwelling sin. But alas, alas! What do I now feel? What can I say? Surely you do know all about it; and when I think

of the awful backslidings, and the chastening rod, the rebellious uprisings of this vile fountain within, and the barren deserts and dry places afterwards, the cage of birds ever chirping, and the hidden chambers opening all manner of baseness too vile for tongue to utter—all this and yet out of hell! O it is a wonder of sovereign grace! Surely, it is because his compassions fail not, that I am not consumed. If ever I am saved it must be by a miracle of grace; and sometimes I do hope I shall be, for there are places where none could deliver but God that I have been in; and if not awfully deceived, he has made my soul glad in his salvation, and hath sometimes made me shout to his praise; so that I cannot but hope he will fulfil what he hath told me: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." Though I have been sorely afflicted, and several times brought very near to death, so much so that I have bidden all adieu below the sun, and did not know that I should live a moment, the fire was to prove he is stronger than my fears, and test the work. How I have cringed here! But yet he did not deny himself even here. How good he is to afflict. He doth it not willingly. I sometimes wonder where I should have gone to but for his fatherly correction; and here I am to this day.

Many are the days of darkness, many the vexations, many heavy fears, gloomy doubts, and long stages, and but very little sunshine; yet he is still the same. I sometimes think I desire to love the Lord, but it would seem too much to say, "I *do* love him;" but I want to do; and reading or praying how barren it is, if he do not come just to touch, give a sweet word, and a little feeling in it, making all the mountains to flow down at his presence, and come near to bless. I feel I have no where else to go with sorrow to get comfort, with death to find life. "To whom *can* we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Who is a God like him, to take such guilty, lost things, and save and cleanse and keep, and still to bear with us, and bring us to his feet in this plight so wretched, and not to disdain us, but melt us, pardon us, and kiss us into nothingness, like a gracious God, that he may be all in all?

I beg him to bless you with patience to read this scrawl; and may he bless your labours in his great name, and go before you, and bless you in your own soul in going out and coming in before his poor children, enabling you to feed the flock.

If ever you should come this way, I should so like to see you to have a little talk to you; and if not, could you give me a line I should esteem it a great favour.

Now may the dear Lord bless you in reading this, and still keep me, one of the unworthiest of his; and give us more tokens for good; and when this time-state ends, take us up with him ever to sing that blessed song: "Not unto us, but unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood."

This is the humble desire of one who often thinks of you with warm affections.

May, 9th, 1862.

N. M.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Godwin.]

AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH, SO  
WILL I COMFORT YOU.

My dear Sister,—According to your request, I shall endeavour to send you an account of the Lord's great goodness to me, who am not worthy of anything but eternal destruction.

For many months prior to this affliction\* my desperate heart had gone after those things that God forbids, which brought my soul into darkness and shut my mouth in God's most holy worship; at which I was much distressed; yet it seemed to me, pray all I could, read all I would, I could in nowise prevent the current of the abounding of those corruptions which I have many times feared would end in bringing a disgrace and reproach on God's most holy ways, the ministry of our dear pastor, and distress into the hearts of God's people. The thoughts of these things have been and still are worse than death itself. I expected something to come upon me for my evil ways which were not good; and so it has come to pass; but how shall I set forth the glory of the eternal God the Father, the eternal God the Son, and the eternal God the Holy Ghost? This is a glorious mystery, as the word says: "These Three are One," and the only object of true worship.

The moment I saw that the top of my thumb was off, I took hold of what was left with my other hand and made the best of my way home, almost a quarter of a mile, saying, "Lord, thou art a just God. Be merciful to me. Thou art just." This I could not help saying many times, for it was as if it sprang out of my soul's well, to the astonishment of myself and others. I reached home without falling, but soon after fainted. Esther P. rendered me great help; only she and the servant had fortitude to bind up my wound. The doctor came and looked at it, bound it up, and said he was afraid the bone must be cut off, which gave me a keen feeling. Now I began to think of my base carriage before God, and the many wrong things I had encouraged and consented to in my heart; there was the evil. I looked back and saw how the Almighty had followed me with providence after providence, such as taking my dear girls one after the other, and then taking the only obedient, tender, and affectionate son out of the three. These things stared me in the face, as marks of God's displeasure at my sins. I do not mean outward sins, but what the Lord means where he says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," &c. "These are the things that defile," &c. Now, as I was lying on my bed thinking that I had procured these things for myself and what a helpless condition I was in with nobody to attend me with that prudence which was necessary—O the superabounding, merciful condescension of the Almighty!—just as I seemed swallowed up, these words stole softly into my heart: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." That moment hope arose in my soul that the Lord was about to do me good by his correction. I felt my spirit to bend, and my soul

\* A part of his thumb cut off by machinery.



looked up to him ashamed and confounded. This was on the same day that my thumb was hurt. After this, I still thought how the Lord followed me up with stroke after stroke; when these words came: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." This reconciled my mind, and I felt easier. Yet after this, while suffering much pain, and as yet all was not right betwixt God and my soul, I thought, "How will this end? Shall I be cured?" When these words dropped in: "I will heal thee of thy wounds." I told you what gave me hope. By these words came faith, and I felt sure I should be healed. This gave me greater confidence in God than ever I felt in all my life; yet praises are due for wisdom given to man. On Sunday night my brother Charles came down to see me. I told him how the Lord had given me fortitude and strength to hold my thumb whilst the doctor sawed off the bone that stuck out, and that I had confidence that the Almighty would heal me.

On Wednesday night I was taken with a great shivering. The next day I felt poorly in body, and the next was confined to bed with cold, fever, and sore throat. Truly I was in a sad condition, not able to lie down or sit up. This was the time those words so softly spoken were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." These words were given me when I first came into this house, which is 11 years ago, but I never had had the substance of them. What strength and nourishment these golden words brought into my soul! I thought I should have been able to get up to chapel in about a week, yet I was after this, much worse in body; and as I long thought that my throat was getting worse and worse, I felt a fervent desire in my soul to call upon the Lord Jesus Christ; and truly, I never had such a manifestation of his glorious person as the eternal Son of God in my life. I felt great nearness of access before his blessed Majesty, and confessed my unworthiness, and entreated him to heal my throat and, if it were his will, to raise me up again. And he not only heard me, but answered me; and this is the first time that ever I could say with understanding what Mr. Hart sings:

"That Christ is God I can avouch,  
And for his people cares;  
For I have prayed to him as such,  
And he has heard my prayers."

One thing more. After this I felt this confession in these words<sup>d</sup> as if it arose from the bottom of my heart: "Thou hast in very faithfulness afflicted me." In one moment I felt my bed was easy and I wanted nothing in this world but Christ and affliction. Truly I was in a happy condition.

There is one thing more. As I was in this happy frame of mind, these words came into my heart: "Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" I cannot set forth the holy worship and adoration I felt, and I thought of these words: They veil their faces before him, and cry, "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." When I was able to sit up, I sought to find the words, "Who is like unto thee," &c.; they are in Exodus xv. 2. Read

the chapter, Betty. It describes the song that Moses and the children of Israel sang and also what the enemy said: "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil." This has been the very state that my soul has been in: "I shall certainly fall some day by the hand of (this or that) Saul." Sometimes it has appeared as if there were but one step between me and eternal death. Betty, taking things for granted can find no standing here. If the Lord had not been a man of war, (the Lord of hosts is his name,) I should have sunk in the pit of corruption. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation (present deliverance) and call on the name of the Lord."

In looking over the word of the Lord, I saw a blessed harmony run all through the Scriptures. "To him give all the prophets witness." The first words I fixed my eyes upon when I first sat up, were Psalm cxix. 65: "Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according unto thy word." Here, I with gratitude and love acquiesced in all God's will. My soul seemed all love.

There are many more things that I could state, but must tell you by word of mouth. Since all this, I have thought it was all a delusion. I never had such a discovery of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my heart in all my life.

About 10 days ago, I was getting up in the morning, and such a violent swimming in my head came on that I fell backward on my bed as if two men had thrown me down. From that time I got weaker every day. The doctor thought it was the blood, but it was too much bile. I am now better and hope to continue better, if the Lord will. I have thought many times all would be a blank; but, bless the Lord, I am revived in body and soul. The forbearance and preventing goodness of God astonish me. Satan's chain has been one link too short to this day. Not unto me, not unto me, but unto the Lord be all the glory. Amen.

Rotherhithe, Nov. 28, 1833.

JOHN PORTER.

## HOW SWEET ARE THY WORDS TO MY TASTE.

My dear Friends,—According to promise, I write to say that through the good hand of the Lord upon me, I arrived safely at home on the morning of the 7th, and found my dear wife tolerably well, and very glad to see me.

And now, my dear friend, I want to hear from you. I have thought much of you, and of your very great kindness to unworthy me, and hope the dear Lord will reward you sevenfold. I know you value his testimony more than thousands of gold and silver, and believe also that, like poor Job, you esteem the words of his mouth more than your necessary (temporal) food. His words have been sweet to your taste, yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. Although, dear friend, you have, like me, to mourn his absence, and the distance and shortness of his visitations, still they are often enough to retain the remembrance of them, and to keep up, more or less, a spiritual hunger and thirst; and such are pronounced blessed.

It is no small mercy to be kept on in the way, seeing there is so much opposition from an evil heart and a tempting devil, that unless the blessed Spirit is pleased to continue his gracious operations in quickening and reviving the work within, we become dead, barren, and indisposed to everything spiritual. O what a body of death there is within! What a hindrance! What a sad clog it is to the poor soul, who finds, like the apostle, when he would do good, evil is present with him, and how to perform that which is good he finds not in himself. Notwithstanding all this, it is the only way that Zion's pilgrims have ever travelled; nor can the strength, the grace of Jesus ever be proved any other way. It has ever been, and doubtless ever will be in our experience, "out of weakness made strong," and as "having nothing, yet possessing all things" in Christ. All fulness is in him; and it is out of that you and I must draw our supplies according to the measure of faith he is pleased to bestow upon us. What a precious gift of grace is faith, even the smallest grain thereof; the dear Lord is sure to honour it. Although it may be tried by passing through fire and water, yet the one shall not consume nor the other drown. Have you not found sometimes, when you have been bowed down with darkness of mind and hardness of heart, all on a sudden a light has come in, and a word like a coal of fire has kindled a spiritual fire within, and you have risen up out of the ashes, and put off your sackcloth for a while, and been girded with gladness? O, my dear friend, to know experimentally such changes as these is worth more than a thousand such perishing worlds as this.

I hope, with the will of the Lord, your poor tabernacle is restored to its usual strength, and that the inner man is healthy. Those things which contribute to the weakening of the outward man are under the wonder-working hand of a gracious God, made subservient to the strengthening of the hidden man of the heart. I hope you are again enabled to fill up your place amongst that little band, whose hearts the Lord hath touched; yes, and so touched with love and sympathy one for the other, that if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and, consequently, enabled by love to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. My desire is that the dear Lord may continue his presence and blessing amongst you as a little church and people, and of his gracious will constrain those who are standing without, to whom you and I can say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; why standest thou without?"

Yours very sincerely,

R. K.

Oct. 22nd, 1862.

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FOR ever blessed be that sovereign grace, whence it is that he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined into our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and therein of the glory of Christ himself, that he hath so revealed him to us as that we may love him, admire him, and obey him; but constantly, steadily, and clearly to behold his glory in this life we are not able, for we walk by faith, and not by sight.—  
*Dr. Owen.*

## Obituary.

### HENRY DOWNARD, OF BRIGHTON.

THE following are a few of the expressions that fell from my poor father's lips during his illness. To record the whole would fill a considerable volume, as day after day, for nearly a month, his constant communication was for the most part expressive of the one thing which, above all others, he desired,—a realization of his personal interest in Christ.

At the commencement of his illness he appeared to have some hope of being restored. He said, "I do not think I shall die; and I will tell you why. Some years ago, between 30 and 40, when laid by through illness, I had this text: 'Thou shalt not die till thou hast seen the Lord's Christ.' Now, if that was from the Lord, I shall not, for I have never yet had that revelation." He, however, became worse. I now quote from a letter giving the particulars of his last week on earth. You know I told you what intense sufferings dear father endured through the week; they were most intense; but all the while he was earnestly looking to the Lord, by constant prayer and supplication, night and day. On one occasion he said, "O Lord, look down! O gracious Lord, have mercy if thou canst, on me, a poor perishing sinner!" He afterwards said, "I hope I do not call on the Lord presumptuously. I have professed his name for many years, I hope *not* presumptuously." Seldom did he express himself but in the language of prayer. To his medical attendants, in a moment of great trial, he said, "May the Lord give you wisdom. I am looking to him, and you as instruments in his hands." Not a murmur fell from his lips, but in the midst of his severest sufferings he often exclaimed, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? *I would, I would* take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

At length came the day of release; but first the night of soul anguish and agonizing prayer. One of my brothers remained with him. He writes the following: "Having to sit up with my dear father during the night, he being very restless and much troubled and exercised in his mind, as well as racked with bodily pain, I record the following, being a few of the many prayers he put up to God whenever he awoke, which was at short intervals. His constant prayers were these: 'Thou precious Lamb of God! O Jesus Christ, appear in thy glory! O Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me!' At another time he said, 'Come, Lord. Thou art precious. *Once* will pay for all, once for all,' three times over. I asked him if he felt the Lord precious. He replied, 'O my dear boy, I do.' He then asked if I felt him precious; and then said, 'Christ must come a little farther, or he can never save me.' Then followed, 'O to die without a hope!' After which he fell into a doze for some little time. When he awoke, he inquired the time, saying, 'That I may know when the Lord will appear for me.' After which he broke out, crying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, to-day.' In the morning his cries were most importunate

but, not to be tedious, I will only give a few: 'Jesus, have mercy on me. Dear Lamb of God, O for a *scal*, O for a *scal*! O dear Jesus, let me come, yes, let me come. O! Can I ever, can I ever,—can such a sinner find mercy? I would do anything for thee, thou Lamb of God.' After an interval of some hours, he said, 'Hangs my helpless soul on thee. Do not forsake. Ravish my heart with thy love. *Do, do*, dear Lamb of God. I *do* want to know him, and to love him more. O dear Lord, give me dying strength, oil and wine. Yes, O for strength!

'Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.'

"Then came the blessing of peace and pardon. The debt was cancelled, the poor prisoner released, and the song of Jubilee was begun: 'All is well!' and he began to praise the Lord. He was then asked if he was happy. He replied, 'O yes!' and, raising himself a little, he said, 'O dear children, I die happy,—a better home. O yes, yes; all dealt out in weight and measure. Triumphant, triumphant. O! Can I praise him?' Then followed many expressions of his heartfelt gratitude; and, drawing nearer and nearer his end, he said, 'Very near out. Oil and wine. O Jesus! O Jesus! Higher! higher! Not long now. Dear Lamb! O great God! All's well. O *my* Jesus!' Then, having been raised in the bed for a few minutes, he said, 'Lay the tree down.'

"His last words were, 'O the love of God! for ever and ever! O precious Lord! Lamb of God! O wonderful! wonderful!' and he expired without a struggle."

London, Jan. 18th, 1863.

E. A. D.

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## INQUIRY.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you or some of your valuable correspondents give an answer to an Inquirer after Truth? Having heard a person, who stands high in the professing church, state that in Ezekiel xxxvii., speaking of the Dry Bones, he believed there had been a great battle in the valley; and also speaking of Nebuchadnezzar being a beast, that he only fancied himself one; if you or any of you will give the spiritual interpretation of the same, it may, under the Spirit's teaching, prove a benefit to the living family.

AN INQUIRER.

### ANSWER.

IF our readers were to see all the strange interpretations of the word of God which are sent to us for inquiry as to their truth, they would be indeed surprised. Sometimes we think our correspondents must misunderstand what is said from the pulpit; for we can scarcely believe that any man who really fears God, or knows his truth spiritually and experimentally for himself, could put forth such strange views, or so wofully pervert his word as they represent.

Take the above instance. If the man really said that "he believed there had been a great battle in the valley," because the prophet saw there so many dry bones, did he mean to express his be-

lief that these were *literal, actual* bones seen by the prophet, and that they once belonged to living men slain in real combat? If so, then the rest of the vision must have been *literal*, and the bones must literally have come together bone to his bone; the sinews and the flesh—literal sinews, real hard flesh and muscle, must have come up over them; and skin—real, literal skin must have covered them above. Similarly, the breath must have come—literal wind, and breathed into them, and they must all in a moment have stood on their feet an exceeding great army. And then—what then? What became of them? What did this great army do? Did they march to Jerusalem and fight, or lie down again and let the sinews and flesh melt off their bones in death? Who does not see the absurdity of such an interpretation? No. The whole was a vision, emblematic of the Church of God, and chiefly of the Jewish Church, and had no more real existence except as presented to the eyes of the prophet than the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw, or the beasts seen by Daniel, or the temple by Ezekiel himself at the close of his prophecies. The whole was a mystical and spiritual representation of the dead and dry state of the people of God by nature, and of the work of the Blessed Spirit on their heart, in his quickening operations in the soul. Besides which, in our judgment, it represents the future dealings of God with the Jewish Church, when he will bring together, quicken, and make alive to himself those bones which now lie dead and dry. We do not believe that Nebuchadnezzar was turned literally into a beast, but that he was deprived of his reason by the special hand of God upon him, and driven from men to dwell with the beasts of the field; for we read that his reason returned unto him. (Dan. iv. 36.) As to Nebuchadnezzar's fancies, we know no more what they were than we do the preacher's; but we have every reason to believe that it was the reality, not the fancy, that pressed heavily on his soul, for he learned in his affliction some solemn lessons as to the sovereignty of God, preached from it a glorious sermon, and proclaimed at the end of it a truth which many have still to learn: "Those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

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WE know how green wood, with fire in it, will set all the room in a smoke. So believers whose spiritual principles are but green, having sparks of the law, and the curse for sin kindling in them, will have more smoke than light.—*Saltmarsh.*

WHEN by the blessed discoveries which had been made to me in his word, by his ordiuances, providences, judgments, mercies, like the poor creature described in this sweet Scripture, Job xxxiii. 24, when reduced to a mere skeleton, by reason of soul-sickness, driven out of all resources in myself, and utterly despairing of ever seeing the face of God in glory, by any creature attempts, and by all creature righteousness, O then it was, thou blessed, glorious Messenger of thine own covenant! thou faithful Interpreter of the mind and will of Jehovah! then I was led to see the freeness, fulness, suitableness, and all-sufficiency of a Redeemer's righteousness, and to cast my poor defenceless, naked, trembling soul upon the rich, powerful, and altogether sufficient salvation of thee, my God and Saviour.—*Hawker.*

## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

WHEN our blessed Lord, after his resurrection from the dead, appeared to his disciples at the sea of Tiberias, and after they had dined, put that solemn, that heart-searching inquiry to Peter—fallen, fallen, but now restored Peter, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?” and drew from his heart and lips that warm, that affectionate reply, “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee,” the gracious Redeemer, as if to show how that love was most clearly to be manifested, thrice said to him, “Feed my sheep.” To feed Christ’s sheep, then, was, in Peter’s case, to be both the test and the privilege of love. But to all who love the Lord as sincerely, if not as warmly as Peter, it is not given to feed his sheep, at least not in the same sense as intended by the risen Redeemer in the charge thus laid on the chief of the apostles. All indeed, or nearly all, who love the Lord, may minister to his people; but all ministration is not ministry. The former belongs to many, the latter to but few. The cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple; the tear of tender sympathy when we weep with those that weep; the kind word which when spoken in season is so good; the gentle yet firm reproof, whereby a snare of death is sometimes broken; the godly example which often speaks more pointedly and more loudly than any uttered words; the earnest warning when danger is foreseen approaching one to whom we feel specially united; the wise counsel, asked or offered, under perplexing circumstances; the tried yet unbroken friendship of years, again and again displayed in word and deed; the thousand nameless offices demanded by a sick bed or a long and painful affliction; the liberal hand where God in his providence has furnished the means, and the prayerful heart where he has denied them; all these, and they might easily be multiplied, are instances of Christian ministration as distinct from Christian ministry; yes, of that ministration of which the apostle speaks: “And not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.” (Col. ii. 19.) But although the members of the mystical body of Christ thus mutually minister to each other’s comfort and edification, though, alas! in our degenerate day, love having waxed cold, this communication of nourishment by joints and bands has proportionally declined in strength and efficacy, yet this is not the same work as that given to Peter. The ministry of the word; the preaching of the gospel; the overseeing and ruling of the flock, all which offices of a spiritual shepherd are implied in the charge, “Feed my sheep,” point to and enforce a distinct, a higher privilege than any private ministration, however blessed to the profit or comfort of the members of Christ. This is committed in an especial manner to the servants of God. (1 Cor. iv. 1; Eph. iv. 11, 12; 1 Thess. ii. 4; 2 Tim. ii. 2; 1 Pet. v. 1–3.) But as in the flock of Christ there are “lambs” as well as sheep, the gracious Lord said also to Peter on the same occasion, “Feed my

lambs;" even those lambs whom, as so weak and feeble and yet so tenderly loved, he gathers with his arm and carries in his bosom. (Isa. xl. 11.)

"Feed, then, my sheep; feed my lambs," was the charge given to Peter; but not to Peter only, for he himself, writing in after days, well nigh thirty years after the Lord had thus commissioned him, speaks as one who shared his office with others: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." (1 Pet. v. 1, 2, 3.) Nor less clear is Paul in his parting discourse to the elders of the church at Ephesus: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts xx. 28.) But we need not enlarge on this point. The appointment by the Lord of a Christian ministry under the gospel dispensation is so clear that none can doubt it who have the least belief in, none deny it who have the least reverence for the word of truth. The more difficult, the more trying point is, *who* are the men thus called to the work of the ministry, and *what* are their necessary qualifications? Does not the Scripture warrant us in laying down at least the following? As they have to feed Christ's sheep and lambs, they must be able to bring forth meat for men as well as milk for babes; (1 Cor. iii. 1, 2; Heb. v. 12-14; 1 Pet. ii. 2, 3;) for to be pastors according to God's own heart, they must feed his people with knowledge and understanding; (Jer. iii. 15;) which assumes that they know the truth for themselves in its purity and power. They must also "take forth the precious from the vile," (Jer. xv. 19,) that they may be "as God's mouth," speaking with authority in his name. To love, then, the Lord from some manifestation of his Person, some display of his grace, some view of his glory, for if we have neither seen him nor heard him, if we neither believe in him nor love him, how can we set him forth as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely? to love his people for his sake as members of his mystical body; to know his truth by some sweet experience of its power; (John viii. 32;) to have some spiritual understanding of the mysteries of the kingdom of God; (Matt. xiii. 11;) to possess a gracious insight into the distinction between the precious and the vile, and power and faithfulness to take forth the one from the other; and to be favoured with a sufficient spiritual gift rightly to divide the word of truth, and preach the gospel of the grace of God with a measure of savour, unction, dew, and power; (2 Cor. ii. 14; 1 John ii. 20; Deut. xxxii. 2; 1 Cor. ii. 4; 1 Thess. i. 5;)—are not these scriptural marks of those highly favoured men whose commission it is to feed the church of God? Now it is not for us to say who do and who do not come up to this scriptural standard. We have not been made judges either of men's graces or of men's gifts. We have rather to



look to ourselves. "Take heed unto *thyself* and unto the doctrine," says the apostle; (1 Tim. iv. 16;) and again, "But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden." (Gal. vi. 4, 5.) But whether we try ourselves and our own work or not, one thing is certain, that God will try both us and it: "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." (1 Cor. iii. 13.)

But the question may perhaps arise in our readers' minds, "To what is all this prefatory?" for they will naturally conclude that there is some aim intended by these remarks; that they are not mere scattered reflections without point or meaning, but are connected with some object to which they are but introductory. It is so. They have a bearing on the subject of the present article, and are intended as introductory to the Meditations which we propose, with God's help and blessing, to lay before our readers. The connection is this: There is a feeding of the church of God by pen as well as by tongue; and, though we may seem to condemn ourselves, we cannot help expressing our belief that the qualifications are much the same. Not, indeed, that all who can preach can write. They may lack the ability or the opportunity; may be eminent servants of God, highly favoured and blessed in the ministry, and yet not be gifted with the pen of a ready writer, or may not be placed in a position to use it. Now, though we, in the providence, and, we hope, by the grace of God, have been enabled for many years to set forth his truth, both by tongue and pen, we do not, we dare not claim any large share in those qualifications to feed the church of God which we have laid down from the Scriptures as necessary for that purpose. These qualifications may press us hard as they do others; but we must not lower God's standard to meet our own short stature, or debase his pure coins for want of a supply of gold from the heavenly treasury. Let God be true, but every man a liar. Instead, then, of laying any claim to these qualifications to feed the church of God, we would rather see their necessity, feel our want of them, and crave of the Lord to bestow them upon us, than assume to ourselves their possession. But this we can fairly say, that our aim and desire are, and have been for many years, to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock; and that, being placed in a position whence we can reach by our pen many who truly fear God, whom we never have seen and never shall see in the flesh, we feel ourselves bound by every constraint of love to seek their spiritual good. Prompted, then, by this desire, we have sought in previous papers to lay before them some Meditations on the Person and covenant characters of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, as these have been received by them in a spirit of affection, we have been encouraged to commence a new series of thoughts on the Person and work of the Blessed Spirit. Other reasons move us also to employ our pen on these heavenly subjects. In these days of error, it is most necessary that the children of God, who would not be entangled in the

snare of the enemy, should be well grounded and established in the truth; and this by the teaching and testimony, work and witness of the Blessed Spirit. For want of this heavenly instruction, how many who are weak in the faith or ignorant of Satan's devices are caught with some new view, some novel interpretation of a text, some subtle, plausible explanation of a passage in which, could they see into the real intention of the writer or speaker, they would at a glance perceive some abominable heresy couched. But when the truth has been made sweet and precious to the heart by an unction from above, and becomes endeared to the soul by being made the power of God unto salvation, there is communicated thereby a spiritual insight which, as if instinctively, detects error by the distaste which is felt towards it, as jarring with the Spirit's inward teaching. One so taught, to use a figure, is like a person possessed of a musical ear, who detects at once a false note, even where there has not been much, if any, musical education. Many of the dear family of God, as possessed of this heavenly teaching, feel who cannot argue, believe who cannot reason, love who cannot explain. These are ever feeling after truth, feeling for its power in their own hearts; and when this power is made experimentally known, when it comes as a gracious, heavenly influence into their souls, and drops with the dew and unction of the Spirit into their consciences, there is raised up and drawn forth thereby a living faith, a confiding trust, a silent witness within to its reality and blessedness, by which it is sealed, as with the very voice of God. In this divine witness to the power of the truth are couched all their hopes which anchor within the veil, all the tokens for good which, as so many waymarks, line their struggling, suffering path, all the comfort which supports them as a cordial under all their afflictions and sorrows in life, and all the confidence which they have in the Lord's faithfulness to his promises; for as the truth is thus sealed with a heavenly unction on their breast, it gives them an assurance of an interest in it which makes it unspeakably sweet and precious, as a sure earnest of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

If, then, our Meditations on the Person and work of the Blessed Spirit should lead any of the dear family of God into clearer views of that heavenly Teacher and most benign Comforter, or in any way strengthen their faith, confirm their hope, brighten their evidences, establish their minds, draw forth their affections, and fix them more deeply and firmly in the truth, we shall not grudge the labour both of time and thought which it demands to set it forth in any way adequate to its vast importance and divine blessedness.

I. The first place demanded in our Meditations on the Blessed Spirit is, the *Titles* which he wears in the word of truth, for these form an essential part of the testimony which is borne to him from heaven, and as such they shed a clear and blessed light on his Person and work. Titles, as given or used by man, may be or may not be of any real value. They may be true evidences of character, or perjured witnesses—a faithful description or a rank imposition. They

cannot be taken in themselves as undeniable marks, for there are "flattering titles" (Job xxxii. 21) to mislead our judgment as well as faithful titles to guide or confirm it. But the titles which God gives of things in heaven, or things on earth, or things under the earth, are infallibly true, and are intended by him as expressive of his unerring knowledge and sure testimony. This, therefore, stamps a peculiar weight and value on the titles given by him to the Blessed Spirit in the word of truth.

1. The first of these titles which demands our careful consideration is that of "the *Spirit*."

This title expresses three things: 1. His *divine nature*, for "God is a Spirit," (John iv. 24,) that is, as well expressed in the first of the 39 Articles, "Without body, parts, or passions," essentially a pure incorporeal Spirit as distinct from any material, divisible substance; and therefore, as eternally and intrinsically possessed of Godhead, the Holy Ghost is termed "a Spirit." But 2, it expresses the *mode of his subsistence* in the Blessed Trinity, as proceeding from the Father and the Son in a mystical, incomprehensible manner by spiration, as the breath proceeds from our body. This is a deep mystery, above all comprehension, and therefore beyond all explanation; but as he is declared by our blessed Lord to proceed from the Father, (John xv. 26,) is called "the Spirit of the Son," (Gal. iv. 6,) and "the Spirit of Christ;" (Rom. viii. 9;) and as sometimes the Father is said to send him and sometimes the Son, (John xiv. 26, xvi. 7,) faith gathers the conclusion that in a mysterious, inexplicable manner the Blessed Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son. As a type, therefore, and representation of this mode of his divine substance by spiration, or breathing, God, at the first creation of man, breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life; (Gen. ii. 7;) and so our blessed Lord breathed on the apostles when he said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." (John xx. 22.) But he is called also "the Spirit," 3, to express his *mode of operation* on the hearts of the people of God, which is compared in scripture to a breath, or the movement of the wind: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live;" (Ezek. xxxvii. 9;) and so, on the day of Pentecost, in his miraculous descent on the apostles, "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." (Acts ii. 2.)

2. But as we shall have occasion to speak more upon this point hereafter, we pass on to another title given to him in the word of truth. He is, then, emphatically and by way of eminence called the "*the Holy Spirit*," or "*the Holy Ghost*."\* This is his special title in the New Testament, though we find him so designated in the Old; as, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me;" (Ps. li. 11;) "But they rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit;" and again, "Where is he that put his Holy Spirit within him?" (Isa. lxii. 10, 11.) But he bears this

\* The only difference between the words "Spirit" and "Ghost," they being precisely the same in the original, is that "Spirit" is derived from a Latin word and "Ghost" from a Saxon one.

title chiefly for two reasons: 1. First, to indicate the *eternal and essential holiness* of his nature, as opposed to and distinct from an unclean spirit; for as God absolutely is "Holy," and so declares of himself, "I the Lord your God am holy," (Lev. xix. 2,) and as the Son is called "the Holy One of Israel," (Isa. xliii. 3, 14,) so is the Blessed Spirit termed "Holy" in respect of the infinite holiness of his divine nature. Thus the seraphim in the temple, as seen in vision by the prophet, cried one unto another, "Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts;" holy the Father, holy the Son, holy the Spirit; (Isa. vi. 3;) their threefold ascription of holiness, designating the three Persons in the Blessed Trinity, and the oneness of title, "the LORD of hosts," the Unity of the divine essence. But he is also called "the Holy Spirit," 2, as the *source and fountain of all holiness*, it being his peculiar covenant office and prerogative to communicate and breathe, operate and produce it in the hearts, lips, and lives of the people of God.

3. He is called also "*the good Spirit.*" "Thy Spirit is good." (Ps. cxliii. 10.) "Thou gavest also thy good Spirit to instruct them." (Neh. ix. 20.) This title expresses the supreme and essential clemency, benignity, kindness, tenderness, pity, compassion, and bounty of the Blessed Spirit, all of which, as partaking of and sharing in all the perfections and attributes of Godhead, he possesses infinitely in himself. "Why callest thou me good?" said the blessed Lord to one who called him, "good Master." "None is good, save one, that is God." (Luke xviii. 19.) Meaning, not that he was not himself God, but that God is infinitely, essentially, and supremely good, distinct from and above any goodness of man, such as the ruler took him to be. This "goodness" therefore of God, "leadeth to repentance;" (Rom. ii. 4;) as touching the inmost springs of the heart, and melting the soul under a felt sense of his most undeserved clemency and loving kindness. So "the good Spirit," as essentially and supremely good, bends in love and pity over the family of God, and by his benign operations on their heart softens and melts them into contrition and love.

4. He is also called "*the Spirit of truth.*" Thrice is he so termed by the blessed Lord in his farewell discourse to his disciples, (John xiv. 17; xv. 26; xvi. 13,) and he bears this title as supremely possessed of truth; as containing it in himself as a divine Fountain; as animating it in all his communications with his vital breath; as revealing it in the Scriptures; as applying it to the heart, and sealing it with his own gracious and most comforting, establishing witness on the conscience.

5. He is called also "*the Comforter,*" as consoling the tried and tempted, distressed and afflicted children of God, by dropping words of peace into their breast; as revealing to them the Son of God, in his beauty and blessedness, boundless grace, and heavenly glory; as applying the promises with unction and power to their wounded spirit; as taking of the things of Christ and showing them to their soul; as shedding the love of God abroad in their heart and sealing them to the day of redemption.

6. He is also called "*the Advocate*," as the word translated Comforter may be rendered, being in this sense the "Paraclete," or inward Intercessor at the throne of grace; for "he helpeth their infirmities" and intercedeth for them and in them "with groanings which cannot be uttered." (Rom. viii. 26.)

Most of these titles will come again under consideration, and we shall therefore not dwell longer on this part of our subject, but proceed to two other points of deep and vital importance, namely, the *Deity* and *Personality* of the Blessed Spirit. These two points are intimately connected, and fit, as it were, into each other; but we shall consider them separately.

II. The *Deity* of the blessed Spirit is so connected with the Trinity, that it can hardly be separated from a consideration of that vital, that glorious truth. If he is God, he is such as a Person in the Trinity; for there are not three Gods, though there are three Persons in the Godhead. We cannot be too clear, too precise, too decided here. Three distinct Persons in one undivided Godhead is a truth which so lies at the foundation of all divine revelation, whether external in the word or internal in the soul, is so the life of every doctrine, the substance of every promise, the force of every precept, the strength of all faith, the foundation of all hope, and the source and object of all love, that to be unsound there is to be unsound everywhere. It is, indeed, a heavenly mystery, and, as such, is beyond all understanding, and therefore beyond all explanation. It is, indeed, not contrary to reason, but above it; and therefore is to be apprehended by faith, not comprehended by sense; to be reverently adored, not curiously pried into; to be received from the testimony of God, not the tradition of men; to be felt, not reasoned about; to be realised, not speculated upon; to be enjoyed, not trifled with; to be fed upon, not looked at; to be cleaved unto as a matter of vital experience and personal salvation, not held as a mere doctrine or the leading article of a sound creed; to be daily lived upon as the life of the soul, not gazed at in the dim distance as a shadowy inexplicable mystery, of which we have heard by the hearing of the ear, but have never tasted nor handled for ourselves. The Trinity, therefore, assumes and involves both the *Deity* and the *Personality* of the Holy Ghost, for if a Person in the Trinity, he must be a divine Person, and if a divine Person, he has a substantial existence, and is not a mere covenant title, a shadowy name, a breath, an influence, an *afflatus*, or an emanation.

The scriptural proofs of the *Deity* of the blessed Spirit may be thus arranged:

1. He is named *in union with the Father and the Son*, as one with them in power, authority, grace, and glory, and yet as distinct in his divine Personality. Thus, in the charge given by the blessed Lord to his disciples just previously to his ascension: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. xxviii. 19.) What can be more plain than this testimony to the deity of the Blessed Spirit? The solemn ordinance of baptism is commanded to be ad-

ministered in the name of the Father, in the name of the Son, and in the name of the Holy Ghost. "The name," that is the authority and power (Acts iii. 16; iv. 7, 10) of Father, Son, and Spirit, is thus declared to be one, and therefore their nature and essence must be alike and equally one. Can we think for a single moment that any created being, however high, any angel or seraph, however bright and holy, or that any name inferior to Deity could have been associated by our Lord with the name of the Father and of the Son? Or can we believe that a mere title, a virtue, an influence, a passing, fleeting breath, could be ranked as of equal dignity and authority with the other two divine Persons of the sacred Trinity? A similar argument may be drawn from the apostolic benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) Grace, love, and fellowship! From whom can these three precious gifts come but from three co-equal, co-eternal Persons in one undivided Essence? If the Son give grace, and the Father give love, and the Holy Ghost give communion, surely these three divine Persons must be equal in dignity and power, and yet are but one God. So, at the baptism of our gracious Redeemer, the three Persons of the sacred Trinity all appeared in open manifestation—the Son in the water, the Father speaking with an audible voice from heaven, and the Holy Ghost descending in a bodily shape like a dove. (Luke iii. 22.) Similar proofs, on which we need not now enlarge, may be drawn from Eph. ii. 18; Col. ii. 2; 2 Thess. iii. 5; Rev. i. 4, 5; in all which passages express or implied mention is made of the three Persons in the holy Trinity.

2. The *names* given in the Scripture to the Blessed Spirit afford another clear proof of his Deity. Thus he is termed "Jehovah," that peculiar, that incommunicable name, which belongs solely to the great and glorious "I AM." Who but the LORD, that is Jehovah, the Lord God of Israel, spake by the prophets? "And he said, Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the LORD will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." (Num. xii. 6.) "And the LORD spake by his servants the prophets." (2 Kings xxi. 10.) But we are expressly told that "prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. i. 21.) So David declared on his dying bed: "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." (2 Sam. xxiii. 2.) Similarly the prophecies that went before of Judas, are declared by Peter to have been spoken by the Holy Ghost: "Men and brethren, this Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus." (Acts i. 16.) So in that solemn warning given in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle says, "Wherefore as the Holy Ghost saith, To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, in the day of temptation in the wilderness." (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) When Paul, too, would close his warning word to the Jews at Rome, he said,

“Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive.” (Acts xxviii. 25, 26.) But these were the words spoken by the Lord to Isaiah when he had that glorious vision of the LORD of hosts, to which we have already referred.

But here we shall for the present pause, hoping if the Lord will, to resume the subject in our next No.

ANSWER TO QUESTION IN “GOSPEL STANDARD,”

“Is thy heart as my Heart,” p. 164, May.

DEAR Brother, is it so ? Hast thou a wicked heart ? 'Tis grace alone can show Its filth, and plague, and smart. And has a storm just beat on thee? Ah! Thus it often is with me.	And will through endless day; And when by faith these things I see, It soon is break of day with me.
Do waves of sorrow roll, And gloomy clouds surround, With heavy sighs of soul When sin doth thee confound, With no bright light to shine on thee? Ah! It is often so with me.	But O these fogs and mists That here do me surround ! Whilst Satan still insists That I shall wrong be found. All things against me then I see; And thus it often is with me.
Then dost thou bow thy head, And sink in a low place ? Do joy and peace seem fled, And swarms of doubts thee chase ? No truth inside nor out can see? Just so it often is with me.	I have such wars without, And worse by far within; My foes I cannot rout,— Pride, unbelief, and sin. No peace, no rest, till Christ appears. Thus it has been with me for years.
Then art thou brought to fall At Jesus' sacred feet, And on him try to call, Thy only safe retreat ? Does Satan shoot when on thy knee? Ah! It is often so with me.	How long the war will last, I'm sure I cannot tell; But hope 'twill soon be past, And I with Christ shall dwell; There with him evermore to be. Then 'twill be well indeed with me.
Now all is dark within, The serpent tries his art And stirring up our sin, He hurls his fiery dart, “No truth, no heaven, no God,” says he. Ah! This is fearful work with me.	Death's vale I soon must tread. Dear Lord, thy smile I crave, To save me from the dread Of death and of the grave. Let me, by faith, thy glory see. In death 'twill then be well with me.
But though he hath such power To lead our thoughts astray, The covenant standeth sure,	When we our Saviour meet, And on the throne sit down, We'll bow at his dear feet, And there we'll cast our crown. Ifim eye to eye we then shall see And t'will be well with you and me. W. S.

SATAN strives by temptations, hurries, and terrors, to oblige the poor sinner who seeks mercy to leave off and quit his search, nor ceases to assail the defenceless weak heart, till he has found a refuge in the crucified Saviour, and then there is a noise through all the heavens, of harpers harping on their harps, and of the shoutings and hallelujahs of the angels, at the return of a sinner to the Lord.—*Cennick*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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MAY, 1863.

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

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## HOPE.

THERE is one thing, above all others, which God is from day to day teaching me, and that is, the necessity of a well-grounded hope. Religion is with me a vital necessity, the very life of my soul; and as, from time to time, the solemn realities of death are brought before my eyes, I see and feel the necessity of a hope grounded on a right foundation. And when such solemn realities strike my observation as that a child of Belial may so nearly resemble a child of God as to be past the detection of man, as much as the base coin with a mere covering of silver gives the ring of the true metal and has the same appearance, but is notwithstanding a base counterfeit, it strikes a terror through my very soul; for when I hear that a person may, encouraged by a false hope, brave it out to the last, and even expect admission at heaven's door, I think of the awful delusion of feeling the devouring flames of hell encircling round about me, instead of enjoying a scene of everlasting felicity. I find these to be heart-searching things, things that often make me tremble like a leaf; as a blank feeling of despair creeps into my conscience, it causeth my heart to stoop and to cry mightily to God that he would search me and try me, lest I should be found resting upon any other hope but the hope of the everlasting gospel.

Hope I believe to be possessed by most, I mean a mere natural hope; but it has been my mercy to see and to feel the difference between a natural hope and the hope of the gospel. A natural hope appears to manifest itself in the following manner: Many times when in sore providential trials, before ever I had been led to cry for mercy through the blood of a precious Jesus, have I looked beyond the sorrows of this earth and, in a feeling of self-pity, have said, "Beyond the grave I hope my sorrows will cease;" and how many poor creatures who have terminated their mortal existence by an act of suicide, have left behind them such a testimony, vainly hoping that in the grave is rest. O awful delusion! But is this all? No. How many may you meet who, on asking them the question, "What is your hope for eternity?" will answer you, "I hope in the mercy of God; he is very merciful. I have suffered much on earth; surely the Lord will have compassion upon me."



Another will say, "The Bible says Christ's blood was shed for all that believe, and I believe him to be the Son of God; but I myself must do something towards it."

Another will tell you, "I have performed many good works in the name of Jesus; I have turned many away from iniquity, and surely the promise that 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever,' is mine."

Another will say, "I can now hear the doctrine of election; I believe in it; I feel my own helplessness; surely I am a child of God."

But there are many other characters whom I need not mention. I see sufficient to cause me to tremble daily; and as, from day to day, infirmity of body tells me my days are few, I feel it to be a solemn thing to approach the verge of Jordan without a hope grounded in Jesus, lest he whose name I profess should in that solemn hour not own me, and, instead of for ever dwelling in heaven, I should discover my awful delusion and sink into an ever-during hell of everlasting torture.

A natural hope I feel sure can bring with it no humility; and all such flashes of joy which from time to time spring up in my mind from mere natural circumstances, and also heavenly prospects, as they do not bring into my soul humiliation, I believe to be natural; the very detection of it proves it to be so. And when, from time to time, I find that my fleshly feelings may be so lifted up in false anticipations, it causes me much searching of heart whether or not my former bright hopes for heaven have not been caused by mere natural circumstances or the delusion of the devil.

But hope, true hope, which, under all trials, supports my weary soul, I find to be very different in its working by the power of the blessed Spirit.

God is said to be "the God of hope," and, as such, certainly implants hope at the time of regeneration; and now I look back, I can see that hope was at work in my soul, though not discerned by me; for when the wrath of God in a holy law visited my conscience, and I was, in feeling, in black despair on account of my awful catalogue of iniquities, I see that hope caused me to cry to God for mercy. There was a "Peradventure God will hear me" at the bottom of my heart, which kept me from entirely sinking, as some poor deluded beings sink who, shut up in black despair, terminate their life by an act of suicide. 'Tis true some of God's people are brought very near these awful spots at times; but God appears at the trying moment. I can speak on this from bitter experience; for when, on one occasion, the hand of God had gone out against me and blasted my every scheme, when want stared me in the face, and all the sins I had ever committed were laid upon my conscience with such weight that I felt the very earth must sink with me, and when, reeling to and fro and staggering like a drunken man, I reached forward to some railings, over which I looked at God's brute creation, scarcely knowing whether in a dream or not, something said, "Terminate your miserable existence." But a little blessed hope sprang up at this moment, which caused me to say, "Yes, I will wait; if I die by my own hand

I shall sink to hell. Yes, I will wait; I will see the worst; I will again cast my filthy soul at the footstool of Jesus; I will go once more, as my last refuge." And I did go, and was shortly afterwards not only provided for in providence, but was likewise raised to a joyful hope of my interest in the blood of Jesus. Here it is I see the value of a hope of God's implanting; brought to the last extremity, it still raises its head above all opposition, preserving my soul from everlasting destruction.

But hope I have also proved in the hot fire of temptation to be indeed an anchor to my soul; for when, week after week, I was followed by such blasphemous and filthy thoughts that I could come to no other conclusion than that, like the people of old, I was possessed of devils; when, in anguish of soul indescribable, the flood of blasphemy would rise to such a height that it would have been a relief to my wretched heart to have belched forth its abominations; and even when, at the footstool of mercy, I was feelingly venturing my everlasting all on Jesus, the infernal arrows of the devil would be shot through my mind at his precious head, it has raised me from my knees and I have paced my chamber in perfect horror. Nothing but hope could have supported me here. The devil said, "Yield; I shall yet drive you mad, and then you will be my willing blasphemer." But hope said, "Yield not; give not up but with your dying breath." And hope conquered; and from these things I am taught hope will survive in all extremities. Jonah in the belly of the whale said, "I will look again toward thy holy temple." There was a "Peradventure God will hear me."

But how hope rises (when, on the borders of despair, Jesus is sought for salvation) by a word of Scripture being dropped into the conscience, into a joyful expectancy! I well remember when, to all appearance, eternal burning was my everlasting portion, one night the words, "I will preserve thy goings out and thy comings in from this time forth even for evermore," were so sweetly let down into my soul that I was on my knees immediately, and with a feeling of gratitude I looked up to God and said, "Wilt thou indeed be with me? Wilt thou indeed save such a wretch? Can it be possible there is the slightest hope for me?" Hope said, "Yes, I will still seek; who can tell but that I shall yet call thee mine? Yes, I will seek if I perish." Hope, in such a case as this, I have found to remove a great load, and it has encouraged my soul to still seek in the hope of attaining an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ.

But again; I have found that when seeking Jesus, day after day and night after night, he has still shut out my prayer; when the devil has witnessed against me, and when such a blank feeling of despair has fallen upon my soul as to cause me almost to yield; when the devil has said, "Give up, seek no longer; you will never find, you are too great a sinner;" and when in the last extremity of my yielding, hope has shot up like a dart: "Give up? Impossible! Can I give up after so long seeking? Others have found thee. Yes, I will still pursue, and if I perish, I perish. If I sink to hell, it shall be clinging to Jesus. I will say in hell, 'I have sought thee, but my

sins have deserved this.' But if there is a low spot, the very threshold of thy house, Lord, bestow it upon me." I cannot live without knowing the worst; and I found in seven months' bitter anguish in seeking Jesus, without a soul to whom I could make known my case, often in the belly of hell in feeling, hope would glimmer like a distant light, and say, "Hold out, never yield, still seek; you will perhaps find; you can but know the worst."

But I have found hope to be in exercise in another stage of my experience; a looking forward to a more perfect rest, though at the same time feeling perfectly happy. On one occasion, after much seeking, my soul was so captivated with the Person of the dear Redeemer that I burst forth in joyful feeling: "Yes, I shall *yet* praise him; I shall *yet* say, 'Tis my Jesus.' I feel perfectly happy. I look forward with joyful expectation to the time when he shall say, 'Thy sins are all forgiven.' I shall certainly find him; he would not suffer a sinner to perish at his feet. No. I shall yet call him my Jesus."

But the happy time rolled on apace when I was to be sweetly led into Gethsemane's garden, and when by faith I viewed the sufferings of my precious Jesus. It drew forth anguishing sobs and joyful tears for his sorrow, when the sweet influence thereof made me wish to bear a part, when, with my heart like a well-spring of gratitude, I looked up to Jesus, and said with Watts,

"Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree."

Ah! I felt that I was now rewarded for all my seeking. Love flowed forth like a flowing brook. Not a single breeze of sin disturbed the calm and settled waters of my happy soul. Heaven on earth was indeed realised; my joy was indeed consummated; but hope was still in exercise. I felt it rising in such expressions as seemed to say to my soul, "Thou shalt yet see him as he is; a few more days, or months, or years, and thou shalt ascend to Jesus; there shalt thou bathe his lovely feet with thy tears; there shalt thou enjoy the full fruition of that love thou art now tasting; there, from the rivers of his grace, thou shalt drink in endless pleasure; there thou shalt be no more plagued with sin and sorrow, but one eternal day of joy shall be thy happy portion. To streams of joy he'll lead thee; by the springs of water will he guide thee; everlasting joy shall be upon thy head, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Here, then, I see the preciousness of a hope wrought in the heart by the power of God the eternal Spirit; never dying, though often sinking; under many combats still maintaining its ground; still encouraging my soul to follow on; still keeping in view a crucified Jesus, an ascended Jesus; still keeping up a heavenly anticipation of a world of immortal glory; causing me at times to rejoice in hope of future glory.

I find hope to be precious also in another stage; for when, after the sweet visits of his lovely face, I have, by courting solitude, en-

deavoured to nourish my happy frame, and found to my sorrow, my joy receding like the sun on a cloudy day, whose gladdening presence we no sooner hail with delight than a cloud hides its refreshing beams from our eyes, so have I found my joy gradually subside, until in the place of sweet enjoyment, I again find dulness and misery. The devil tells me all is a delusion, that I shall prove a castaway. The motions of sin in my members begin again to work strongly, and seek to plunge me afresh into that pit of pollution from which I have been so lately plucked. But hope, the anchor of my soul, still casts its hold within the veil. My soul-breathings are, "Can I possibly be deceived? No; the devil cannot make me love Jesus, he cannot make me loathe myself and repent in deep contrition." Sometimes I can reason in this way; but at other times I sink deeper and deeper, till I can reason no longer. I have sifted every particle of my religion, till there does not appear to be a kernel in the sieve, and I am again brought to my first starting place, as a poor polluted wretch, beseeching God to be merciful to me, a filthy sinner; and in these spots God is often pleased, by such a sweet springing up of my past experience, to confirm my interest in Jesus, and hope again enters within the veil, whither our forerunner, Jesus Christ, has entered, and rises above every doubt to a joyful anticipation of a world of unmixed glory.

In and of myself I feel I am perfect weakness, but from time to time it is my happy lot to feel that I am strong in Christ Jesus; and true hope tells me that when heaven's gate admits my weary soul, when the blessed sentence greets my ears, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," then of its service I shall have no further need. I now hope for that I see not, but when face to face Jesus is viewed, hope will be cast aside and Toplady's sweet words realised, when he writes:

"Immanuel here his people feeds,  
To streams of joy perennial leads,  
And wipes, for ever wipes the tears from every face." J.

As the inward principle of evangelical repentance is regenerating grace, no man can spiritually repent until he is born of God; and every man who is born of God repents spiritually. When the Lord turns and looks upon us in effectual calling, we are then turned, and look with mournings unto him whom our sins have pierced.—*Toplady*.

JOHN KNOX thus spake in dying: "That day is now at hand which I have so often and so intensely longed for, in which I shall be dissolved, and be with Christ. I have a certain persuasion in my own heart that Satan shall not be permitted to return, or molest me any more in my passage to glory; but that I shall now, without any pain of body or agency of mind, sweetly and peaceably exchange this wretched life for that which is through Christ."

GRACE once received in the habit or principle, though it may sadly decline, and greatly abate in its exercise, yet shall never be wholly lost, for God stands engaged to carry on the good work where he has begun it, and will preserve his people by his mighty power through faith unto salvation. And that after a life spent in a painful struggle with sin and Satan, the believer having sown in tears shall reap in joy.—*Wilson*, 1735.

## POVERTY AND PRINCEDOM. BY JOHN RUSK.

“And to make them inherit the throne of glory.”—1 SAM. ii. 8.

(Concluded from p. 109.)

And now we will come a little nearer home, and that is to God's work in our souls; for there are thousands who hold in their creed what I have advanced as it respects election and the work of Christ, who yet know nothing about the *internal* work.

1. God chastens us, and enables us to endure it. Hence Paul says, “If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons.” If you and I belong to God, if we are sons, if we are heirs, there will be a bitter ingredient in our cup; we shall suffer. Hence Christ says, “Ye shall indeed drink of the cup which I drink of.” But as I treated a while back about this as a proof of his love, I shall here be short. He chastens us out of his law by shining upon it and into our hearts, and we can see that we have broken it all, that “every imagination of our hearts is evil, only evil, and that continually.” This is a sore chastisement, for God's anger and wrath are felt, and we see no way of escape. Add to this the common afflictions of life and our feelings, tender and keen. It is called being instructed with a strong hand, and it is called “the mighty hand of God;” and it is all to bring iniquity to light, to humble us in the dust, and to purge it away. It would fill a volume to enlarge upon this.

2. Although, under God's chastening hand, we appear far enough from being his adopted children, feeling ourselves under the power of unbelief and at an infinite distance from God, writing bitter things against ourselves, and taking the threatening parts of Scripture as belonging to us, yet at times we do feel a hope of better days, a peradventure, a “Who can tell?” and this arises from encouraging parts of Scripture. Hence Paul says that “by patience and comfort of the Scriptures we have hope;” such as “The needy shall not always be forgotten;” “The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever;” “O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted,” &c., “Though your sins be as scarlet,” &c. But as these are in general but short, we soon sink again, and all our fears come on, and we say with Job, “I know he will not hold me innocent.” Ah, brother! Ah, sister! You and I little think at such a time that God is dealing with us as with sons, and that these are beginnings of making it known to us. However, God is pleased, in his own time, to give us faith to believe it and power to claim our adoption. A self-righteous Pharisee finds no difficulty in calling God Father, neither does a presumptuous hypocrite at a prayer-meeting find this a difficult thing; but a sinner deeply taught what he is in the fall and feeling the enmity of his heart boiling up, cannot do it without divine power; and the way it is done is this. The Holy Spirit subdues our unbelief and we feel quite still; then he draws forth faith, helping our infirmities, and a blessed change takes place. He creates the fruit of the lip and enables us to cry, “My Father!” We look within, and conscience says the same.

Hence you read that "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirits (that is, with our consciences) that we are the children of God;" and we are astonished that such a change should take place in so short a time; and now we can see every thing in us that agrees with it, faith, hope, love, joy, peace, meekness, delight in God, in his word, &c. Neither does it appear like the same world; and how we should like to die and go to glory!

Now let us see whether God's word bears all this out as belonging to God's adopted sons. Observe the following texts: "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe on his name." You see they first received him and then believed on his name, and yet all this time they had not had the power to lay claim to their adoption; but when this takes place, "God fulfils in us the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power." This is wonderful indeed, but it is agreeable to God's promises. Hence he says by Jeremiah, "Thou shalt call me, 'My Father,'" &c. "Because ye are sons (by predestination) God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." This claim, then, is a proof of our adoption.

3. There is a witness kept up in such a soul in a different way it ever was before this power was given to it. I say there is a difference; for before this, when it had sweet lifts at times, yet it only went so far as to *hope* for pardon, justification, better days, &c.; but now every deliverance brings it to a point, and is Christ in it the hope of glory. Not but what this good work will be well tried, over and over again. You may, through secret backsliding, have got so in the back ground as to question the whole work and conclude that you certainly were deceived; and this may go on a good while, so that neither sun nor stars appear for many days, and the Comforter that should relieve your soul seems far from you. You may kneel down to prayer and be all confusion, knowing not what to say or how to begin and think to approach God as a servant; yet he may and does, as I myself can witness, enable you to get up from your knees a son, with this inward witness felt and enjoyed; so that for your great shame you get double and for confusion you rejoice in your portion; that is, you rejoice that "the Lord is the portion of your soul." I well know what I am writing about. "The Spirit itself beareth witness." What to? To the following things, that our convictions are the real convictions which came from God, and not natural, or those belonging to hypocrites; that we are now in a pardoned and justified state, no more servants, but sons and heirs of God, through Christ; that we are the elect of God and are able to rejoice that our names are written in heaven. He stops the mouth of every accuser which before we had. We now believe that we are clothed in and with the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as Abel: "By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous." Yes, and he witnesses what flesh and blood shrinks at, namely, that bonds and affliction abide us. However, when we comfortably enjoy this blessed witness, then things for that time sit

light; and thus it is that God the Father is pleased to send forth his Son to do the great work, and then to send forth his Spirit into our hearts to witness it to us as individuals. As it is written: "But when the fulness of time was come" (you see there was a fixed time,) "God sent forth his Son" (this shows the eternal generation of Jesus Christ clearly,) "made of a woman" (taking her nature pure without the least taint of sin, and thus God brought a clean thing out of an unclean, for Christ was holy, harmless, and undefiled,) "made under the law;" (and thus he stood responsible as our Surety,) "to redeem them that were under the law;" (that is, all that were chosen in him from all eternity,) "that we might receive the adoption of sons." This, therefore, being done, God sends forth the Holy Spirit as a proof that it is done, and as a proof to us individually that *we* are the *objects* of it. 1. That it is *done*, which took place after the ascension to glory. Hence he said to his disciples, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him." Again: "For the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified;" that is, not given in that abundant manner, &c. Now when he came in that powerful way, as he did on the day of Pentecost, it was as much as though the Father said, "All the work that my dearly-beloved Son has done and suffered for you, in his life, death, resurrection, and ascension is complete, and I have accepted him in your room and stead; and, therefore, as justice is satisfied, the law magnified, and every enemy conquered, I pour forth the Holy Spirit as a proof to you now and to all mine adopted children to the end of time, that I am well pleased for his righteousness' sake." 2. That it is done, not only proves that Christ's work being finished is accepted of the Father, but it also is a proof to every individual who is blessed with the spirit of adoption that he was accepted of the Father for him; and thus he is brought to know it for himself and rejoice in it, as I have shown.

But if you and I are the adopted sons of God, we shall from our very hearts glorify the God of our salvation, for Malachi tells us that "A son honoureth his father." Now this will be a tender point with us. When you hear any boasting that they are not as other men, that they are holier, that they never transgressed, &c., such are not believers, they have not the spirit of adoption. Say you, "We must not judge?" O yes, we may, if we judge righteous judgment, and that is God's word. Hence one declares that boasting is excluded. Then the question is, "By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." Then a believer never boasts of what he does for God, &c., and he has the law of faith? Yes, he really has, and where the law is (in the heart) such are God's adopted children. Yes, they are, to the exclusion of all others, "for there is neither Jew, nor Greek, nor barbarian, Sythian, bond, nor free, but ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Yes, and it is no easy thing to bring us here, neither is it an easy thing to keep us here. Many sore afflictions, trials, crosses, losses, chastisements, humblings of all sorts; many furnaces do we get into; and these are ordered so by the Holy Spirit as to terminate in God's

glory and our real good. "As the fining for silver and the furnace for gold (literally), so is a man to his praise;" that is, to God's praise by all the furnace work which he goes through. And here it is that the spirit of adoption is made manifest. Hence God says, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, (that is, as Solomon says, the furnace is for gold,) they shall call upon my name and I will hear them." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." "I will say, It is my people, my adopted children, chosen in my Son and heirs of the throne of glory, my Zion, where I will dwell for ever, having desired it; 'and they shall say, The Lord is my God,' my covenant God, which they never could say without the spirit of adoption. Thus they are to his praise; thus he delivered them and they glorified him: "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise;" Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God; and thus a right influence works this way. "Honour the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst forth with new wine." I know that some will confine this to liberality to God's poor, and that such shall never lose, but gain by it. But although this is true, yet I think it will bear a spiritual meaning, "Honour the Lord with thy substance." And what is substance? Answer, Faith. (Heb. xi. 1.) Well, honour him by giving him full credit for what he hath said in opposition to unbelief and carnal reason: "Abraham was strong in faith, giving glory unto God," and we are to look at Abraham, our father. "And with the first-fruits of all thine increase." And what is that? Why, Love. What Micah calls the first ripe fruit, and it is in love ascribing all the glory of everything we have and do unto him; and this is well-pleasing in his sight. Hence David says: "All come from thee, and what are we that we should offer thus willingly? Of thine own have we offered," &c. "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty." I know of no barns or storehouses that a child of God has worth speaking about but the Lord Jesus Christ: 1. As it respects temporals, "he is heir of all things," and they are all put under him, whether sheep, oxen, fowls of heaven, fishes of the sea, or whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea; the silver and gold is his, and the cattle on a thousand hills; and Paul says, "My God will supply all your need;" and 2nd, spiritually: "Out of his fulness have we all received, and grace for grace," but it is faith that fetches from him, the fountain head, all our supplies. Take notice of that little word so, "so shall thy barns," &c., that is, there is no scarcity in the blessed storehouse, or our barns, the Lord Jesus Christ, I speak it with reverence; but the scarcity lies in ourselves. Ye are not straitened in us, says Paul, but in your own bowels. Now all our riches lie in our faith. Hence James says, "Rich in faith;" so shall thy barns, &c. when faith is strong. Like Abraham we give glory to God, or we honour him; and Solomon says, "Honour the Lord," &c., so shall thy barns (in thus honouring him in faith the substance) be filled with plenty. That is ageeable to the promise made to



Abraham: "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee," &c.; that is, while in faith you are blessing me for what I have done for you and multiplying it to others, you shall greatly increase. But remember that you magnify his work (God's work) which men behold. To be always murmuring and complaining and making the worst of things shows much unbelief and distrust of God, and we should do better, when under the rod, to take part with God against ourselves, and declare that we have procured it all, and that he does not afflict willingly, &c.; but the contrary of this will never fill our barns, unless it comes in anger and wrath to us as the quails did to the Israelites. But Solomon adds, "And thy presses shall burst out with new wine." (Prov. iii. 9, 10.) By the figure here mentioned, understand both the instrument that squeezes the grapes and the vessel that receives the contents or juice. 1. By this press we may understand the sufferings of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Hence you read: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine press? I have trodden the wine press alone;" (Isa. lxiii. 2;) and "He treadeth the wine press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." (Rev. xix. 15.) Now all this was out of pure love to us, and his love is better than wine; and the more you and I are blessed with faith in him, suffering for our sins, the more will our presses, which hold the contents of what flowed from Christ's love, burst out, as it did with David, when his cup ran over: "And thy presses shall burst out with new wine." But unbelief shuts up all; as it is written: "If one that is unclean by a dead body," &c. (Haggai ii. 1.) Now, after this, only look at the dreadful effects: "Since those days were, when one came to a heap of twenty measures, there were but ten. When one came to the pressvat for to draw out fifty vessels out of the press, there were but twenty." Now, if you and I apply all this to ourselves, how often are we unclean by reason of the body of sin and death which we carry about with us? You know that uncleanness is joined with unbelief: "To the unbelieving there is nothing clean," &c.; and you and I may go to hear, read, &c., but we do not find it as we do when faith is in exercise, when we honour the Lord with his own faith, for our leanness testifies against us,—instead of fifty, only twenty, and perhaps none. This is the direful effects of this dead body. But on the other hand "our presses (or vessels) receiving in faith what flows from the dying love of Christ," press out with this new wine. Agreeable to which is Joel iii. 18: "And it shall come to pass in that day, the mountains shall drop down new wine;" that is, Mount Calvary, Mount Gerizim, Mount Hermon, and Mount Lebanon; but not Mount Sinai. These shall drop down new wine, "and the hills shall flow with milk and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord and shall water the valley of Shittim." Now what a rich abundance there is contained only in this verse, the mountains dropping down new wine. Look at the love of Christ manifested on Mount Calvary. Look at the blessings which come to us from his life and death pronounced on Mount Gerizim and Mount Hermon, and the glory that came

from Mount Lebanon. It is beyond all description. And then the hills are to flow with milk. The little hills of Zion, congregations of God's family assembled together, are to flow with milk, "the sincere milk of the word." This is particularly for babes: "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby." Well; they shall flow with milk, "and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with water." Here is the outpouring of the Spirit: "I will pour my Spirit on thy seed," &c. "A fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord," that is, Jesus Christ, "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;" and it is to water the valley of Shittim, which means you and me when we are low and cast down. "Every valley shall be exalted."

Say you, "You run on at a strange rate, and you will lose yourself by and by. What have you done with the princes all this time?" O it is all right, if you will have patience. I told you that a son is an heir, and that one proof of it is that he would honour his Father, and I have shown how it is that such do honour their Father, not with their lips only, but with heart and mouth, and this is a sacrifice acceptable to God and well pleasing. I can truly say that when I feel my heart thus in tune, I am at home.

Well, then, these sons are to inherit the throne of glory, which throne is the Lord Jesus Christ, as I have shown.

Finally and to close the subject, we will treat a little about *Sanctification*; for all these poor creatures, who are raised up out of the dust and from the dunghill and set among the princes of God's people, and are to inherit the throne of glory, are all sanctified. This you may see in Paul's commission, which was "to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sin and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me," or in Christ. (Acts xxvi. 18.)

This I shall take up in two ways: 1, *negatively* and 2, *positively*.

1. What this sanctification is *not*. It is not what some affirm, that when a man is converted to God he ever after keeps the commandments and lives a holy life. The Jewish scribes and Pharisees were of this sort, and very hard they laboured to make converts. They compassed sea and land. Such are full of self, as proud as Satan. They trust in themselves that they are righteous, and despise others. One cries out, "Stand by thyself; come not near unto me; you are a sinner but I am righteous; I am holier than thou." Another says, "I thank God that I am not as other men, no extortioner, nor unjust, nor even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, and give alms of all that I possess." Now I really believe that he did what he said; but self-righteousness never can be acceptable to God, because it is directly opposite to Jesus Christ; and such either ignorantly or knowingly confront him. God may and does incline natural men to do many good outward things to their fellow creatures; and it is a blessing among men when it is so. But, reader, this is not conversion to God. Such wholly trust in what they do and hate Christ in heart.

Again. There is another sort. They take part of Christ in pretension and part themselves, and such are the Arminians, or John Wesley's tribe. These talk about the blood of Christ and reject his righteousness; and thus Christ is divided. They will tell you that they have power to come to Christ if they will; and so they say every one has; and some of them have boasted of their sinless perfection, that they have lived without sin twenty and thirty years together; but it is a damnable delusion and derogatory to God's word. Hence John says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Now none of these characters ever were converted to God, nor is any of this sanctification; for it is at best only a fair show in the flesh.

But there is a third sort. Such have a clear understanding of the truth. They were converted under Mr. Whitefield, or Mr. Romaine. "It was," say they, "a still, small voice, nothing alarming. I was drawn by love;" and such slide on for forty years together, holding fast their confidence that all is right. They belong to churches, and have perhaps been baptized; but they never had that teaching which God teaches those poor ones whom he taketh out of the dust. Nothing of all this is real sanctification. No, it is not. Say you, "Prove it?" Then as to the first, God says they are a smoke in his nose, and Christ said to them, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" The second John tells us deceive themselves and are destitute of the truth. But it is those that have the truth that are called the righteous nation, which are to enter glory above. The third class hold the truth in unrighteousness, and the wrath of God is in an especial manner revealed against such.

But we will leave these, and come, 2, to show what real sanctification is. Now I shall not go over the ground I have gone over before. This was done when I treated about the poor and needy. Suffice it to say that God will effectually strip his own family of everything they gloried in, and will begin, carry on, and complete a work in their souls that he does in no other characters. He gives them a new heart and a new spirit. They speak with new tongues. He calls them by a new name. They sing a new song which none can or ever will sing but themselves. And thus they are new creatures, "created anew in Christ Jesus." They have a new doctrine, "Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." They have new food and they drink the new wine of the kingdom. This is God's new creation, and he forms them for himself, to show forth his praise.

But now to the point in hand. What is it to *sanctify*? Why, when it refers to God, it signifies to separate anything to a holy purpose. God sanctified the seventh day; the first-born were sanctified; the tabernacle, the temple, the priests, the altar, the sacrifices, &c., were sanctified. This was all done under the law. But again. To sanctify is to take a sinner and cleanse him from all his sin, guilt, filth, and pollution, and deliver him from its reigning power and dominion: "And such were some of you; but ye are washed. Ye are sanctified."

Now, God does all this work for these princes. They were set apart in the eternal purpose. Hence David says, "but know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." All this is in the past tense. He hath set them apart and they are godly. And Jude says, "Sanctified by God the Father." In the eternal mind everything was completed; yes, before Adam was formed, or sin entered; so that their safe standing and security were in Christ Jesus eternally fixed; and although they fell with the rest, there was provision made for them. This is the covenant engagement; so that it was impossible they could be lost. This I showed you clearly in Peter's vision.

Sanctification, in the next place, was done when Christ shed his precious blood for these princes: "For it was not possible that the blood of bulls or of goats could take away sin." This was all done under the ceremonial law, typical of what Christ was to do when he suffered on the cross; but it never cleansed the conscience. "For the law, having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never make the comers thereunto perfect." You see this was a shadow, and an outward cleansing; and now mind how it is that we are perfectly sanctified: "Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me. Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God. He taketh away the first that he might establish the second." And what is that which is established? What? Why, what follows in the next verse, and what my soul has often rejoiced in: "By the which will we are sanctified," (how is this done?) "through the offering the body of Jesus Christ once for all;" so that, when he, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, every one of these princes was perfectly sanctified, cleansed from all sin, (Heb. x. 10,) manifestly, who were cleansed or sanctified in the eternal mind or decree of God. "That he might sanctify the people with his own blood, he suffered without the gate." This is all blessed truth.

But let us come nearer home. There is such a thing as for you and me to be really, experimentally sanctified, or how is it possible that we can have an inheritance, (inherit the throne of glory,) when it is to be among them that are sanctified? and this meetness takes place in this time state.

Now, this is a work which belongs to the Holy Spirit. He first shows us our dreadful state by the fall of our first parents and opens up to our view the chambers of imagery; and after we are well instructed to know ourselves and God in his holy and righteous law, he is pleased to lead us in faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are enabled to see ourselves perfectly complete in him, that he is made of God unto us sanctification.

Thus I have taken you to the two extremes, what we are in ourselves and what he is pleased to show us that we are in Christ Jesus. But O what chequered work there is between, what ups and downs, ins and outs, as I well know. But I am only showing you here what a deep discovery of ourselves will terminate in, sooner or later; and

therefore it is that the new man is formed in us; and he *grows* also; for regeneration is putting living principles of grace in our souls,—not removing the old, only subduing them, and keeping them under, that they shall not reign as heretofore, and causing this new man to grow up into Christ our living Head in all things. Moreover, this sanctification never leads a man to admire himself as the Pharisee does. No. On the contrary, he loathes himself and rejoices in Jesus Christ, as being his sanctification; and although it is engraven in his soul with David, “O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes,” yet a constant discovery of his own heart will make him sick of himself and all that he does. Neither will he ever rest satisfied only when by faith he can believe that Jesus Christ is his sanctification and that in him he is holy and without blemish; as Christ told the church in the Song: “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” I have heard people talk about a progressive sanctification, by which they would give us to understand that a father in Christ is much more holy than a babe is; and what is this better than sinless perfection among the Arminians? If Solomon never attained to it, and David, a man after God’s own heart, never did, which it is plain was the case, and if Paul could cry out, “O wretched man that I am,” &c., on whom the grace of God was abundant, what, what can such poor creatures as you and I expect? The way I consider it is this, in all these princes. As they carry about a body of sin and death, they are constantly contracting some evil; as the poet says:

“Sin is mixed with all we do.”

Now to sanctify is to wash or cleanse us; and the way this is done is by setting Jesus Christ before our minds and drawing our faith out to lay hold on him. This brings virtue out of him, and we feel a blessed change in our souls. This is called “purifying our hearts by faith.” Setting Christ Jesus before our minds is called “testifying of him;” and every time this work is done it is called “renewing” us; that is, making us new by washing us afresh, or sanctifying us. As, for instance, I will suppose that I call to see you, and I find you in a very happy, comfortable frame, and we spend some hours together and find the Lord’s presence. After I am gone, one calls about business, nothing but what may be right. This damps all the other; and when the person goes, you look within and see this wrong that you said, and the other wrong, and how you through the fear of man acted deceitfully, &c. At the back of this, Satan turns accuser and rakes up all he can. This brings on heaviness of heart; your mouth mutters perverseness; you try to pray and to confess, but gain no ground; but after some time the Holy Spirit is pleased to help your infirmities and bring such a text as this to your mind: “The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.” Faith catches it. You go out of self and venture upon the Lord Jesus, pleading the promises. You find a blessed change, and you feel that you are clean. This is what I understand by sanctification; and if there is any other way of being cleansed, I know it not. To talk of the old man being better is talking nonsense and only setting stumbling blocks be-

fore weak believers, speaking wickedly for God and talking deceitfully of him.

Now, you and I shall need this sanctification to the end of our journey; and this is called the sanctification of the Spirit, "that the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost;" for he testifies of Christ to us as an able, willing, all-sufficient, and the only Saviour of such poor sinners as we are. He it is that takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto us; and when we see these things, he draws forth our affections to love him; and thus he glorifies him in our hearts. What blessed work this is! It deadens us to this vain world, and we feel ourselves spiritually minded, which is life and peace. "Ah," say some, "I am for family holiness, closet holiness, lip holiness, and heart holiness." To which I answer, "If you are a stranger to what I have advanced, all you talk about is fleshly, and the devil is as holy as you." I am not pleading for anything contrary to God's word. I wish to contend for real holiness upon a proper basis. This I have done. The tree must be made good before the fruit can be good. God the Father is holy. Hence Christ says, "I come to thee, holy Father," &c. God the Son is holy, "the holy one of God;" and the Blessed Spirit is called "the Holy Ghost." The elect of God are all holy, by the indwelling of God in them. "They shall call them the holy people," &c. They are chosen in Christ, through sanctification of the Spirit; they are called with a holy calling, &c. God has not called them to uncleanness, but unto holiness; and "let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity," which he never can do unless he is born again of the Holy Ghost. Pretensions are nothing. These are realities. The grace of God in their hearts is holy, like its author: 1, *faith*: "Building yourselves up in your most holy faith;" 2, the *fear of God* in their hearts: "Perfecting holiness in the fear of God;" 3, *love*: "That we should be holy and without blame before him in love." I might enlarge, but let this suffice; and I now draw to a close.

These princes are to *inherit* this throne of glory. They are all sanctified, and their sanctification is this throne; for, as I told you, "he is made of God unto us sanctification;" and the apostle, when addressing the church, says, "To the sanctified in Christ Jesus." Thus, as Paul says, "Christ is all," and we never can make enough of him. But what will crown all in the blessed state above will be, we shall enjoy his presence in the full blaze of glory uninterruptedly, and the duration will be an everlasting, eternal felicity; and I know not of two things better to finish this glorious subject with. In this world, every man is seeking happiness in some way or another; and were you to ask a man what he wanted, it would all be summed up here, namely, to be happy, and for that happiness to continue; and, blessed be God, this will be our happy lot. Let me name some Scriptures as a proof of this: "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." To be like him will be immortal and heavenly, and to have a spiritual body. "The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, thy God thy glory; and thy sun shall no more go down;" "We shall

be filled with all the fulness of God;" "God is love;" "God is light;" "God is glory;" and "God is everlasting." Time will be all over, and a never-ending eternity will take place. When the apostle would sum up all our comforts in one, how does he express himself? Why, he says, "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." (1 Thess. iv. 16.) This is agreeable with what he himself longed for, viz., to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. David says, "Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." While in this lower world, there never was anything that could fully satisfy these princes but the presence of their dear Lord. What trouble and distress was the church in in the Song, when she says, "I sought him but I found him not." Moses says, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." David says, "Thou hidest thy face, and I am troubled." But David was not afraid of ten thousands which had set themselves against him, for by his God he had run through a troop and leaped over a wall; and says he, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." I have said, and I am of the same mind now, that, strictly speaking, God's children have but one real cross, and that is when God hides his blessed face. Poor Job! How he complained about this! He went forward, backward, on the right hand, and on the left, and exclaimed, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Jabez also, from the bottom of his heart, cries out, "That thine hand might be with me." And there are several things enjoyed in this world which only come from his presence: 1, *rest*: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" 2, *light*: "Lift thou up the light of thy countenance;" 3, *forgiveness of sin and healing our backslidings*: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us," (but what for?) "that thy way may be known upon the earth, thy saving health among all nations;" 4, *life*: "In the light of the king's countenance is life, and his favour is as a cloud of the latter rain;" 5, *strength*: "And the Lord looked upon him, (Gideon,) and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt deliver Israel;" 6, *salvation*: "Turn us, O Lord of hosts, and cause thy face to shine upon us, and we shall be saved;" 7, *evangelical repentance* for all that is amiss: "And the Lord looked on Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly;" 8, *self-loathing*: "Now mine eyes see thee, wherefore I abhor myself. Behold I am vile;" 9, *gladness of heart*: "Thou hast made me glad with the light of thy countenance;" 10, *victory*; every accuser we have must fly from us if he appears: "A king that sitteth on the throne of judgment scattereth away all evil with his eyes;" and this you may see in the accusers of the adulterous woman, for when he lifted up his eyes, they went out one by one; "The wicked perisheth at thy presence, O Lord; they cannot stand in the judgment;" 11, *joy*:

“I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice;” 12, *praise*: “I shall yet praise him, for the light of his countenance;” 13, the happy enjoyment of his loves: “Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us lodge in the villages, let us get us early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear and the pomegranates bud forth; there will I give thee my loves.” (Song vii. 11–12.) You see how many blessed things attend the light of the Lord’s countenance, which I have only hinted at; so that it is not at all to be wondered at that we long to be with him altogether; for, if such the sweetness of the streams that flow from the river of the water of life, what must the fountain be? Truly we must die to know.

I have thus gone through the subject. You have here seen the poor and needy, both in the dust and on the dunghill, and you have seen how the Lord *lifteth such up* from both; also his *exaltation* even in the world, but not to the exclusion but rather to the furtherance of many great trials and afflictions of all sorts; for “many are the afflictions of the righteous.” I have also shown from God’s word what a *spiritual prince* is, and that the poor beggar, being changed by God’s grace, is set with the princes of God’s people, which God from all eternity had chosen him to in his eternal purpose, but now is made manifest to such by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; likewise nine things which these princes shall inherit; all of which I have traced up to Jesus Christ, that glorious high throne from the beginning.

There may be some few things in this book twice mentioned; but my readers must bear with that, as it was written a bit at a time, and this cannot be offensive to any honest heart, one seeking the truth, for such feel they need “line upon line,” &c.

May the Lord own and honour his own truth and what I have written agreeable to his mind and will; and what is amiss may he be pleased to forgive. Amen and amen. Finished Feb. 27th, 1831.

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

“Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry;  
We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.”

J. RUSK.

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THE Lord opened the heart of Lydia as a man openeth the stock to graft in the scions, and the word was let into her soul, and so the word and her heart cemented, and became one.—*Bunyan*.

WHEN the heart is cast, indeed, into the mould of the doctrine that the mind embraceth; when the evidence and necessity of the truth abides in us; when, not the sense of the words only is in our hands, but the sense of the thing abides in our hearts; when we have communion with God in the doctrine we contend for; then shall we be garrisoned by the grace of God, against all the assaults of men. And without all this, all our contending is, as to ourselves, of no value.—*Owen*.



## THE TESTIMONY OF AN AGED PILGRIM.

Dear Friend,—This will acknowledge the receipt of your kind Christmas present, for which you will believe I am sincerely thankful to you, and, I trust, in some humble measure to Him from whom we receive our breath and all things. As we this day commence a new year, I do earnestly wish, if the Lord should be pleased to spare you, it may be the best year of your ever-fleeting life, in which, through the abounding riches of ever-adorable grace, you may abound in all personal, spiritual, social, relative, and circumstantial mercies; and then it will be a year to be remembered with adoring gratitude through all the succeeding years of your life. You will remember that life is war, and life spiritual is more eminently so, in him who happily partakes of spiritual life by the Spirit of life from God; for he only can communicate this invaluable because everlasting blessing. He that is born of God is enlisted in a solemn and protracted war to the end of his mortal life, with devils, world, sin, self, and death, each of which and all of whom will press hard upon the Christian warrior, just as the most favourable opportunity occurs; therefore saith the apostle, “Thou, therefore, my son, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.” I once knew a good man, who said he believed that *conflict* was that which divided between the true and false churches; and I believe so too, both from my own experience, the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, and the great cloud of witnesses that have gone before, who all overcame in the bitter war by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.

But it is not so with worldly professors. They are wholly at ease and quiet. They are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men; therefore pride compasseth them about as with a chain. But the Lord's people return hither, and waters of a full cup are wrung out unto them; while others go on carnally happy, quite content with a name to live while doubly dead, dead in trespasses and sins, and stark dead to the life, power, and reality of vital godliness. Therefore it is well to sit down and count the cost, lest we be like a man who began to build a tower and had not wherewith to finish it, so that all who behold it say deridingly of him, “This man began to build and was not able to finish.” From which it appears to be an infinite mercy to begin, progress, and end with the almighty power of God engaged for us; as saith the Holy Ghost, “Who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.” For by the dint of human power shall no man prevail; even the youths shall be weary and the young men utterly fail, but they that wait upon the Lord God of all power shall from him receive power by which they attain to the consummation of a glorious and final triumph, in spite of all the distressing fears that harass them through this dismal wilderness of inveterate foes and fears. I say not these things to discourage you, but, as my beloved son, I warn you, that you may not think it strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you. I trust God the Spirit is inspiring you with the spirit of a soldier, and that, by the

indwelling Spirit of our God, you will come in the unity of the faith to great boldness in the faith of Christ, even to the cutting off of right hands and feet and the plucking out of right eyes; remembering what the lips of Infallibility have declared, that it is infinitely better to enter into life halt and blind than, having two hands, and feet, and eyes, to be cast into hell fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. "So run," saith the apostle, "that you may obtain. I therefore, so run, keeping my body in subjection." He well knew, and so shall we know, sooner or later, that if we would obtain that eternal life and a glorious resurrection, it must be through fire and water. Hence it is said, "He brought them through fire and water into a wealthy place," a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of sacred liberty and endless rest. Heaven will make more than a blessed amends for all the brief sorrows of the way. What is all this painful discipline for! Why, to test and try our faith and obedience, that we may stand the approved children of God; to cut us off from this vain world that we are so fond of; to kill us to sensual pleasures; to make Christ and communion with him superlatively precious, and our endless abode with and likeness to him more than all things to be desired, seeing that our advancing life, at each successive step, increaseth the amount of our sorrows, till the pale concluding winter of age shifts the scene and shuts poor Christian in the grave, for a better resurrection.

This moment our parish bells have begun to ring, and have brought to my mind the declaration of our loving Lord: "The world shall rejoice, but you shall weep and lament." The image employed is strong and striking, like the pain of a woman in labour. The assurance is very sweet. The Lord make it so to both our minds: "I will see you again and turn your sorrow into joy." Which you will see is confirmatory of my previous remarks.

Now what shall I say more, as I have almost filled my sheet? Why I will say with all my heart that I wish you all health and strength in your body; a sanctified sufficiency in your circumstances through life, divine wisdom in every future step of life mortal, abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness to enrich and adorn your soul for Christ, and an everlasting reign in life by One Lord Jesus Christ; and that till then you may be enabled by the Spirit of power to give all diligence to make your calling, and so your election sure; for that blessed Spirit who communicates life will nourish and maintain it to eternal life.

Blessed be God, I am still tolerable, and if we should all live, and no storm drive us out of our place, I may come and see you in the summer.

Jan. 1st. 1855.

EDWARD SLY.

[The writer of the above died in the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society's Asylum, Camberwell, in Dec., 1861, aged 80. A brief notice of him will be found in the wrapper for this month.]

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IF he sought me when I was not seeking him, he will not for sake me now I have found him.—Gordon.

## Obituary.

### THOMAS CARR.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. ABBOTT.

Dear Friends,—I was sorry you were prevented from hearing the discourse delivered at Frant that evening on which T. Carr was buried; but this is not uncommon upon such occasions. Many go out of curiosity, who neither know nor care about the power of godliness, and prevent those from hearing who have a regard for the deceased, and would like to hear some account of their latter end. You request an account of what was said towards the conclusion, which was what I heard spoken by him in his dying condition.

When I returned out of Kent, being desirous of seeing him once more in the body, I got to Frant about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and went directly to him. He seemed to be in a sort of dose, but soon opened his eyes, and as I perceived he laboured hard for breath, I said to him, "Master Carr, the battle will soon be over." He looked very earnestly at me, and replied, "The devil, the devil is gone; and this is the victory," repeating the words several times. He then spoke of grace, saying, "It is of grace, free grace; it is all of grace." Then said, "This love is everlasting love; he has loved me with an everlasting love." He laboured hard for breath, and at times had not power to speak. After lying awhile silent, he began to speak of the Redeemer, and of redemption, and was favoured with a very powerful sense of the dying love of Christ, and great strength of voice to speak of it, saying, "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb. He has redeemed me by his precious blood, redeemed me, not with corruptible things, not with corruptible things, no, but with his own precious blood. He has redeemed my life from destruction, he has redeemed my soul from death." Then, speaking louder, he said, "He has redeemed my soul from hell." There were several of his friends by his bedside, and he told us he wished we could all praise his precious Redeemer; "but," said he, "you cannot praise him enough;" and then, looking at us, he spoke out with a heavenly countenance, and said, "I wish, I wish all your souls were as happy as mine." At another time he turned his eyes towards me, and speaking to me in particular, as a minister, said, "The Lord bless you. May the Lord bless you with faith; may he bless you with hope." Then, speaking louder, he said, "Bless you with love, bless you with love, with love for the sake of his dear people."

After this he addressed himself to his family, several at that time being in the room, and said, "And here are my dear children. Now I can resign you all into the hands of my dear Saviour;" and he then put up a very fervent prayer for them.

Sometimes he seemed as in a sleep for a considerable time, but was disturbed by being either choked with phlegm, or being somewhat convulsed; but as soon as able to speak, what he said savoured sweetly of the love of Christ.

In this state he lay on his last day, from noon until he departed, at 12 o'clock at night. I had left him about an hour. The Psalmist says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." It was not only peace, but redeeming love that caused him, as a conqueror over death, hell, and destruction, to triumph in Christ, the Captain of his salvation.

I observed in my conclusion, referring to my text, (Zech. iii. 2,) that when we considered what his life and conduct were before he was called by grace, what he was for 20 years in a profession of religion between that period and his death, and with this his holy triumph in his end, we might with the greatest propriety say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" for, "Thomas Carr was most certainly "a brand plucked out of the fire," of which we sang after sermon from Hart's hymn, penned from that portion of Scripture.

Your Friend and Servant in the Lord,

No date in copy.

WILLIAM ABBOTT.

### INQUIRY.

Sir,—Do you not think it inconsistent to call upon parties to speak in prayer whose views are not in accordance with the Church, who do not attend regularly any place of worship, and of whom the majority of members know little or nothing? An instance I will give you. The Town Missionary was called upon, it being the first time I had seen him present, though he has been stationed at the town a considerable time. I should not have troubled you had the above been the only instance of the kind, and did not others wish to see your opinion on the subject.

AN INQUIRER.

### ANSWER.

WE think it very inconsistent with a belief in, and a profession of the doctrines of discriminating grace, and an experience of vital godliness, to call upon any one to speak in public prayer of whom we have not some well-grounded hope, if not a full confidence, that he is a partaker of divine life. For consider the case in the light of Scripture, and what we really ask him to do. It is not to fill up a gap in the service, to compliment a visitor, to gratify his pride or our own curiosity, that we ask him to speak before the Majesty of heaven. This is but to offer the sacrifice of fools, and to feed the pride and vanity of many a poor ignorant creature who goes about from place to place only that he may hear his own sweet voice. Would that those who pray in public, and those who call upon them to do so, would more bear in mind the solemn admonition of God's word: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools, for they consider not that they do evil. 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. 1, 2.)

But, by asking him to pray, what do we virtually ask him to do? Is it not that he may speak out before the Lord the desires and breathings of the people of God; that he may confess his and their sins; express his and their hopes; worship and adore his and their common Lord; and, as the Spirit helps his infirmities, pour out his heart in that earnest, fervent, simple, childlike way, whereby all who fear God may feel a sweet union of spirit with his petitions and supplications? But to call upon a Town Missionary, a stranger to the place and the people, sunk, perhaps, in all the dregs of free-will, whose very absence from their assemblies shows no love to the truth or to those who profess it—surely this must be, to say the least, very inconsistent. But this is just the prominent feature of the present day. The cross of separation from all but the manifested people of God is too heavy for most churches or individuals to take up and carry. And then comes in that false charity, which hopes well and speaks well of this and that professing person, until by degrees the walls and fences of the Lord's garden are pulled down and the whole thrown back into the common waste. It is hard to lay down rules, for circumstances may widely differ in different places; but where there are three or four male members of the church who have sufficient gift in prayer to edify the people, we think it best to confine to them the calling upon the Lord in public. These are, or at least should be, persons in whom most confidence can be placed as partakers of grace; they are under church discipline, which others are not; they have a manifested interest in the ordinances of God's house; they are looked up to by the congregation as making a more distinct and open profession; they are united in the bonds of church fellowship; and they are expected to fill up their places at the prayer meetings, &c. For these reasons, the male members seem not only to be the fittest persons to speak in public prayer, but the only ones whose voice should be heard in the congregation. Still, all rules admit of exceptions, and there may be cases where the church has scarcely any members who can pray in public, and yet there may be men of good experience and good report in the congregation who may have both the grace and gift of prayer. Why should not these be occasionally called upon? Or it may happen that there may be but one or two praying members in the church, and these so weak and feeble through age and infirmity that their prayers can scarcely be heard. Then, why should these retain in their hands a privilege which they can scarcely hold, and grudge that any others should be called upon who can really edify the people, because they are not in the church? Such and similar cases need much wisdom and judgment, and cannot be decided by any strict rules. But all this is very different from calling upon those to pray who are strangers to the place and strangers to vital godliness.

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JOHN xviii. 25, Peter's Fall.—“After that men have once fallen, they cannot not only lift up themselves by their own strength, but also they fall more and more into worse, until they be raised up again by a new virtue of God.”—*Note of Old Bible*, 1610.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Continued from p. 132.)

NECESSITY is a severe but wise and salutary Teacher, and as such has had, in all ages, much to do with the spiritual education of the family of God, and with that heavenly training whereby they are made meet for the inheritance of saints in light. She meets them at the very beginning of their course; for who ever effectually fled from the wrath to come but under her compulsive strokes, or really sought for refuge in Jesus, until her sharp hail had swept away the refuge of lies, and her rushing waters had overflowed the hiding place? (Isa. xxviii. 17.) "Compel them to come in," was the command to his servant of the lord who had made a great supper; (Luke xiv. 23;) and in the same spirit all who, knowing the condemnation of the law, seek for a refuge in the Son of God, cry out in the language of the hymn :

"Jesus, my soul's compelled to flee  
From all its wrath and curse to thee."

And as Necessity was thus present at the birth, having much to do with the sharp throes and keen pangs of the soul in its first travail, so has she a large share in the whole subsequent education of the child of God, rarely, if ever, laying down her rod of office until the death song is sung, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

How plainly can her teachings be traced all through the Scriptures. How deeply indebted to her lessons, for instance, were the Old Testament saints, whose experience of sorrow and suffering is recorded in the word of truth. David hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, with but a step between him and death; Hezekiah on his sick bed, with the sentence of death in body and soul; Manasseh taken among the thorns; Jonah in the whale's belly; Jeremiah in the low dungeon; and not to enlarge, that great cloud of ancient witnesses who had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment, who "being destitute, afflicted, tormented, wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth;" (Heb. xi. ;)—all, all found Necessity the best of all teachers, and one whose lessons could neither be contradicted nor disobeyed. Nor did she close her school with the close of the Old dispensation, or cease her instructions when life and immortality were brought to light, and the gospel was made known to all nations for the obedience of faith. As now, so then none began aright who did not begin in her school. There the publican first felt his need of that mercy for which he cried so earnestly in the temple. There the prodigal, as perishing with hunger, began to long for the bread of his father's house. There the thief on the cross learnt the first letters of, "Lord, remember me." There the Philippian jailer was first taught to tremble and to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" And there, not to multiply instances, though a host of witnesses might be found amongst "the pricked in heart" on the day of Pente-

cost—there Saul of Tarsus, at Damascus' gate, first felt the keen lessons of that Instructress of whom he says, even when a servant of Christ and an ambassador of the gospel, as if still under her tuition, "Necessity is laid upon me." (1 Cor. ix. 16.)

But when we thus speak of Necessity, and ascribe to her a share in the tuition of the saints of God, are we to be understood literally, or figuratively? Figuratively certainly. There is no such real, actual, living being as Necessity. Like her twin sister Adversity, whom she so closely in form and feature resembles, she is but an abstract idea, a conception of the mind, seeking to realise more clearly, and embody more fully and distinctly that sense of urgent need which is as much a reality in spiritual feeling as an object visible to the bodily eye is of natural sight. But when thus stripped of its figurative dress, and reduced to its native condition, as an inward feeling, can we attribute to it even then any power of instruction? No; not of itself. Look at the case naturally. Necessity has been called the mother of invention; but she has not always been fruitful, or if so, has not always succeeded in rearing her children. Many have perished of hunger, to whom necessity ministered no food; many have died of thirst, to whom she brought no water. Shall we say more, and add that many have died impenitent, who both saw and felt the necessity of repentance; many have perished in unbelief, who were convinced of the need of faith? \* Necessity then will do little of itself. It is an excellent—an indispensable preparation for spiritual blessings, but cannot give them; fits the heart for mercy, but cannot bestow it; is the mother of thousands of desires, but cannot feed her own children.

But what bearing have these thoughts upon Necessity on our present subject? This—that a felt necessity of the teaching and testimony of the blessed Spirit lies at the root of all our prayers and supplications for his gracious operations upon our heart, and of all our Meditations upon his Person and work, that they may be fruitful in instruction and comfort to both writer and reader. Unless the spiritual appetite be sharpened by necessity, how little relish is there for the provisions which are laid up in Zion; how little real delight in the word of truth; how little prayer and supplication for the work and witness of the blessed Spirit, as a felt, enjoyed reality. But as a sense of deep and urgent need falls upon the heart, and the Spirit of grace and supplications is given, what an ardent longing breaks forth to experience and enjoy his gracious communications of light, life, liberty, and love. What a sense of darkness—darkness that may be felt, midnight, Egyptian darkness broods like a dense, impenetrable cloud over the soul, when he does not shine upon the word, or upon the Person and work of Jesus. But with this sense of darkness, what a cry for light! "Light, Lord; light, Lord; O break into my soul with a beam of friendly

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\* Is not Francis Spira an awful instance of this? and do not ministers continually, when visiting the sick and dying, find many who are convinced, but not converted, sensible of their need of repentance and faith, but freely owning that they can neither feel grief for sin, nor faith in the Son of God?

light. O for a word to come with a divine power to my heart." Is not this cry for light, life, and power learned in the school of Necessity? And is it not the blessed Spirit himself, who discovers to our hearts their darkness and death, and makes us see, feel, and know it? for only "in God's light do we see light," and "whatsoever doth make manifest is light."

In our last No., we attempted to bring forward some scripture proofs of the Deity of the blessed Spirit. But this doctrine, like every other sacred truth, can only be really believed as experimentally realised. When then the child of God, as quickened into spiritual life, puts up a whole host of prayers and supplications, bringing up to the front a very army of fervent desires, as if he would take the kingdom of heaven by violence, has he not so many witnesses in his bosom of the Deity of the blessed Spirit? for it is by his divine energy that he is thus enabled to plead with the Majesty of heaven. And so when the same gracious and holy Spirit, as the promised Comforter, brings nigh the word of truth, reveals Jesus, or applies a promise warm to the heart, the child of grace has in his own breast the surest, sweetest evidence that none other but, none less than Deity could thus appear for him to the very joy of his soul. Bearing then in mind this experience of the saints as their internal evidence of the truths which we are seeking to establish from the word of God, we now proceed with our Meditations on the Person and work of God the Holy Ghost.

Among the scriptural proofs of the Deity of the Holy Spirit which we brought forward in our last No. was this, that *names* are given to him in the word which express or imply that he is God. Amongst them we showed, from a comparison of Scriptures, that he bears the name of "*Jehovah*." Pursuing the same line of proof, we shall now show that he is also called "*Lord*," which we know is the peculiar name of God. Thus we read in a promise made to Israel upon whose heart the veil still is, "Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away." (2 Cor. iii. 16.) Now this "*Lord*" to whom Israel shall one day turn is "the LORD God," according to his own words: "Therefore also now, saith the LORD, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the LORD your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." (Joel ii. 12, 13.) But the apostle assures us that "the Lord" to whom Israel shall thus turn is the Holy Spirit; for he adds, "Now the Lord is that (or the\*) Spirit." And what Spirit? "The Spirit of the Lord," or as it is rendered in the margin, 2 Cor. iv. 18, "the Lord the Spirit." Is not this a plain proof that "the Spirit of the Lord," or "the Lord the Spirit," is Lord and God?

He is called "*the Lord*" also in that remarkable passage where the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are all named: "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patient waiting

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\* It is "the Spirit" in the original.



for Christ." (2 Thess. iii. 5.) Is it not the peculiar work and office of the blessed Spirit to guide the children of God into all truth, according to the Lord's own testimony: "Howbeit, when he the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth?" (John xvi. 13.) When, therefore, the apostle prays that "the Lord would direct their hearts into the love of God," how plainly he calls the blessed Spirit "Lord;" and if "Lord," then he is God.

We also find the blessed Spirit similarly spoken of both as "*Lord*" and "*God*" in that passage where the apostle opens the subject of spiritual gifts: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." (1 Cor. xii. 4, 5, 6.) He there shows that there are diversities of gifts, differences of administrations, and diversities of operations, but that the Giver and Author of them is the same Spirit, the same Lord, and the same God. How plainly does he then call the Spirit "*Lord*" and "*God*." Indeed, the whole chapter is one continued testimony to the Deity of the blessed Spirit. Examine and consider the following testimonies: "But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." (1 Cor. xii. 11.) How sovereign will and work are here ascribed to the Spirit. "By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." Here the spiritual union of the members of Christ's body is attributed to the Spirit. Now, consider the following testimonies: "But now hath *God* set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him;" (1 Cor. xii. 18;) "*God* hath tempered the body together;" "*God* hath set some in the church." (1 Cor. xii. 24, 28.) How clear is the conclusion that the Spirit is God, as thus expressly called such.

Consider these things, dear readers; examine them in the light of God's testimony; seek to enter into their sweetness and blessedness. If the Lord the Spirit be but pleased to shine upon his own word and his own work, you will find that a contemplation of his Deity, and sweet meditation on him as a Person in the Godhead, will much draw up your hearts towards him as a most benign and gracious Teacher and holy Comforter, and will put an edge upon your prayers and supplications to be more abundantly baptized with his sweet influences and sacred operations.

3. But we pass on to another branch of scriptural proof of the Deity of the blessed Spirit. This is drawn from the *works* ascribed to him in the Scriptures of truth. These are such as none but God can perform. Thus, as a divine Agent,\* he was present in the first creation; as we read: "And the Spirit of God moved," (or fluttered like a bird over her young,†) "upon the face

\* Persons have very ignorantly objected to the term "Agent" as applied to the blessed Spirit, as if it implied inferiority. The word "Agent" means one who acts—not an Irish agent, in a subordinate capacity.

† It is the same word as is rendered "fluttereth," (Deut. xxxii. 11,) the idea being of a bird brooding over her young with a warm, fond, tremulous motion, and thus fostering them with the warmth of her bosom.

of the waters," as if vivifying the cold, dead mass, and impregnating it with life and power to bring forth at God's command. Thus in the old creation he was present as a Person in the Godhead, imparting life and movement to dead, motionless chaos.

In the *creation of man* he too had a share, for God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" (Gen. i. 26;) in which "us" and "our" is wrapped up the sublime mystery of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Trinity in Unity, all engaged in the creation of our first parents. Nay, Elihu ascribes his own creation to his Almighty power: "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." (Job xxxiii. 4.) And so speaks the Psalmist of that re-creation when the Lord takes away the breath of his creatures, and they return to their dust: "Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created, and thou renewest the face of the earth." (Ps. civ. 30.)

To raise from the dead the sleeping dust of the saints must be the sole work of God; for who but he, who is Almighty in power, can re-animate the cold clay in that resurrection morn, when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and with the trump of God," and "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body?" (1 Thess. iv. 16; Phil. iii. 21.) And yet this act of omnipotence is ascribed to the Spirit: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. viii. 11.) In the resurrection, therefore, of Jesus from the dead, the Holy Ghost had an important share, for our gracious Lord is declared to have been "put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit," (1 Pet. iii. 18,)—the same blessed Spirit who will quicken (or make alive) at the resurrection the dead who have fallen asleep in Jesus. As in the vision seen by the prophet in the open valley, so will he, as a quickening Spirit, breathe upon the dead and dry bones of the sleeping saints, and the entombed millions will arise and stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army. (Ezek. xxxvii. 10.)\* Of this a pledge was given at the resurrection of Jesus; for as at his baptism, as before pointed out, so at his resurrection, the Three Persons of the blessed Trinity were all present and all engaged. The Father, as again and again declared, raised him from the dead; (Acts ii. 32; iv. 10: x. 40; xiii. 30;) the Son raised up himself by his own power: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up;" (John ii. 19;) "I lay my life down that I might take it again;" (John x. 17;) and, as we have just shown, the Holy Ghost quickened his dead body when he was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. i. 4.)

Nor is the *quickenings* of a soul dead in sins less an act of divine, creative power than the creation of man or the raising of him from the dead. But this we know, from the testimony of the word of truth, is the special work of the blessed Spirit. "It is the Spirit that

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\* We wish it to be clearly understood that we do not mean this as an interpretation, but merely a figurative application of Ezekiel's vision. Our view of its spiritual and prophetic meaning we gave in our last No., p. 123.

quickeneth" was our Lord's own testimony. (John vi. 63.) He, therefore, assures us that "except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God;" and that "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (John iii. 5, 6.) All must admit that nothing short of a divine power can quicken the soul dead in trespasses and sins; for it is "God," and God only, "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." (Rom. iv. 17.) Thus every one made alive unto God by regenerating grace carries in his own breast a witness of the Deity of the Holy Ghost, for he has felt his quickening power, and is therefore fully satisfied that he must be "God who raiseth the dead," whether out of the dust of death in the grave, or out of the charnel-house of sin. This power to raise the dead was Paul's only trust when he was "pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that he despaired even of life," and to him was the sure pledge not only of deliverance from so great a present death, but from all future "deaths oft." (2 Cor. i. 8-10; xi. 23.)

And as the blessed Spirit first quickened the soul into life, so he also from time to time *revives* his gracious work; nor is this less the effect of a divine power than the first begetting unto eternal life; for as no man can quicken, so "none can keep alive his own soul." (Ps. xxii. 29.) When the Psalmist cried out, as expressing the longing desire of the church: "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" (Ps. lxxxv. 6;) did it not imply that none but God could revive his own work? as the prophet prayed: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid. O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." (Hab. iii. 2.) Under his gracious renewings David could say, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me," as feeling a confidence that the Lord would perfect that which concerned him, and never forsake the work of his own hands. (Ps. cxxxviii. 7, 8.) "He restoreth my soul;" (Ps. xxiii. 3.) "I shall be anointed with fresh oil;" (Ps. xcii. 10;) "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit; so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live;" (Isa. xxxviii. 16;) "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine." (Hos. xiy. 7.) Such and similar expressions of living experience bear testimony to the Spirit's renewings and revivings, for as he grants life and favour in the first communications of his grace, so his after visitations preserve the spirit. (Job x. 12.) Thus every revival of our faith, hope, and love, every renewing in the spirit of our mind, whereby we put off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness; every fresh going out of prayer, supplication, or affection after the Lord; and every visitation of his presence and of his power, are so many clear testimonies that God the Holy Ghost is fulfilling the promise: "In that day sing ye unto her, A vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isa. xxvii. 2, 3.)

As the *Teacher*, too, of the family of God, the work of the Holy Ghost is divine, and therefore divine must be the Workman. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," is one of the firm promises of the New Covenant; and to this the Lord himself bore witness when he said, "It is written in the prophets, They shall be all taught of God." (John vi. 45.) But the same gracious Lord declared to his disciples that "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father would send in his name, should teach them all things," and that "when he, the Spirit of truth, should come, he would guide them into all truth." (John xiv. 26; xvi. 13.) Now unless the Holy Spirit be God, where is the promise, "They shall be all taught of God?"

But the blessed Spirit is said also "to search all things, yea, the deep things of God." (1 Cor. ii. 10.) But this clearly needs an Omniscient eye, for what other can read, so to speak, the very heart of God to its profoundest depths? The Apostle therefore adds, "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no one\* but the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. ii. 11.) The angels which excel in power surround the throne, and are sent forth "as ministering spirits to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation;" (Heb. i. 14;) but what angelic being or bright and burning seraph, can "search the deep things of God?" When "the book written within and without," sealed with seven seals, was held in the right hand of him that sat on the throne, a strong angel proclaimed with a loud voice, "Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?" But "no one in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon," until the Lamb came and took the book out of the hand of him that sat on the throne. (Rev. v. 1-3, 6, 7.) If, then, no created being could read the book, how can any read the very heart of God but He who has in himself all the perfections of Deity?

"Ye are the temple," says the apostle, "of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them." (2 Cor. vi. 16.) But he also says, "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) If, then, the body of the saint be "the temple of the Holy Ghost" and "the temple of the living God," how clear, how certain the conclusion that the Holy Ghost is the living God.

When *Ananias* sold a possession and kept back part of the price, that he might have a character for liberality and self-denial and yet make a provision for the flesh, Peter said to him, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." How plain, then, how clear the conclusion that the Holy Ghost is God, since to lie unto him is to lie unto God!

The sin against the Holy Ghost is, we know from the Lord's own testimony, the great transgression, the unpardonable sin; and thousands of God's dear family have been sorely tried lest they should

\* So it should have been translated, as the word "mau" is not in the original. The same remark applies to John x. 28, 29, and Rev. v. 3.

have been guilty of it. But, without entering into the nature, the subjects, or the consequences of this unpardonable sin, as foreign to our present intention, let us look at it merely as a proof of the Deity of the blessed Spirit. If the Spirit be not a divine Person in the Godhead, but a mere virtue, or a breath, or an emanation, or a title, why should the sin against him be so exceedingly great as to be absolutely unpardonable? Sins against the Justice, the Mercy, the Longsuffering, the Goodness of God, are not unpardonable; why, then, if the Holy Spirit be but a covenant title, or a peculiar relationship, or an operation, or an influence, or an attribute of God—why, we ask, should the sin against him be without forgiveness? Besides which, when we speak of sinning against the goodness, longsuffering, &c., of God, we speak but figuratively; for, in strict language, these sins are not so much against the attributes of God as against God himself, who is all good, longsuffering, &c. To sin, therefore, against the Holy Ghost must be to sin against God, for there is no sin but what is against God. Why, then, should the sin against the Holy Ghost be so deeply resented, so inflexibly punished, and should bring down such certain and awful ruin upon the head of the transgressors, unless he be verily and truly God, possessing, as such, every glory and perfection of the Godhead?

Again, still pursuing the same line of argument, we read that "*all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.*" (2 Tim. iii. 16.) Now, who inspired the Scriptures, or rather, the men of God, both under the Old and New Testaments, who wrote them? Was it not the Holy Ghost? Hear Paul's testimony, as an inspired apostle, whose blessed epistles we hold in our hands and the power and sweetness of which we have so often felt in our hearts: "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God; which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."\* (1 Cor. ii. 12, 13.) And what is Peter's testimony? "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you, searching what, or what manner of time the *Spirit of Christ* which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." (1 Pet. i. 10, 11.) And again: "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpreta-

\* The last clause might be translated, "Composing spiritual things for spiritual men." That this is the meaning of the passage, or at least that it may be rendered so, seems plain to us from the context: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." Here the apostle contrasts the spiritual man of whom he had just spoken with the natural man. "We," he says, "compose or write spiritual things for spiritual men;" and why? Because they only can receive them. We do not write spiritual things for natural men, for they cannot receive them, as being the things of the Spirit of God. But he that is spiritual judgeth (or discerneth, margin) all things, and therefore for him and him alone do we write. If our readers will look at the drift and bearing of the whole chapter, (1 Cor. ii.) we cannot but think they will see it harmonize with our interpretation.

tion. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as *they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*" (2 Pet. i. 20, 21.) Similar was the testimony of the sweet psalmist of Israel: "*The Spirit of the Lord* spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." (2 Sam. xxiii. 2.) Agreeing with this was the witness also of Stephen before the council: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always *resist the Holy Ghost?* As your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them who showed before of the coming of that Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." (Acts vii. 51, 52.) But how did they and their fathers resist the Holy Ghost, except by resisting his testimonies, as speaking in the prophets whom they persecuted? How plain the conclusion, then, that the Holy Ghost inspired those Scriptures, which are expressly declared to have been given by inspiration of God. Is not this a conclusive proof that the Holy Ghost is God?

Thus we see how, as in a magnifying glass, the scattered rays of divine truth converge into one focus, and all meet in one point—the Deity of the blessed Spirit. It is, then, with this as with every other foundation truth, that it does not rest on one or more isolated passages, but bursts more and more upon our view as we examine, compare, and meditate upon the word of God's grace. The truths of the gospel, though to an enlightened eye they shine as with a ray of light all through the word, yet are they, for the most part, laid up as in veins. "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold, where they fine it." "As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire. The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold." (Job xxviii. 5, 6.) But where is "the place of sapphires?" and where this "dust of gold?" "In the path which no fowl," no unclean professor, "knoweth, and which the vulture's eye," keen though it be after this world's carrion, "hath not seen." (Job xxviii. 7.) But to a spiritual mind sweet and self-rewarding is the task—if task it can be called—of searching the word as for hid treasure. No sweeter, no better employment can engage heart and hands than, in the spirit of prayer and meditation, of separation from the world, of holy fear, of a desire to know the will of God and do it, of humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity, to seek to enter into those heavenly mysteries which are stored up in the Scriptures; and this, not to furnish the head with notions, but to feed the soul with the bread of life. Truth, received in the love and power of it, informs and establishes the judgment, softens and melts the heart, warms and draws upward the affections, makes and keeps the conscience alive and tender, is the food of faith, the strength of hope, and the main-spring of love. To know the truth is to be "a disciple indeed," and to be made blessedly free—free from error, and the vile heresies which every where abound; free from presumption and self-righteousness; free from the curse and bondage of the law and the condemnation of a guilty conscience; free from a slavish fear of the opinion of men and the contempt and scorn of the world and

worldly professors; free from following a multitude to do evil; free from companionship with those who have a name to live but are dead. But free to love the Lord and his dear people; free to speak well of his name; free to glorify him with our body and soul, which are his; free to a throne of grace and to a blood-besprinkled mercy-seat; free to every good word and work; free to "whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." (Phil. iv. 8.)

The Deity of the blessed Spirit is one of those foundation truths which are thus to be received in love and power. It is no dry doctrine when made manifest to the heart, but full of heavenly comfort and rich with that holy savour and divine unction which make the truth of God so precious to every believing soul.

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IN HEAVEN IS THY HOPE FOUND.

<p>O CHRISTIAN, heavenward turn thy eye! From earthly hopes direct thy cares; What to thee is the worldling's joy But a long penitence of tears? From sin, and from Satanic wiles, And from hell's gathering alarms, Thy Saviour calls thee; and with smiles Allures thee to his willing arms. Long hath grim Doubt's malignant form Fill'd thy lone heart with wild dis- may; But hope sits smiling o'er the storm, And chases all thy doubts away. Hope, like a star of holy light, Smiles on the waste by tempests riven;</p>	<p>And, in affliction's darkest night, Directs the wandering soul to hea- ven. Then, Christian, heavenward turn thy eye; Behold thy title writ in blood, By angels chanted through the sky, And own'd and ratified by God. O what to thee is earthly sorrow But a short cloudy, wintry day? Unclouded skies await to-morrow, With joys that never fade away. And thy Redeemer's gentle hand Shall lead thee on through storm &amp; blast, And, through a dark, benighted land, Shall lead thee to thy heaven at last.</p>
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GEORGIUS.

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"WHOEVER may be panting after a real soul deliverance, will prize it when it comes more than they have any present idea of."—*W.T.*

SPRING OF PEACE.—Faith triumphs over self-unworthiness and sin, and death, and the law, shrouding the soul under the mantle of Jesus Christ, and there it is safe. All accusations fall off, having nowhere to fasten, unless some blemish could be found in that righteousness in which faith hath wrapt itself. This is the very spring of solid peace, and fills the soul with peace and joy.—*Leighton.*

It often fares with some such as with Samuel. When he was young the Lord called him, but he thought that it had been Eli that spoke; he was not acquainted with the voice and speakings of the Spirit of God. So the souls of such know not the word nor Spirit in their souls many times. The voice of Christ is not heard for the voice of Moses, nor the voice of grace for the voice of the law; and they know not when the Lord breathes or comes, as Elijah, "whether in the wind or fire;" whereas he is in the still small voice of the gospel.—*Saltmarsh.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JUNE, 1863.

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MATT. V. 8; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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A MORNING WALK.

My God! How richly thy power and goodness shine in creation! Here are the handy works of thy bounteous heart displayed. In its returning season, thou hast clothed the fields with waving grass, for the support of beast, which live and die to supply food for mortal, wretched, rebellious man. At a distance I see the joyful husbandmen laying the fruitful herbage level with the ground, to be prepared for the homestead. The silent flocks, just arisen from their downy couch, are intent upon satisfying their appetites from the juicy verdure. The corn, tinged with the most lively green, in stately rows o'erspreads and adorns some of the adjacent fields which lie here and there within the limits of my contracted sight, and shines with glowing tints from between the intercepting crops of brown and emerald enclosures. To beautify the variegated scene, the meadows, hedges, and banks with the sweetest innocence display their rich variety of mixtures. The rose smiles with its charming blush from between the verdant and stately boughs; while the humble flowers below, bespangled with azure, yellow, crimson, and white, in the richest beauty and softest radiance, rear their innocent heads, and join their silent ejaculations of praise to that God who first gave them being, and at whose voice they wither and moulder into dust. The little songsters of the grove, from their lofty seats, with their warbling throats are mingling their anthems to the universal chorus, as though conscious of their great obligations to their Creator's hand for preserving and providing for them. This sweet mixture of harmony, added to the calm serenity of the morning, strikes my mind with solemnity, meditation, and thanksgiving. How great are thy works! How boundless thy goodness bestowed on vanity and dust! "Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst be thus mindful of him," as to deck and clothe the earth to cheer his spirits and supply his returning wants!

But O! What are all these thy works when compared to the astonishing wonders of thy grace? Ah! They are all lost in the vast contemplation! This swallows up everything in its way. How sweet its sound! How comprehensive the word! Yea, it takes in love, mercy, pardon, praise, and the whole economy of salvation, inasmuch



as it is altogether a free favour; therefore every new covenant blessing made over to, and bestowed upon all the heirs of glory, from eternity to eternity, is contained in it. Then how precious is its name to a heaven-born soul, who can call thee his God. How it charms my soul to ruminate over this precious subject; and that because I feel a lively hope, through the dear Redeemer's blood, that this jewel is safely lodged within my heart. I trust I feel the witness within of my adoption. O what a Christ have I! How supremely rich I am with this treasure! Let the busy world their fleeting vanities possess, I will rejoice in my portion, and esteem them all but dust. True, the sweet displays of thy creating power and goodness around me call forth my gratitude, for thy providential care and mercy towards thy fallen creatures; but, alas! All these things must perish, nor can they ever satisfy a hungry soul, who has tasted that the Lord is gracious and who longs for Christ with ardent desire. Then such is thy sin-burdened mourner. Thy love has allured my soul and broken my heart. I cannot live without thee. Thy presence makes heaven in my soul. Thou art altogether lovely. Then let me turn from these meaner scenes to those infinitely more precious.

My dearest Jesus, how *stupendous* and *rich* was that love which brought thee from thy bright mansions of bliss into this sinful world, to bleed and die for me, even me, the chiefest of sinners, the most hell-deserving mortal of all thy redeemed. How *powerful* it was, in rescuing me from Satan's arms; how *sovereign*, in fixing upon me and making me the object of its regard, in spite of earth and hell; yea, how *wonderful*, because it has given me hidden treasure, even Christ in my heart the hope of glory, and made me feel him precious through the Spirit's teaching, and that to the joy and rejoicing of my soul; and how *free*, because freely bestowed on me before time, unmerited, unsought. O what a precious salvation is this! Ah, my Lord! Not all the charming scenes of nature, nor all the world's false-named pleasures can yield such peace as I feel springs from this blessed sound. Thou hast won my heart. Without thy presence I droop, I mourn. I feel sin my worst enemy; I groan to feel its power, and long to be freed from it. When, my Jesus, wilt thou call me away from this wretched body of sin and death, to be with thee; to leave corruption and sin for ever in the grave, to see thy lovely face without a veil between? O! did I know that thine appointed time was near, when I should hear thy voice saying, "Come up hither," how I should rejoice; for, my dearest Lord, thou knowest I am weary of sin, weary of this vain world, and weary of myself, and I long to fly beyond them all to be with Christ, which is far better. But if thou hast designed for me to stay a little longer here below, to fight a few more battles with the powers of darkness, O give me strength to stand and withstand; and in thy strength may I fight and overcome, till I arrive in the midst of Jordan's flood; and when there, may thy love support me, bear my head above the swelling billows, and help me to sing, "Victory through the Lamb's blood!" Thus help me, dearest

Lord, to wait thy will and endure thy will with pleasure, fortitude, patience, and resignation, until my change cometh; and then, as the purchase of thy blood, waft me to thy kingdom and glory, to enjoy thy presence for ever and ever. Then I will try to sing the loudest of the throng, and crown my Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, Lord of all. Amen.

My God, thy presence and thy love Are all the joys I crave; Thy smiles can lift my heart above, And make me death outbrave.	This heart forget again to beat, Through one eternal day.
How vain a shadow is this world! To me it has no charms; I long to see my heaven unfurl'd, And die in Jesu's arms.	For Jesus, whom I love so dear, Whose presence makes my bliss, Will make me palms of victory bear, And sing recovering grace.
O let me see thy lovely face, While here below I stay; And feel the power of quickening grace, To bear me far away.	This happy hour will surely come; Wait, O my soul, till then; Trials will sooner waft thee home, The fiercer they may flame.
Then let the world aloud rejoice, Over their sordid dust; I will, through Christ, exalt my voice, And make his name my boast.	O death! I hail thee, best of friends; Thy sting is ta'en away; I'm ready, when my Jesus sends, To bow to thy strong sway.
I'm weary, Lord, of all but thee; But yet thy time I'd wait, And bear thy will, until I'm free From this most wretched state.	No terrors in thy name I feel; My Saviour's voice within Bespeaks his blood has freed my soul From endless fire and pain.
Then no more sin to mar my joys, Nor pain shall heave my breast; But Christ I'll sing, with heart and voice, And ever in him rest.	Nor law, nor justice can demand For ever aught from me; While Christ my bleeding Surety stands, My spirit sings, "I'm free!"
Then shall these eyes forget to weep, These tears be wip'd away, Bedworth.	Then come at my Redeemer's time; Open the gates of bliss, And let me through, to sing and shine With Christ in paradise.

G. T. CONGREVE.

You will suspect that man to be next door to a bankrupt that never casts up his accounts nor looks over his books; and I as verily think that man a hypocrite that never searches nor deals with his own heart. He that goes on in a round of duties without any uneasiness or doubting of his state, I doubt no man's state more than his.—*Mead's "Almost a Christian."*

EXPECT at times to be sorely harassed with hardness of heart, unbelief, extreme backwardness to wait on God, with all manner of evil thoughts, to beat you, if possible, out of all hope in Christ, and to beget in you a dislike of the very profession of his name. In these frames, Satan often stirs up the most powerful lusts of the flesh, and labours by every artifice to get the soul into actual transgression. For nothing so sorely wounds the hope of a Christian as guilt, and nothing so deprives him of his strength and confidence in God. And remember, the subtle tempter who has seduced you into sin, will be the first to accuse you of it.—*Hardy.*

**AND TRULY OUR FELLOWSHIP IS WITH THE FATHER, AND WITH HIS SON JESUS CHRIST.**

ON Thursday, the 29th of November, my throat, which had for some days been uncomfortable, suddenly became worse, so that I could not read the two chapters at our usual evening meeting, which I had in my own mind purposed doing, but was obliged to leave off after reading only one. At night, I resorted to the usual remedies, which I expected would alleviate, if not remove, the unpleasant symptoms; but on Friday, instead of being better, I was more unwell. This made me quite thoughtful, and led me in some measure to self-examination and prayer, that the Lord would speak peace to my soul; for I was satisfied that my heart had sadly wandered from him, and that in spirit I had forsaken that "strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life."

In the afternoon, when sitting in my little room, I felt disposed to read something. Upon the table close by lay a book I had been reading in the morning, and a small Bible, side by side; both were open, and turned flat upon the table-cloth, with their covers uppermost. Without thinking, I stretched out my hand and took the former, when a feeling of this kind crossed my mind, "Why not take the Bible?" Acting upon this impulse, I relinquished the book I had been reading, and took the Bible instead. I felt myself somewhat condemned for my neglect, and, moreover, thought that my reading would be to little or no profit. The first verse, on opening it, that met my eye was Isaiah lxii. 7: "And give him no rest until he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." These words took hold of my mind, in a very encouraging manner, though mingled with reproof, and raised a spirit of prayer that the Lord would appear for my help. I read the whole chapter, and it strengthened my spirit, and was sweet unto me. But the words I have mentioned abode with me, and were frequently sounding in my (spiritual) ears: "And give him no rest," &c.; "Give him no rest." In mercy I was enabled to follow up this exhortation most of the remainder of the day, and all through the next. The words came again and again: "Give him no rest," &c., to stir me up to renewed prayer.

This exercise of soul continued till Sunday morning when, finding no answer to my prayer, or that enlargement of spirit which I was in the hope of enjoying, I was led to ask of the Lord to grant me patience, and enable me to wait his time. Psalm xl. 1 encouraged me to do this, and those words of the Lord Jesus to his brethren, in John vii., "My time is not yet come;" "Your time is always ready," also conveyed some instruction. This did not cause me to abandon prayer, but made me willing to wait the Lord's time. David continued his cry unto the Lord, although we are told he waited patiently. In some measure, I believe, ability was given me to do the same, and leave it with the Lord. In this frame of mind I went into my chamber, and, whilst preparing for rest, these words quietly dropped into my mind: "There is no spot in thee." They came so gently that I did not take much heed to

them, although they did not entirely escape my notice; but soon after I had retired to my bed, they came over and over again, and with such power and unction attending them that I was brought out most fully into the glorious liberty of the gospel; and I could, without the least hesitation, doubt, or fear, call God my Father, and the Rock of my salvation. For more than four hours these words were continually spoken unto me. Sometimes it was, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;" and frequently it was these words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and again, repeatedly, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine." And often the next verse followed, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee," &c. There was such a sweet communion between the Lord Jesus Christ and my soul that I kept from time to time saying, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." And I was answered again and again by the words, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee;" "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." The parable of the prodigal son was exceedingly sweet to me. I could enter into it most fully, and I felt truly that the best robe was put upon me, and the ring on my hand.

Furthermore, I was greatly indulged with an abundance from that "feast of fat things, and of wines on the lees well refined;" and made to partake of that river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" so that my heart was merry indeed with welcome reception and good fare that I received in my Father's house. I could say also, with Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Many parts of John vi. were very comforting and confirming. Some of the earlier verses of Romans viii., also of John iii., especially this verse: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And these words also: "He that believeth on him is not condemned." Many promises and various portions of Scripture kept teeming into my mind, which I did not at all think I knew, and all attended with the power of the Holy Ghost. Having Christ, I seemed, with him, to possess the sweetness of all the promises. Through the goodness of the Lord, many times my cup ran over with a sense of his blessing; and one word of encouragement was most abundantly fulfilled at this time, which the Lord supported me and upheld me with during my first soul trouble, "that I should yet praise him." Also this promise was repeated, which I had at that time: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

As I have said, this blessed visitation was with me more than four hours; in fact, till I fell asleep, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. It was at times as much as I could bear; it was "joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" so that, from the weakness of my body, at last I was quite wearied, and asked the Lord to let me have a little rest. With all the joy and love and comfort, there was at

the same time a very humbling sense of my utter unworthiness; so that the language of Job, "Behold, I am vile," was frequently uttered by me under this feeling. On looking back upon my past life, it appeared to be one great sin, and this led me to confess it to the Lord; yet the words would still be coming: "There is no spot in thee;" "Thou art all fair, my love." I watered my couch with my tears; but they were tears of joy as well as of contrition of soul. Here the case of Mary Magdalene came before me; and I felt that I was of the same spirit with her, and spiritually in the same position, when she washed the Lord's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. Several times I was on the point of shouting aloud the praises of the Lord, from the abundance of the love of God which was manifested unto me. I had, moreover, a warm feeling of love for all the Lord's people and my friends; and such a spirit of prayer for some that they were individually entreated for at a throne of grace, unto which throne I seemed to have free access, without let or hindrance. I thought of Moses, when he came down from the mount, how his countenance shone; and I felt it was so with me, as I lay with my bodily eyes closed, but still looking up into heaven; and at this time the heavens appeared to open to my mental vision, and I beheld what I supposed to be an innumerable company of angels.

From the holy transport which I enjoyed, I could sensibly understand the feeling of some who are permitted to have, even in this world, before their departure, a taste of that heavenly bliss which is in store for all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and whose countenances are lighted up with those blessed beams of love which proceed from the Sun of righteousness.

This is but a faint description which I have endeavoured to give of the operation of the Holy Ghost in my soul last night. It was constant communion and friendly intercourse with all three Persons in the Godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and I sincerely hope, through grace given me, it may remain as a high heap or way-mark for me to look back upon all the days of my life, and constantly impress me with a deep sense of that marvellous loving-kindness and mercy of which I have been an unworthy recipient.

Surely, I may say with Hezekiah, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit; so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live." "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day."

I have had several conflicts in my mind, whether I ought to make mention of this mercy; but in the Psalms David speaks of the Lord's dealings with him in many places; so it is in the Lord's fear that I desire to do it, and for the glory of God alone; not my glory; no, no.

L.

[The internal evidence of the above sweet account of the Lord's gracious visitation is sufficient to commend it to every believing conscience; but we can also authenticate it from knowing the writer, both from the testimony of mutual Christian friends, and some little personal acquaintance.—ED.]

“WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE.”

1 PET. i. 8.

HAST thou seen Jesus? “No,” the worldling cries;  
 “On him I never once have set my eyes;  
 Nor do I wish, for this I know full well,  
 Nor form nor comeliness in him doth dwell.”

Alas, poor worldling! And is this thy cry?  
 And do the things of time thee satisfy?  
 Remember, soon thou must resign thy breath;  
 And, O remember, judgment follows death.

Ah! What will all thy joys avail thee then?  
 When thou shalt stand before the Judge of men;  
 Him whom thou so despisest now? O say,  
 How wilt thou bear his wrath on that great day?

Hast thou seen Jesus? “No,” say some, “but we  
 Do hope and trust ere long with him to be.  
 A righteousness we’ve wrought, and laboured hard,  
 That we thereby may gain a rich reward.”

Alas! And can ye think to enter in  
 Clothed in your own works, which are nought but sin?  
 False hope, vain trust! Thus robed you never can  
 Partake the marriage supper of the Lamb.

In Jesu’s righteousness, and his alone,  
 The saints in heaven appear before his throne.

• That is the wedding robe; and can ye dare  
 To think without it ye may enter there?

Hast thou seen Jesus? “No,” cries one, “and I  
 Can never hope to see his face on high.

My sins have overwhelmed me like a sea,  
 That pardon, surely, there is none for me,

“I sought him not; but ran in sin’s career  
 Until a voice unknown did make me fear;

‘The soul that sins shall die,’ it cried. Can I,  
 Then, hope to escape eternal misery?

“To God for mercy when I strive to cry,  
 I can but heave a groan or breathe a sigh;  
 And if to hell I be condemned, I must  
 Pronounce his fearful sentence right and just.”

Ah! Is it so? Cheer up, then, trembling soul;  
 ’Tis Christ has wounded, and he will make whole.  
 His thoughts to thee are nothing else but love,  
 And soon his loving kindness thou shalt prove.

He makes thee thus thy vileness well to see,  
 That thou mayest prize a Saviour, great and free.  
 Ere long he’ll speak to thee a loving word,  
 And thou’lt adore and bless thy gracious Lord.

Self-righteous robes will never do for thee,  
 Nor wilt thou say of Christ, “No form hath he.”  
 On earth thou’lt love him and adore his grace,  
 And then in heaven see him face to face.

Hast thou seen Jesus! “Not with mortal eyes  
 Have I beheld him,” lo, another cries;  
 “But much I love him, and his grace adore,  
 And long to love and magnify him more.

“ He saw me when I ran in sin’s career  
Madly, without a thought, without a fear;  
My danger show’d me, made me humbly fall  
Low at his footstool, and for mercy call.

“ And when, a guilty wretch, I strove to pray,  
He did not drive me from his throne away,  
But show’d his righteousness, complete and free,  
And gave me hope ’twas even wrought for me.

“ And since the hour when first that hope was given  
That I should one day see his face in heaven,  
At times, by faith, I’ve seen him, and can tell  
His matchless beauty is unspeakable.

“ But when he hides his face, my soul doth mourn,  
And sometimes fears he never will return;  
Yet my base unbelief I have to blame;  
For is he not unchangeably the same?

“ His name I fain would sound from pole to pole,  
The altogether lovely to my soul.  
His grace is sovereign, mighty, rich, and free;  
His love a fathomless and shoreless sea.

“ When to my longing soul he doth appear,  
I can commune with him and feel him near.  
In love, at times, he grants such rich supplies,  
‘ Lord, ’tis enough,’ my ravished spirit cries.

“ Yet oft, because of sin, my soul hath sigh’d,  
For this doth cause my God his face to hide;  
So prone to ill, I almost faint and say,  
‘ I surely never shall hold on my way.’

“ Then he appears, (O wondrous love divine!)  
And whispers I am *his* and *he* is *mine*;  
Bids me not faint, tho’ num’rous foes arise,  
And trials fill my pathway to the skies;

“ Declares, too, I shall conqu’ror prove at last,  
And reign with him when earth away has passed;  
Shall conquer solely through his blood and name.  
’Tis by his grace I now am what I am.

“ ‘ Great is his faithfulness,’ I love to sing,  
And, ‘ Of his promise faileth no good thing;’  
Yet oft when troubles rise, (desponding thought,)  
My feeble faith gives way, and trusts him not.

“ But when I see as even I am seen,  
And gaze on him without a veil between,  
Freed from *all* sin, how loud my song shall swell  
With love to him who doeth all things well.”

Thrice blessed soul! How sweet thy state must be;  
Thou truly lovest whom thou dost not see.  
Feelings like these did sure th’ apostle move  
To utter, “ Whom ye have not seen ye love.”

Dec., 1861.

R. H. B.

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THERE is a courtesy in free grace, being the marrow and flower of unhired love, to kill high thoughts of a self-destroying sinner.—*Rutherford.*

## LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.

My very dear Friend in the Lord,—Your kind, Christian letter, dated July 28th, came safe to hand. Be pleased to accept our warmest thanks for it. Its contents afforded us instruction and refreshment. It is one means of confirming our souls in the faith, to hear and read the united testimony of all the Lord's dear people. All that are taught by the blessed Spirit speak the same language, according to that measure of faith which the Lord is pleased to impart unto them.

I do rejoice with you, my dear friend, that the Lord's biddings are our enablings. Blessed be his name, where the word of a king is, there is power. When he says, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; come away with me, my spouse, with me from Lebanon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards;" leave all the world's deceit, and come along with me, O what soul-attracting words are these, from his blessed, kingly voice, felt in the conscience! They set the soul upon the wing for her heavenly home, where she may behold her Beloved face to face, freed from a body of sin and death, from an ensnaring world and a tempting devil. O what a blessed, what an overwhelming transition must it be from a poor weak tabernacle, when the happy redeemed spirit is called to quit its clay tenement, and mount up, attended by ministering angels, to the throne of God, and join there in that never-ending song, "Worthy the Lamb!" Worthy the Lamb that died for us, that satisfied justice on our behalf, that went to the very end of the law, that wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness, whereby to justify our souls; and in the day of effectual calling did so cover over, yea, and wrap, as it were, our whole soul therein, that it made us rejoice exceedingly, and exclaim with Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden;" he hath turned for me my mourning into dancing; he hath taken off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness. And though we have had abundant cause to lament the many days of darkness, yea, and long dark nights too, that have intervened, yet, blessed be his dear name, he is a faithful God; his work is perfect. The soul once quickened by his Spirit possesses a life that never dies. There is no alteration in his love, fixed firmly and immutably upon the objects of his choice. Many waters of affliction, through which the soul may be called to pass, cannot quench it, nor all the floods that Satan, the enemy of our souls, or his agents, (profane men and carnal professors,) can cast after us, shall ever drown it. In the belief of this, my dear friend, my soul rejoices. He has given us his own word, yea, and life too, for our security; and assures us because he lives we shall live also. Our life is hid with Christ in God; so that, when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory, openly manifested and acquitted in the great day, (by virtue of our union to the life-giving Head, Christ Jesus,) before angels, devils, and a condemned world, who have many of them conspired much against the



Lord's hidden ones. They will then know, to their eternal confusion, that the saints, whom they despised and hated for his name's sake, will bear a part with the Lord in pronouncing just judgment; as it is written: "Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?" Let us, then, be of good cheer, my dear friend, knowing that Satan will be bruised under our feet shortly, but more especially because our names are written in heaven; where we shall eternally sing the high praises of God and the Lamb, when time with us is ended.

My dear friend, I do sincerely hope the Lord will be pleased to particularly strengthen you at this time in body, and fill your soul with strong consolation. We are very glad to hear that Mr. G. and family are all quite well. My dear husband and little girl are, through much mercy, quite well. I have not been well for some time past. I generally have violent pains in my head, and a very nervous system altogether; but, bless the dear Lord for all his mercies, hitherto as my day so has my strength been; and

" His help in times past forbids us to think  
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to bring us quite through."

What an infinite mercy that the triune God is unitedly engaged for the preservation and final deliverance of both our souls and bodies. There is a special providential watch over the bodies of the Lord's dear redeemed people, so that we are said to be the temples of the Holy Ghost; as God hath said, he will dwell in us and walk in us. The bounds of our habitation are all fixed, however intricate they may appear to us; and what a mercy that every enemy is under the control of our dear Lord; so that a dog cannot move his tongue without his divine permission. No weapon formed against them can prosper. O! bless his precious name, whatever view we can take of our exalted Lord, he is infinitely precious and altogether lovely. I mourn that my views of him are so dark, and my conception so shallow; but I look forwards towards home, when I shall see him face to face, without cloud or veil between.

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

I have quoted these lines, they being very favourite ones of mine.

We feel thankful, my dear friend, for the union and heart-felt affection you express towards our dear departed brother, and the great sympathy and tenderness towards his poor afflicted widow. My sincere wish, in unison with yours, is, that the Lord may be pleased to bind up her poor broken spirit with an application of his precious atoning blood and perfect righteousness. I am glad to hear of Mr. V.'s health being so far recovered.

Mr. Fowler has left us for a short time. I hope the country air will strengthen his nerves and bodily health altogether, and that he

will return to us, as he left us, richly laden with the blessings of the gospel; and that, if it be the Lord's will, he may be spared to the church and people for many years to come; for indeed a faithful minister of Christ is a rich treasure. I feel it so more and more; for although London and C. too abound with preachers, there are so many gross errors contended for, that they wound the minds of the Lord's dear people, and build up hypocrites. This is matter for lamentation, but for rejoicing that the Lord's people have an unction from the Holy One.

We shall be very glad to hear how you are as soon as convenient. Yours, very affectionately, for Christ's sake,

Clapham, Aug. 12th, 1834.

M. & E. BAKER.

### THE COMMUNION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

My dear Friend,—This morning in our little meeting together, the Lord gave us a further token for good in a sermon Mr. D. read of the late Mr. Gadsby's, preached, on his taking his leave at Gower Street, from 2 Cor. xiii. 14. I found it very suitable to me after my feelings in writing to you. If you have it by you, I should like you to look it over; and that the Lord may bless it to your soul, is my prayer. I will just make one extract here, in case you have not got it. This was blest to my poor and needy soul: "I shall speak, as far as God shall enable me, as standing on the verge of eternity, for perhaps you and I shall never see one another again in the flesh. But if we meet here,—if we meet in 'the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,' if we meet in 'the love of God,' if we meet in the solemn 'communion of the Holy Ghost,' and if, through the divine teachings and operations of the Spirit, 'the grace of Christ' is in us, 'the love of God' is in us, 'the communion of the Holy Ghost' is in us,—if we could be a million miles distant, we should stand before God on the same ground. Yes, brethren; if God takes some of us to heaven, and leaves others to grovel a little longer here below, we still stand before God, whether in heaven or on earth, upon the same solemn ground. And the event shall prove, that we shall at last meet together, in the mystery of everlasting, immutable love, to 'dwell for ever with the Lord.'"

In this sermon is the full marrow of the gospel, and my soul really loves it, and I wish ever to contend earnestly for these blessed truths, though much despised; for nothing else will do either to live or die by. I felt I could not let this pass without mentioning it to you.

For ever yours in the truth,

March 18, 1849.

G. B.

ALL our fresh springs are in him; all the strength, support, and comfort we have come from him. He is in all providences; be they never so bitter, so afflicting, never so smarting, so destructive to our earthly comforts. Christ is in them all. His love, his wisdom, his mercy, his pity, and compassion are in them all; every cup is of his preparing.—*Bunyan*.

YEA, DOUBTLESS, AND I COUNT ALL THINGS  
BUT LOSS FOR THE EXCELLENCY OF THE KNOWLEDGE  
OF CHRIST JESUS, MY LORD.

My dear Friend and Brother, whom I love and esteem for the truth's sake, for such I trust I can call you, through the oneness of spirit that I feel towards you.

When you were speaking of the brethren last Thursday night, I felt sure that I belonged to that favoured people, by the nearness of spirit I felt towards you and the dear people of God that were there.

It is now near twenty years since I was enabled to open my mind to you concerning my never-dying soul, and often since that time I have found the words which I trust the dear Lord enabled you to speak sweet and savoury to my heart. Many times, too, I have thought, if it should please God to bring me to any satisfaction concerning my eternal state, I could say he had made you as an instrument in his hands, in both pulling down my false props and building me up in his dear self. But, O! the wonder, astonishing wonder, that it should be so; it seems too much to believe, after so many changes that I have passed through, after so many doubts, fears, and misgivings of heart, so many sighs, cries, and longings to know God as my friend; for that has always been at the bottom of my religion, to have communion with God through his dear Son. And though this seemed too great for a poor nothing like me to expect, yet I felt that nothing short of this would satisfy my longing soul. But now for him to give me that sweet assurance that he is mine and I am his, and that I shall reign with him throughout the countless ages of eternity, it humbles me in the dust, and I often ponder it in my mind, and think, Can it ever be that God should take knowledge of me, and pick me out from eternity to be for ever with him in glory? Sure this is one of the great mysteries of godliness; and I do humbly hope, through the mercy of God, I am constrained to believe it will be so. As I was thinking and, I hope, feeling a little of that blessed grace, assurance, and that sweet rest which it brings into the soul, last week, I read a little in that book of Dr. Owen's, on the subject. I felt my heart so broken, and such longing desires going out after the dear Saviour of poor sinners, that I cannot describe; there seemed something within me that longed to fly away to be for ever with a precious Jesus; but not long afterwards something seemed to say, "If the Lord has so blessed you, it is only to prepare you for greater troubles;" and so the great enemy of the soul tries to rob God of his glory, and us of peace, by tempting us to think we had better have been without it. O what a wicked heart we have, and what a dreadful enemy we have to combat with! Who can understand his ways? None but God. And I felt a darkness come over my mind. I am sure it is sin that separates the soul from God; but through the mercy of God I felt a great desire in the morning that it might be removed, and that I might again feel a little of the worth and preciousness of Jesus to my soul, and that the Lord might enable you to speak something on that glorious subject. And when you gave out the text, which was those blessed words of

Paul, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, that I might win Christ," I felt, as it were, my heart to melt within me, and I could say I counted all things as nothing worth in comparison to him. It was a good time to me, and as they were singing the last verse of the hymn which reads thus:

"What glad returns shall I impart,  
For favours so divine?  
O, take my all, this worthless heart,  
And make it wholly thine,"

I felt the Lord so very near and dear to me that I felt at a loss for a short time where I was; it seemed that heaven was let down into my soul. I felt very comfortable through the evening service, and before I went to bed I did firmly believe, if it pleased the Lord to call me out of time into eternity, I should certainly awake with him in glory; but, as Dr. Owen says, we are not to stay in this mount; so I find, but we must come down to fight again; and, blessed be God, I do find my mind much stayed upon him, and I can say the concern of my soul and the souls of others that are near and dear to me outweighs all things beside. Sometimes it unfits me for my duty, and seems more than my body can bear. But why the dear Lord should so favour me, as I trust he has several times done of late, I cannot tell. The cause is in himself; but whether it be life or death, I do humbly crave his presence, and that I might see by precious faith the dear Saviour crucified for me, that I may look on him whom I have pierced with my sins and iniquities.

I hope I can say I have seen a great beauty and suitableness in the blood and righteousness of Jesus; but I want to be washed and clothed, that I may stand complete before God; and I do hope that the dear Lord will increase my desire after it, and that he will enable me to walk, in some measure, in accordance with what I profess. And now, dear Sir, as I hope I may look upon you as my elder brother, and as it has pleased God to put you into the ministry, I trust he will enable you to watch over my soul, as one that must give account; and if you see me turn to the right hand or to the left, that you will speak freely, and that he will make you faithful, always abounding in the work of the Lord; that he will give you souls for your hire, and seals to your ministry; that peace and unity may dwell in the little church, and that the number may increase. I feel glad that it was put into your heart to form a church, for I feel much more united to the people than before; and you know it is said, "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and, if it is the Lord's will, there are a few more that I feel a union to that I should be pleased to meet with, if the way was made clear. God grant it may be so, and his name shall have all the praise.

I have run out at a great length. I hope you will pardon my freedom; but it was a fire within me, that must have vent.

That the dear Lord may cause us to feel more love and union to him, his people, and his ways, is my sincere desire.

Ever yours, for the truth's sake,

July 18th, 1860.

S. H.

**PRAY, WATCHMAN, TELL ME, AM I LOST?  
AM I RUINED, AFTER ALL?**

O THIS darkness! O this darkness! which I see and which I feel! Am I deceived? Will the Lord be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Death is staring me hard in the face. I feel his icy hand press heavily on my feeble frame, and it seems almost to stop my breath. Eternity is close at hand, and Satan is roaring like a lion, ready to devour me. My sins and guilt are like a thick, dark veil over my face, causing horror-like despair. O where shall I find a refuge? The heavens seem like brass. The Lord takes no notice of me, but seems to mock my groans. What shall I do? Where shall I go? Can any one tell me what to do? Can you pray for me? O! I am lost, I am undone! O the poor empty professors of religion, who flirt and boast, and swagger about in the sunshine in full health, making the Lord Jesus their stalking-horse, to deceive those whom they want to catch in their net. O what will they do when they come here to the gates of death, to the brink of the pit of hell, and to the borders of the grave? O! They will find that they want realities here! They will find true religion to be more than notion. O! What can I do without the Lord Jesus? I cannot live, I cannot die. O Lord, give me one crumb, one drop of thy love. O! If I could but touch the hem of his garment, if I could but touch his sympathising heart, so that I might move the tender compassion of his bowels! I know that he is a loving Lord, that

“ His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love;”

but I feel to be such a wretch, such a vile, worthless outcast, such a deformed monster of sin, that I think and feel that he will never look upon me. All my past religion and experience seem to be vanished and gone; therefore I think it must have been a work of Satan and the flesh, for now it is come to the trial, and I have come to the place where I need it the most, it is all gone. The furnace is the place to try a man's religion; for if it will not stand to be tried by fire, it is not worth a straw. O, my dear husband, do seek the Lord while you are in health, seek to walk daily in fellowship and communion with him; flee from sin, for sin is like a thorn in a dying pillow. O, what shall I do if the Lord does not appear for me? I feel as if my senses were leaving me fast; I feel to be in the jaws of the lion. How I dread the nights to come; no rest awake, no rest asleep; scared and terrified with dreams at night, and by day at my wit's end, seemingly almost mad through the roaring of the enemy and the heart-rending distress caused by the total absence of my only refuge, the Lord Jesus. I have nowhere else to hide my head from sin, Satan, and the curse of the law, and I cannot hide it there. My heart and my flesh both fail; my heart beats as though it really would burst out of my body; my spirit is wounded, grieved, and broken, so that it cannot sustain my infirmity; and the poor body languishes and faints. I have no one that understands my case. The ministers here are all dumb dogs, sleeping and loving to

slumber; and the few that I can call my friends are scattered and famished for lack of bread and water, no one having scarcely a morsel to impart to his brother. I feel sometimes as if I must see a minister of God immediately, and that I shall die if I do not. O how the contents of my heart swell, and I am ready to burst to give them vent, and how faint for want of a cordial. How I fall to pieces for want of a bandage, and feel as if I should utterly perish for lack of bread. And temporal straits and trials place me where Paul's ship was, and my fears are that I shall be broken to pieces like a potter's vessel, or consumed like a withered branch which men cast into the fire.

I thought, perhaps, if I wrote to you, that you would know how to speak a word in season; that is, if it should be pleasing in the sight of God that you should do so; and I hope, if he is pleased to incline you thereto, you may be enabled to do it without delay.

I have been a constant lover of the "Standard" more than 16 years, and many, many have been the times of refreshing which I have enjoyed whilst reading its pages; and if you would be so kind as to insert an answer to my scribble in its pages, I should esteem it a great favour; and my prayer is, and shall be, that the blessing of the Trinity may rest upon it, its correspondents, and its editor. Amen.

S. O. S.

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### THE DEEP WHICH COUCHETH BENEATH.

Dear Friend,—Yours came safely to hand, and though not quickly answered, it is not forgotten.

What a mercy to know anything of the eternal life you speak of in yours. How sovereign the grace, how freely come the visitations of God's love to sinners. How true it is, that if we have been made to differ from the vilest sinner that walks upon the earth, it is all of God's free eternal grace and love, "which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." "Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are all his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." "By the grace of God I am what I am." Never did free grace suit my soul better than at the present time. O how hard a lesson it is to learn that we can really do nothing; that all our quickening times come from him in whom there is fulness of life for evermore. Yes, all our softening, refreshing, strengthening, believing times are of God. What a mercy to be sensible that all our times are in his hands, both temporally and spiritually, and that the bounds of our habitation are fixed; that all our troubles have a bound, being limited by God's eternal decree: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Paul might be shipwrecked, but could not be drowned; David might be in many waters, but the hand of Omnipotence drew him out of them; Daniel may be thrust into the lions' den, but their mouths must be at the disposal of God; Jacob must feel the effects of the famine to be brought into fellowship with his Joseph. So now with God's election. The remnant of God's love must have their sorrows,

trials, afflictions, persecutions, and oppressions, if Christ is to be made precious. The lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs, and the soul that knows the value of Christ's visitations saith, "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith."

I am quite satisfied that whole-hearted sinners, let them possess what degree they may of light and gift, can have no communion with a broken-hearted Saviour. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It is the work of God to bring down and to lift up. Zaccheus must come down from his eminence; Daniel's comeliness be turned into corruption; for "promotion cometh neither from the north nor the south, but God is the judge. He raiseth up the poor from the dust and the beggar from the dunghill." "He standeth at the right hand of the poor, to save him from them that condemn his soul." What a deep is vital godliness! "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, neither can he know or understand them, because they are spiritually discerned." Many say, "Lord, Lord," who will never enter into the kingdom of God; but if we are brought like the thief upon the cross, when he was ready to perish, when there was but a step between him and death, to cry, "Lord, remember me," we are very near deliverance. O what a blessed thing to know Christ rightly. There are streams, rivers, and seas of religion in our day manifest to the natural man on every side; but God's people are in the deep which coucheth beneath, and hidden from the world; that is, the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear him; for it hath pleased God to hide these things from the wise and prudent, and reveal them unto babes. So then "the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." And though men may cavil against God's sovereignty, still it remains eternally written: "He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

O! blessed, for ever blessed, be his name, that he ever put me among the children, called a proud, bold blasphemer to obtain mercy and taste of the riches of his love. Blessed be God, that he should save me from going down into the pit, and make his dear Son more precious than thousands of gold and silver. Well might Daniel say, "I will arise at midnight to give praise unto thee." Surely those people who say that we sin that grace may abound, know not the secret. Would not I at all times, if I could, glorify his holy name, and sound his praise abroad? Yes, he is worthy to be glorified, praised, and adored. I would not allow the redeemed in heaven to sing a song more loud, more pure, and more praiseworthy to the Lamb than I would sing upon the earth, when the Holy Ghost is pleased to take of the things of Jesus and show them unto me. O that Christ would pour out upon his bride the sweet influence of his love, that she might arise and shake herself from the dust. The professing church and the world are almost hand in hand and heart with heart with the world. The church at the present time comes very near to the parable of the ten virgins; but

God has, in every age, sifted the chaff from the wheat; and most truly it may now be said, "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, which shall burn as an oven, when the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the fire shall burn, and leave them neither root nor branch."

B., Jan. 17th, 1863.

J. D.

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE J. M'KENZIE.

Dear Friend,—I received your letter with the lines, and shall forward them for communication to the proper quarter. They contain good truth; but all rhyme, you are aware, is not poetry. Verses, to be of much use and interest in a periodical, should contain a considerable degree of the quality of poetry, much to the point and full of matter; and unless this be the case, more or less, lines are never read with much interest.

I believe I know, from heart experience, some of the trials and exercises of which you speak. The kingdom of God does not stand in word, form, or mere profession, but in divine life internally felt, and in supernatural power; and as God is a Spirit, holy and good, his power in the heart is an invisible mystery that can neither be seen with our naked eye nor handled with our fleshly fingers, but is as distinctly felt in the heart, at times, as the living babe in the womb; and as that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, divine sensations in the heart are often a great mystery, and a perfect puzzle to the flesh and the natural mind. But the same blessed Spirit who breathes and moves in the saints is graciously pleased, at times, to shine upon the work of his own hands in their hearts, and then we understand what and where we are. Faith is strengthened, hope brightened, the heart enlarged, the conscience eased, and the weary spirit sweetly rests in Jesus and richly glories in his Person, power, grace, love, life, labours, sufferings, and resurrection; and feels a sweet knitting of heart to the dear Redeemer and benign Friend of sinners.

May we know more of this blessed Jesus in our poor vile hearts, by vital and precious faith, under the unction and power of the blessed Spirit.

I was not very well after my return from Norwich, but, through mercy, I am now much better. I feel I cannot stand much preaching. Most have their bodily infirmities as well as their peculiar temptations, and mine appears to be a weak stomach bodily, and a heart of leprosy and the plague spiritually; but my blessed Physician can manage both. I wish I could, with a full and free heart, submit them entirely to his matchless skill, power, and benignity. He has ever been kind to me; but, alas! I am prone to forget him, and to depart from him. Still my heart and my desire are towards him.

Yours, for truth's sake,

Aug. 19th, 1844.

JOHN M'KENZIE.

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A GREAT rebuke it ought to be to us when Christ has at any time in a day been long out of our minds.—*Owen*.



*THEY SHALL MOUNT WITH WINGS AS EAGLES.*

How dear to my heart is the sweet expectation  
 That I this frail body shall shortly lay down;  
 Shall rest from all toil and each anxious vexation,  
 And see Zion's King with his conqueror's crown;  
     There love him for ever;  
     And grieve him? No, never,  
 But worship, with all his redeemed, at his feet.  
     Sweet anticipation,  
     The realisation  
 My soul must enjoy e'er I tell how complete.

And can it be true that the plague-spot of evil  
 Shall never more taint the desires of my soul?  
 Released from the power of the world, flesh, and devil,  
 Its hallow'd emotions sweet love shall control.  
     This heart, now deceitful,  
     At length will be faithful,  
 And ever beat true to its glorious King;  
     When the Lamb that was slain  
     Shall have wash'd out the stain,  
 And my free ransom'd spirit from earth shall take wing.

But, ah! I must still in the wilderness languish,  
 And many a burden my spirit must bear,  
 Of pain, disappointment, and deep mental anguish,  
 While sin in its workings engenders despair.  
     O Lord, I implore thee,  
     Still kindly watch o'er me,  
 And keep down the evils that rage in my heart;  
     Give me godly contrition,  
     And heart-felt submission  
 To bear what thou pleasest before I depart.

Soon, soon will my wilderness trials be ended,  
 And my weary spirit find welcome repose,  
 And soar up to heaven, by angels attended,  
 Like poor needy Lazarus when he arose.  
     I long for the day  
     I may hasten away,  
 And try my new wings in the region of air,  
     And joyfully rise  
     And bound forth to the skies,  
 To meet my dear Saviour in blessedness there.

The pathway, I know, to this bless'd habitation  
 Lies still through a desert, all barren and wild;  
 I know I must travail through much tribulation  
 Ere welcomed at home as a heaven-born child.  
     Give patience, dear Lord;  
     Feed me still with thy word,  
 And sometimes vouchsafe me a smile of thy face;  
     Bow my heart to thy will,  
     Teach me how to be still,  
 And sweetly replenish my soul with thy grace.      C. M. S.

[We insert the above beautiful lines as original, though we have a faint impression that we have seen them somewhere before.—ED.]

## A TESTIMONY FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE TO THE GOOD OLD WAY.

Dear Friend,—Yours I have received, and was glad to hear of your still holding on your way in the path of tribulation.

Through mercy, I am still holding on, though sometimes very faint and feeble, and much discouraged because of the way, for I still find it my sorrow and sore grief that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. It is my greatest grief and sorrow, in my latter days, to find such opposition in my heart against my best Friend, who has ever stood by me, through all my troubles, to this present day, and has ever proved my great deliverer, when no eye could pity or human arm could help; when numbers of times my poor soul has sunk into such depths that I feared it was impossible for me ever to rise up again. But, bless his precious name, I found his everlasting arms were couched beneath all my fears, burdens, miseries, wretchedness, unbelief, and despair, and they lifted me up again out of the horrible pit, and set my feet upon him the rock, and put a new song of praise into my mouth, even thanksgiving, praise, and adoration, for his tender mercies towards one so vile, so helpless, so ignorant, so exceedingly unworthy of the least of one crumb that falls from his table. But to think, see, and feel, after all his tender mercies for so many years, that I should have such a troop of devils in my heart, fighting against him, despising him, and hating him with a perfect hatred, O my friend, this is the greatest grief of my soul. It brings me again and again to cry out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me!" And, bless his dear name, he does undertake for me again, and brings me to prove feelingly that where "sin abounded, grace doth much more abound;" and to prove again and again in my soul that "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life," through Jesus Christ, my Lord, my all and in all. O! blessings, honours, glories, and praises for ever rest upon him, the Head of the body, the church, for his tender mercies towards such a worm as I. It is

"More than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart."

O how good it is, now and then, to have a few moments of sitting at his feet and hearing his gracious words, learning of him that is meek and lowly of heart. Here is rest and peace, and no where else. My soul knows it by daily experience.

My kind love to all the friends. I should like to see you once again in the flesh.

That the Lord may bless you and be with you, is the prayer of

Your unworthy Brother,

Trowbridge, Sept. 30th, 1850.

J. WARBURTON.

EVERY man is a fallen being. We must, therefore, by the effectual working of God's good Spirit, be made sensible of our fall, or we shall never feel our need of redemption and restoration from it, through the covenant love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Toplady*.

## HE WAITETH TO BE GRACIOUS.

My dear Friend,—Accept my sincere thanks for your last, which was duly received, after almost despairing of hearing again from you. I have read over and over again some parts of your letter. It came seasonably to my feelings, and much do I hope to be kept waiting and watching to see, as you observed, for any prayers, desires, and tears answered, that I have, from time to time, left at the foot of the altar, when overwhelmed with troubles, toils, and cares.

You will receive this before you expected it, it may be; but you ever find me cleaving close to the work, once wrought in your heart by the regenerating Spirit of the living God. Other unions are weakened or strengthened by different circumstances in life, or dispensations in providence; but the spiritual union abideth.

I believe, my dear friend, if we are fruitful in the way, we find many things not very agreeable to the flesh, many not palatable to the natural taste, but exceedingly bitter; and burdens heavy, heavier than we can bear. What can we do? Dislike it, fret, and strive to make it easier, and by so doing bind it faster. We devise a thousand ways to get the burden off, but this is not the way. The Lord will not meet us here. No; but if, my dear friend, I am not disappointed or deceived, it is sweetly whispered to me, "When their strength is all gone, and there is none shut up nor left, then he will appear." Now here I hope to be kept waiting; but it is only at times I can feel as I wish. Deadness, darkness, worldly-mindedness, such a desire to find an easier path, all beset me; such floods of desperation, when the cross is heavy, that I am ashamed to unfold to you. I dare not doubt but I am where the Lord specially brought me; and here I am commanded to abide; but *how*, I must say, the Lord knoweth. When I feel as if I should sink, then, by looking back and remembering how sweet these words were spoken to me many years since: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and, to satisfy me still more, these words: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee;" and, "Lo, I am with thee always, even to the end;" these things comfort me by the way, and yield a satisfaction, enabling me to press on while they remain in sight. But these comforts are soon obscured.

I began this to tell you Mr. M. is still living. His disorder is much abated; but the infirmity of old age continues. He continues to enjoy much nearness to and much of the presence of a gracious God. He travailed much in his spiritual mind for his poor afflicted wife, whose bodily afflictions reduced her to the merest skeleton. He has not, I feel happy to say, laboured in vain, nor spent his strength for nought. The Lord was pleased to shine upon her quite at the last, so as to remove all doubt from herself and friends,—the greatest encouragement to persevering prayer.

I hope I did not speak presumptuously of my poor afflicted child. I intended to convey to you that I had a hope that there was something very particular about her expressions and exercises of mind. I

am not fully satisfied, though hope there is not much difference. At one time I was about to inquire of you what I could take a very small lodging for, as it was so strongly recommended. I still hope the Lord will hear.

I have been barren of late, so apt to get from home. When the Lord in loving-kindness visits my poor heart, I can confess before him my sin and folly, and wonder at his longsuffering.

Cranbrook, Dec. 15th, 1833.

C. H.

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ISBELL.

My dear Friend,—You, perhaps, are confiding too much in an arm of flesh, and God sees needful to wean you from it, and to make you feel as he has before done, that all your springs are in him. He has helped you in past troubles, when you have had none but himself to go to, and he will assuredly never fail those who put their trust in him alone. “In six troubles he will be with thee, and in seven he will not fail thee.” Unbelief is a powerful foe; and our hearts are its hiding place. But the Lord is able to subdue it, and to give us the victory through faith in his name. I much hope that he will strengthen you to cleave to his blessed promise, and will make you feel it to have respect to your case. Nothing is too hard for him; and all hearts are in his hand. May he give you much prayer, that you may plead with him, and say with Jacob, “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.” He knows your case, and sees your weakness. If he do not answer at first, he does not, therefore, deny your request. The poor widow succeeded at last in her suit, although she had an unjust judge to deal with; and you know that the Lord is pitiful, and very gracious, and has said, “Call upon me in the time of trouble. I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” I often wish I had the means of doing what my heart would prompt me to; but, I have no doubt, that if we could do for our friends what we wish, it would not be for their real benefit. God knows best how to deal with his people, and he sends them such trials as shall work together for their good. The one you are now under may be the womb of some mercy, which could not be yours if you were without it.

Belleve me to be, in haste, Yours faithfully in the gospel,

Stoke, April 11th, 1850.

G. S. B. ISBELL.

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I AM sometimes so fearful that I could creep into a mousehole. Sometimes God doth visit me again with his comfort. So he cometh and goeth, to teach me to feel and know mine infirmity; to the intent to give thanks to him that is worthy, lest I should rob him of his due, as many do, and almost all the world.—*Latimer*.

I KNOW the divines of some former ages, as at these present times, made up all their receipts for distressed souls of so much law mixed up with so much gospel, and usually but a grain of gospel to a pound of law; they not being clear enough in judgment to unminge the things which antichrist had confounded and put together, as the two testaments or two covenants; and not rightly discerning Christ's manner of preaching, nor his apostles', in their holding forth law and gospel with proper distinctions.—*Saltmarsh*.

## Obituary.

MRS. SAMUEL COADE.

COPY OF A LETTER TO MR. ABBOTT.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ, the great Covenant Head of the Church,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. Your kind letter of the 16th of Jan., I received safely, and I thank you for it, as it was a proof that I was not forgotten by you. I consider it a privilege to be borne in mind by the dear children of God, hoping thereby that, in their approaches to a throne of grace, they may be led to spread my case before their heavenly Father, and to implore his blessing upon the unworthiest of his family. But O what an honour to belong to his family! What an astonishing act of grace to quicken one “dead in trespasses and sins,” whom he found “walking according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind, being by nature a child of wrath!” And that this should have been according to his own eternal purpose. I assure you that when the Lord is pleased to shine into my soul, in the condescending way which he is pleased from time to time to do, making all those things plain, and further to assure me that the principle of divine life thus bestowed is “hid with Christ in God, and that when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, that then I also shall appear with him in glory,” it causes me to crumble into dust at the feet of my blessed Kinsman and Redeemer, and to dissolve under the influence of his dying love. I am altogether at a loss to express the astonishing love, faithfulness, patience, mercy, and compassion of a covenant God, thus made known by the blessed influence and teaching of God the Holy Ghost; and equally am I at a loss to set forth the unworthiness, guilt, ingratitude, and barrenness of the recipient of so much grace and mercy; but thus it is that free grace may have all the praise; and this makes me willing to be a mourner.

In addition to the bereavement which I experienced in the course of last summer, the great Disposer of all events has been pleased lately to take from me my dear partner in life, a blessing lent to me for a time, and which he who bestowed in the accomplishing of his purposes has seen fit to gather home to himself. She was a monument of his mercy whilst here, and I am quite lost in the contemplation of what she *now is*; but she is with Jesus, and like Jesus, and is now satisfied, for she has awaked in his likeness. Supposing you would like to be acquainted with the Lord's dealings with her towards the end of her race, I will subjoin a few particulars; and may the Lord grant that it may lead to the strengthening of our faith and the animating of our hope in the view of our own speedy departure home.

Sometime before Christmas last, her bodily infirmities were evidently on the increase, and she seemed to be aware that the time of her departure was near at hand; but she complained of great darkness of mind, deadness of soul, coldness of affection, and want of nearness and freedom to God in prayer. There was an evident

withholding of divine light and sweet manifestations. This made her go with her head bowed down like Nehemiah and Hannah, with her countenance sad. She knew at this time that she was a child of God, but it was with her as a child shut out of doors. Ah, my dear friend, none can sympathise with a poor soul under this experience but those who have been in the same circumstances. The language of the dear deceased at this time was, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat;" and, "O that it were with me as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me." On one occasion she said to me, "Mine eyes fail and are weary with looking up;" the long-expected blessing is as far off as ever. But little did she think, dear soul, at that time how much lower she had to sink, and how severely her faith was yet to be tried. She was to be cast into a crucible of trouble; but the great Refiner stood by and watched the whole process with a jealous eye, and would no more give her up to the destroyer than he would give up the apple of his eye.

After this painful trial had continued some weeks, the enemy gained courage and success, and even went so far as to insinuate, "What if you should prove after all to have been deluded, and what you call your experience not to have been the work of God?" Then was verified in her experience what Hart describes:

"Think not he now will fail."

Thus the wearisome nights appointed her through her numerous bodily infirmities (she was now labouring under dropsy, and for the last three weeks of her life never lay down in bed) were greatly aggravated by this mental trouble. One day, on my observing to her the great alteration which had taken place in her language in a short time, that lately it was, "By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him but I found him not;" but now it was calling in question her very relationship to God, "What!" I said, "Has God done nothing for you? Are all the past tokens of his love obliterated? Are all Bethel visits out of mind? No pillar of remembrance left standing?" In answer to these questions, with a look of anguish which went to my heart, she replied, "Might it not all have been a delusion?" "No," said I, "it is the devil who is deceiving you; and he was a liar from the beginning." At this time she told me she could compare her experience to nothing recorded in scripture, except what is said of Abraham, that "a horror of great darkness fell upon him."

At this time, to my shame be it spoken, being much discouraged at beholding her numerous maladies both of body and mind, I was led to overlook the Almighty power of God, and in considering my own great weakness and incapacity for such an occasion, most earnestly did I wish for some one more able than myself to witness her distress and to set before her the great truths of God's word and of his finished salvation. But no. God is a God all sufficient, and he

will effect his own purposes by means which shall best secure to himself all the glory: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The kingdom is his, the power also is his; consequently the glory must be his. Therefore the song now sung above is, "Amen; blessing, glory, wisdom, thanksgiving, honour, praise, and might be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen." The happy deliverance of the dear deceased was accomplished in the following manner: One night these words were applied with great power to her soul: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and none can shut it." These words were at the same time explained to her by Heb. ix. 12: "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once to the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." The priestly office of the Lord Jesus, as set forth in that epistle from v. to ix., appears to have been opened up by the teaching of God the Holy Spirit in a most luminous manner; and she afterwards explained these chapters to me in the most comprehensive and sweet way I ever heard; and if my memory would but serve to repeat what she said thereupon, it would prove a most precious commentary. The Holy Spirit himself had evidently been her teacher and guide; he had been preaching Christ unto her and had anointed her soul as with fresh oil. Although the tempter did not on this altogether leave her, yet his power was greatly controlled thereby; and the sweetness conveyed at this time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord never after altogether left her.

A short time after this, the Lord paid her another visit, and brought another sweet portion of his word, and said unto her, "Eat, O beloved." It was this: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name." Her attention was principally directed to the last clause, "that thought upon his *name*." "What name?" she inquired. His *covenant name*. This opened up a sweet field of meditation, and the Lord Jesus was again brought to her view in the excellency of his Person, as God-man all-sufficient, and in the glory of his work by the complete atonement he made for us by the shedding of his blood and the perfection of that righteousness which, being received into the heart by faith, makes the vilest sinner just.

At another time, she seems to have had a very precious view of her dear Lord conveyed to her mind by the vision of Stephen. In mentioning to me, she asked whether she could really see any object. I replied, "Certainly not with your bodily eyes, but mentally I have no doubt you have." Her mind was so intently fixed that she thought some object had actually been presented to her view.

On the Thursday evening preceding her death, which took place on Lord's day morning, Feb. 9th, I had the following conversation with her. I had reason to believe she was struck by death on the morning of Thursday, from a visible alteration of countenance and great restlessness, which never left her until her happy spirit took its flight to realms of peace and joy. In conversing with her in

this interesting and solemn moment, I alluded to the many arguments brought forward by the apostle Paul with a view to establish the souls of God's dear people in the constancy of his love to those who were interested therein, adding, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." She took up the subject and enlarged sweetly. She then added, "Blessed be God, I am not now exercised as to my interest in these things; but I lament the great feebleness of my mind, that I cannot take in more of such great privileges; but," she added, "even the apostle seems to speak of his knowledge as nothing in comparison of what remained to be revealed, when he says, 'That I may know him and the power of his resurrection;'" "Not as though I had already attained, neither were already perfect, but I follow on.' The bent of my mind for the most part is expressed by the psalmist: 'One thing have I desired,' &c. I would not give up my hope in God for all the world. For the most part, Jesus is truly precious to my soul, which is going out in longing desires for more of my Lord's presence and gracious manifestations. I have enjoyed much communion with him, and had my soul drawn out in sweet enlargement in prayer."

Her mind for many weeks before her death appeared to be wholly engrossed by soul concerns, and raised far above all care for the things of this life. Even her children, whom she tenderly loved, did not seem to be any weight upon her mind. When I took leave of her at night, intending to lie down in my clothes, seeing she was very near her end, she said, "I wish you would engage in prayer with me." I replied, "I think I had better not; you are too much exhausted;" but she said, "I wish you to do it." I then read Ps. xxxi., and for the last time we addressed the throne of grace together. I was called to her about a quarter of an hour before her happy spirit took its flight. She was then incapable of making herself understood, but was perfectly sensible, and we could not see when she drew her last breath.

Thus she entered upon an eternal Sabbath, and was truly in the spirit on the Lord's day, and that in a sense we can have very slight conceptions of. O the blessedness of that state where God, God himself, (O wondrous condescension!) where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

A night or two after the deliverance and happy manifestation of the dear deceased, she thought herself dying, and desired the servant who sat up with her to call me; "but," said she, "if I should be gone before your master can come to me, tell him I am happy." On seeing me, she said, "I am very ill, but very happy." O what a blessed effect of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. It was a believing view of Jesus which produced this. To God shall be all the praise. Amen and amen. I have room for no more, except to subscribe myself, with much esteem,

Yours for Christ's sake,

SAMUEL COADE.

B., March 4, 1823.



## "WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

JOHN xii. 21.

JESUS, the Lord, I want to see, And know he shed his blood for me; Nought else can give my mind re- lease, Nor aught beside can bring me	I want to see him go before, And every crooked path restore. I want a daily evidence That he's the God of providence. I want to see his glorious face Full of benignity and grace.
I want to see him, God the Son, Before the world or time begun; I want to see him, Son of man, To carry out salvation's plan.	I want to see him as my King, And rest beneath his sheltering wing.
I want to see him in his word, The sum of all his saints record. I want to see him All in All, [fall. When sun and moon and stars shall	I want to hear him say, "Thou'rt mine! Thy light is come; arise and shine." I want to see him on his throne, Deck'd with his mediatorial crown.
I want to see him day and night, And as I walk, walk in his light, I want to see him as my Friend To guard and guide me to the end.	I want to see him as my Shield, As by his Spirit he's reveal'd; And then, when tried by the law, To stand complete without a flaw.
I want to see him as my Priest, Presiding at the gospel feast, The Altar, Gift, and Sacrifice; For nothing less will me suffice.	Let me see him as my Brother, And as Judge to have no other; Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, And he the mystic kindred own.
I want to see him on the tree, Pour out his precious soul for me; To make an offering for my sin, And cleanse me from its guilt within.	I want it fully understood That I've an interest in his blood. I want to shelter in his side, And in his precious name confide.
I want his counsel day by day, My Prophet in my devious way; I want his guidance through the deep, To lead me as his wandering sheep.	I want to see him ope the book, And bid me search therein and look, To see if my vile name is down, As one entitled to the crown.

MOST happy is their state, which are cast farthest out of the church of the wicked, (which proudly boast themselves of the name of the church,) that Christ may come nearer to them. John ix. 35.—*Notes of Old Bible*, 1610.

A GOOD tree cannot bring forth evil fruit; much less can any evil proceed from the holy God. From whomsoever, therefore, sin derived its first being, or had its original, it is impossible it should be from the glorious Creator of heaven and earth, for whatsoever God created was good. Everything that had its being from him hath some good originality in it; but sin hath not, nor never had, any good in it, but is altogether evil, the evil of evils, and therefore not from God."—*B. Keach*.

WHEN the seed is cast into the earth, it must be covered up by the harrow, the use whereof in husbandry is to open and let in the corn into the bosom of the earth, and there cover it up for its security from birds that would devour it. Thus does the most wise God provide for the security of that grace which he at first disseminates in the hearts of his people. He is the finisher as well as the author of their grace. The care of God over the graces of his people is like the covering of the seed for security.—*Flavel*.

## REVIEW.

*Select Sermons of Ralph Erskine, Minister of the Gospel, Dunfermline, Scotland. Edited by the Editor of the "Little Gleaner." London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.*

THE two Erskines, Ebenezer and Ralph, brothers in the flesh and brothers in the Spirit, ministers alike in the Secession Kirk of Scotland,\* have left behind them a name which still retains its savour in the church of Christ. It is true that several notes which they blew in sounding the great trumpet by no means fully harmonise with the purer, clearer, and more thoroughly gospel sound given forth in these latter days, since the immortal Coalheaver expounded the way of God more perfectly. But as this defect in their ministry arose rather from want of light than of life, and did not affect the grand fundamental doctrines of the gospel, or the experience of the saints, it has not vitiated their writings so much as we might have expected. Most, too, of their, as we consider them, erroneous views were rather faulty in expression than in intention, and were retained by them more from the force of tradition and religious education than as deductions which they themselves drew from the word of truth, or as the result of their own experience. Thus when the Erskines held the law as a *rule of life*, they did not actually set before their own eyes or the eyes of the people the killing letter as a living guide, but held it rather as a doctrine which they had been taught in their church creed, and to deny which would have been deemed by them as an error fraught with all imaginable licentiousness, and the vilest Antinomianism in principle and practice. But though thus doctrinally unsound, in their own experience they looked to the gospel and to the precepts of the gospel as their guiding rule and all-sufficient directory, and inculcated the same on their hearers. Similarly when they made their *offers of grace* to the people, it was not that they really believed there was any power in man to embrace them; and when they addressed the sinner almost, if not altogether, calling upon him to perform living acts, it was not with the idea that he could turn to God and live; but as believing they could not otherwise clear the justice of God, or consistently hold the responsibility of man. It is, therefore, with their writings as with those of their Puritan predecessors, in whose footsteps they closely walked.† We view their errors rather as spots and blemishes than foul deformities; and thus we do not read their writings with the same critical judgment or the same unpleasant feelings as we peruse the works of the present day which profess to hold the same views and advocate the same principles. In reading the one, it is like looking through a pane of clear glass, with a few dirty spots on it

\* The ground of their secession from the established Kirk was not on any point of doctrine, but chiefly on what is called "the right of patronage," that is, in whom rested the presentation of vacant livings—the presbytery or the people. The Erskines held with the latter; and were, in consequence, expelled from the Kirk by the General Assembly.

† Ebenezer Erskine was born A.D. 1680, and died 1756; Ralph was born 1685, and died 1752.

here and there; in the other it is like trying to see through the lower windows of a lawyer's office—all covered with paint or limewash. The one is like a piece of cloth of which warp and woof are good sound wool, though in places a little spotted and fluffy; the other seems made all of *shoddy*\*—glossy and smooth, but as rotten as tinder. No man who really knows and loves the truth can sanction error, or even consider it a matter of indifference; but where these errors are rather of the head than the heart, and do not involve vital truth, he can pass them by as he does blemishes and failings in the life and conduct of the children of God. A man possessed of the fear of God and a tender conscience will not, cannot justify the least inconsistency of conduct in himself or others; and yet he will bear with many infirmities in the living family. Similarly he will bear with those errors in the writings of good men, which arise rather from deficiency of knowledge or defect in judgment than from deliberate, determined opposition to truth. Dr. Owen held "progressive sanctification," and speaks of the old man as "the remainders of sin." But when we read his work on "Temptation," or "Indwelling Sin," we feel ourselves in the presence of a man who knew experimentally that sanctification had not made much progress in taming, subduing, or changing the old man, and that his "remainders," put all together, made up an undiminished whole of the original body. We can, then, only wonder that with an experience so true, men of God, like Owen and Goodwin, should have held a doctrine so false, and one so contrary to their own daily and hourly experience. But, as in taking an observation of the sun at noon, to obtain his latitude and the consequent position of the ship in the wide, trackless ocean, the navigator allows so many minutes for the error of refraction, as knowing that the sun's apparent is not his real place, so, in reading the works of men like Owen or the Erskines, we can make an allowance for the variation from truth which the beams of the Sun of righteousness have sustained by passing through the thick atmosphere of tradition or education, and how thereby they have become bent out of their true course. But this error of refraction is a very different thing from there being no sun at all shining in the sky, or from the observer being ignorant how to take a right observation, or purposely mis-reading the sextant, as we fear is the case with our modern divines who call themselves the successors of the ancient Puritans. One thing to our mind is certain, let them call themselves what they may, that a broad line of distinction separates the fathers from the children, be they legitimate or illegitimate; for their doctrines, their experience, their practice, their principles are poles asunder. A claim is nothing. It may be one of ignorance or presumption. Facts, stern facts must decide its truth. Do our modern evangelical divines, in church or chapel, preach the same doctrines, possess the same experience, live the same godly life as the Puritans of old? If not, their boasting is vain, and will

\* Shoddy, in the north, means old clothes torn to threads in a machine called a "willy," and then woven into cloth with a little fresh wool to give it a face.

turn as much to their condemnation as that of those who claimed to be the children of the prophets and yet crucified the Lord of glory.

Admitting, then, the errors which they held in common with the Puritan preachers, we claim the Erskines as men of God. Upon the grand, fundamental points of the Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, redemption by his precious blood, justification by his righteousness, election, and final perseverance, none could be sounder than they; and no less clear were they on the leading features of a gracious experience. Nor could any preaching be more heart-searching than theirs, or more closely discriminating between natural and spiritual convictions, true and false faith, sound and unsound repentance, genuine and fallacious hope, real and pretended love. Indeed, on these points sometimes they drew such nice distinctions that they seem scarcely to have borne in mind how confused the judgment of a child of God usually is in examining his own case, and how that nothing can touch the seared conscience of a hypocrite,\* or undeceive a deluded professor. The tendency also of this nice and sometimes over-refined discrimination would be to lead a child of God to build his faith and hope on certain internal evidences instead of on the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus, and to obtain rest and peace, not from a revelation of Christ to his soul, but from what he could discern of the Spirit's work on his heart. The consequence would be that sometimes he would be examining his faith, and find little else but unbelief; sometimes his hope, and see little else but ground for despondency; sometimes his love, and feel his heart as cold as a stone. On the other hand, could he find in himself all the marks of grace pointed out, he would be tempted to be resting rather on them than on the manifestations of Christ's blood and love to his soul.

We have freely and also, as we trust, impartially named what we consider to be both sides of the question, the strong and weak points of the ministry of the Erskines. But we need hardly do so, as we have on several occasions inserted whole sermons by one or other of them. As compositions, they are almost models of what a sermon should be; not that they possess any beauty as literary compositions, for of the gold and silver of human eloquence they had little or none. But for working a text thoroughly out—sometimes, indeed, almost threadbare, or to the very stumps; for clearness of arrangement, fulness of exposition, abundance of ideas, warmth of expression, nice discrimination of character, boldness of statement, and earnestness, combined with affectionate faithfulness, in application, they shone unrivalled as preachers. But though we thus speak, and desire to overlook, as far as we can, the errors which we have named, yet we must confess that they do sadly grate upon our minds, and we could wish them altered or expunged, for the flies left in the ointment cannot but cause it to send forth anything but an acceptable savour. Take, for instance, the following objection and answer:

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\* An anecdote is told of one of the Erskines visiting the death-bed of a poor, tried child of God, who said to him, "I wish I had as much faith as you make out a hypocrite might have." As the man died well, it is said that his observation led the minister to reconsider his nice distinctions.

“OBJECT. ‘But, oh! how can I mount, when he not only denies his grace, but hides his face from me? The eagle mounts towards the body of the sun, but my Sun is covered with a cloud, and I go mourning without the Sun. A day-bird cannot fly in the night; and alas! how should I mount in the dark night of desertion?’

“ANSWER. It may be, you have hid your face from God, and that makes him hide his face from you. You have sinned away his presence, by turning away from his presence; or, perhaps, God doth this for the trial of your faith, love, and patience. However it be, *you must exercise your wings of faith and love, and mount up notwithstanding that you be in the dark*: ‘Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and bath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.’ (Isa. l. 10.) The spouse was busy even when Christ was gone: ‘Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?’”

Ralph Erskine was the author of “Gospel Sonnets,” a work much prized by many of the family of God who value truth more than poetry, and to whom his rude, quaint lines, from their very originality, are attractive rather than repulsive. It is a selection from his sermons that Mr. Sears is proposing to reprint, and we wish him success in his undertaking.\* As a specimen, we give two extracts from the first sermon which he has here republished. It is from the text, “They shall mount up with wings as eagles.” (Isa. xl. 31.)

“We come now to give a positive account of these things wherein the believer mounts up. Believers mount up with wings as eagles, in these following things, or the like:

“1. They mount up in spiritual-mindedness, contemplation, and holy meditation. Hence says David, ‘My meditation of him shall be sweet.’ (Ps. civ. 34.) Having got the Spirit, they mind the things of the Spirit: ‘They that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.’ (Rom. viii. 5; John iii. 6.) Their heart is set and bent to mind the great mystery of godliness, ‘God made manifest in the flesh;’ (1 Tim. iii. 16;) ‘And to know the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of Christ.’ They do not suffer their thoughts to wander on the mountains of vanity.

“2. They mount up in high designs and intentions. Their ultimate design is the glory of God, and the enjoyment of him, which, you know, is man’s chief end. This is the winged Christian’s end. He mounts up in this high and holy end, and that in all his actions, in his civil actions, as in his buying, selling, travelling, labouring; and in his sacred actions, as his praying, reading, hearing, communicating; or, in his relative actions, what he doth as a father, master, servant, or child; and in his natural actions, whether he eat or drink, or whatever he doth, he doth all to the glory of God. (1 Cor. x. 31.) At least, his short-coming herein is matter of sorrow and shame to him.

“3. They mount up in holy desires, saying with Job, ‘O that I knew where I might find him; that I might come even to his seat!’ And their desires are not like the faint, languishing wish of the wicked, such as Balaam had.

\* Mr. Sears, wisely we think, omits or alters objectionable expressions. Would it not be as well to amend at the same time some of his Scotticisms, so offensive to English ears? Take, as an instance, the following, which quite alters the sense, according to the proper use of “will” and “shall:” “Alas! but I think the Lord will kill me with his arrows, and *will* I fly to heaven if he kill me?” (p. 27.) But most of the Scotch writers, even the best, as Alison and Chalmers, make as strange a hash of their “wills” and “shalls” as the poor Frenchman who, when he fell into the river, cried out, “I *will* be drowned; nobody *shall* help me.” Mr. Sears will also do well to attend carefully to typographical errata, as most books printed at that period in Scotland, as most of the editions of Rutherford’s Letters clearly show, were full of them. Thus, in p. 26, third line, “thought” should be “though;” p. 27, “oportet” should be “oportet;” “engaged” should be “engage.”

No, no; their desires are spiritual and sincere, such as these spoken of. 'With my soul have I desired thee in the night; and with my spirit within me, will I seek thee early.' (Isa. xxvi. 9.) Their desires are strong and fervent; none but Christ will satisfy them: 'What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?' said Abraham. (Gen. xv. 2.) So says the soul, mounting up towards God, 'O what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Christless?' It pants after God, the living God. Their desires are restricted to God and Christ alone: 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.' (Ps. lxxiii. 25.) Their desires are dilated on a whole God, and a whole Christ: 'O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord.' (Ps. xvi. 2.) They will have a whole God in all his essential perfections, and in all the relations he stands in to his people. They will have this God for their God for ever and ever, and for their guide even unto death. And they will have a whole Christ; Christ for sanctification, as well as for salvation; yea, Christ for their all in all.

"4. They mount up in holy inclinations. They have an aversion to sin, to the sinful pleasures of this life; yea, they abhor them with Ephraim: 'What have I any more to do with idols?' That is the language of the eagle-like believer. He hath a great inclination, a strong bent of spirit after God in Christ, as the top of his perfection, as the very spring of all his pleasure, and as the magazine of all his treasure, as the rest of his soul. If the devil and his evil heart have set him at any distance from God, his mind is restless till he return to him again: 'Return to thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' (Ps. cxvi. 7.) The top swarm, as it were, of his inclination, mounts up this way.

"5. He mounts up in heavenly affections. Hence is that injunction, 'Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth.' (Col. iii. 2.) He endeavours, through grace, to have his affection some way corresponding with God's affection, so as to love what God loves, and hate what God hates; yea, to love as God loves, and to hate as God hates. God loves holiness with a strong and great love; so doth the believer. God hates sin with a perfect hatred; and so doth the believer: 'I hate every false way.' See also Ps. cxxxix. 21, 22.

"6. They mount up in a gospel conversation. So saith the apostle: 'Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.' (Phil. iii. 20.)

"7. The winged saint mounts up in a heavenly walk. As Enoch and Noah walked with God, so doth the winged soul, whose strength is renewed; he runs without wearying, and walks without fainting, on the Lord's way. His heavenly walk discovers itself, 1. In his heavenly words; they are seasoned with salt, and edifying. And, 2. In his actions, wherein he studies sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, in all the duties of religion, prayer, and praise. And, 3. In his company; for he can say with David, 'I am a companion of all them that fear thee.' (Ps. cxix. 63.)"

"The next thing is, To show the reasons why the believer, who hath his strength renewed, mounts up on wings like an eagle.

"1. Because he hath an eagle's nature. I said before, that the believer mounts up naturally. Why? Because he hath an eagle's nature. It is the natural disposition of the eagle to fly upwards. So the believer hath a disposition to mount up to God, he being a new creature: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' (2 Cor. v. 17.) This new nature ascends to heaven, from whence it descended. The old nature goes always downward, but the new nature mounts upwards. If you want the new nature, you want the mounting disposition.

"2. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath an eagle's eye. So the believer; he can see that invisible Sun, which no natural eye can attain to: 'The poor in spirit and pure in heart shall see God.' (Matt. v. 3, 8.) 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him;' (1 Cor. ii. 14;) but the believer, knowing the mind

of Christ, sees farther than the world; he sees the king in his beauty, and the land afar off. When he sees these things, he cannot but mount up to them: 'He endures, as seeing him who is invisible.' (Heb. xi. 27.) He is far-sighted: 'Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day afar off, and he saw it, and was glad.' This is that blessed object which every believing soul doth see, even when he is in this world.

"3. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath his nest on high, like an eagle. No wonder, then, he flies up, for his nest, I mean his seat, his food, his treasure, his heart, his head, his all is above. His seat is above. The believing eagle cannot find himself safe while here below; therefore he flies to the Rock of Ages, and there he sits. His food is above; Christ is his food: 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' Now, his food being above, 'Where the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together.' His treasure is above. He hath an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, that is reserved in heaven for him; and up he must to visit his inheritance. His heart is above, where his treasure is; yea, Christ hath gotten his heart a-keeping; and he must be where his heart is. And, in a word, his head is above; and must not the members be where the head is? And must not the stones of the building be where the foundation is? Christ is the Head Corner-Stone. His *all* is above. Christ is all in all to him, and, therefore, mount he must; for this eagle hath a rich nest above.

"4. He mounts up with wings as an eagle, because his strength is renewed like the eagle's: 'Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' (Ps. ciii. 5.) Therefore, having renewed his strength, he mounts up on wings, like the eagle. Some say the eagle is renewed when it casts its old feathers and gets new ones; so the believer gets the old feathers of corruption removed, [subdued,] and puts on the new man. Others say the eagle's youth is renewed when, its stomach being thirsty, it drinks the blood of the prey; and so the believer gets his strength renewed by drinking the blood of Christ by faith: (Eph. iv. 13.) It is in the unity of the faith that he comes to the perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. If you have got a drink of the blood of Christ this day, to be sure your strength will be renewed; and if your strength be renewed, you cannot but be mounting upon wings as an eagle. Here we might show the influence between the renewing of the believer's strength and his mounting up; but this is easily perceived, especially by those that know it experimentally."

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THE PILGRIM.—Now, as the Christian is and must be a stranger upon earth, averse to its evil maxims and life, and it averse to his, it is expedient for him to be a pilgrim, that is, a passenger from the earth to a better country, even the heavenly. He must be a spiritual Hebrew, which means the same thing, and must relinquish his own country (like Abraham) and his father's house, that is, this present evil world, and the old Adam of nature in which he was born. From these he must pass over the flood, as the river and the Red Sea were passed over of old, or like another Rubicon, with a decided purpose, and make the best of his way, under the divine guidance, to the promised land. He cannot fix his thoughts here, for "this is not his rest; it is polluted." Thus he becomes a continual sojourner, as all his fathers, all the faithful were. He is engaged in a pilgrimage, and must proceed, for destruction is behind him; but before him an eternal weight of glory. To go backward is horror, to stand still is misery, to fall short is despair. He is, therefore, in earnest upon this most awful, this most necessary business; nor would he be wrong for a thousand worlds; and consequently, knowing his own weakness, as well as his own infirmity, he is importunate in prayer, watchful in spirit, tender in heart, humble in life, and looking (but bemoaning that he looks not enough) to Jesus, that he may be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.—*Ambrose Serle.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1863.

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

## SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SMART, AT ZOAR CHAPEL, LONDON, OCTOBER 11, 1846.

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.”—Ps. lxxxix. 15, 16.

WHAT an unspeakable mercy it is to feel in a humble, lowly, and childlike frame, contented with the will of the Lord, and to know no will but his; to lie passive in his hands, and feel resigned. And thus do I feel this morning. I feel a desire to lean on him, to approach him as a child to a kind and tender Father. And, Lord, if thou see fit to afflict me, give me grace to bear it. If thou see fit to chastise me, O give me grace and patience! Have you ever found in your life that all things work together for your good? I have. There is so much pride in the carnal heart of a child of God that he would, if it were possible, move independently of God, and have no need to supplicate him at a throne of grace. What an unspeakable mercy it is to be clothed with humility, to prize the Lord Jesus Christ, and to set lightly by the things of time and sense. Has the Lord emptied thee out of thyself, sinner, to feel thy own helplessness, nothingness, and weakness, and the need of a Saviour?

“None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.”

The poor soul feels a desire after Jesus, a panting and longing after Jesus, to have him revealed in his conscience as his Saviour; though with some these desires are faint, and, as dear Hart says:

“Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,  
’Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.”

The first thing that the Lord does with a sinner is, he makes him honest at heart, of a tender conscience, and works in him his filial fear; makes him to feel that his own righteousness is nothing but rags, and he feels a desire after the Lord. It is written that Nehemiah prayed for such as desired to fear his name.

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.” Blessed, for ever blessed, is that soul in whose heart there is found any good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. Blessed, infinitely blessed, is that man in whose heart the Lord has put his fear, and that soul who has any desire after him.



What dost thou know of these things? I am confident of this one thing, that he which hath begun the work in thy soul will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ.

What an unspeakable mercy it is to know that our sins are forgiven. As Hart says :

“ To look on this when sunk in fears,  
While each repented sight,  
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,  
And makes temptations light.”

“ Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.” They are the Lord’s sheep. “ Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron.” Have you ever been led by Moses, sinner,—been stripped by Moses, been downright killed and slaughtered by Moses? Have you felt that your sins would sink you to hell? And has Jesus sealed home his pardon, peace, and love on thy guilty conscience? If thou art a child of God, thou must know what it is to do business in these deep waters. If thou art a child of God, thou wilt prize thy afflictions. Blessed be God, this is the way he has led me, and I would not have gone another way for all the world. He stripped me of my own righteousness, and made me feel that I was the biggest monster in human shape. How I sinned against him! What distress and despair I had! I envied the very beasts. And how I rebelled against him for creating me with a never-dying soul! He emptied me out of myself, and made me feel that there was no other refuge but Jesus. And, blessed be his dear name, I never have had anything else to trust in from that day to this. He sealed home pardon and peace on my guilty conscience; not conditionally, that I should do such and such things in return; for if there were any condition of human merit, I should fall short of it. He made clean work of it in my soul, and swept off all my confidence but in God through Christ; and I would not have been led another way for thousands of such worlds as this. And this is the way the Lord leads his people, and makes them feel that from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head they are wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores. The poet says:

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

It seems that the plan of ministers now is, to build up almost everybody with a hope of going to heaven. God forbid that ever I should thus waste my breath, or sew pillows under all armholes, or attempt to build up where God has not in a measure pulled down. And if thou art a child of God, thou wilt never thank a false parson for whitewashing thee. Thou wilt, at times, be doubting and fearing, and crying, “ Lord, make me honest; lead me right, and teach me right. At times, on the one hand, thou dost not like to give up all hope that the Lord has begun the work of grace in thy soul; and, on the other hand, thou darest not take upon thyself to say that thou art a child of God. It would be quite waste of breath to talk to a self-righteous pharisee; but God knows that if I could say anything

to shake thee off thy vain confidence, I would. For "every one that doeth evil hateth the light, nor cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." And what is the reason that professors cavil about these things? Because they never experience them for themselves. They are never crying to God to convince them of sin, to search and try them, and they know nothing of the pardon of Jesus sealed home on their consciences. They may talk, preach, and prate about pardon; yet they will go to hell and be damned, if pardon does not reach their souls. They know a great deal about the remedy, but they know nothing of the malady.

Has the Lord stripped thee of thy self-righteousness, sinner? and made thee feel that it must be entirely of mercy indeed if thou art saved? What is the difference between thee and the damned in hell? If God were to cut thee off and send thee to hell, justice, that great attribute of God, must approve of it; and if he take thee to heaven, justice will approve of it too.

There are many who talk about the Lord Jesus Christ, and know all about him in their heads, and their heads may be as clear as a silver bell, but they know nothing of the filth, abomination, and sin of their own hearts. I believe that all that even children of God talk about of mercy and pardon, besides what they have felt, handled, tasted, and experienced is no more than head-knowledge.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." They are his sheep, bought with his own blood, and he washes them and makes them white therein. Who will prize a Redeemer but the poor and needy? "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both;" or, in other words,

"While we can call one mite our own  
We have no full discharge."

Who would prize a robe of righteousness but the poor, naked soul? Who would prize a fountain but the poor filthy soul? God has for ever barred hell's gates against a child of God, so that it is impossible for a child of God to wander there. He has raised him from the lowest hell. He has raised him a step, and had he done no more than this, it would have been wonderful mercy indeed only to save from endless torments; but he has done infinitely more than this. He has raised him another step. He has raised him to the highest heaven, to praise him for ever and ever, and all to join in one everlasting song, with Manasseh, David, Magdalene, Saul of Tarsus, and Peter.

The more faith thou hast, the more thou wilt prize the Lord's mercies; the more faith, the humbler thou wilt be; the more faith, the more thou wilt praise the Lord, now and for ever. And dost thou feel now ready to praise him for his mercies, and feel that hitherto he has helped thee? I know one that does; and were he now to call me home, I should praise him for saving such a monster, the chief of sinners.

Some professors say that you should never look back to past ex-

perience; you should press forward to Christ. And what is the reason they say this? Because they have got nothing particular themselves to which they can look back. Why, I prize these things as my jewel-box,—the high heaps, the waymarks. They say that we live on our frames and feelings, and not on Christ; but it is no such thing. What! I live on my frames and feelings, and turn my back on my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? O no! I look back, and remember when he stripped me of my own righteousness, emptied me, and plunged me in the ditch; and when he sealed home pardon, peace, and righteousness on my conscience. These are my jewels; but the time is coming when I shall have to hand my jewel-box to a scrutinizing and all-seeing God; and if the jewels are false, he will detect them in a moment. And how many will be found false at last. Even many of the blazing ministers of our day, who are preaching about the Lord Jesus Christ, will be found false at last. They are not humble and lowly, making themselves of no reputation, and crucifying to themselves the things of this ungodly world. In the pride of their hearts, they cannot preach without a gown, and gold rings to set their fingers off; and if they can do anything to make themselves popular and of reputation, they will do it. Is this being humble and lowly, and willing to make themselves door-keepers in the house of the Lord? No; quite the contrary. Yet how many there are thus, who pretend to preach Christ, and can talk of their unshaken assurance, and boast of the mercy and love of Jesus, yet know nothing about the matter in their own souls! Alas! If grace prevent not, they will sleep on until they open their eyes in hell. O! Be not deceived, sinner! What dost thou know about the matter? It is an awful thing to stand in a pulpit to trifle with the souls of never-dying men. Every branch professedly in me, saith the Saviour, is taken away. And thus it is with these professors. The tree is not made good. If it were good at the root, the fruit would be good also; for “by their fruits ye shall know them.” “Show me your faith without your works, and I will show you my faith by my works.”

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.” The apostle says, “For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.” Then, if it is the power of God, it follows that *our* power must be done away with. This is good news. It is a robe for the naked,—the robe of righteousness; and the Lord will make his people feel that their own righteousness is nothing but rags. I have sometimes felt such a loathing of my own life that I longed to leave it. Have you ever noticed that solemn declaration of our Saviour? “If any man hate not father and mother, and his own life also, for my sake, he cannot be my disciple.” This is the way he has led me, and I would not have gone another way for all the world.

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.” What sweetness is there contained in the text!

A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL  
INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809)

EVER since I can remember, the good Spirit of God, even at seven or eight years old, would stir me up to remember my Creator. Coming of godly parents, they took care to place me in such families as feared the Lord and called upon his name, whose instructions and conversations were set home upon my conscience, so that I was very fearful of sin, and took some delight in the ways of God. I had a great concern for my soul and the things of another world. I made conscience of secret prayer, and my heart would smite me if at any time I neglected it. O! who seemed to bid fairer for heaven than I in these days? Who would not have taken me to have been bound for Zion? But though my heart was so tender, and so well inclined to that which is good, yet it was no new heart. There was no supernatural change wrought, and so I was left exposed to the vilest sins incident to corrupted nature.

And truly, through the original depravation of my own vicious inclinations, and the abominable practices and examples of others, I set out early indeed in the ways of death, posting furiously for hell, though at first I found many secret murmurs and a great deal of reluctance in my own breast, conscience being as yet tender; but by often resisting the Spirit, and stifling convictions, it grew more flinty and remorseless, and so quickly became hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; so that notwithstanding all the repeated warnings in a blessed ministry, various and close visitations of the Spirit under the word and in secret, seeing many converted to God before my eyes, and hearing their experiences, the blessed society of some holy souls, their particular application, advice, and counsel unto me, divers very instructive dispensations of providence, sometimes judgments, sometimes mercy, yet was not I at all wrought upon to the forsaking of my sinful courses, but went on perversely. Yea, so rooted and riveted was I in sin, and so prodigiously baffled and hoodwinked by Satan, that I said I desired no other heaven (wretched soul!) if I might enjoy my sins eternally upon earth!

About August, 1705, I was taken very ill, insomuch that I despaired of life. But, O! what promises and resolutions did I then take up, according to Ps. lxxviii. O, how I contemned the world when I thought I must leave it! But all these strong shows of repentance proved but death-bed resolutions, which in a fortnight's time were quite forgotten, and I became worse than ever; but from that sickness I ever after perceived a visible declining of my outward man, and was perpetually under the apprehensions of death, judgment, and eternity, which embittered all the comforts of life to me, so that I could take pleasure in nothing; but all could not make me forsake sin.

Notwithstanding all the infinite kindness and patience of God, the many checks and monitions of conscience, divers startling dispensations, in which I was made to see that the finger of God pointed at

me, the continual apprehension and dread of approaching death and eternity that I carried about me, with the concurrence of so many sweet and loving providences that I can never forget, which, since I have seen, did all conspire to bring about God's merciful designs to my soul, all was in vain, I still followed my own wretched inclinations, and was led captive by the devil at his will, drinking in iniquity like water, and was as vain and refractory a wretch as ever the earth bore, a mere lump of vanity and filth, ignorance and darkness, overgrown with corruption, and grown presumptuous in sin. I say, all was in vain, till Christ came to make me willing in the day of his power.

On the 3rd of March, 1705-6, being Sabbath day, and my turn to stay at home in the morning, I was terribly afflicted (as I had been for some time before) with the thoughts of approaching death, being violently seized with such a weakness that my body even shook again, and had all the marks and symptoms of a sudden dissolution. I thought I must in earnest go into another world without delay, and thereupon was suddenly smitten with a sense of divine justice, by an invisible hand taking vengeance on my conscience, and I was struck with trembling and horror of mind; and now I cried out, with the convinced jailer, "What shall I do to be saved?" I sat down, and took a Bible into my hand, and with a great deal of awe and solicitude of spirit began to read; and all along as I read, God made such near approaches to my soul, that I could sensibly feel he was not far from me. Every word I read was so realised to me, and accompanied with the special presence of the invisible God, that it left very deep impressions upon me, and I found myself much melted and broken. Here I felt the divinity, majesty, and power of the word. By and by, I came to those words of Tamar, "And I, whither shall I cause my shame to go?" Upon which, without reading any further, I laid down the Bible, and with a flood of tears cried out, "And I, whither shall I cause *my* shame to go?" for I now beheld myself as a most loathsome miscreant, and was exceedingly vile in my own eyes; and presently there came a sweet calm upon my spirits, and I fell into deep thoughtfulness for about the space of an hour; but the conceptions of my mind and what I then felt can never be expressed. It was somewhat thus:

My mind being supernaturally illuminated by the Spirit, I was represented to myself, in a kind of vision, as retired from the whole world to an unfrequented solitary place, leading my life in a most mean contemptible cottage, feeding, as it were, upon the very dust of the earth, but good enough, nay, too good, as my contrite heart then verily thought, for such a traitorous rebel as I had been; but though I was thus remote from all creatures, methought the glory of God and inconceivable light shone round about me, and I seemed to be all the while in an uncommon and more immediate way in the divine presence. But O! How was I brought down at God's feet, thrown into the dust, and broken, melted, made to abase myself, loathe and abhor myself. I was filled with sorrow, shame, and indignation towards my own guilty soul, perpetually judging and

condemning myself, and heartily justifying God if he should condemn me to all eternity. This was the unfeigned language and inmost sense of my very soul; yet all along I harboured within me a secret hope that there was mercy, grace, and pardon in the heart of God for me, from which hope I felt inwardly spring much secret joy. But O! What tenderness of heart, what meltings and relentings did I experience within this hour, what infinite longings after inward holiness and purity; such sighs and groans, sudden and strong ejaculations, secret and undissembled boilings up of desire, deep wishes and longings, even such as I never had before or hardly since.

And this work of the Spirit was far different from all his former workings upon my soul, for I was wont only to take on for those notorious sins that most disturbed my conscience, but was quite ignorant and unconcerned about the sinfulness of my nature and original defilement; but now it was otherwise with me, for I both saw and felt with a witness the sinfulness of the state wherein I was born, the universal pollution of my whole man; and my conscience and understanding being strangely enlightened, I saw that the inward workings and imaginings of my heart had been only evil from the womb. I now saw innumerable swarms of secret corruptions and spiritual sins, like atoms, in the beams of my enlightened understanding, which I never observed before. As though a lamp were hung up within me, I could turn my eyes inward, and discern and reflect upon the most retired workings of my heart. The darkness declined, and the true light now began to dawn upon my soul, and now I cried out, with David, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned." I wept bitterly to think that I had all this while been sinning against Christ, I say, against Christ, and the grace and Spirit of Christ, so tender and compassionate a Saviour. O! I mourned over Christ as one that mourns for his only son, and was in bitterness for his first-born. I did not then cry out from a sense of divine wrath, though my sins had been so innumerable and so horrible, but to think that I had so slighted and abused the patience and long-suffering of God; in all this I was wholly, purely, perfectly passive, merely wrought upon by the Spirit of God; and this was at that time accompanied with loathing of sin and sinful self, more than with fear of hell and damnation. I now found my very soul to rise up against my former cursed lusts with abhorrence and detestation, as a weak and curious\* stomach at anything that is nauseous and offensive to it, so that the hatred wherewith I now hated them was greater than the love wherewith I had loved them. I never saw sin, sin itself, all sin, so hateful and odious before, and the devil never showed himself a devil indeed till now he saw I was parting from him for ever.

I now found that there was another and a better world than that which we now live in, where there is sweeter society, purer delights, and more satisfying joys than this vile earth could afford. O!

\* That is, qualmish, difficult to please, unable easily to digest various kinds of food.

Whither, whither was I carried in the Spirit? By faith I was enabled to enter into that within the veil, where was opened to me the scene of invisible glories. O! Those rivers of pleasures which flow at God's right hand for evermore! I now quite forgot the little earth I trod upon. "What," says I, "is there any hope of being admitted into glory? Then farewell world." I seemed to take leave of the world and all my relations, so as never to see them here any more. I saw that my dearest friends dwelt above, and truly ever since I have been as a stranger and pilgrim, seeking a better country. This world that I so doted on, and so passionately loved that even the forethought of leaving it hath been to me like the rending of soul from body, could never since this time get the least footing in my affections. My heart and mind have been quite alienated from it, and dead to it; and, indeed, how should it ever win away my heart from Christ? Its pleasures are nothing, and those very cares and incumbrances which it would fain tire me with, and which as water it strives to cast upon the flame of my love, prove rivers of oil. It was here that the use of my intellectual, self-reflecting powers were restored to me, which before were bound up in a stupefying dead sleep as to spiritual things, and by the mighty powerful working of the Holy Ghost the scales fell from my eyes, and I was made to see God and Christ, sin and holiness, heaven and hell, time and eternity, as they really are in their own appearances. O! I found that the things which we see are but temporal, but the things that are invisible are eternal. My mind being extraordinarily irradiated by the blessed Spirit, I could with one glance see before time was, and when time shall be no more, and how this world was circumscribed with eternity. When I rose up, I walked about the shop, and said to myself, "O my soul, dost thou not feel thyself bound and shut up, that thou canst not think, reflect, and meditate at liberty?" Alas! I found myself to have been sunk very deep in the spiritual death, stark dead in sins and trespasses.

And here the several steps of the blessed Spirit in working faith, which the famous Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, takes notice of, were as perceptible in me, I believe, as were ever in any in this world; as, 1. Illumination; 2. Conviction; 3. Terror. Then 1. The remedy revealed; 2. Belief of it in general; 3. Support in the mean time from sinking under the burden, and falling into despair. 4. Contrition; 5. Desire; 6. Request; 7. Care; 8. Hope; 9. Joy; 10. Hungering and thirsting after mercy and after Christ; and, lastly, A finding of it, and a resolution to part with all for him. Now, each of these workings do I distinctly remember, to my great establishment.

However, for the present I wist not whence this was, and that I had all this while been under the powerful influences and in the hand of the Spirit; neither was I sensible that I had been apprehended of Christ, (as doubtless I was,) or knew what any of these things meant, only I perceived there had been some alteration upon my spirit, and I began to see things in another light and apprehension than formerly.

But here Satan finding a mutiny to be growing within, and that I began to be weary of my old master, soon laid about him how he might bring me into utter destruction and despair. While the strong man kept the house, all was in peace; but finding he could no longer hold the fort of my soul, and that a stronger than he was about to dispossess him, he began to rake in the dunghill of my unclean heart, so that every thought and imagination of my soul was wicked and abominable. This struck me with astonishment. I could not think what was befallen me, for I then little suspected Satan in the matter. By and by he comes in with his fiery darts and blasphemous injections. With these he put me into such a dreadful consternation as was ready to sink me into the ground. I thought I was possessed by him, and though doubtless he meant nothing less thereby than for ever to undo me, yet my gracious God meant not so, but only made them further his kind design upon my soul; and now being distracted almost with these fireballs of Satan, my sleepy conscience began to be thoroughly awakened, and my many notorious sins, with all their aggravating circumstances, set in order before me, whereby I was driven almost to my wit's end. Thus went matters with me for about a fortnight.

Now, ever since my sickness, in August, I was mightily subject to strange terrors, arising sometimes from external accidents and hidden natural causes, uncouth visions and apparitions, full of amazement and fear; and just about my conversion I was fiercely and terribly assaulted with horrid Satanical suggestions and blasphemous thoughts; and all this to my apprehensions just at the very door of eternity. I reckoned myself free among the dead, which represented these great and momentous concerns so near and to the life, and gave such a true and vivid idea of them, that they left very deep impressions upon my spirit, and caused me to pass through the new birth with great observation.

On March 17th, (being 17 years and almost a quarter old,) being Sabbath day, in the morning, I was under sore perplexities of spirit, and knew not what to do, nor what would become of me; but when all were gone out I sat down, and, very remarkably, (for I am sure the finger of God was in it,) there lay a little book before me on the counter, which when I took up I found to be the life of John Bunyan; so I began to read with a trembling soul, and reading read my own case exactly, which somewhat allayed my fears. O how suitable was that book to my then desperate condition! But coming presently to the paragraph 175, thus he writes: "Wherefore," says he, "my life still hung in doubt, not knowing which way I should tip; only this I found my soul desire, even to cast itself at the foot of grace by prayer and supplication. But O! It was hard for me to pray to that Christ for mercy against whom I had thus most vilely sinned! It was hard work, I say, to offer to look him in the face. O the shame that did now attend me, especially when I thought I was now going to pray to him for mercy, that I had so slightly esteemed a while before. I was ashamed, yea, even confounded; but I saw there was but one way with me; I must go to him, and



humble myself unto him, and beg that he of his wonderful mercy would show pity to me, and have mercy on my wretched, sinful soul. My case being desperate, I thought with myself, I can but die, and if it must be so, it shall once be said that such a one died at the foot of Christ in prayer." O the powerful energy, the wonderful immediate workings of the blessed Spirit that here I felt! What an amazing light struck into my heart! It gave presently such a mighty turn upon my soul as can never be expressed. I both saw and felt those things which are unutterable. I immediately conferred not with flesh and blood, but obeyed the voice of this heavenly calling, and leaped for joy! O how efficaciously and powerfully, yet sweetly and gently, was I drawn! Had I the tongues of all the angels in heaven, I could never report what glories I then saw in the Person of Jesus! How suited I found him to my desperate condition. How nearly\* I was touched with the apprehension of his love. O! I was utterly overwhelmed and quite swallowed up in this depth of divine mercy. I marvel that my soul was not rapt out of my bosom, and that my body did not dissolve for joy. Hereupon I laid down the book, and fell into a great passion of weeping, but indeed it was a fit of overpowering joy. I wept for joy, and for self-indignation, not for fear of being damned, for I was sure my sins were pardoned; and presently I was as if I had seen the Lord Jesus with my bodily eyes in the air, shining brighter than the sun, holding out a sceptre of mercy unto me, and I was enabled in a most stupendous manner to go to him as I was, a poor, lost, perishing, helpless wretch, without money and without price, and he gave me to drink of the water of life freely, yea, abundantly, and without upbraiding.

Thus was I snatched as it were out of the very belly of hell. Then reaching forth to heaven, I cried out with tears, "Ah! this is the blessed Jesus against whom I have all this while been sinning!" O! I thought my sinning against love and mercy, and the yearning bowels of a Jesus, whom I now understood had done so much for me; this consideration swallowed up all my other sins, and yet that after all he should behold me with a merciful eye. This was it that thawed my heart and set the tears trickling from my eyes; but these tears were tears of joy, and such as the world knows nothing of. My heart was filled with peace that passeth all understanding, yea, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I had a taste given me of the hidden manna, and knew what that white stone means, which none know save he that receives it. True repentance is sweet indeed! O! what a transport it put me into! What! Was there hope for such a lost creature as I? And after a little pause I cried out again in ecstasy, "Who knows the power of the resurrection of Christ? And what cannot the blood of Christ cleanse from?" Here I felt and found Christ to be the wisdom of God, and the power of God. So strong was my faith, that I seemed continually to converse with him as a man with his friend. The Lord Jesus did not now seem to me as a stranger, and as one afar off in another world;

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\* That is, closely.

but to be nigh me, even in my very heart. By the powerful operation of the Spirit, I had a lively feeling of my union to him, and could say that Christ was in me.

(To be continued.)

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COUNTRY EMBLEMS.—By JOHN FLAVEL, 1691.

No. 3.—UPON THE SEED CORN.

The choicest wheat is still reserved for seed,  
But gracious principles are choice indeed.

GREAT difference betwixt that seed is found  
With which you sow your several plots of ground.  
Seed-wheat doth far excel in dignity  
The cheaper barley and the coarser rye.  
Though in themselves they good and wholesome are,  
Yet these with choicest wheat may not compare.  
Men's hearts, like fields, are sown with different grain;  
Some baser, some more noble, some again  
Excelling both the former more than wheat  
Excels that grain your swine and horses eat.  
For principles of mere morality,  
Like cummin, barley, vetches, peas, or rye,  
In these men's hearts are often to be found,  
Whom yet the Scripture calleth cursed ground.  
And nobler principles than these sometime  
Called common grace, and spiritual gifts which shine  
In some men's heads, where is their habitation;  
Yet they are no companions of salvation.  
These purchase honour both from great and small;  
But I must tell thee that if this be all,  
Though like an angel in these gifts thou shine  
Among blind mortals for a little time,  
The day's at hand when such as thou must take  
Thy lot with devils in the infernal lake.  
But principles of special saving grace,  
Whose seat is in the heart, not head or face,  
Like solid wheat sown in a fruitful field  
Shall spring and flourish, and at last will yield  
A glorious harvest of eternal rest  
To him that nourisheth them within his breast.  
O grace! How orient art thou! How divine!  
What is the glory of all gifts to thine?  
Disseminate this seed within my heart,  
My God, I pray thee, though thou shouldst impart.  
The less of gifts; then I may truly say  
That thou hast shown me the more excellent way.

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It is better to have conscience never quiet than quieted any way but by the blood of sprinkling.—*Matt. Mead.*

GRACIOUS principles are "the things that accompany salvation." Glory is by promise assured and made over to him that possesses them. There is but a little point of time betwixt him and the glorified spirits above. And how inconsiderable a matter is a little time, which is contracting every hour. Hence the Scripture speaks of believers as already saved: "We are saved by hope;" "We are made to sit in heavenly places."—*Flavel.*

## GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS.

My dear Mary,—I hope you will forgive my not answering your last acceptable letter before, but we have had a very sick house. When I received yours I was ill; before I had gained much strength, Sarah was taken poorly, on the 12th of March was confined to her bed, and on the next Friday it became evident it was no common affliction. It was very distressing to see her in such agony of pain, and nothing seemed to give her much relief. The disorder was very rapid in its progress, for she only lived a month after she was first taken. She died on the 9th of April, and was almost wasted to a skeleton; but blessed be the Lord for supporting me, and giving me a good hope respecting her soul, which was a very great comfort under my heavy trial. The Lord says he is a very present help in time of trouble. Sure I am I found him so; for if I had not had a God to go to, I know not where I should be. I thought I saw his hand visible with me in upholding me in the midst of trouble. I thought I should never doubt of the faithfulness of the Lord any more; but I have been since afraid that he would never appear again, that he had quite forsaken me. I often think there is none so bad as I or so unworthy of the least of his mercy. I pray the Lord to give me submission, enable me to lie passive in his hand, and know no will but his. I know he deals very gently to what I deserve. May he sanctify this trial; and as he strips me of earthly comforts, may he draw me nearer to himself. I know I have idolised creatures, and therefore deserve to lose them. I dare not say I will again no more, for the Scripture says the heart is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things; and none but God can know it. Where must they be, Mary, who say I have a good heart, and never did anybody any harm? If I had nothing to look to but my own works, I never should have the least hope of enjoying the heavenly inheritance; but it is by grace we are saved, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. It is not the righteous that our blessed Jesus came to call, but sinners to repentance. What a blessing that he should come where you and I were, and lay hold on us, and make us come out of the world; for where are there the men or women who can leave the world, in heart and affection, of themselves? They may do so to outside appearance, but none but God can cast it out of the heart, and keep it out. If we have the least hope that he has planted the seed of grace in our hearts, how grateful we should be, for it is an incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever. The Lord is unchangeable; he does not give us grace, and then take it away; for if he gives faith to believe in his dear Son, it is that we may never come into condemnation. How often do I wish the Lord would give me a fresh manifestation of his dying love, and take me to himself; for there is nothing worth living for. I am sick of the world, and of myself, and of the things of time and sense. There is no real enjoyment in anything but the Lord. All things are vanity and vexation of spirit. I hope the

Lord will never let me rest in a form of godliness without the power, or in anything beside himself. How many times does my heart paint the Lord out as a hard Master. I look at one and another, and think they may have so and so, and envy those that are at ease; but the Lord says, "whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye are without chastisement, then are ye bastards, and not sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" and, he says he will make "all things work together for good." "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It says in a hymn,

"These inward trials I employ  
From pride and self to set thee free,  
That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

There is not much to lift me up when I feel a very sink of sin and iniquity, and cannot put much trust in my own heart, when it so often deceives me. Blessed be the Lord that he will not leave me; for he says, "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool;" and, "Cursed is man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm; whose heart departeth from the Lord."

I am sorry to hear of your low state, both in soul and body, for no affliction is pleasant, but grievous to be borne; but it afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. I am often afraid of coming out of the furnace as a fool brayed in a mortar, no better, and without having it sanctified. I do not think you can have sunk lower than I have, for I have been brought to doubt of all. The enemy, once in particular, said that I had fallen from grace, and now there was no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation; that I had set at nought the Son of God, and put him to open shame; now the Lord had left me, that I should turn my back on everything that was good, and commit all uncleanness with greediness. I could not help secretly wishing that I never had made any profession; then I should not disgrace his blessed cause; and after having enjoyed the presence of the Lord, to be for ever banished, was distressing beyond description. I could not help saying, "O that I had never been born, or had been a beast!" I could not bear the thought of going to hell, there to blaspheme and curse the God I once loved. I could wish the same as I had read of a godly woman, who hoped, when she was in sore trouble, that if the Lord did send her to hell, he would give her patience, and that she might love him there. I could justify the Lord in his dealings. I knew I deserved them. The misery of soul I was in that day, I cannot describe. No heart to pray; I felt it was no use; all was over. But, blessed be his name, towards evening he inclined my heart to try again, and sent these words with a little power: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and he shone with fresh light on my path, which was much prized, because greatly needed. Though I could not go by faith to the Lord, yet he could come to me. If he had not come to me first, I should never have gone to him.

This was partly occasioned by my uncle writing me a letter, for-

bidding John to come to the house. When I first read it, I besought the Lord to give me submission, and not suffer me to rebel. I went to bed about nine, and lay from that time till twelve o'clock, and could not shed a tear. My head was very bad, and after that I was insensible the whole night and again in the morning. The enemy tempted me to believe my uncle hated me, and that I had made the righteous sad, whom God would not have made sad; and to be hated of the children of God was an evident token of perdition, and that of God himself. I thought I could not go to chapel any more, or at least only once, to bid it farewell. I was not able to come down stairs for several days. When I got well enough, I could not stay away from chapel. At that time the poor king died. I thought to myself, "Now if you stay away, the time may come when you will not have the liberty of meeting together." I often besought the Lord to reconcile us again, for I know the enemy tries to separate the affections of the children of God. The Lord Jesus Christ says, "By this shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." I could appeal to the Lord that he knew I had not willingly offended uncle. I think the Lord in some measure has answered my request. I dreamed twice that uncle spoke to me, and smiled; which has been fulfilled. When Sarah was ill, she very much wished him to come. When he came, I knew not what I should do, for my legs trembled under me; but before he went, he spoke very cheerfully, and while she lay ill he was remarkably kind; which quite broke my heart; and that, to me, took away the bar between us. I was in hopes my affections were separated from John. I seemed like a bird let out of a cage, and blessed my God for it; and hoped I should never feel it again. But it was only for a few days, and coming with the loss of my sister, was more than my weak body could sustain. I was taken ill again on the Tuesday that Sarah was buried the Sunday previous, and confined to my room 10 days, and for the most part was very low. Blessed be the Lord, he did not leave me altogether comfortless. These words came very sweetly one day: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty." I know now that the Scripture is true where it says, "Vain is the help of man;" for unless the Lord pleaseth to bless what they say, it will not give any real comfort. I often besought the Lord to purge me from this idol of inordinate affection. I think the Lord has answered me by terrible things in righteousness, by stripping me of all creature comfort, and not suffering me to have any but what came from him, which is best.

It has been a very sickly time among our little flock. Mr. Mills has been very ill for some time, but is a little better, and walked to Cranbrook last week, which he has not done before for three months. He has been brought very low in soul, so as to doubt of the work, and be afraid of death. He had but a little before said he thought that nothing could move him. I was saying I thought I could leave Cranbrook and all that was near and dear to me. "O," he said, "nothing would make me want to leave it." But since then he

has thought he never should want to see it any more; therefore the Lord must keep the strong as well as the weak. Mr. Harman has been very poorly with a very bad cold, but is better. Uncle is very poorly with cold. Last Sunday week I was afraid he would not be able to get through the morning, but the Lord carried him through. I hope the Lord will bless us and keep us, and lift the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace, and encourage us to watch and pray that we enter not into temptation.

Our C. friends join me in love to you, while I remain,

Your affectionate Sister in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Sinner's Friend.

Cranbrook, May, 1820.

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## I KNOW THY POVERTY, BUT THOU ART RICH.

My dear Friend,—I have frequently thought of you in connection with the interests of truth, also of your circle of relations and friends, and have had a secret longing to visit you again, and know how Christ and truth stand among you in comparison with the things of the world, its fashions, pleasures, and lusts; which are the most longed for, and in the absence thereof which most mourned.

How fast time is carrying us through the world! How soon with us it will be time no more! How little, at best, we can know of the worth and value of faith and hope in Christ! O that we could seek his friendship and favour more, to prove our union with him by communion! What a favour it is to be even driven to Christ by afflictions, and chided into fruitfulness, when milder means will not do. How sad a state to be vainly confident and carnally secure, without changes, and no savour of a life of faith and love. What a sad surprise will seize the unregenerate at death; but "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." What we buy dearly we count most precious; then how precious saints must be to God. As Hart says:

"Dearly we are bought, for God  
Bought us with his own heart's blood!  
Boundless depth of love divine!  
Jesus, what a love was thine!"

How sweet to believe in this love, and how blessed in it to rest:

"Faith in the bleeding Lamb,  
O what a gift is this!  
Hope of salvation in his name,  
How comfortable 'tis!"

To hang as a helpless babe upon his breast, and draw sweetness and consolation, to revive and cheer us in the midst of trouble, is the saints' comfort in afflictions. How often I have wondered that hope has been kept alive in my soul through such a life of sinning and provocation; as Rutherford says, "that such lumps of sin should have so much for nothing!" But I hope I sometimes feel the blessedness of being chastened and taught out of God's law, to rejoice in Christ Jesus only, and have no confidence in the flesh.

In consequence of my base sins, I expect to go halting and mourning to my grave; yet to have been stripped and emptied, tried and cast, weighed and wanting, utterly lost and ready to perish, I believe is God's teaching to profit; and I do believe the profit of it I sometimes find; and though to this day the remembrance of much of my past life is bitter to me, yet, through God's goodness, it makes me go more safely, having in remembrance the wormwood and the gall, to my humbling at times.

The Lord knows best how to make us meet to come to Christ, ready to perish, and to keep us sensible that without Christ we must perish; and the more we hunger and want, the more manifest the life of faith is. How sweet and comprehensive is Hart here:

“ 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit  
 Prompting us to secret prayer,  
 To rejoice in Jesu's merit,  
 Yet continual sorrow bear;  
 To receive a full remission  
 Of our sins for evermore,  
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,  
 Begging mercy every hour.

“ To be steadfast in believing,  
 Yet to tremble, fear, and quake;  
 Every moment be receiving  
 Strength, and yet be always weak.  
 To be fighting, fleeing, turning;  
 Ever sinking, yet to swim;  
 To converse with Jesus, mourning  
 For ourselves, or else for him.”

In whomsoever these are found, there is a blessed soul. To all such, the best wishes, and the prayers of a fellow-traveller, grace, mercy, and peace be with them.

How is dear father? Does he feel a readiness and willingness to launch, at times? How soon he *must* (at his advanced age), how soon he *may*, leave all behind, and enter a world of spirits. Does he feel the need of Christ? and, as he is closing his life, is he cleaving to Christ? Are his eyes closing to present things, and opening more to future? I should be glad to know that Christ lives in him, the hope of glory.

Remember me with affection to brothers, the dear friends at H. and S., and your circle of friends generally. I hope they may not be permitted to forget their latter end; and if rightly taught to consider it, they will know that the way to heaven is not discerned or found by the highest wisdom of men, but is a secret that is with them that fear God; and if truth is received, it will set them longing to know God's covenant and its everlasting blessings, and not to rail at it and object. Wishing you the enjoyment of its sure mercies,

I remain, Yours faithfully,

C. M.

W., Oct. 31st., 1862.

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MAN is as much a fallen creature at present as he was four or five thousand years ago; nor can less suffice to his renewal now than was necessary to his renewal then.—*Toptady*.

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BOURNE.

Dear Friend,—It is upwards of 20 years since you and I had frequent communications, both of us under heavy trials, you on your return from Grantham, and I just deserted by my friends. We did not then understand the voice of God in it, nor could we patiently bear the contradiction of sinners like the example in God's word; and it was partly for this cause we were brought into this furnace, to show us what was in our hearts; the pride and self-will that was discovered here would never otherwise have been suspected. Besides these, the Lord had something further for us to do, which would have been but ill done, if he had not, by furnace work, taught us to give up our reputation. We naturally like to carry our heads very high, and choose the uppermost seats at feasts; but the Lord Jesus Christ is called a poor man, a worm and no man, despised of the people. Our pride will not suffer us to own our relationship to him in these matters, therefore we are put into the sieve, and are sifted as corn; and, behold, what an appalling discovery is made! Destruction seems close at hand, and despair is all we can look for in this place. The Lord of hosts hath "touched us," and we melt "and mourn." It comes like a flood, and we do not know to what extent the drowning will reach; we fear both body and soul are destined for hell. This is a language that all professors cannot understand; but you and I were in this condition at the time I allude to, and had it not been for the word of the Lord, we must have sunk. But he declared that he would not utterly destroy. In this long affliction I have since seen much of the wisdom and tenderness of God. It was by this he brought me out of the entanglements of natural affection, from those also who have proved themselves to be walking in a false profession. It also humbled me to listen to the word of our poor despised pastor, Mr. B., who is hated of all men for the truth's sake. Here it is that the Lord has often, in infinite condescension, talked to me both of judgment and mercy. Although I had a long and painful affliction in the loss of my faithless friends, and found it much sanctified by the Lord in the humbling of my soul, as well as a source of many sweet intimations of God's love and pity, yet here also I must declare, with you, that all this trouble was not enough to bring me to my place, which is the lowest place; but the furnace must be again and again prepared, that I may learn more effectually how little I am in every sense. If I had chosen my own way, I should have soon manifested that my perverse spirit would have led me, through pride and vain conceit, headlong to destruction. The Lord has in mercy turned my feasts into mourning, and my light songs into lamentation, and has covered my loins with sackcloth, and put baldness upon my head. I have, through my pride, had many a day's famine of spiritual bread and thirst for the water of life; and until these things had had their due effect in humbling me, with my mouth in the dust, I have found no relief. This has been my mercy, that I have never been in any affliction or trouble, but the Lord has sent me wise counsel by



the mouth of his servant whom I sit under, Mr. B. I perceive he is acquainted with all the sorrows of his people, by continually himself wading through these waters. Thus I may declare to you that the Lord has given me a goodly heritage, and, with the greatest sincerity, I can acknowledge that, though few and evil have been my days, it is my sin that has made the evil—that the Lord hath done all things well.

If you are able, we shall be very glad to hear of your spiritual welfare. The Lord, as a Sovereign, has taken you out of the pulpit, and put you into a sick room. How does this sit upon you? Are you able to believe that he can do no wrong, and that he will do nothing but for the good of his chosen? In patience possess your soul, for in due time you shall reap if you faint not. A long sickness is often accompanied with a good deal of spiritual death, for we are all like the disciples: "What! Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Here you and I must fall; but our happiness is, "there is mercy with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

The friends here feel for your case, and, as one of the mystical body, continually seek for your prosperity and support; for if one member suffers, it cannot be but all the members suffer with it; also if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

That this may be our happy union, is the sincere prayer of

Yours in the Lord,

London, Nov. 20th, 1834.

JAMES BOURNE.

*"WHAT THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW, THOU SHALT KNOW  
HEREAFTER."*

God is too wise, too merciful, to grant,  
E'en to his people, all they think they want;  
Of such requests he kindly takes no heed,  
But gives them what his wisdom sees they need.

Those creaking stairs we cautiously descend,  
In a dark passage and a kitchen end;  
Ere yet you enter at the door, you meet  
With an oppressive sense of steam and heat;  
For there, though health and vigour long have past,  
Will honest labour struggle to the last,  
In all its integrity, however poor,  
To keep long-threatened famine from the door,  
Which, with lank visage and determined pace,  
Has often seem'd to stare them in the face,  
But which, in some most strange, unthought of way,  
Has ever and anon been kept at bay.  
For there's a hedge around this people set,  
Which Satan's malice never pass'd as yet.  
'Tis true at times the fence may seem so thin,  
We deem at length the foe has broken in.  
But no! The stronger arm that curbs his strength  
Knows to a link his chain's permissive length;  
Each gloomy sorrow works but for their good,  
Though dimly for the moment understood.

The Lord has ever to his people shown  
Their trust must be reposed in him alone.

(A truth 'tis far more easy to propound  
Than when reduced to practice will be found;)  
And only he who form'd them for his praise,  
Can from the trial of their faith the blessing raise.

In yonder corner on his pallet lays,  
Scarcely distinguishable 'midst the haze,  
The well-nigh empty tenement of clay,  
Of one of God's own "children of the day."  
That day, alas, to him has mostly been  
A day of clouds, the sun but seldom seen;  
But though his threescore years and ten are past,  
And his mortality is sinking fast,  
As yet 'tis but the gleaming of the morn,  
Since his redeemed soul again was born;  
And the long even time its light extends,  
Where everlasting! still the prospect ends.  
True his long path through time was seldom bright,  
With poverty but rarely out of sight;  
And even now, till the last struggle ends,  
His dying bed unwelcome it attends.  
Yet though thus called privations to endure,  
His bread was given, and his water sure,  
Nor did he ever find, though sharply tried,  
The promised succours at his need supplied.

From that low couch his spirit takes its wing  
To join the ransomed, and their anthems sing,  
E'en whilst the rattles linger in his throat,  
His soul rejoicing would essay the note.  
Thanksgiving tuned his quivering song in death,  
And his "Good Shepherd" claims his latest breath.  
Launched into life and bliss, he quick ascends  
Where joy unspeakable shall make amends.  
What now to him his kitchen dark and small,  
What recks he of his pauper funeral?  
E'en the lone sharer of his pilgrimage  
No longer his affections may engage;  
Her destitution, age, and helplessness  
Excite no more his anguish or distress.  
All! all! of earth that once employed his mind,  
Left with his sad infirmities behind.

Why the Redeemer leads his chosen thus,  
Seems oftentimes mysterious to us,  
Till in his sanctuary we behold  
The sacred wonder solemnly unfold;  
And while with reverence we stand and gaze,  
Our very poverty demands our praise.  
For O! How ignorantly do we judge!  
How often that prosperity we grudge,  
Which, if vouchsafed, our burdened souls would clog,  
As the swift steed is fettered by the log.  
Why envy him who prospers in his way  
While thine more crooked grows from day to day?  
With steady hand, as strengthened from on high,  
At once the sacred balances apply.  
Indulged awhile in earth's vain luxuries,  
Without the fear of God before his eyes;  
Oppressing with a word without a thought,

Or if he pause a moment careth not.  
 Of his own interest alone he thinks,  
 And floats himself he will, whoever sinks;  
 And float he does, according to his plan,  
 Buoyant and prosperous, a "rising man."  
 But growing wealth is not without its cares,  
 And therefore he the common burden bears;  
 Afflictions both of body and of mind  
 Are equally to rich and poor assigned;  
 Nor can much lauded perseverance shape  
 A course that will these ills of life escape.  
 Who as a tyrant over others sways,  
 O'er self will tyrannize in many ways;  
 The reins of passion thrown upon the neck,  
 The ruling power that holds the mind in check,  
 The rampant will its helpless master bears  
 Swift as a torrent to a sea of cares,  
 In which no shelt'ring ark is sought or found;  
 Loaded with guilt and gold, the wretch is drowned.

Ended his life of sorrows and of sins,  
 His endless life of misery begins;  
 While here below, surrounded with his spoil,  
 He blessed his soul, and dipped his foot in oil;  
 But useless there his vile, unholy gain,  
 Where truth and righteousness eternal reign.  
 The baubles thus, for which his soul he gave,  
 But serve to sink him lower than the grave.

Cease, then, poor child of God, thine anxious care,  
 Thou, though in poverty, art still an heir:  
 The servants revel here! Thy Father's love  
 Has spread for thee a better feast above;  
 Theirs is in time, and soon must ended be,  
 But thine shall last throughout eternity.

B. M.

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## A WARNING TO THE CHURCH OF GOD BY A DEPARTED SERVANT OF CHRIST.

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To my beloved Brethren and Companions in Tribulation, who attend divine worship at Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and other places where the Lord hath, in his providence, called me for many years, his poor unworthy servant, occasionally to labour.—Viewing, as I do, my dear friends, that we are called to live in what the apostle Paul calls perilous times, days in which the most awful errors abound; for, as the apostle John saith, "Little children, it is the last time; and, as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time." "Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist." And who is this, but our Unitarians who flatly deny the doctrine of the glorious Trinity, as also the divinity, even the eternal power and Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ, and treat with disdain and contempt his precious atoning blood and spotless righteousness, which are some of the leading articles, and, in fact, the foundation of the Christian faith? Now, if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" But,

blessed be our God, he is the Rock, and the only Rock of salvation, and his work is perfect; a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he. "And on this rock," says Christ, meaning himself, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." These are some of the thieves and robbers that would rob our God and Saviour of his crown, his sceptre, and his throne, and, if possible, of his kingdom; who are crying out, like the Jews of old, "We will not have this *man* to reign over us." Yet he must and shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet; and the day will come in which our Lord Christ will say, "Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither, and slay them before me." "And then shall they say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

I hope our most gracious Sovereign may be on his guard, lest in time these thieves and robbers should deprive him and the illustrious House of Brunswick of the crown, the sceptre, and the throne, if not the kingdom, and prove the leading cause of Popery again having the ascendancy in these realms. I believe the spirit that is now working and fermenting among the generality of Protestant Dissenters, as well as the Catholics, is the spirit of antichrist, or the spirit of awful rebellion against God and the King. I feel constrained to put in my feeble protest against it, and declare, as far as I am able, to all that I am called to speak to, that I dare not, nor cannot follow this multitude to do evil.

Having been led of late to read a sermon with much instruction, comfort, and soul satisfaction, preached and published some years ago by the late Mr. Huntington, who, I have no doubt, was sent by God, as a faithful and true watchman on the walls of Zion, to sound the alarm, and to give timely notice to those that fear God of what would shortly befall this nation and the church of God; and believing he was led by God the Holy Ghost to give such a true and exact description of the spirit that is now abroad in the world, has induced me, so far as I know myself, in simplicity and sincerity for your good, to reprint this sermon, praying that it may be a means, under God, of preserving or delivering you from the snare of the fowler, seeing, as I do, that almost all sects and parties unite and agree to go over and give their power to the beast, and appear determined to get intoxicated with the mire of her fornication. The call and voice of the Lord, my dear friends, to us is, "And I heard another voice from heaven saying, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Feeling a tender concern for your present and future welfare, I desire to commit you to Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory. To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

J. VINALL.

## Obituary.

### MARTHA HOLLIS, OF NORTHAMPTON.

DIED, Dec. 3rd, 1862, at Northampton, Martha Hollis, aged 73, an afflicted and tried believer in Jesus, one who, for the greater part of her life, might truly be called "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," ardently seeking peace and pardon, but fearing she had no part in the great salvation wrought for poor sinners, though from time to time she had hope she should yet praise God for the health of his countenance. Never was the first verse of Ps. xlii. more completely the language of a quickened soul than of this poor desiring one. For nearly fifty years she was "tempest-tossed and not comforted;" but she was never permitted, though sorrowing, to give up seeking him whom if she found not, she must perish for ever.

About six months previously to her decease, the Lord shone in on her soul, granting her full assurance that she was his, and enabling her to rejoice in pardoned sin. She said, "I could tell you the very spot I was in when he said to me, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love;'" "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" "All blotted out as a thick cloud."

On Nov. 29th I went to see her, and found her so weak as to be unable to move a yard without help. I said to her, "You are very ill; and should this sickness be unto death, how do you feel in the prospect?" She replied, "Not as I could wish; but I have a hope. I cannot give up that." "Surely," I said, "you know the work has been begun and thus far carried on; and will it not be completed?" Her sorrowful countenance brightened as she said, "Ah, yes! He will not leave me now. I have had a sweet assurance that I am his, and many sweet promises during my long pilgrimage. When I was first awakened to see myself a lost and helpless sinner, the words, 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart,' &c., were laid with great power on my mind, though I was so ignorant I could not tell where to look for them, not knowing such words were in the Bible. Also: 'Fear not; be not dismayed. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee,' &c. "These two verses," she added, "were nearly always with me through a life of trial and sore temptation. Ah! I have known what midnight sorrow and temptation mean! Many, many times have I cried unto the Lord in the dead of the night, repeating Ps. cxxxix.; and when Satan has come in like a flood, I have cried again in my despair, 'Lord, don't let him come further; don't let him. Do, dear Jesus, again shine upon me! Do speak! Don't let him have all his own way!'" "This, indeed," I replied, "was sharp conflict, and you could feelingly enter into that verse of Hart's :

" 'Companions if we find,  
Alas! how soon they're gone!  
For 'tis decreed that most must pass  
The darkest paths alone.' "

"I could," she said. Again alluding to the fiery darts of the enemy, she said, "All this time I was suffering from severe domestic

trials; and had not the Lord sustained me, what should I have done? But his eye was upon me, though I could hardly believe it, carrying me safely through all." I replied, "And he will be with you unto the end." Now becoming exhausted, she paused, but not for long. Her tongue seemed loosened, and she must declare the loving-kindness of the Lord towards her. She said she was baptized 17 years ago, and mentioned a remarkable circumstance attending it. Having suffered much persecution from one near and dear to her, she went with trembling steps thus to obey her Lord's command, and expecting on her return to suffer still more; but to her great joy, her husband was still sleeping in his bed. She took her dinner, leaving his by the side of the fire, and again went to chapel, and was received into the church. She again reached home, and found him still sleeping. She then aroused him, saying, "Do you know where you are, and what time it is?" "Now was not this remarkable?" she said. Her husband lived 12 years after this, but she did not know that he ever heard of it, "for if he had, I am sure I should have suffered." I could only answer, "How good and kind our dear Lord is, so that when a man's ways please him, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." A friend coming in, our conversation ceased. After talking a little with her, he read a chapter, making some comforting remarks, and then prayed, commending her, himself, and the church of God to the gracious care and keeping of Israel's Triune God. This proved his last interview with her on earth. Five days after her departure, after a short illness, he joined her around the throne.

Dec. 1st.—On my inquiry how she felt, she said, "Not quite as I could wish, but 'at eventide it shall be light.' Yes; it is not all darkness now. O no!" she quickly said. "He won't leave me; he won't forsake me. He has never denied his word. He can't deny it, Mrs. D. I am sure he won't. I have had so many precious promises to rest on all through my temptations, that I know he is good; he is above all." "Who," I asked, "is above all?" "Christ! Christ first, Christ last, and Christ all and in all." I inquired if she had ever enjoyed reading any pieces in the "Gospel Standard." "Yes, often," she replied. "Many were very precious, and led me to hope that I should be brought to the same enjoyment before my end." I said, "Then if you have been encouraged, I think I shall send some account of the Lord's dealings with you." She looked round rather sharply, and then said, "You may; you may. It is all truth. I have said more to you than to any one. Very few of the chapel people knew what I went through."

Her children and grandchildren coming in, she kindly and affectionately addressed them with tears rolling down her cheeks, and said, "I hope a mother's prayers will not be lost." Looking towards me, she said, "There is mercy, is not there?" "Yes, at the eleventh hour," I said, "for those who feel their need of mercy." She said, "'Seek, and ye shall find; ask and it shall be given you.' I have found that mercy, praise his holy name." Then, turning to me, she said, "Look up! Look up! It is above!" It was the Lord alone,

I said, who could lift us up. What a mercy that he is the Friend of sinners." She responded,

"Be that forgotten never,  
A wounded soul,  
And not a whole,  
Becomes a true believer."

Expressing a wish to see a Christian sister, who was baptized with her, I left on her arrival. She was too weak to say more than in reply to her inquiry if Christ was precious: "Yes, he is! *Very precious!*"

Dec. 2nd.—The scene was drawing to a close. I felt almost afraid to speak. Looking intently at me, she said, "I am afraid I am wrong." I reminded her of the testimony she had given of what the Lord had done for her soul, and said, "The enemy is taking advantage of your excessive weakness." In a few seconds, she opened her eyes, and said,

"O happy hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God."

I feel on the Rock; yes, on the Rock!" Nothing shall harm me! How good the Lord is! I did not know what sound and refreshing sleep was for all those years; but for the last few months I have enjoyed sweet sleep." On having a little cold water given her, she smiled, and said, "Cold water and Jesus too." It was said, "You will soon be with him." "Yes, I shall; a poor, weak, and sinful creature, but comely in his sight. No goodness of my own; all of grace." On repeating the lines to her:

"My hopes are built on nothing less,  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;"

she replied, "I can, I can. All is well."

After awaking from a slight sleep, looking up, she exclaimed, "He sustains! He sustains!" On my replying, "Faith will soon be exchanged for sight," "Very soon," she said. Then exerting herself, she said, "Mr. L. has stopped to see some of us go out,—out of the world of sin and sorrow." She now spoke of the kindness of her children during her illness, and also of some friends.

After this I took leave of her, when she said, "I wish you to go. All is well."

She passed a restless night. The following morning I looked at her. She was unconscious, and lingered till the afternoon, when she entered into rest, proving Him faithful who had promised. It was light at eventide, and she could say, "This is my God; I have waited for him."

L. D. D.

Northampton.

A LITTLE from God is better than a great deal from man; also, what is from men is often lost and tumbled over and over by man; but what is from God is fixed as a nail in a sure place.—*Bunyan*.

THE afflicted in mind are like infants that cannot tell their disease; they apprehend hell, and it is real hell to them. Many ministers are but horse-physicians in this disease; wine and music are vain remedies; there is need of a Creator of peace. "She is frantic," say they, "and it is but a fit of natural melancholy and distraction."—*Rutherford*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Continued from p. 164.)

IN our last Paper on the Person, work, and covenant offices of the blessed Spirit, we brought to a close our scriptural proofs of his eternal and essential Deity. We shall now, therefore, endeavour, with God's help and blessing, to unfold a point very closely and intimately connected with his essential Deity, viz., his divine *Personality*; in other words, we shall attempt to show from the word of truth that he who in Scripture bears the sacred name of the Holy Ghost is not a breath, or an emanation, or a quality, or an energy, an operation, or an influence of God, from time to time put forth by him, but a distinct *Person* in the Tri-une Jehovah.

But as on these important points clearness of thought and of expression is eminently desirable, for often, like the mob at Ephesus, "some cry one thing and some another, till the whole assembly" of writers and readers "is confused, and the most part know not wherefore they come together," (Acts xix. 32,) let us, at the very commencement of our argument, first explain and define what we understand by a *Person*, and show how such a one differs from a breath, a power, or an influence. Nor let any one think that this doctrine of the distinct Personality of the Holy Ghost is a mere strife of words, an unimportant matter, or an unprofitable discussion, which we may take or leave, believe or deny, without any injury to our faith or hope. On the contrary, let this be firmly impressed on your mind, that if you deny or disbelieve the Personality of the blessed Spirit, you deny and disbelieve with it the grand foundation truth of the Trinity; and "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" You may talk of your deep and long experience,\* or of your consistent practice; but "doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" (James iii. 11.) If your doctrine be unsound, your experience must be a delusion, and your practice an imposition. Ye, then, who desire to be right and fear to be wrong, who prize the truth of God more than thousands of gold and silver, "make straight paths for your feet," and look and see whether you have been taught of God that precious doctrine of a Tri-une Jehovah, and have a personal knowledge and experience in your own soul of each of the Three Persons in the Godhead. "Look," we repeat it, "to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." (2 John 8.)

But as we write more to establish truth than to refute error, though we cannot well do the one without at the same time doing the other; and as many true believers in the Trinity may not have considered the strong grounds on which their faith rests, or may

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\* There is a sect, if we may so call it, of Socinian Baptists in some of the eastern counties, who will talk glibly and seemingly well of their experience, of convictions of sin, and of mercy received; but if you touch them upon the Deity and eternal Sonship of Christ, or the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, they will hiss like vipers. It is these to whom we allude, as speaking of their experience.



even have confused ideas on these high and heavenly doctrines, we shall endeavour, as clearly as we can, to unfold the testimony of God on this point for their instruction and edification.

By a *Person*, then, as a term applicable to the blessed Spirit, we understand a living, intelligent Agent, one who has a distinct spiritual subsistence, and is possessed of a will and power of his own, which he exerts and manifests so as to show that he has a real, substantial existence. Now compare with this living, breathing, intelligent, active Person an influence proceeding from God, and observe how widely they differ. You, I, we all are persons, and as such we exert a certain influence upon our families, our dependents, our friends. A minister, for instance, exerts an influence upon his church and congregation. His words, or actions, or spirit issuing from him carry with them a certain power, and are impregnated with a peculiar influence. But this is not the *man*. His person and his influence are as distinct as the sun and the warmth of the sun, or as the moon and the light of the moon. Now see the craft of those subtle heretics who deny the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and resolve all that is said of the Spirit in Scripture into an influence exerted by God, as the sun exerts an influence upon vegetation by his light and heat, or into an act of power, as when a magistrate exerts his legal authority. It may seem, at first sight, a matter of no great importance, or a mere subtle distinction of learned divines, or a theological quibble, or that it all comes to the same thing in the end. But penetrate through these crafty devices, and then you will see how the denial of the Personality of the blessed Spirit is a deadly poison, an error of the first magnitude;\* for *it strikes at once a Person out of the Trinity*; and what is this but to nullify and destroy the doctrine of the Trinity altogether? Men of God, in both ancient and modern times, knew well the sacred blessedness of truth and the damnable nature of error; and this deep conviction led them to fence off the one from the other by using expressions such as the Trinity, Personality, &c., which, if not precisely Scripture words, are so far scriptural language that they clearly and definitely express Scripture truth.

But to bring this point to a simple and easily intelligible test, and to help you to distinguish between a person and a thing, take a quality, so to speak, or what is more commonly called an attribute of God, as his holiness, or his justice, or his mercy, or his love. These attributes of Jehovah have no personal subsistence distinct from himself, though sometimes, speaking figuratively, we assign to them personal acts. Thus when we say that "Justice draws its awful sword;" or, "Mercy smiles;" or, "Grace superabounds;" or, "Love draws," we do not mean that these attributes of God are so many distinct Persons in the Godhead, though the strong lan-

\* The late Mr. Gadsby would never allow any man to stand in his pulpit who objected to the expression, "God the Holy Ghost;" for there were at one time in the North Calvinistic Baptist ministers, and some, we believe, who had been in connection with him, who would not use the words. Mr. Gadsby was perfectly right; and in this, as in all other points, manifested his hatred of error, and his faithfulness and decision for the truth.

guage of metaphor and figure invests them with a kind of temporary personality. But as we easily distinguish between the kindness of a person and the person himself who is kind, so we can similarly distinguish between the kindness of God and the Person of God himself. Thus when we speak of the *Personality* of the Holy Ghost, we mean that he is not a certain power or influence, virtue, energy, or operation which God puts forth, as when in the first creation he created all things by the word of his mouth, or as he now manifests his sensible presence to the soul; but that the Holy Ghost is as much a distinct Person in the Godhead as the Father and the Son, and as such possesses all the peculiar attributes of Deity. Has the Father power? Yes; for "power belongeth unto God." (Ps. lxxii. 11.) So has the blessed Spirit, for "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." (Luke iv. 14.) Has the Father love? Yes; for "God is love." "God so loved the world," &c. So has the Spirit. "Now I beseech you for the love of the Spirit." (Rom. xv. 30.) Does the Father give commands? Yes; for "this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." (1 John iv. 21.) So does the Spirit; for the Spirit bade Peter go with the servants of Cornelius, nothing doubting. (Acts xi. 12.) But we are rather anticipating a line of proof, which we shall presently have occasion more fully to dwell upon. We have, therefore, merely adduced these two or three instances to explain more clearly and fully what is intended by the expression the *Personality* of the Holy Ghost, and to show the distinction between a person and a quality, power, or influence.

We shall now, therefore, proceed to show from the firm word of truth that the blessed Spirit is truly and really a divine and distinct Person in the eternal, self-existent Godhead.

I. Our first class of proofs, for they may be conveniently arranged under two leading heads, shall be taken from those passages in which the *Holy Spirit* is spoken of in conjunction with the *Father* and the *Son*; and as these are by general admission Persons—the Person of the Father being spoken of Heb. i. 3, and the Person of Christ,\* 2 Cor. ii. 10—the Holy Ghost is a Person also. The first proof shall be taken from the words which our blessed Lord spake to his disciples when he said to them: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Let us examine these solemn words of our blessed Lord with a view to the Personality of the blessed Spirit as distinctly expressed in them. Baptism, all admit, is the outward sign of admission into the visible church of Christ, an ordinance of the Lord's own institution. In its administration, the believer is baptized "in the name," that is the authority,† of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Now does not this formula of

\* The expression "in the face of Jesus Christ," (2 Cor. iv. 6,) might be rendered "in the person of Jesus Christ;" it being precisely the same word as that translated person, 2 Cor. ii. 10.

† The word "name" in the Scripture, as applied to God, signifies all that God has revealed of himself, whereby he can be known, believed in, worshipped, feared, and loved by the children of men. See, for the proof of this,

baptism express, 1. A plurality of Persons? The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are each distinctly named; and 2. Unity of Essence? for it is not in the names, but "in the name" of the Three Persons, clearly implying that the Persons are Three, but the name, the nature, the essence, the being, the authority but One. But to establish this point as bearing upon the distinct Personality of the Spirit more clearly, try and substitute a quality, a breath, an influence, a virtue of God for the word "Holy Ghost." Such plain, simple tests are often more convincing, at least to some minds, than direct positive arguments. "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of love." How flat, how uncouth, how confused! How unworthy of the divine majesty of the blessed Lord who spake the words! "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the divine breath." Still the same flat, uncouth, confused mixture, so that the veriest babe in grace could tell it was not such heavenly language as ever fell from him into whose lips grace was poured. It is hardly worth while to pursue the argument by making another trial of "energy," "power," "authority," or "influence." The result would be still the same, that all such terms at once betray themselves by their own nakedness and nothingness, as unfit to stand side by side with the name of the Father and of the Son. But now view the truth in its own pure and heavenly light, and read the words in the brightness of their own grace and glory. Read them as a believer in the blessed Trinity. Then how clear to faith is it that "the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" declares that these are three distinct co-equal, co-eternal Persons in one undivided Essence.

2. But now under the same class of proof—the name of the Holy Ghost in the same connection with the Father and the Son, look at another text of holy writ, in which the Personality of the Holy Ghost is most clearly seen. It is that well-known benediction which so often and so fitly closes the service of God in the sanctuary: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) See how the Three Persons of the sacred Trinity are here invoked and called upon to bestow each his distinct blessing. "The love"—the eternal love of God the Father; "the grace," in all its richness and fulness, of God the Son; and the sweet, sacred fellowship and "communion" of God the Holy Ghost—will the believing soul part with either the Person of each divine Giver or the gift of each divine Person? Are not Giver and gift, Person and work of all Three alike inseparable? We might, if it were worth while, try the same experiment with this text as with the one before quoted, Matt. xxviii. 19. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion"—of what? Of an influence, a quality, a virtue, a power, an emanation? What do they all mean? What fellowship is there in a breath, or a quality, or an influence? There can

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Exod. xxxiii. 19, xxxiv. 5, 6. The name of God, therefore, includes and signifies all those glorious perfections of Deity which he has revealed of himself in the word of his grace.

be communion only with a Person. Can a virtue, or a breath, or an influence converse with me, talk with me, commune with me, or I with it? Who ever expected a breath to speak, or conversed with it as a man converseth with a friend? A poet might so speak in figurative language, or a lover may sigh his woeful complaints to the rocks, or tell his mournful tale to the purling stream, into which he drops his hot tears; but the blessing prayed for was not the longings of poet or lover, but the solid, solemn, holy aspiration of a man of God, who knew for himself what the sacred fellowship of God the Holy Ghost, as a Divine Person, communicated to his soul.

“Thy sweet communion charms the soul,  
And gives true peace and joy,  
Which Satan's power cannot control,  
Nor all his wiles destroy.”

This sweet communion never charmed the soul of those vile heretics who deny his Deity and Personality. Such sips and tastes of heavenly bliss are the sole portion of the living, believing, loving family of God.

3. Another testimony under the same class of Scripture proof to the Personality of the Holy Ghost may be drawn from his appearance at the baptism of our blessed Lord “in a bodily shape:” “And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased.” (Luke iii. 22.) Here again, as we have pointed out in a preceding paper, the Three Persons of the blessed Trinity were all present. The Father spoke with an audible voice from heaven, the Son was in the water, and the Holy Ghost descended “in a bodily shape like a dove” upon him. Now it does not matter to the argument whether the Holy Ghost assumed the outward form of a dove, which seems the better meaning, or descended with the rapid motion of a dove. The point and force of the proof lie in the words, “in a bodily shape,” and that his visible appearance was simultaneous, that is, occurred at the same moment with, that of the Father and the Son. “A bodily shape” presumes a personal subsistence. A quality, or an energy, or an influence, can have no bodily shape; but when the Holy Ghost would reveal in a sensible, visible manner his personal subsistence as a Divine Person in the Trinity, he descended in a bodily form.

4. Another testimony of a similar character may be drawn from the celebrated passage of the three heavenly Witnesses: “For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.” (1 John v. 7.) How plainly and clearly is the Holy Ghost there joined with the Father and the Word, (or Son,) and how positive the declaration that these three are one—Three in a distinction of Persons, One in Unity of Essence!

II. But we pass on to another class of proofs of the Personality of the Holy Ghost. *Actions are ascribed to him which none but a person, and He a divine Person, can perform.*

1. Thus he is said “to search all things, yea, the deep things of God;” “to know” the things of God; and “to teach” them in words

not of human wisdom but of his own special inditing (1 Cor. ii. 10-13.) Are not all these *personal* actions? How can a quality, or a virtue, or an influence, except figuratively, and the apostle is not speaking here in figures, know, search, or teach? If you came from a foreign country and told me that there was a dignified and exalted Personage there who searched, knew, and taught the inhabitants of that land all that was good for them to know, should I think you meant that there was a certain influence in that climate, or a peculiar virtue in the sun or air which knew, searched, and taught all things? Should you not deceive me by ascribing to a breath, or a passing influence, such actions as a person only can perform? So we may argue if all that the Holy Ghost is declared to do be not personal actions, but merely figurative expressions of a certain power which God puts forth, would not the Scriptures awfully deceive us, and could we credit their testimony on any other point?

2. But the fullest and most blessed testimony of these personal actions of the Holy Ghost is contained in the words of our Lord to his sorrowing disciples where he promised to send them "another Comforter." Now nothing can be more clear than that when the blessed Lord was with his disciples he was a *personal* Comforter. It was himself—"Behold it is I," who was ever with them. It was not, as now, his spiritual, but his actual bodily presence, which was their joy and strength. If, then, the promised Comforter were not a Person, and a divine Person, but a mere breath, an influence, or a quality, how could he be to them what Jesus had so long been? The Lord did not say to them, "I will send you comfort;" no; but "a Comforter;" another Comforter, who shall be to you all and more than all I have been to you. But observe also the *personal* actions which the gracious Lord said this Comforter should perform. He was "to *abide* with them for ever." (John xiv. 16.) Now an influence has no abiding, still less for ever. When not put forth, it ceases to be. He was also "to  *dwell* with them." This is a personal act. I dwell in my house, but an influence does not dwell. It is like the wind that passeth away, and the place thereof knoweth it no more. When the blessed Lord said in the same heavenly discourse: "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," (John xiv. 23,) are not the Father and the Son, who come and make their abode in the believer's heart, Persons? By parity of reasoning, then, the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, when he is said to dwell in believers, must be a divine Person also. He is also said "to teach and bring all things to remembrance" whatever Jesus said unto his disciples. Are not these personal actions? Does not the Lord expressly say "He"\* not "it," "shall teach you all things?" We all know how peculiar, how authoritative, how distinct a living teacher is from any book. How wisely he can discriminate cases, fathom the extent of our ignorance, adapt his lessons to our capacity, chide

\* The "He" is very strongly expressed in the original; "He," "that very person."

us when we are sluggish or stupid, encourage us when we are diligent and attentive, blend tenderness with authority, and mingle affection with rebuke. But could an *influence* do all this? Where is the teacher's influence when he himself is not present? Let every large school testify. Where, too, the all-seeing eye; where the kindly hand; where the tender forbearance; where the peculiar adaptation to the thousands of wayward pupils could there be in a breath, or a passing power, compared with what the Holy Ghost, as a divine and distinct Person in the Godhead, personally exerts, as he looks down in all his infinite wisdom, and all the depths of his boundless pity and love, upon his dear pupils—the family of God?

3. He is said also “to *testify*,” or bear witness. (John xv. 26; Rom. viii. 16; 1 John v. 6.) Is not this, too, a *personal* act? According to the Levitical law, personal testimony was needed. “At the mouth of two witnesses, or three witnesses, shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; but at the mouth of one witness shall he not be put to death.” (Deut. xvii. 6.) What we call circumstantial evidence, as blood upon a man's clothes, or the property of the murdered person found upon him, was not admissible. The testimony only of personal, living witnesses was admissible under the Hebrew law. Thus our Lord could not be legally condemned by the Jewish Sanhedrim until the two false witnesses came to testify what they had personally and individually heard him say. Bearing, then, this in mind, see what a proof it is of the *Personality* of the blessed Spirit, that he bears witness. And observe also how, according to the Lord's words, he testifies or bears witness of him: “He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you.” (John xvi. 15.) Is not *taking* a personal action? It is as if the blessed Spirit had hands. You could not say of a quality, an operation, or an influence, that it takes of a thing.

4. To *speak* also is a personal action. “He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak.” (John xvi. 13.) It is true that in figurative language, “the heavens” are said to “declare the glory of God,” and that “there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.” (Ps. xix. 1. 3.) But this we know is figurative language; and so when the prophet says that “at the end the vision shall speak,” (Hab. ii. 3,) we clearly understand that it is a figure or metaphor. But our gracious Lord was not speaking figuratively to his disciples, but describing and declaring, in the plainest, simplest language, the work of the promised Comforter. It is hard to judge for others, but to us it seems that no simple-hearted, believing child of God can rise from the solemn perusal of these three chapters of John's Gospel (xiv., xv., xvi.) without the deepest persuasion that the Holy Ghost, the promised Comforter, is a divine Person in the Godhead.

5. To *seal* is another personal act. An influence cannot seal. You may be sealed by the blessed Spirit, and feel his sweet influences, as he seals the love of God on your heart; but it is *He* who seals. Of our blessed Lord we read: “Him hath God the Father sealed.” (John vi. 27.) This was the personal act of God the

Father. So believers are sealed by the Holy Ghost: "In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with (or by, as it might be rendered) that holy Spirit of promise." (Eph. i. 13.) "And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." (Eph. iv. 30.) When I sign and seal any legal document, as a deed or a power of attorney, is it not my *personal* act? The very words I use are a proof: "I deliver this as my act and deed." My personal act gives it all its validity. Another must not seal for me any more than he may sign for me. I must do it myself. So when the blessed Spirit seals the love of God on the heart, it is a *personal* act, and from this personal act is derived both all its validity and all its blessedness.

6. To *intercede* for another is also a *personal* act. We see this especially in our glorious Intercessor within the veil. The personal intercession of Jesus is the most blessed feature of his presence in the courts of bliss. Now the blessed Spirit is declared to intercede for us: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." (Rom. viii. 26.) To help our infirmities is a personal act. View the thousands of poor, needy, tried, tempted saints, all full of infirmities, and see by the eye of faith that tender, holy, Almighty Intercessor helping the infirmities, however varied, of each and all. Must he not be a divine Person, ever present, who can thus help the several infirmities of thousands, and that from age to age? And O, his unparalleled condescension, himself to intercede for them with those unutterable groanings in which they vent the desires of their troubled hearts! and that he should thus "make intercession for them according to the will of God!" It is by this inward witness, these personal teachings and divine operations of the blessed Spirit upon their hearts that the saints of God know for themselves his Deity and his Personality. Thus whatever infidels may deny, or heretics dispute, the child of God carries in his own bosom the precious testimony of the truth of God. He knows that he has not followed cunningly devised fables in believing, worshipping, adoring, and loving God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Three distinct Persons in One glorious, undivided Essence.

Our space, not our subject, nor our heart or hand, is exhausted on this glorious subject. We shall, therefore, with God's help and blessing, resume it in our following No.

O the magnitude of divine mercy! Jesus came to save the lost, therefore I have been found.—*Gordon.*

THE great work of faith is to make things that are absent present to a soul, in regard to their sweetness, power, and efficiency; whence it is said to be "the evidence of things not seen." It looks backward into the causes of things; and it looks forward into the effects of things; to what hath wrought out grace, and to what grace has wrought out; and makes them, in their efficacy, comfort, and power, to meet and enter into the believing soul.—*Owen.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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AUGUST, 1863.

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

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A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL  
INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809.)

(Continued from page 207.)

Now when I first looked abroad in the streets, after this miraculous work was wrought upon me, I thought I saw death written upon the face of every one I passed by; and such was the mighty alteration upon my whole soul, that for a long time I seemed to be in a new world, and hardly knew the street that I lived in, or the person that I conversed with; and had nothing before my eyes but the sitting on the throne and the raising of the dead, wherever I went; and often when I went to bed, did really look to hear the sound of the last trump and the midnight cry before the morning, with such strong and strange apprehensions was I possessed that the end of all things was at hand. Body and soul grew well at once, and I had this continually sounding in my ears, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment."

I know there is such a thing too common in the world as enthusiastical assurance, whereby many wofully deceive themselves with a groundless confidence of the love of God, and pretend to very high assurance of salvation, who were never yet experimentally acquainted with a saving change; and are as ignorant of the new birth and implantation into Christ as was Nicodemus, but bear about them evident proofs of an unrenewed heart, that plainly show they are only deluded by Satan to their future greater downfall. But there is no need to question those testimonies of the Spirit, which do usually attend so thorough, universal, and miraculous a change of soul,—unspeakable detestation of every sin, and hungering and thirsting after holiness and righteousness more than my appointed food.

Here was that in Ezek. xvi. 6–8 verified and fulfilled: "When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thy blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live." My time was the time of love, even when there was no form nor comeliness in me.

Now faith shone clearly in my soul, and showed itself with a witness, producing such admirable effects and marvellous alterations, as plainly evinced it to be no dead faith, but the faith of the operation of God. "Old things passed away, and all things became new." I



presently found myself acted by a greater and better Spirit than that of my own. O what a sweet power to perform duty in a gospel way, and from a principle of love, did I find infused into my soul by the Spirit of Christ, that I read, and prayed, and thought, and spoke as I never did before. Need we press a hungry man to his food, that is ready to die for the want of it? Need we drag the oshad hart to the brook, that even faints for the longing it hath to it? No more did my soul now need to be urged with arguments to love God and converse with heaven, which was now become the only desire of my heart, the rest and solace of my longing soul, the air I loved and chose to breathe in, the very element wherein I delighted eternally to dwell; for I felt that whilst I prayed I was answered; wherefore I can say to all, "We must be alive before we can work; first believe and then do." Now, said I, with a great deal of joy, I hope the body of sin has received from Christ its death-wound, so as never more to be able to get dominion over me again. I was no less glad to find sin removed than pardoned. I even leaped for joy to find myself at liberty and freed from so sore a bondage. Ah! foolish souls, that would fain be saved in their sins, and so flatter themselves with hope of utter impossibilities, that they strive to flee a hell of fire and brimstone, whilst they embrace and hug a worse in their bosoms. My heart was so implacably set and turned against sin, especially my former and most indulged sins, that I solemnly declared in the presence of one that I would choose rather to be killed upon the spot, and in cold blood, than be voluntarily guilty of them again. Christ was exceedingly precious to me. I had often heard enough of Jesus, by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes saw him. Here was I made to taste the powers of the world to come, and was sufficiently convinced that religion was no fiction. Heaven now no longer sounded as an empty name, nor were spiritual and celestial glories, beauties, felicities, disbelieved because invisible. I now began to apprehend how nearly I was allied to those glorious spirits above; and that the dearest bonds and ties of flesh and blood were nothing to that mysterious and unspeakably near relation I stood in to the Father of my spirit, in whom I lived, and moved, and had my being. I now saw that my soul was too highly descended, and of too excellent an original, to lie grovelling and scrambling on the earth. I felt myself endowed with faculties and powers far too noble and capacious for anything in this vain world to satisfy. I now understood there was another trade to be driven than for the transitory trash of this world, a heavenly calling to be ministered. I found the most profitable traffic and merchandize were for the treasures of the other world; and at once derided and pitied the muck-worm that is perpetually rooting in the clay. I was as one alive from the dead! Now death was no more terrible to me. O the stupendous power of faith! The moment before I trembled like an aspen leaf at the thoughts of that inexorable sergeant, but now I could go out and welcome him in the way, and even provoke him to arrest me; for I knew in whom I had believed, and by blessed experience could tell what that meant, "Perfect love casts out fear." I could

now say as Paul said, "Christ loved me, and gave himself for me." I had many sweet foretastes of the resurrection to come, and glimpses as it were of that glory which shall hereafter be revealed, thoughts of unutterable rapture, flashes of eternal light, rays of immortal glory, like lightning, beating upon my soul. I say the truth, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost. It is strange to consider how such amazing appearances of God, and manifestations of his love should be so quickly questioned, nay, utterly lost, as they were afterwards in an hour of darkness and temptation. I desired nothing more than to depart out of this world and to go to Jesus; and very desirous I was that at my death I might glorify God, and report his love to my surviving friends.

Thus I remained for some considerable time, night and day, in unspeakable joy. To think that ever heaven should be given to such a cast-away as I! O the height, the depth of redeeming love! Surely this joy was a piece of heaven let down into my soul. It was for kind the same with the blessed; it only differed in degree. Here I tasted and saw that God was love, the fountain, the element of love. Here was I touched with a lively sense of Christ's divinity, and plainly saw, and was infinitely assured, that he was God, co-equal, co-essential, co-eternal with the Father. It was Jesus, Jesus, a crucified Jesus, God incarnate, Christ in our assumed nature, that for so long a time did captivate my eyes, engross my thoughts, and was the object of my strange wonder, faith, love, and adoration! O the sights I had of the other world! O the illuminating irradiations of that glorious Divine Spirit! What soul-enlightning, heart-purifying, heart-ravishing communications!

Thus was I born again, born of the Spirit; and thus I passed from death to life, scarce believing what I both felt and saw.

Now the restless wanderings of my immortal soul began to centre and fix upon a God in Christ, as its highest good and everlasting portion; and never till now did I know what a heaven it is to be freed from the torment of unsatisfied desires; but was, during my unconverted state, perpetually disquieted with irksome wishes and unanswered longings; ever desiring, never sated. When I thought myself happiest, I still wanted something, which the whole compass of this created world could not yield; and the reason is obvious, as Austin\* says, "The reasonable soul being made in the likeness of God, can here find no satisfaction;" for it being capable of God, it can be satisfied with nothing but God. I can remember, with grief and shame, those wretched, unhappy days when this then poor and seduced soul of mine fondly doated on and was quite sick of love for the lying, dying vanities of this miserable world, seeking happiness where it was not to be found. Oft hath she beaten and tired herself with the vain and bootless love of the creature, (for in those days I loved and served the creature, the vain, empty, unsatisfying creature, and not the Creator, who is blessed for ever,) which never but pierced me with grief and sorrow. But, lo! now I have found the Spring, the Fountain, the Ocean of love, who fills my soul with ineffable de-

\* That is, Augustine.

light and unknown joys, brim full and running over, so that I cannot now say, "O that I had but this one thing more, this one thing, and then my happiness were complete." No, Lord, in the participation of thy favour is fulness of contentment. This fills every corner of my soul. All its longings, all its options, its vast capacities and desires, are for ever satisfied in a sense of thy everlasting love!

And here I began to betake myself much to reading and searching the Scriptures, which were to me as though never before heard of, such a wretched stranger was I to the inward, spiritual, saving understanding of the Bible. I had read it often enough, and beheld it as it was in the book; but, alas! now methought I saw with new eyes, and beheld marvellous things out of God's law. All things were set before me in a new and a surprising light, and I was helped to see beyond the letter, and clearly to understand the hidden and mysterious truths of the gospel. O how did every verse almost shine before me. How did every word pronounce my absolution, and all the Bible concur to ratify and confirm my reconciliation and eternal salvation. Especially two verses out of John, and one verse out of Jeremiah were set home upon me with wonderful establishing power and efficacy. One was, "No man can come unto me except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him." It was as if Christ had looked down upon me from heaven, and said, "Thou art indeed come to me, and be assured thou couldest never have come had it not been given thee of my Father. Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven; therefore look thou to his free, eternal, unchangeable love. He hath but drawn thee unto me that he might bring thee to himself." Here did the Spirit, by the streams, lead me to the Fountain, and told me that God had loved me with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness he had drawn me.

Another was when the devil and my unstable mind were arguing: "But how do you know you have taken the right way?" For now I had neglected and disregarded the ministry. Alas! I went to the house of God, as many now do, with a fore-fixed design, only to see and be seen, and was almost an utter stranger to my Bible, and all good books, which should furnish me with knowledge and acquaint me with the doctrines of the gospel; and therefore says Satan, "How do you know you have taken the right way? who hath informed you, or been your guide? There be many false, but only 'one' true one. Your eternal all depends upon it. Dare you venture to rest upon what you have done?" Then came that scripture with irresistible light and power upon my soul: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." This, for the present, scattered all my doubts, and gave me great satisfaction; yet still my heart began again to be jealous, and feared lest all should not be right, for I considered that the salvation of my soul was a matter of the very last importance, that the consequences were infinite and endless, and that the evidence of such a vile wretch as I had been now being brought into a justified state, had need be very strong and plain. Then fell upon my mind: "Can the

Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good which are accustomed to do evil." So that I saw it was as impossible for the stream and bent of the heart of an habituated, resolved sinner to be turned from his lusts to Christ and spiritual things as to remove the leopard's spots or change the black-moor's skin, without irresistible, omnipotent, heart-changing grace. But now I found my heart run clean counter to what it was wont; it was now fully set and bent towards God and Christ. I found a vehement affection, and unfeigned love, complacency, and delight kindled in my breast, in and towards all that appeared to be his, whom I never loved nor minded before. I once saw no beauty in a child of God, though Christ says, "My love, thou art all fair;" but now, from my very soul, I accounted them the only excellent of the earth, and looked but wishly and coldly, mingled with pity, wheresoever I espied not the image of Christ. Inexpressible desires I had, and insatiable longings after purity in the inward man, of which none could be conscious but the Searcher of hearts, hungering and thirsting like a new-born babe after Christ, and whatever would promote my spiritual growth; all which dispositions and cravings, I was fully satisfied, were never bred in nature's soil, but could be created and implanted in my soul by no other than the hand of supernatural grace. "This change," says Luther, "this new judgment, new feeling, new moving, do plainly witness that the Holy Ghost is present with us and in us; for," says he, "these things are not wrought in the heart by man's strength, nor gotten by man's industry and travail; but are obtained by Christ alone, who first makes us righteous by the knowledge of himself in his holy gospel, and then creates a new heart in us, and causeth it to bring forth new and spiritual motions." Those three scriptures, for the life, light, and power they brought along with them, I may say, with Origen, are *necesse scriptura, my scriptures*. But never a verse could I cast my eye upon, but I found life and unutterable sweetness in it, in a transcendent degree, the Lord opening my understanding to understand them, and to see and feel my own undoubted right and property in them; which is the very life and soul of all that divine sweetness revealed in the gospel.

And now no sooner was I risen with Christ, and found how good the Lord was, but I was for inviting others to taste and see. O the love and compassion I bore to souls with whom my case was once the same! (though the devil setting in with my natural bashfulness, I could not break my mind to them as I desired.) What, says I, though they be not related to me by flesh and blood, what though in all natural and worldly respects they are unto me the utmost strangers, affection and good-will are due to them upon much higher accounts. Are they not all spirits of the same precious, everlasting nature with me? Must they not all abide throughout an endless duration? O, precious, immortal souls! I thought I could have fallen down at the feet of every one I met, and begged of them to mind and remember their souls. Every one I saw had a deep and most affectionate wish from me. "O," said I within myself, "that you did but know Jesus!"

But here Satan, finding me won out of his power, began thus subtly to suggest: "But consider first," said Satan; "sit down again, man, and count the cost, think with thyself what thou must prepare to undergo, if thou enterest thyself into Christ's service. There will be contempt and disgrace, for thou art now associating thyself to a company of poor, mean, contemptible creatures. Thou engagest the world against thee. There is prison, nay, thy very life, fire, and faggot. How likest thou that?" These words Satan suggested to me as strongly and sensibly as if he had appeared to me in a visible shape, to which I heartily and cheerfully answered, (for I saw him that is invisible,) "Lord! Lord! I take thee upon thy own terms. Thou hast created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and thou hast created the waster to destroy; and thou hast said, No weapon formed against Zion shall prosper;" whereupon Satan fled, and never more attacked me in this kind. Then I thought I saw Jesus looking down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it;" and therewithal adding, "Thou hast a narrow and thorny way to go," (which since I have found to be true,) "but he shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young;" which also I have found equally true. Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Christ.

Thus I continued for some time, overcome with joy under the influence of that light which darted into the dark dungeon of my soul at conversion, and the love of God in Christ to me, confirmed with invincible reasons. I was made partaker of a divine nature, and I knew it. I felt my soul bound up in the bundle of life, and as certainly Christ's as though I were already entered the verge of glory!

*(To be continued.)*

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*ACROSTIC.—AN ADDRESS TO TWO FRIENDS.*

Join me, my friends, and let us sing  
Of Jesus, our eternal King.  
How rich his blood, that saves from hell,  
No men on earth can fully tell.

A friend he is when troubles press;  
None help like him in deep distress.  
Dear friend, what love a threefold thread

Joins thee to him, thy living Head,  
And all thy foes can't break a shred.  
None can describe that love that is  
Engaged to bring them home to bliss.

God, Three in One and One in Three,  
Unanimously did agree;  
Resolved they would, and how, and when,  
Redeem a race of sinful men.

Could any but himself e'er plan  
How he could save a guilty man?

Infinite wisdom, power, and grace  
 Do shine in saving Adam's race.  
 Divine perfections harmonize  
 In bringing rebels to the skies.  
 Not unto us, but this we boast,  
 God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Laid help for us on Christ, our Head;  
 Yea, loved us ere this world was made.

Such love as this will hold you firm  
 Until you've passed through every storm.  
 Safe landed in eternal rest,  
 Safe lodged and housed in Jesus' breast.  
 Eternity can't to the full  
 'Xpress God's love to thy poor soul.

Esteemed friends, to whom I write,  
 Accept this as a feeble mite,  
 A token of respect I bear  
 To you a humble, favoured pair.  
 What boundless mercy, grace, and love  
 Were fixed on you ere time did move.  
 Ah, John, but for the love of God,  
 When thou wast on the downward road,  
 Engaged around the drunkard's pot,  
 Hell must have been thy dreadful lot;  
 When pots, and song, and fiddle fed  
 Thy mind, when wife was wanting bread.  
 O why, ah, why, thou canst not tell,  
 God did not plunge thy soul to hell?  
 What love was in the Saviour's breast,  
 Which said, "Go, Law, that man arrest;  
 He's sporting on destruction's brink.  
 Go, fetch him back, he must not sink.  
 He's mine, by gifts, ere time did move,  
 And now I'll manifest my love;  
 I'll take my rod, and make him smart,  
 And drive such folly from his heart.  
 I'll smite him till he's sick of sin;  
 It shall be bitterness within.  
 I'll open now my judgment-day  
 And fill his soul with much dismay.  
 I'll now destroy his carnal ease,  
 And bring him down upon his knees.  
 My mighty power shall be employed  
 Till his vain hopes are all destroyed.  
 Tho' now he sins against my will,  
 He's surely mine, I love him still.  
 I'll put my fear within his heart,  
 And from his comrades he shall part.  
 Behold, he's turning from his ways;  
 See, that's the man! Behold, he prays  
 Ah, man, what hast thou been about?  
 Behold, thy sins have found thee out.  
 Hell's thy desert, thy soul's undone;  
 But for my mercy, thou art gone.  
 But, man, behold my mercy free;  
 I've got a store for such as thee.

For sinners 'twas my blood was spilt;  
 I took on me thy sins and guilt.  
 I bring to thee thy soul's release.  
 Thy sins are pardoned, go in peace."  
 Amazing grace! Ah, who can tell  
 That love which saved thy soul from hell!  
 Ah, John, though troubles are thy lot,  
 And foes beset thee, fear them not.  
 No man can hurt thee, since thy God  
 Is watching o'er thee for thy good.  
 He can the hearts of sinners tame,  
 And favour those who fear his name.  
 Against their will, they oft submit  
 To give his saints what he sees fit.  
 Ah, John, mayst thou, by faith and prayer,  
 Commit to him thy grief and care.  
 He will thy troubled heart console;  
 Will satisfy thy longing soul.  
 'Tis true, ere thou in heaven art found,  
 Thou must pass o'er some rugged ground,  
 Where snares, and traps, and gins are set  
 Which oftentimes may enclose thy feet.  
 Thy nature, too, joined with the devil,  
 Will oftentimes fill thy soul with evil.  
 Yea, press thee so nigh unto death,  
 And make thy conscience gasp for breath.  
 Thou mayst be down, but not be slain,  
 Thy God will lift thee up again.  
 Such dangers thou wilt have to meet,  
 Such snares enclose thy travelling feet,  
 Thou wilt but just escape from death,  
 With just the skin around thy teeth.  
 But, O the mercy, who can tell?  
 Thou wilt, at last, be saved from hell,  
 And stand among that noble band  
 To sing God's praise at his right hand.  
 But, now, to Jane what shall I say?  
 I grieved thy mind the other day;  
 But Jesus heard thy bitter cries,  
 And washed and wiped thy weeping eyes;  
 Relieved the sorrows of thy heart,  
 And eased thy conscience of its smart.  
 O may he always be thy Friend  
 And help thee till thy troubles end.  
 And when, indeed, 'tis well with thee,  
 Try if thou canst remember me.  
 With kind regards, and love to thee,  
 I now subscribe my name,

J. D.

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A MAN may have the tongue of an angel, and the heart of a devil. "The wisdom of the philosophers," says Lanctantius, "does not root out, but hide their vices." The learned pharisees were but painted sepulchres. Gifts are but as a fair glove drawn over a foul hand. But grace is incompatible with sin in dominion; it purifies the heart, cleanses the conscience, crucifies the affections and lusts of the flesh; is not content with the concealment, but with the ruin of corruptions.—*Flavel*.

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY BY THE LATE MR.  
MARTIN, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, STEVENAGE.

FRIDAY, April 10th, 1846.—I went to Hitchin, to hear Mr. Smart, and I took my wife with me, to hear the man that there was so much talk about. She said, as there was so much said about him, she thought he must be more than man. He preached from Ps. lxxxvi. 12, 13, and I believe what he said was so commended to my wife's conscience that she was obliged to believe him a man sent of God, although she formerly had fought much against him. I did not grudge my journey, for I truly felt my soul melted and humbled before the Lord. O what a mercy of mercies it is to be favoured to hear a man that enters into every feeling of one's soul! Although such preaching by some is much despised and spoken against, yet I can truly say I desire to hear no other. The words of his text were, "I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore; for great is thy mercy towards me, and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." He was blessedly led to describe the difference between blessing and praising God with the heart, and only with the lip. He said, God's people could not praise him merely with their lip; at least it was their desire not to do so; neither could they presumptuously bless and praise him except when they had something feelingly to praise him for. When he spoke of the words, "My God," he said he should belie his own conscience if he should say he was not his God, for he had felt him to be so many times, and not many days before he came there. The Lord had so blessed him that he thought the Lord was going to take him home. He spoke feelingly and affectionately to poor sensible sinners, and solemnly to those who had only the form without the power.

Sunday, April 12th.—I arose earlier than usual, and got myself ready to go to Welwyn, to hear Mr. Smart. I tried to pour out my soul before the Lord, for him to bless me indeed and in truth. I begged of him, if it were his will, to bless the preached word to my soul; and indeed the man told every feeling of my heart. If I had told him all nearly that I had felt, he could not have described it more minutely. I could not get away from him. I felt that I dared as well deny my own existence as to deny I had not felt what he described as evidences of a soul's real union to Christ; nor dared I say, for a thousand worlds, that I had; but, blessed be God, I felt a blessed hope that my poor soul was interested in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. His text was in 2 Pet. i.; but he took the connection, and began at the words, "Add to your faith virtue," &c.; and truly he was led out sweetly to speak what virtue was. He illustrated it by the woman that had a bloody issue, who went up to Christ, and said, "If I could but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole;" and he asked the multitude who it was that touched him, for virtue had gone out of him. He described this virtue in this way: Every time a poor sinner was brought to pour out his soul before the Lord, and felt any refresh-



ing seasons; when the soul was melted, humbled, and crumbled into nothing at his feet; every heartfelt desire, all real hungering and thirsting, panting and longing, for the love and favour of God, all was the effect of virtue flowing from Christ in that poor sinner's soul; and he added, "You cannot always feel this, poor sinner; therefore it must come from Christ." Then said he, "You will say, 'I thought if it had come from God, I should have had more of it; therefore I am afraid it is nothing but the flesh.' But should you not like the same again? 'Yes,' say you. Why do not you get it? I tell thee what, it is faith's touch, and Christ's virtue, poor sinner." He said the Lord had comforted him, and he would comfort some poor sinner then, if it were the Lord's will. I could feelingly say:

"Be this religion mine."

Monday, April 13th.—I arose early, to work for the bread that perisheth. I endeavoured to call upon the Lord for a crumb of the bread of life; but felt very cold, dark, and dead, no flowing of love and affection towards the Lord Jesus Christ, nor any real felt need of him, and a heart as hard as a pebble. O Lord, in mercy look upon me, and shine upon my gloomy path! O that it were with me as in days that are past, when I could bless and praise his adorable name with all my heart; but, alas! I cannot. Lord, thou knowest that I would love thee, and bless, praise, and adore thy glorious name; but I cannot feelingly, from my heart; therefore I dare not utter it with my lip. O Lord, I beseech thee to have mercy upon me, and take the will for the deed. Give me, O give me patience to wait thy time, for that is the best time; for it is written, "In patience possess ye your souls."

Tuesday, April 14th.—I arose early, to set some potatoes; but before I began planting, I went into a secluded place, to call upon the name of the Lord, to endeavour to return thanks for the mercies of another night, and to implore his mercy and favour to be manifested unto my soul; but I had but very little feeling till I had nearly done, when I felt all at once what a mercy of mercies it was to have a good desire towards the Lord God of Israel; and I cannot help feeling thankful for the smallest desire, the least hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of eternal life; for sure I am, if the Lord puts a desire into the soul, that soul is made alive, and shall never, never sink into the pit of hell. Not that a soul can rest satisfied till the desire cometh, which is Christ, the true life; but when the soul gets the love and mercy of Christ made known and felt, all will be well. He can then set his foot upon all his foes.

Wednesday, April 15th.—Surely I may take the words of the psalmist, and say, "Goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life." Although I have lifted up my arm of rebellion against the Majesty of heaven, rolled sin under my tongue as a sweet morsel, and wallowed in sin like the sow in the mire, drunk it down as the ox drinketh down water, yet, O wondrous mercy! yet I am out of perdition. A monster, a beast, a rebel, and yet constrained to come from day to day with, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

and at times favoured with a blessed hope, a hope full of immortality, which has caused darkness to vanish away, doubts, fears, sin, filth, and guilt to be lost for a time; but to-day it was suggested to my mind that all that I had felt was nothing but my natural passions wrought upon, that my religion was all nothing but of the flesh from first to last. O how this shook me, and made me cry from my very soul that the Lord would not let me be deceived, but guide and keep me in his fear.

Thursday, April 16th.—I went to Hitchin in the evening, to hear Mr. Warburton, sen. He preached from Isaiah. I liked what he said much, but did not feel so much as I have done under him at other times. Perhaps I was looking too much to the instrument. It is a grand truth, "Paul may plant and Apollos water," but the power, the dew, the unction, the anointing come from God, who giveth to whom and whensoever he will. I was in hopes the Lord would have broken my bonds and burst my fetters asunder; but my ways are not his ways, neither my thoughts his thoughts. O Lord, undertake for me. I want to feel more love to thy people and thy ways. O that I could feelingly say, "My Lord and my God," without a doubt; but I cannot. O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me, let them guide me to thy holy habitation. Amen and Amen.

Saturday, April 18th.—I had some conversation with a man upon the dream of the Pre-existerians; and when I told him of the dangerous nature of such a doctrine, he only laughed. I told him it was nothing to laugh at. I considered it a most dangerous doctrine, a doctrine that struck at the very foundation of a poor sinner's hope. He pretended he did not hold with it, and yet at the same time could sit comfortably under the man that held the doctrine. It appears plainly that such men want a God that reason can comprehend. O, awful delusion of Satan! When he can be comprehended, he will cease to be God. Never, no, never will he be found out in time, nor throughout all eternity. Keep me, O Lord, keep me from trying to search into thy majesty; but let me firmly and steadfastly believe what reason stumbles at, and say with Paul, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

Sunday, April 19th.—I did not go to chapel, but went to a friend's house, and read part of one of Gadsby's sermons, on "Doing the Will of God, and the Need of Patience;" and though there were but two present that I have any reason to believe knew anything about what was read, yet I trust the Lord was with us. My friend said that he felt it was good to be there. We concluded with prayer, and then took a walk together, to talk about the things that pertain to our everlasting peace. What a mercy of mercies it is to have the pleasure of meeting with two or three of God's poor tried people, and feel one heart and one mind. Truly it is much better than assembling with a vast number, and feeling no union to them; yet what thousands there are who are looking at joining with a large body, and if they can get the approbation of the parson and the people, they are in no more trouble about their religion. Thus they

rest in the opinions of men, and not in the approbation of God in their conscience.

Wednesday, April 22nd.—After dinner, I took a walk on the common, and took Huntington's "Bank of Faith," with me to read; and it so happened that I met with two poor men sitting under the hedge. They had been having their dinner, and both, I trust, knew the Lord and had felt him precious. I sat down by the side of them, and told them I had got one of Huntington's books. One of them said, "Let us have a bit of it." So I began to read, and as I read, it had such an effect upon me that I could scarcely read it. Indeed I could hardly see the lines for tears; and the one that sat beside me said, after I had done reading, that he could scarcely help crying out whilst I was reading. O how blessed it is to read when the word finds its way into the heart! But this feeling did not last long. It soon left me, and I returned to my old spot again. What a mercy it is, that though we change, the mighty God of Jacob changeth not, nor knows the shadow of a turning. He is of one mind, therefore we sinful, polluted creatures are not consumed.

Tuesday, August 11th.—I arose with a burdened mind, and attempted to call upon the Lord, and render a tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the mercies of another night, and that he had not left me destitute of a desire to call upon his blessed name. I had not been upon my knees long before I found my mind to be greatly released, and I had sweet and blessed nearness and access. Yea, I was indulged with holy and blessed familiarity with the King of kings and Lord of lords. I felt it to be communion, yea, blessed communion between the blessed Jesus and a sinful worm, and his service was indeed perfect freedom to my soul. I told him all my trouble, just like a little child going to its father, when the rest of the children put upon it. Truly I felt what the prophet Nahum says to be true, namely, "The Lord is good, a strong hold in time of trouble, and knoweth them that trust in him." O the blessedness of having a God to go to; yea, and such a God too that can make our enemies to be at peace with us; and if he permits them to worry and distress us, he indulges us at times with such blessed communion with himself that those blessed seasons more than make amends for all the trouble that our foes are permitted to bring upon us. Therefore I can say with the sweet singer of Israel, "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."

The Lord is good, nor will he leave  
His people in distress,  
But bear them up and bring them through  
To unmolested rest.  
Though earth and hell, with one consent,  
Try hard to quench the flame  
Which God has kindled in the soul,  
Their efforts all are vain.

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OLD truths are always new to us, if they come to us with the smell of heaven upon them.—*Bunyan.*

A LETTER TO A CHILD IN THE FAITH,  
BY THE LATE MR. ROFF.

My dear Child and Friend in the holy and everlasting Gospel of the Prince of Peace, who is indeed the Peace of all his dear People,— May he be yours and mine, amidst all the outward and inward din and noise and war caused by sin. May it be our rich mercy to creep beneath his all-sheltering wing, and so he be a little sanctuary to us in all places in which we may come, so that in such a sacred and holy retreat we may have blessed intercourse and fellowship with him whose smile is life, whose frown is death. As a means to those very desirable ends, it will be well for us to be found in the use of those of his word, his throne, and his house, which were the very means used and enforced by precept and example by our divine Redeemer and blessed Lord Jesus. When passing through the villages of Galilee, he preached the gospel, read the Scriptures in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and was on a mountain "all night in prayer unto God." Blessed Exemplar! Blessed example! May you and I, like him, be diligent in the use of the means.

Since the commencement of my illness, I have proved the truth of that sacred promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and that "in" (not for) cleaving to the word and keeping his gospel commands there is great reward. You say (and I am glad you could say it truly from the heart) that your prayers for my welfare followed me in my late journey, which I have reason to believe was the case with most of my dear people among whom I labour, who never seemed to hold me for the gospel's sake, which I preach, so tenderly as they have since my illness, and which the Lord has been pleased to bless and is now blessing. As an evidence that the Lord has heard prayer is its answer, so the Lord was graciously pleased to take me out and bring me home in safety and peace; for which he is worthy to be praised. I am better in my health, but still very delicate. Much labour, coupled with age, produces increasing infirmities, which reminds me I am very frail; and the workings of my evil nature, and bubbling up of the same in the black pot (see Ezekiel xxiv.) of my wicked heart, makes me cry to the Lord to keep back his servant from presumptuous sins, and cleanse me from secret faults; which was the cry of the psalmist and the sweet singer of Israel.

I hope you are progressing in health in its two-fold acceptation, both bodily and spiritually; that you may be drawn and kept much in Mary's position, sitting at the feet, and learning of him who teacheth to profit and is meek and lowly in heart, and you will find rest, amidst all the world's great toil.

Please to give my Christian regards to your minister. I hope he is better, and still enabled to preach peace by Jesus Christ, who is Lord of all.

With gospel regards,

Stow-on-the-Wold, July 9th, 1862.

R. ROFF.

BEFORE WHOSE EYES JESUS CHRIST HATH  
BEEN EVIDENTLY SET FORTH, CRUCIFIED AMONG YOU.

My dear Friend and Father in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose you are to testify of him, as you have tasted of him, the good Word of life, to poor sinners,—Grace, mercy, and peace, be upon and dwell in you richly in all wisdom, to the comfort of your own soul, and to the glorious honour of Jesus, your living Head. Now may a gracious Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, enable a poor sinner to write a word or two to you in love; for unless the dear Lord, and that by the blessed Spirit, direct, influence, and give a blessing, I well know it will be dry and barren. I feel very thankful, then, in the first place, that you condescended to notice and answer my poor scrawl, and how very glad I felt in reading yours. It led me back 19 or 20 years, when I heard you speak from, "To whom coming," &c. I then could say, "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did;" and as I read your good epistle to the wretched sinner, why, I felt my poor heart enlarged, my bowels move for very love, to think and feel I knew for a solemn reality that it was none but the dear Lord himself in your words to me; and when he comes to the soul, he does not come in word only, but in power. Herein, then, we know his voice by its effects; for at times (and often it is the case) I feel a heart as hard as a flint; but if he comes by his kindly touch, and makes known his love, the whole soul is melted at his feet like wax; and how good it is. Thus it was in reading yours, and has been since, for you discoursed of groanings and lamentations; and thus heart answered heart. It is cheering to find one in these dark days that can speak to one's case, and point out the road; but it is only a very few who feel it as narrow and strait as it really is, like you and the poor thing here. It is narrow, indeed. Not our great I's, or we's, in will, work, or power, can squeeze along here. None but a naked, poor, wounded, dying sinner can enter the way of life, and it is strait. Were I left to my own will, wisdom, or strength, I should be soon into some deep pit or bog, or be headlong into confusion amidst dead things and bonds. Yet the Lord is a very kind instructor. How many snares has my soul been wounded by, how many miry clay pits stuck fast in; and I have procured all these things by a wayward heart. Yet I hope in all these things I have proved my strength, and found it but very weakness, and have tugged hard to heal slightly by my skill, and get out by my resolutions and strivings. But, alas! I only made matters worse; and when the feet are fast in the stocks, and the soul is melted because of trouble, then it is that a real crying time comes. It does not come as a delivering time, while we have any stock shut up or left in self. But, to his eternal honour, he hath never suffered my soul yet to sink, but hath ever delivered in his own good time and way; and I love to feel a thankful heart to him for it, and would bless him at times with all my powers. Many have been my sorrows and deserts, and afflictions in body, in soul, in family, in the world; yet, like good old Hezekiah, "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit."

My dear friend, for 14 years I have been down at this place. When I left M. and came to live here, I was under the feeling of delivering grace, enjoying my first love, and then things went smoothly for years. But a weaning time took place; darkness, distance, deadness of soul followed. The world made too much acquaintance with me; its spirit got into me. The means were slighted, the five miles I used to walk to hear dear Mr. Warburton soon began to feel like 50. O what dismal tales I could tell to my shame! I blush to think of the lightness, vanity, and declension of my soul; but, at times, even then I felt awfully wretched, and concluded that all I had felt of religion was imaginary. If I saw a good man, I would hide, if I could, over the hedge, and look through, as I many times have done, and would have given the world to be as one I used to see pass here, who is now in glory; yet I could not mix up with the professors here; nor could I feel a bit of anything like tenderness, and I verily feared the Lord had given me over to a reprobate mind. It was in this state the Lord was pleased to lay his hand on me in body, stroke upon stroke; then a little cessation, then a heavier stroke still; and in this furnace I was for some years, both body and soul. All the pathway I had been led I looked at over again and again, yet no comfort could I find there. Like poor Job, I could not find him on the right hand or the left, before or in anything past, to comfort; yet he well knew the way I would take. I could not go to man, or open my mouth to any mortal, but how tremblingly I tried to cry to the Lord alone. Then no words were to be found, only groans that I could not utter. I feared he could not hear nor regard my cry; and long did I lie here; as near as I can truthfully speak, I think for a fortnight. I heard the clock strike every hour, and death close upon me; but no hope given. If ever I cried it was here: "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." I had bidden all adieu below the sun; and all was as dark as dark could be. I cannot tell out the anguish of my spirit as I felt it then. I begged in a way a rebel and a beggar only can beg; and I was enabled to wrestle hard too for a word, but no word came. About midnight, something of a solemn melting presence laid hold of me; and though my natural eyes were blind by disease, yet the inner eyes were led to look, as though erected close to me, on that unspeakable spectacle of Jesus, God's dear Son, in his dying moments, nailed to the accursed tree for me. O what a look, (it still breaks my heart,) such a look of tender rebuke, but unspeakably full of love. O it absorbed my whole soul into tears, love, joy, and peace. I could not contain this. No tongue can tell my feelings. Now I could die. I wanted to die. All was now made easy and plain; but I must stay in Meshech yet. Though I have never said much of this to many, yet there is still some comfort left in looking back on it. Whether it was such a look as was cast on Peter or the dying thief, I cannot say; but this I know, I never can describe all the God-like glory I saw in that vision of faith, nor express the weight of guilt, sin, darkness, and woe that it took from my guilty soul. I felt that Jesus, God's dear eternal Son, was one with God the eternal Father, and one with me a poor sinner. And

who can tell of that wonder to its full? It would swallow up all my powers to express a millionth part of it. The devil has not been slack to tell me that the feeling was wrought by frenzy on a diseased imagination; but I have often begged for the like blessed visit. I do not think the devil or any of his agents can produce love. I for some years looked for nothing but death, and my enemies predicted it, but the Lord's thoughts were different.

Now, my dear Sir, I am not telling these things to you in a boastful spirit, but only to tell something of the goodness of the Lord to an uncommonly vile sinner, that you may rejoice with me, in talking of him by the way. For the last four years my times have been various; many dark days, and heavy, heartfelt distance from the Lord, fearing at times he will come no more, and then feeling a little dew on the spirit. Sometimes the word has been very precious to me in an especial way and manner, of which I desire to give you another instance. And, again, in prayer I have been blessed in soul, and have felt very near the Lord; and then for weeks, on some occasions, I have not felt as I could wish. I find banqueting times very rare indeed, when the soul can go into the banqueting-house, or house of wine, and there rejoice under his banner of love. This is rare with me; but I hope he will never cast off a guest of his, to whom he hath given a taste of the sweet streams. I hope to enjoy the fullness by and by; and if ever I do get to heaven, I believe I shall see you there; and the Lord will never cease to hear of it, if he bring me there, for I feel now that must be the song, "Not unto us, but unto him that redeemed us from our sins by his own blood, and made us," &c. Why, no other song but that would benefit poor, vile, unworthy, lost, but redeemed sinners; and whom could they bless and praise but him, who is their first and last, their all in all?

I hope you will excuse your troublesome son for his long scrawl. The Lord be still your stay, and may he own and bless you in soul and labour, make you a blessing to his dear people, comfort you in all your tribulation, and grant you rest and peace. This is the prayer of,  
Your affectionate Son in love amidst tribulations,

Nov. 13th, 1862.

N. M.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Godwin by the same correspondent whose letter appeared in our April No., page 114.—Ed.]

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## LET THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROCK SING, LET THEM SHOUT FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS.

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Esteemed Friend, for the Truth's Sake,—Having gained a little encouragement from your insertion of my last few lines, I venture to send a few more, in hope that God the ever-blessed Spirit may incline you to give me a little more space, and that the same influence may bless it to some poor needy sinner like myself, who sometimes goes moping and mourning about my daily occupation as though I were about to be tried for some heinous offence or other, and as though I had never heard one of the Lord's songs. But I have heard some of the inhabitants sing when, if I am not greatly

deluded, God the blessed Spirit has brought it home to my poor benighted soul; and often, when in the midst of all manner of vile language in my walks through our sinful borough, that hymn of Toplady's has broken in with such sweetness upon my soul that at times I could scarcely help audibly crying,

“ Rock of ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee,” &c.

In my last little epistle I promised to say a word about our small cause of God and truth. There were a few old pilgrims who were very much dissatisfied with the preaching that was generally preached in the neighbourhood, and we used to wander off to get a little food for the soul. And what a rich treat it was to hear a gospel sermon, as the generality of what we heard was such a medley and mixture. The poor inhabitants could not sing the Lord's song with such strange preaching as creature merit, the Lord being disappointed if we would not accept his offers and proffers, and such things as our poor, sinful natures getting more holy, when, poor things that we were, we seemed to be getting rather worse, not outwardly, but worse in our feelings, and worse in our minds from having no settled place of rest to go in and out in his sanctuary. We met occasionally in one of the friend's houses, and there poured out our complaints and wants; and then we did sing unto our Three-One God such hymns as,

“ O to grace how great a debtor,” &c.;

“ A debtor to mercy alone,” &c.

The poor inhabitants could now and then sing such songs as the above from the very top of their mountains of sin and iniquity.

The dear Lord at times, in his good providence, opened up a way for us to hear a good sound gospel sermon on a week-day evening. We now and then borrowed a room, sometimes a club-room; once we borrowed a Primitive Methodist chapel; but, generally speaking, we could only get them for one time. I well recollect our once hearing that a Mr. S. was going to preach at a place called Baltimore, near Todmorden, and we went; and, through the blessing of the Lord, he was enabled to speak of the upper and nether springs in such a manner that we were sent home singing in our very souls,

“ There is a period known to God,  
When all his sheep, redeemed by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to his fold, and enter in.”

Hoping I shall not occupy too much space, I remain,  
Yours in the cause of God's truth,

A POLICE OFFICER.

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A BORROWED garment, though of silk, will make a wise man humble. Many sins pardoned make much love to Christ, and much humility in the woman (Luke vii. 44) made her lay head and hair, yea, and heart also, under the soles of Christ's feet. No doubt, she thought basely of herself and her hair, remembering that grace put these feet to a sad and tiresome journey, to come into the world to seek the lost, and to be pierced with nails for her.—*Rutherford*.



## Obituary.

ISAAC COOPER, OF SOUTH WITHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.

ISAAC COOPER was born in 1796. He was by trade a tailor, and at the early age of 14 went to Grantham as a journeyman, in (as he has told me) a shop, where he had companions of the worst description possible; and, influenced by their conversation and example, he very soon became addicted to every vice that one of his age and in his position could practise. At the death of his father, he returned to his native place, to gain his livelihood by following his calling there; and was soon known in the neighbourhood as a notorious character for card-playing, cock-fighting, drunkenness, fighting, revelling, and such like, with other practices not fit to mention.

Such was Isaac Cooper in the flesh; and he was so notorious a profligate that when the Lord called him by his grace, and stopped him in his mad career, a man who well knew him remarked that if his religion stood, he should think something of Calvinism indeed.

I now give, in his own words, some account of the Lord's work on his soul. In a letter to Mr. Tiptaft, he thus writes:

“ I shall pass over many convictions, and begin from the time the Lord was pleased to show me my dismal state as a wicked sinner. In the year 1830, I was at a public-house. The landlord was taking texts out of the Bible, and, in his way, making it a book of fables; and we got to such lengths that a carnal man in the company declared that if we did not give up such discourse, he would instantly quit the house, as the hair of his head stood up to hear us go on. I had three miles to go home in the night; and on the road I had wonderful convictions of conscience, and it was clearly brought to my mind that there must be a Supreme Being. This lasted upon my mind for several days; but as I was to go through great troubles in providence, it pleased the Lord from this time to reduce me to the lowest degree of life, as whatever I took in hand, nothing prospered. But to come to spiritual concerns. At various times, and once in particular at a public-house, when playing at cards, I was seized with such convictions of soul that I was obliged to go home, and they were very strong upon me for months. But they all passed away; and I shall therefore pass on to the time when you came to preach at Colsterworth, in 1834. I was at a public-house, and the discourse was that the man who was sending all the people to hell was going to preach in a barn the next day, and several of the company agreed to go; I amongst the rest. In the course of your preaching, as you were calling in the outcasts of Israel, you spoke these words, which came like a two-edged sword into my soul: ‘The lame, the blind, the halt, and all that were in debt, for David's band was such.’ My soul was stung within me, my companions were mocking by my side, but I was cut up root and branch; and when the preaching was over, I returned home, leaving my company, and joined another party, who were praising the sermon very much; and amongst them the clerk of the parish, who said he was

determined to be a hearer of yours, if he lost his place; but I have never seen him there since. I was under soul trouble all night, and as you were to preach at Stamford next day, I determined to see you pass by, going into a little public-house on the road for that purpose, but taking care that no one knew my business. There I fell in with part of the company I had been with the night before, when one of them got on a chair to mimic the preaching we had heard. This I could not endure, so went into a stable till it was over, and when you had passed I intended returning home; but Satan prevailed, and I got very much intoxicated. Two companions and myself started home; but I wanted to be alone, and I stopped upon the road behind. Here Satan began with me, telling me I was not fit to live, and that I had better destroy myself. He worked me up to such a pitch that, if the Lord had not interfered, I should have then and there committed suicide. I continued in soul trouble for a long time, but this was not the appointed season for my deliverance from my carnal lusts, for the Lord permitted me still to go on with my gambling courses; but I continued to ask the Lord's pardon every time that I knew I had offended, and thought that I got on pretty well, as Satan always contrived to send me a companion, when there was a cock-fight or card-party within ten miles of the place; and when it was over I continued to go to church or read a chapter, and thought all was well again. But I was not without some strong convictions even in these diabolical gaming-places, for I could not do as I had done, and seemed to be an outcast in the place. Still I went on sinning and repenting, in my way, not knowing but that I was become reconciled to the God of my salvation; yet Satan would many times persuade me to destroy myself, as he told me I was a disgrace to all men; and I was sure that it was the truth, for though the devil does not often speak truth, he happened on it that time.

“But I shall pass on now to the time the Lord began to work on me in good earnest. I was standing in the street of our village, and a carrier's cart was returning from Oakham, with some of your hearers, and a man that stood by me exclaimed that he wished the cart would break down and break their necks. I felt shocked at the expression, and a voice within me said, ‘You shall be with them.’ I felt terribly convicted, went home, and studied what could be the meaning of it. But the next time that you came to Oakham, on the Lord's day, I felt I must go, though I was ashamed any one should know it. I heard the sermon morning and evening, and the Lord blessed them to my soul. I went the next Lord's day, and also received comfort. Now I was made to know that the Lord worketh all things according to his own pleasure, and I here began to love the sermon, but quite to adore the preacher. I went to hear again on the Tuesday night, and, to my utter disappointment, you cut me up root and branch. I think that no man was ever in such trouble as I was that night. I came home, and had no sleep, for it was quite gone from my eyes. But as always, from my hearing you at Oakham the fortnight before, I used

to go and try to thank God, in the morning I went to prayer for this, and for the first time in my life was I allowed to make my supplication acceptably to the Searcher of hearts, for the Lord was graciously pleased to hearken to my voice, and make me know that I had been giving the praise to the creature instead of my Creator. It was at this time that I was first brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. My eyes, from a child, never knew what it was to be wet with tears. I had buried my father and mother, but not one tear could be produced from my hard heart; but not so now, as floods of tears fell from my eyes.\* I now became quite a lover of all the professors of religion, and would have talked with them, but they were all very shy of me, and would have no discourse with me, as they knew my character too well, and expected that my talking with them was only for ridicule; so I could get no comfort, though at this time my very soul admired any person that I thought would instruct me. I happened of your sermon which was preached at Abingdon, and with that and my Bible I was quite delighted, and so I passed my days; but thought it very strange, so much as I loved the people of God, as I believed they were, they would have nothing to do with me. As I heard that a Mr. B. was going to preach at Stamford, I longed for the time to come, and went to hear him. Now I began to know the meaning of the preacher walking in the footsteps of the flock, for my heart went with him, and I received comfort, and I thought I could have sat all night to hear the sermon. As Mr. Smart was next to preach at Oakham, I went there, and, to my utter astonishment, he travelled through all the experience I had. I went home delighted, and, as he was to preach again on the Sunday, I told all the hearers that there was a wonderful man come to Oakham, and hoped they would all go, as I believed there was not such a man in the world. The people smiled at me. 'When I was a child, I spake as a child.' Now I began to find out that there was a wicked heart in my breast, for I felt so wicked in myself that sometimes I thought I was more like a monster than a Christian. Satan also would tell me I was nothing else but a hypocrite, and I could not deny it, for I thought I was. Still, in my prayers to the Lord, I begged he would not build me up as a hypocrite, but rather than that would send me to hell as I was, for I knew I deserved it. Sometimes, however, I found relief in prayer; but the wicked thoughts in my heart would make me ready many times to give up all. Yet I felt something within me that I could not do so. But the people of the town jeering me, others mocking, and the whole-hearted Arminians laughing, expecting me to fall with a tremendous crash, I was altogether in a strange strait. As, however, I was at work one day, the blessed Spirit began to teach me in a wonderful manner. I was at another person's house, and had I not been in a room by myself, I must have gone home, for I was in such a glorious frame; the Spirit was teaching me the meaning of the Scriptures,

\* Relating this to a friend, some years afterwards, he said that when he arose from his knees, after a view of Christ by faith, there was quite a pool of wet under him, from the tears which had fallen from his eyes.

and my eyes were full of tears. I was in that blessed frame for two days, and in it I was taught to see the small quantity of professing Israelites that were really and truly of the Lord." \*

But Isaac Cooper had a path to tread of which he at present knew but little. He had felt convictions of sin, knew his lost and ruined condition, and had been favoured with some believing views of the Lord Jesus; but the law had not yet been fully applied in its curse and condemnation to his conscience. The time when he was brought, as he used to say, "through the law to the gospel" was in the year 1835. The state of his soul before he obtained a full sense of mercy and salvation through the Lord Jesus, he thus describes, in a letter to a friend, in tracing out the experience of a child of God as his own: "The poor soul goes on from sin to sin, until he is swallowed up in wretched, self-desponding, self-pitying, self-despairing, self-agony. 'O that I had never been born!' he cries. The most unsavoury beast that is in the world, the most despised animal will have its whole trouble here; but my soul must give an account for the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil; and I cannot see anything that God can have mercy upon me for. O how I have broken his Sabbaths! O how I have broken all the commandments! Nothing remains for me but the condemnation, 'Go, ye cursed,' from the mouth of the just Judge. O how awful! Was it but a thousand years, and then a chance again of living a better life; but it is all over. O, eternity! eternity! never-ending eternity! Lost for ever, sinking into black despair; all lost!" The enemy of souls is here hurling his infernal darts. O my soul, thou rememberest the wormwood and the gall! But suddenly a voice of mercy is heard: 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Spirit; no man can declare to another the trouble felt on account of sin, neither can he open to another the love, joy, and peace, as felt by him at this time of love. The Bible is his daily companion; he knows nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; he has got into a new world, expects that the war is over, and that he shall have no more trouble. The old man seems to be gone; the new man has got all his affections, and he enjoys that peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

This experience of the curse and condemnation of the law, and of a clear deliverance from it by the manifestation of pardoning love gave him very clear views of both law and gospel, which ever after appeared in his conversation, and made him a strong opponent of all legal preaching, and a jealous contender for free, sovereign, superabounding grace.

After the Lord thus blessed and delivered his soul, he has told me many times that for nine months there was not a happier man alive. "My earthly poverty," he said, "was no trouble to me now. The Lord just fed me week by week; we had enough, and none to spare." In addition to his calling as a tailor, he carried on a grocery business, by borrowing a little money to buy some at one village, and taking

\* Here his account of his experience abruptly breaks off.

it on a donkey to sell out again, having to pay again the little sum every Monday, and borrow it again for the same purpose the next Saturday. He has told me what sweet times of communion, blessing and praising his God, he has had coming along the lanes, with his little store. Once he was without a loaf of bread, and did not like to get another on credit. He says, "I told my wife that we would wait until we could pay for it. Poor thing, she had never been used to know want in all her life before. I felt the wound for her. Having sent my little boy to school, he came running back, and told us he had found a shilling." So came his bread. What a time, he has told me, had his soul over that shilling. Once he was fearful that he should not be able to come to chapel, as it was winter, and he had nothing but a light jean frock-coat; and he dare not buy a great coat, fearing he should never be able to pay for it, and was cast down to the uttermost. "One Saturday," he said, "a woman came to my shop, with a mourning coat in her hand, of the parson's, which he had given her, to ask me where I thought she could sell it. She wanted 4s. for it. I gave her the money, and praised the Lord."

But the time drew on that Isaac was to be no longer on the mount. He has told me that the first grievous departure of his heart from the Lord was in this way: He was coming, as usual, along the lanes with his grocery when an old companion met him, and asked him as a favour that, as they were going to have some cock-fighting, he would join them to handle their cocks? Though he did not and would not go, yet he felt, he said, his heart was willing, and in a moment his sweet feelings were gone, and darkness and trouble came on.

Some time shortly after this, to use his own words, he was beset with a tremendous spirit of the world and had a determination in his mind to get money, if possible, to restore his fallen credit, as in the temporal troubles spoken of in his early experience, he had not been able to pay the just demands against him; so by some means, I suppose a little borrowed capital and what credit he could get, he plunged into business far beyond his means and business capability, and brought upon himself a burden of body and soul that he had to carry to the gates of the grave. How many times have I heard him lament this step, saying, "O that I could have trusted him that had fed me and clothed me;" but he followed the counsel of his own heart, and had to reap the bitter cup. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." When his friends recommended him to lessen his business, he would say, "Ah, I have got in and I cannot get out." Well if this might be a warning to some who are going on frowardly in the way of their own hearts, who are determined to have the will and way of the flesh, whatever it may cost them. We know the Lord keepeth the feet of his saints, and that all shall work together for good to them that fear the Lord; but there is a path, such as, "Ephraim is gone after idols; let him alone."

When the church was formed at Providence Chapel, Oakham, in March, 1843, Isaac Cooper was one of the first who were baptized

and joined it; and he continued an honoured member of it until his death, a period of 20 years. He was naturally somewhat warm tempered and easily roused, especially against any appearance of error, legality, or free-will, having had to buy truth in the furnace. But no man could be more tender where he saw the real grace of God, or more broken in his confessions of sin before the Lord. Living nine or ten miles from the chapel, many hundreds of miles has he walked during his earlier days, though being a stout, heavy man, and from his calling confined to his shop all the week, he had weak feet. Latterly he drove a little cart, but no weather kept him from the house of prayer as long as he was able to attend; and no more attentive hearer, nor one who more weighed every word, sat in the place. We shall all, as a church, greatly miss him, for, from his long and consistent membership, he had become a father amongst us, and we were much united to him and he to us in the bonds of affection and love. His favourite ministers were, Mr. Tiptaft, (whom he called his father,) Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Smart, and Mr. Godwin. Of his own dear minister, he has told me what a blessing he has been to his soul. He said, "He has watered my soul scores of times. Sometimes he has said a word or something which has not suited me, and I have been boiling up against him at times during the whole fortnight. I have come to chapel, he has gone through the travail of my soul, and I have loved him as much as ever. All was right again. Then I could see what the devil had been doing with me."

March 8th was the last time he heard the preached word, being very ill in body and very dark in soul. He said, "I have not heard a word of comfort. Here I am, death staring me in the face, and as dark as midnight." In about a week after this he was laid upon the bed of death, his disease being an affection of the heart, terminating in water on the chest. He told me when I saw him what a conflict he had had with the enemy of his soul, how he had tried to drive him from all his strongholds, meaning the bright places in his experience; but the Lord blessedly delivered him with these words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And also, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He had at first a little hope that he might be raised up again, and a desire in his heart that it might be so, to put his earthly affairs in a better way, if possible. Here he had a conflict in his soul. But one day, when visited by the Barrow friends, he told them the Lord had worked blessed resignation to his will, that he had given up all into the hands of the Lord, and felt in his soul that he had done with the world, and said, "O if I should have to return, what a trial it will be to me to prove this unreal. How it will try my faith." He was in a blessed frame that day. He said to the friends, "Give my love to all that fear God. This is all the qualification I want. No partiality now—all that fear God."

I shall now give some broken words as they fell from his lips during his last four or five days on earth:

April 21st.—"Glory be to thee, O God! How good it is, thou

good and gracious God, living with faith in exercise. Thou Lord, thou Lord! only Source, O Lord!" On being asked if he were happy, he said, "Yes, bless the Lord."

April 22nd.—"Farewell. I am going to glory." I said, "Are you going to leave us?" "Yes, going." He fell asleep again. When he awoke, he said, "I thought the Lord had taken me away. Always one trying against another; but I am come again. Tell them, tell them, that of all the mysteries the Lord has shown me, there was none like this. It is beautiful to behold the Lord in his beauty and fulness. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name!" and he fell asleep again. When he awoke, he said, "Lord, I do believe thou art a holy and just God. I have praised thee, and I will praise thee for ever. I must return to dust, from whence I came; but, dear Lord, show me whether it is delusion or not. It is enough! it is enough! Three times hast thou shown me heaven in its beauty. I will praise thee; I will praise thy holy name."

April 23rd.—"O Father, whom I call Supreme! Lord, what am I, and what is my father's house? Thou, God, knowest all things. O Lord Jesus, quickly come, and let me depart, if it be thy will and glory. O blessed Lord, set me at liberty. Lord, bless what is truth in me. O my Lord, let not the enemy take possession of my soul; look upon thy dust and ashes. Thou upholdest thy poor disciples; O do thou uphold thy poor worm! I am poor and needy. Lord, give a blessing. Do, Lord, for thy great name's sake. 'O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified among you?' O Lord, hast thou forsaken me? Do, Lord, have mercy on me. Thou hast sanctified me already. Thou great and glorious Lord God, I do bless thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Do, dear Lord, make me free from the world, and I shall be free indeed. O how can my soul live to see such havoc made of the church! I lie here, and all I can say is, Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner; and, blessed Lord, forgive all my manifold sins I have committed, for thy own name's sake, and thou shalt have all the praise, honour, and glory. Lord, I am resigned to thy blessed will. If it be thy blessed will to set me at liberty, release my spirit. O Lord, I feel a hard heart; at other times, as if in jeopardy. Do, Lord, appear to my poor soul."

April 24th.—"O, dear Lord, do take me to thyself, if it be thy blessed will; do, dear Lord, thou ever-blessed and ever-living God, in thy covenant of love. What a blessing to have thee. O how great is thy salvation, O Lord! Yes, yes."

After this, he was scarcely able to speak at all. On the 26th of April, just after he was a little raised in bed, without a word, he waved his hand three times, and his sorrows were ended for ever. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." R. H., JUN.

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WHO can express the joy of a soul, safe-shadowed from wrath, under the covert of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus?—*Owen*.

## REVIEW.

*Rationalism Unphilosophical, and Faith the Gift of God. Being Two Letters to the "Record." By a Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Wertheim, Mackintosh, and Hunt, 24, Paternoster Row, and 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.*

THE Authenticity and Inspiration of the Scriptures lie at the foundation of all our hopes of eternal life. If, then, these foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? The faith through which by grace the elect of God are saved rests wholly on the sure word of the Lord, as revealed in the Scriptures. But if these Scriptures be not really and truly the inspired word of the living God, the faith of the saints must be as tottering as the foundation on which it rests; for we know that in no building can the superstructure be stronger than the foundation. A strong foundation may bear up a weak superstructure; but a weak foundation cannot support a strong superstructure; for its very superior size and weight must necessarily the sooner bring it down with a more certain and terrible crash. Whatever faith, then, God's people may have in the word of truth, this their faith can never be stronger than the foundation itself. It is with them as with their father Abraham, when "he believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness." (Gen. xv. 6; Rom. iv. 3, 22.) As Abraham believed the promise, "So shall thy seed be," so do his children believe those promises which are "all yea and Amen in Christ Jesus." (2 Cor. i. 20.) Now the promise thus made to him was the foundation of all Abraham's faith. His faith might be weak, as when, at Sarah's carnal advice, he took Hagar to wife; or strong, as when "he gave glory to God;" (Rom. iv. 20;) but the *foundation* of his faith—the oath and promise of God, was always the same, for it was the impossibility of God to lie. (Heb. vi. 13–18.) But assume the opposite case, that Abraham's faith was strong, but the foundation weak—in other words, that the promise, "So shall thy seed be," was not spoken by the mouth of God, but was an old legend, a myth,\* a flattering hope of the aged couple; and then the stronger his faith, the greater the delusion, and the more terrible the disappointment. So was it with the faith of Ahab in the son of Chenaanah and the lying spirit; (1 Kings xxii. 10–12;) with Jezebel in her trusting to the prophets of Baal; and with Zedekiah in believing the promises of Hananiah. (Jer. xxviii.) The stronger their faith in these lying predictions, the greater the delusion, and the more terrible their ruin. Such, but inconceivably more awful, must be our eternal ruin, if the promises contained in the Scriptures are not the sure word of God.

But assume another case, that the foundation is partly strong and partly weak—half rock and half sand. Is the building at all the safer? Must not the part which rests on the sand necessarily

\* The word "myth," one now of frequent occurrence, means literally a tale or fable, but is usually applied to signify an ancient legend or popular tradition.



sink, and by sinking bring down in the same crash the whole of the building? Thus it is perfectly absurd to say that the Bible is the word of God, if the *whole* is not the word of God; for if a part be, and a part be not written by divine inspiration, how are we to distinguish which is which? The toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image were "part of iron and part of clay," so that part was strong and part was brittle. When, then, "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands" fell on the feet of the image, it broke them to pieces. (Dan. ii. 34, 42, 45.) The brittle clay could not stand the stroke; the whole image was, therefore, shattered by the blow, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors. So must our faith be, if its foundation be part iron and part clay. As in a chain, the most brittle link determines the strength of the whole, so in a foundation the weakest point is the measure of all the rest. Thus, if a part of God's word be inspired and a part be not, the uninspired part will be clay and the inspired iron; and we might thus be resting all the weight of our immortal soul on the fallible word of man instead of the infallible word of the ever-living God.

But look at the subject from another point of view. Take the case of a will; and suppose that a part is authentic, that is, the actual expression of the will of the testator, and a part not authentic, but foisted in by some designing person, yet reading apparently just the same as the rest. Who could in this case know the exact will of the testator? "Is this legacy right? Is that property mine, or my brother's? Was the provision made for my sisters my father's intention, or was it put in by the lawyer, after his death, bribed by their husbands? What part of the will is my father's? If this part be wrong, the other may be wrong, and the will itself a forgery." So with the word of God, the Old and New Testament, or Will of the heavenly Testator. If part be authentic and part not; in other words, if part be the word of God and part not, who is to decide the doubtful case? In human wills the law has provided against interlineations and erasures and alterations, and swept them all away, unless signed, at the very time, by the initials of the testator and witnesses. But whither shall we go for help to find out the interlineations, alterations, and additions in the Will of God? To Natal and the Zulus? To Colenso's arithmetic and algebra? If a man cannot apprehend the majesty and power of God's word, and has never felt its inspiration as a two-edged sword, to pierce "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," (Heb. iv. 12,) he is no more a judge of the Scriptures, and no more fit to lay his hand upon them than a man born deaf and dumb to criticise Handel's Messiah.

But examine with us from another point of view this important subject, for we wish to set it in a clear light. Take a lease, or any written contract whatever that is to regulate transactions between man and man, and apply to it the same line of argument. Here it is before your eyes, not blurred or blotted, without any apparent erasure, alteration, or interlineation; a fair, well-written document, penned by the same hand throughout, and run-

ning evenly through from beginning to end, in one uniform current of thought and expression. But, whilst you are reading your lease or contract, and putting the fullest credit in it as an authentic document from beginning to end, up steps a little pettifogging lawyer, or an Old Bailey counsel, in solemn wig and gown, and whispers in your ear, "A part, perhaps a large part, of this lease or contract is not authentic; it is not properly drawn up. Some clauses are not law at all; some designing person has got hold of it and foisted into it words or conditions never intended to be there; some part may be pretty good, and the whole may be a tolerably fair rendering of the original intention of the contracting party; but you cannot fully depend on every part of it." "But can you point out," you would reply, "which is authentic and which is not? It all reads alike, as one connected whole, and there is nothing in the face of it that has the least appearance of alteration or disagreement. It is all written in the same hand—a hand which cannot be imitated; and all the parts refer to each other and hang together. If one part contradicted another, or one clause vitiated another, then I could see some reason in what you say; but to me it reads throughout as one thoroughly consistent, harmonious whole." Apply this illustration to the Bible, and you will at once see how it bears upon the question of the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures.

We have in this slight sketch and under these simple figures alluded to the great controversy which is now shaking the Church of England to its very foundations, and, what is far worse, shaking the faith of hundreds out of the Church as well as in it. The Church of England may well tremble, when one of her own bishops—those exalted officers who, according to the belief of her most ardent devotees, are the heaven-appointed instruments of transmitting the Spirit to her ministers—well may she tremble, when one of these consecrated trustees of ministerial grace digs up, not only her foundations, but the foundations on which all revealed religion rests—the authenticity and inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. The Church of England has seen many strange things, has held Arians and Socinians in her bosom by scores, and has fostered many a mounted Nimrod and sporting Esau; but this is indeed a novel spectacle for those within as well as without her pale, that a bishop should write a book against the Scriptures, which sells by thousands and lies on every railway book-stall! It is true that he is only a colonial bishop, is not a peer of parliament, and does not administer an English diocese; but though this may to courtly eyes, which worship external circumstances and exalted appearances, mitigate the offence, it really does not at all affect the gravity of the crime; for though bishop only of a South African diocese, he is a bishop still, and has been as much consecrated to his high and episcopal office, and holds it by as authorised and legitimate a tenure as his grace of Canterbury or his lordship of London or Oxford. This traitor—for he is a traitor both to God and man—is the now well-known Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal in South Africa. This colonial bishop, then, instead of administering his African diocese and con-

verting the Zulus, as the natives of that part of Cape Colony are there called, has been in England for many months, bringing out a work or a series of works, in which he labours hard to overthrow the authenticity and inspiration of the Pentateuch and the historical books of the Old Testament. As these hard and learned words may not be intelligible to all our readers, let us briefly explain what this bishop has been trying to do. By the "authenticity" of a book, is meant that it was really written by the person who professed to write it; in other words, that it is not a forgery, but a genuine production. Suppose, for instance, that some charter of an English borough, as Stamford or Devizes, should be found in an old chest, and that this antiquated, shrivelled, yellow parchment should profess to bear the date of King Henry VII. All the antiquarians in England would at once be on the search, like the detectives after a jewel robbery, to ascertain, by various marks and tests, whether this old parchment scroll were *authentic*, that is, if it were a real document, written and sealed at that period, or a forgery got up by some of those practised hands which can counterfeit anything, from a marble statue of Phidias to a Queen Anne's farthing. As a case in point, a bundle of autograph letters, by Oliver Cromwell, was some years ago found in an old chest, at Ely; and a cunning old Greek, named Simonides, has lately brought before the learned world some ancient Greek manuscripts, as he terms them, which he said he found at Mount Athos. Thus the authenticity of a work is not confined to the Scriptures, but extends to anything and everything which may be forged and passed off as genuine. Now, what do you think, ye simple, unlearned readers of the word of God, of a bishop of the English Church writing a most laborious work to prove that these blessed books, such as the Pentateuch,\* (that is, the first five books of Moses,) Joshua, Judges, Samuel, &c., are not authentic; in other words, that they were not written at the time by Moses, nor by the authors they profess to be, but were put together by some unknown writer or writers, at a much later period, and were founded upon ancient legends or traditions, and, as it were, worked up into a consistent narrative, to gratify the pride of the Jewish people. Is it not awful to see the blessed books of Genesis, Exodus, &c., with all the dealings of God in the wilderness with the children of Israel, reduced to a kind of historical novel, like one of Walter Scott's? and all this done, not by a professed infidel, but a bishop, in all the odour and dignity of lawn sleeves; and, what is far more dangerous, with all the acumen of a most accomplished mathematician! It is not our present purpose to argue the point; but we may merely point out one argument which can never be overthrown by all the arithmetic or mathematics of Cambridge or Colenso:—Could half a million or a million of people be deceived in being delivered out of Egypt, in passing through the Red Sea, and being sustained 40 years by a daily miracle in the wilderness?

With the authenticity of these ancient records, of course, falls their inspiration, for the devil himself might blush to say that God in-

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\* Pentateuch means literally "a roll of five," that is, five books.

spired a forgery. Is it not awful to think that a man of learning and accomplishments should be so blinded and hardened by Satan that, calling himself a Christian bishop, and still retaining his episcopal office, (for he will not listen to any call to resign it,) he should deliberately pronounce these sacred books to be a tissue of lies? Of course, he has his arguments, and very specious ones, or his book would not have made such a sensation; and being a most distinguished arithmetician as well as superior mathematician, he has brought his arithmetic and algebra to bear upon the books of Moses. He has examined, for instance, the size of the ark; calculated, according to the most approved tables, the increase of population in Egypt; reckoned how many sheep and lambs would be required for the sacrifices in the wilderness; and when he has tabulated and calculated, divided and multiplied, added and subtracted, gauged and analysed his long rows of figures, he has brought out, as the sum total—that Moses was an impostor, and his books a forgery. Of course, he has been compelled to admit that there is a ground (what is sometimes called a substratum) of truth at the basis of the whole, and that the transactions recorded in the books of Moses were, to a certain extent, real. The very existence of the Jewish people to this day, and the observance of the feasts of the passover, pentecost, and tabernacles by them from time immemorial abundantly prove this. But the divine element which pervades them throughout, such as the miracles in Egypt and the wilderness, the personal revelations of God to Moses, and the whole of that heavenly inspiration which breathes to a Christian heart through these sacred records, and in which all their real value consists, he denies altogether. And yet, with all this, he admits that the Bible is substantially the word of God; though how that can be the word of Him who cannot lie which is both false and uninspired, is a contradiction which not all the rules of arithmetic or equations of algebra can solve. God must either speak to men or not; and if he do speak, he must afford some evidence that it is his voice. We must, therefore, come to this point—the Bible is the word of God throughout, or a forgery throughout. There can be no half way. Either God spake to Moses on Mount Sinai, or he did not. If he did not, and Moses invented the whole as a means of deceiving and juggling the people, he was the greatest liar and impostor that the world ever saw; for he must have deceived, not only that generation, but hundreds and thousands since. But, if Moses be the man of God, and if the Lord spake to Moses, woe, woe to Bishop Colenso. Had he felt in his conscience any spark of that “fiery law” which was revealed from Sinai’s blazing top, it would have burned up his arithmetic and scorched up his algebra, and like Zechariah’s flying roll, would have consumed his mathematical house, with the timber thereof and the stones thereof. (Zech. v. 4.)

But see the consequences which this daring attack on the books of Moses involves. Did not our blessed Lord give his testimony to Moses and to the truth and inspiration of his writings? Did he not say expressly, “Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father;

there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" (John v. 45-47.) And again, "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law? Why go ye about to kill me?" (John vii. 19.) To attack, therefore, and impugn the testimony of Moses, is to attack and impugn the testimony of Jesus Christ. Did not our blessed Lord also give his testimony to the flood and the ark, (Matt. xxiv. 37-39,) to the manna in the wilderness, (John vi. 49,) and did he not himself attend the feasts of the pass-over and the tabernacles? (John vi. 4; vii. 2, 14; Matt. xxvii. 17-20;) all which circumstances Bishop Colenso denies or regards as mere legends or traditions which might have an element of truth in them, but were worked up at a later age\* into a kind of consistent narrative.† We see, then, the awful results of this arithmetical nibbling. It is something like boring a little hole in the bottom of the Great Eastern. The little hole lets in a sea of water and sinks the ship. So this colonial bishop goes about with his arithmetical auger, boring his little holes here and there in the Pentateuch, and is so busy with his "two and two make four" that perhaps he himself does not see that he is doing his utmost to sink in the deep waters not only his own church, but the mighty ship of Christianity itself.

We have been much pleased with the second of two letters written by a clergyman, now Incumbent of Wymeswold, Leicestershire, on this subject to the editor of the "Record." They have been republished in a cheap form and widely circulated. The first in this republication, though second in date, entitled "Rationalism Unphilosophical," is more adapted to learned readers than the second, which is headed "Faith the Gift of God;" and had no other letter but the first appeared from his pen, we should have taken no notice of it. It is from this last, therefore, that we shall make our extracts, as we have read it with much pleasure and interest, and know something ourselves experimentally and feelingly of its meaning and drift. The writer narrates in it his own experience both of the snare in which Bishop Colenso is fast held, and of his merciful deliverance from it, which is more confirming to a child of God than a thousand learned arguments. He leaves to other writers, of whom there has been a host, the task of meeting Bishop Colenso in Saul's suit of armour. He is satisfied with David's sling and stone; and we must say that he has well wielded his weapons. Having taken just the same de-

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\* The Book of Deuteronomy, for instance, he considers was written not before the age of Solomon, and probably as late as the time of Jeremiah.

† How do you think that Bishop Colenso gets over this argument—so conclusive to a Christian mind? That the blessed Lord *spoke as a Jew*; which really comes to this, that the blessed Son of God, by whom came grace and truth, sinfully humoured the opinions of the Jewish people, knowing all the while that he was winking at lies which had been imposed on them. It must necessarily follow, from this awful supposition, that the blessed Lord was either deceived himself, or wilfully deceived others. Let him take which alternative he likes, the result must be the same—*blasphemy!*

gree \* as Bishop Colenso, though 11 years afterwards, he is therefore a match for him in mathematical and arithmetical learning. His testimony is thus all the more valuable, as it more completely shows the triumph of grace over nature. But we will not detain our readers further from his letter, from which, though short, we shall give a considerable extract:

"I remember when I first began to read the Bible (and I thought I was sincerely seeking the truth) I was miserable because I could not believe it; I dared not reject any statement I found there, but I could not fully believe it was true. The Bishop of Natal just expresses what I felt, and the fact that we took exactly the same university honours (in different years of course) makes me sympathise with him peculiarly. My own history was just this:— I had read and studied deeply in mathematics, had mastered every fresh subject I had entered upon with ease and delight; had become accustomed (as every exact mathematician must do) to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem to the uninitiated one and the same; had seen my way into physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton's immortal 'Principia,' and had been frequently lost in admiration of his genius till St. Mary's clock warned me that midnight was past three hours ago."

"It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days had I really felt what I so often said, viz., that the deeper a man went in science, the humbler he ought to be, and the more cautious in pronouncing an independent opinion on a subject he had not investigated, or could not thoroughly sift. But, though all this was true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is never found in a natural man.

"I took orders, and began to preach, and then, like the bishop among the Zulus, I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit's teaching myself, and how could I without it speak 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power?'"

"In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gaussen, &c., and determine that, as I had mastered all the other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would make myself a believer. I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in divine things. I was distressed to find that she was often happy in the evident mercy of the Lord to her, and that she found prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst her neighbours; whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren, and unprofitable, and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical difficulties would be crushed and leaped over by the experience of the most illiterate Christian.

"I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney, or Tom Paine. I could claim no originality for my views; and I found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery to me.

"May we not compare this kind of state to that which God speaks of in Jer. xlix.: 'Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart?' And observe what follows: 'Hear the counsel of the Lord. . . . Surely the least of the flock shall draw them out.'

"It may now be asked how I came ever to view divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all praise to Him to whom power belongeth; I desire to put my own mouth in the dust, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my former unbelief. I cannot describe all I passed through, but I desire with humility and gratitude to say, I was made willing in a day of Christ's power. He sweetly melted down my proud heart with his love; he shut my mouth for ever from cavilling at any difficulties in the written word;

\* Colenso was second wrangler in 1836, Walker (the writer of the above letters) second wrangler in 1847. The senior wranglership is the highest mathematical honour Cambridge can give. The second wrangler comes next. In Colenso's year, the senior wrangler (Archibald Smith) was a most distinguished mathematician, but Colenso came very near him.

and one of the first things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas beforetime preaching had been misery, now it became my delight to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel doubts rushing into my mind, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Oh, I am quite certain no natural man can see the things of God; and I am equally certain he cannot make himself do so. 'It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron,' said Samuel; and 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' said St. Paul; and so, in a modified and humble sense, I can truly say.

"It used to be a terrible stumbling-block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute men, so many scientific men, infidels. It is not so now; I see that God has said, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble;' I see, as plainly as it is possible for me to see anything, that no natural man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowals of unbelief in the written word of God. The only answer I can give to them is, 'God has in mercy taught me better;' and never do I sing those beautiful words in the well-known hymn, but I feel my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion:

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God.'

"So it was with me; so it must be with any one of them, if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or to receive the love of the truth that they may be saved."

The way related here is the only way whereby truth can be received in the power and love of it. It then carries with it its own evidence and shines forth in the light of its own testimony. Before the majesty and power of the word the heart falls prostrate; God speaks and the soul reverently listens; and then a few apparent inconsistencies are seen no more to affect the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures than motes sully a sunbeam, or a few specks a pane of plate glass. But the thought has powerfully struck our mind, what a man sows that he will also reap. If, then, the Church of England will have learned mathematicians for bishops, and despises or rejects vital godliness, she need not be surprised if these men of science turn their weapons against her breast, and use their arithmetical and mathematical learning for her eventual overthrow. Those who deny the Bible are not likely to spare the Prayer-book, and if the foundation of revelation is undermined, the inquiry will soon arise, "What is the use of a State Church?" and why maintain by landed estates, tithes, and offerings a body of bishops and priests to promulgate and defend a religion and offer a service which, according to the showing of one of their own episcopal order, is but a legalised imposture?

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TRUE grace, when weakest, is stronger than false, when strongest. There is a principle of divine life in it, which the other hath not. Now life, as it gives excellency, (a flea, or fly, by reason of its life, is more excellent than the sun in all its glory,) so it gives strength. The slow motion of a living man, though so feeble that he cannot go a furlong in a day, yet coming from life, imports more strength than is in a ship, which, though it sails swiftly, hath its motion from without. Thus possibly a hypocrite may exceed the true Christian in the bulk and outside of a duty, yet because his strength is not from life, but from some wind and tide abroad that carries him, and the Christian's is from an inward principle, therefore the Christian's weakness is stronger than the hypocrite in his greatest enlargements.—*Gurnall*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1863.

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

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A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL  
INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809.)

(Continued from page 234.)

All this while I held my peace, and said not a word to any of that unspeakable joy I felt in my soul, except what might have been read in the shining lightsomeness of my countenance, and unusual, sweet, calm serenity of spirit, which could not possibly be concealed; neither as yet had I told any one in the world how graciously the Lord had dealt with me; how that I was miraculously drawn to the Lord Jesus, was born again, become a new creature, made an heir of the kingdom of heaven, and that I bore about me the seal and earnest and sure pledges of my part and portion in the life to come. But when I came to myself a little, out of these strange ecstasies of spiritual joy, I began to consider what great things God had done for my soul; what infinite condescension and astonishing grace had been shown towards me, the worst of sinners. Whereupon I earnestly desired to lament suitably, and blush at the remembrance of my past provocations and horrid ingratitude in offending so gracious a God, and sinning against such love and mercy. But, alas! I found not my heart to relent and bleed, as I expected; but it was even shut up again, and exceeding hard. This presently gave birth to endless objections, and filled me with a variety of misgiving thoughts, torturing fears, and terrible jealousies. It startled me to find such a vast disproportion between the number of my sins and the fewness of my tears. I longed and prayed till my heart was ready to burst again, to pour out floods of contrite tears, but not one would come. Now, therefore, I began to question the truth of my conversion, so that I was put to a stand; I could not take a step further. And here Satan plied the advantage, and came in upon me with his sly suggestions, and I began thus to say to myself: "Surely this is bold presumption in me, coming fresh, as it were, reeking out of Sodom, thus to lay hold on Christ, and pretend to an interest in the love of God. Look," said I, "it is but a day or two ago that I was provoking the Lord to his face by my presumptuous, daring sins and abominable life, and do I now pretend to be a friend of so holy and dreadful a Majesty? Surely I ought to have amended my



life first, had some experience of the change of my conversation, to have mourned, grieved, and repented more remarkably, before I was thus familiar with God, and presently take upon me to be so free and intimate with him." Thus being wavering and unstable, weak in judgment and experience, though of strong and inflamed affections, and not having been able distinctly to reflect upon the manner of the Spirit's working upon me, and drawing me to a closure with Christ, in so singular and astonishing a manner, bringing down heaven into my soul at once, and filling me with joy unspeakable, neither having read nor heard anything of the manner of true and remarkable conversions, the Lord withdrawing himself, permitted Satan to overcast my mind, and to suggest to me that all my rapturous joys and assurances of heaven were nothing but presumptuous confidences and vain delusions. Hereupon I began to misgive and give way; thus unbelief prevailed upon me, till at length, Satan taking his advantage, and setting in with my strong and as yet much unmortified corruptions, entangled me and plunged me down into the pit of open desperation; so that, notwithstanding all those views of glory, assurances of eternal life, and sweetest embracement of the Lord Jesus in the arms of my new-given faith which I had so lately really enjoyed, this kindled a hell in my conscience, and locked me up in the dungeon of despair; for I would never be told, nor would by any means believe, that the only truly converted and savingly united to Christ could be subject to such violent workings of corruptions.

Wherefore, as Paul, after the abundance of revelations, had a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, so the Lord, in infinite love and wisdom, saw meet to let loose Satan and my corruptions upon me, and to withdraw the light of his countenance, to prevent that lukewarmness, security, and pride which I remember were then coming upon me.

Now the hour of darkness and temptation is come, and I must enter the lists with my spiritual adversaries, never more to lay aside the weapons of my warfare till the Captain of my salvation calls me to my crown. And now my sweet, dear Jesus having given them commission to muster up their forces, and band themselves together against me, retires and stands behind the wall; still secretly succouring me with fresh supplies, resolving to uphold me by his omnipotent arm, and at last make me more than conqueror. And now the old, red dragon, having received his power, straightway bids me to the combat, and with incredible rage makes his onset. Wherefore, Satan now perceiving that there was now no hope of reducing me to his servitude and thralldom, (for however unresolved I remained about my state, I seemed inflexibly resolved never to turn again to folly; though, alas! my very desires and inclinations did inwardly and spontaneously move quite contrary,) the Lord, in very mercy to my soul, permitted him to muster up his temptations to annoy me; whereupon my comfort was taken away from me, all past experiences hidden, or else I thought them but counterfeit and delusions; darkness seized upon me, and whole floods of spiritual temp-

tations poured out upon me from morning to night, such dreadful blasphemous suggestions and vile imaginations as are not to be thought of without trembling, much less to be named, and with that hurrying force and violence as bore down all before them. It is wonderful that such agonies as they threw me into did not separate soul and body. And here he, who will be ever raking in the unregenerated part, at the same time took his advantage to provoke my inward, habitual, inveterate corruptions, so that my corruptions did as naturally spring out of my heart as water out of a fountain. Behold the difference between grace and nature. A little while ago, the most enormous sins stabbed my dead soul through and through, and it never cried out nor complained; but now, so quick and tender was my renewed soul become, that not the least sinful motion or outgoing of heart could escape my notice and painful sensation.

Now my faith failed me; "for," thought I, "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." I thought no person effectually called could ever have such prodigious, loathsome, abominable thoughts and inclinations. Now the reason why these violent stirrings of corruptions were so surprising to me was, because they were altogether unexpected. I looked not for them, after that first great turn of my soul to God, and blessed conquest over the power of sin, when my heart was drawn out entirely to Christ. I then desired sin's utter destruction. I would have had it so killed by my good will that it should have moved and stirred no more for ever; and so foolish was I as to think it would indeed be so. It is true, by the wonderful operations of the Spirit and exercise of a strong and lively faith, sin seemed to be struck dead for the present; and now I see that there was good reason why so it should be, as Dr. Owen says. Old things were then passed away, and all things become new, and my soul under the power of that universal change, was utterly turned away from those things which would foment, stir up, or cherish any lust or temptation. But now, when some of the advantages were passed, and sin began to stir and act again, I verily thought the work I had passed through was not true and saving, but only temporary. Nay, I thought sin had more strength than before, and I looked upon myself as more wicked and vile than ever. "Ah," thought I, "sin is only retired from its outward, notorious, visible actings, and hath made its retreat into my heart as its strong and impregnable hold, where I thought it would remain insuperable for ever. "O who will deliver me from this body of death!" I was as though I were glued and nailed to my sins, and that for ever. They seemed to cry after me, and say, "We are thine abhorred works of darkness, and we will follow thee." "O," said I, "I had never had this experience of the deadly rage and fury of sin, had I not formerly so greedily gratified it, and hugged it so close in my bosom. I may thank myself for all this. This is of my own procuring. Had I not heretofore so indulged my wicked inclinations, they would not now have so madly raged and torn, impatient of all restraint and opposition. And what," says I, "though I can appeal to the heart-searching God, whose eyes are as a flame

of fire, that I detest these abominable suggestions, and hateful lusts, from my very soul; and what though my eyes gush out rivers of tears; yet if I can never be freed from them, what will it avail me, seeing, 'into the Holy Jerusalem in no wise must enter anything that defileth or worketh abomination.'" (Rev. xxi. and last.) O this would rend the very caul of my heart, and make my heart-strings tremble! Now I being as yet but a green soldier, and a novice in the Christian warfare, sank in my mind greatly indeed; and meditating nothing but terror, my heart even died away within me for fear. I began to be quite heartless and hopeless; "for," says I, "do what I can, I shall never be able to hold out, but shall fall as a prey to my cursed lusts." O the intestine strifes, and bitter contests between the old man and the new, the flesh and the spirit!

Now I went down the hill, as I thought, apace, and Satan got advantage of me every day. As faith was weakened, corruptions got strength, and the more they prevailed, the more again would my faith fail me. O how totteringly did I walk, ready to throw up and give over every moment; unstable as water, thrust through with every temptation.

Thus was I rent and torn as with a thunderbolt, betwixt my own violent corruptions and Satan's temptations, all the summer, night and day; for since my conversion even until now (save a short time, just after that miraculous change passed upon me) I have scarcely passed one night free from the horridest suggestions and molestations of the devil. Then was his opportunity to practise his hellish and envenomed malice upon my soul, when I was in an utter incapacity of all possible resistance, filling me with such blasphemous thoughts and imaginations, so prodigiously vile and detestable, that a wicked heart must abhor and tremble at; so that my bed, which to others affords comfortable refreshment, and should have given me some ease to my languishing body and tired spirits, became to me a dungeon of fears and place of greatest torment. I even dreaded it as hell itself. There was no night nor day, no time nor place, in which these two sworn enemies of my soul, Satan and my corruptions, did not hunt me as a partridge upon the mountains; but I was continually hurried up and down through the mire and filth of horrid imaginations, corrupt and noisome lusts, which rent and tore my soul, as if they would have devoured all its spiritual life and power. My corruptions were too hard for me, and seemed as at the very door of ruining my soul; and what to do I knew not. My soul was become as parched ground and a habitation of dragons, full of all abominable lusts and fiery temptations; so that my life abhorred bread and my soul dainty meat. "My flesh was consumed away that it could not be seen, and my bones which were not seen stuck out; yea, my soul drew near to the grave, and my life to the destroyer. When I said, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then was I scared with dreams, and terrified with visions, so that my soul chose strangling, and death rather than life." Yea, so worn and consumed was I, that no brooking of meat, quietness of sleep, pleasure of life, or almost any sense was left in

me, but I appeared a perfect anatomy, expressing to the view nothing but sinews and bone.

Now when these blasphemous thoughts of God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and all the blessed inhabitants of heaven, began afresh to assault me, after I had had all those vast experiences of God's love, I verily thought that they were now written in heaven's books, in characters of blood, as being of a far more heinous and crimson dye than all my former provocations. "If such or such a holy soul," said I, "had but one of these foul and fearful thoughts put into his head, O how would he twist and twine, be astonished and confounded!" And here, through shame and bashfulness, my tongue was so locked up that I could disclose my extreme troubles to none; by which Satan won dreadful advantages.

Now I had quite lost all sight, and, to my apprehension, all holdfast of Christ; and whenever he occurred to my mind, it was rather under the notion of a Judge than a Saviour. Wherefore, by the violence of my terrors, I was driven to the narrow search and reading of some books, if happily I might meet with some word of hope to hang my sinking soul upon; and seeing it pleased God, who works infinitely at pleasure, to step out of the common way in his dealings with me, taking me more immediately into his own hand, and new creating and forming me by the power of his Spirit, that upon the very first sense of the change, I instantly looked through all means and methods, entirely to the first Cause; yet I say, the blessed work of my conversion was wrought upon me, whilst I was exercised in reading, and hath ever since blessed the same, to my wonderful comfort and confirmation. It will not, therefore, be amiss to take notice, as I pass along, of the several instructions and supports which, by God's blessing, I received from the books I met with. By these, my doubts have been resolved, my fears scattered, and my temptations met, I am persuaded, a thousand times more effectually than if I could have disclosed myself to the most able, experienced soul physician in the world. I could meet with nothing, nothing that would come nigh my case from the pulpit. I often came home from sermons with a hungry soul, and bitterly wept and cried, "The young children ask bread, and none break it unto them." Wherefore the Lord, in great mercy to my soul, cast in my way many excellent books; so to reading and prayer I gave myself.

Now I began diligently to peruse the Life of John Bunyan, which the Lord had been pleased in great measure to make the means of my conversion. I there saw a variety of wiles and stratagems, which that old serpent had practised with him, as temptations to atheism, blasphemy, despair, hardness of heart, to curse and swear, horrible workings of exasperated corruptions, and what not. But I could pass over all these without taking the least comfort! This would not reach my case, for I concluded my circumstances were of a quite different nature and a sadder hue. Worthy of regard, therefore, is that of Luther, who was so much versed in spiritual conflicts. Says he, "It makes the temptation much more grievous, when they which are thus afflicted feel that, which none else, (as to

them it seems) do feel but they alone." This was that which so terrified me. I thought my case was properly my own, and that none was ever in the like condition.

But O! I prayed earnestly that God would not lead me in the steps of John Bunyan; for I began to find already that warring and combating with Satan would be no jesting, but sore and terrible work. O the unimagined frights and fears that did now beset me! I, that but now was, as it were, rapt up into paradise, by most sweet and familiar communion with Jesus, and certified of my title to eternal glory, as though the visible heavens had opened for my reception, now looked upon myself as ten times blacker than the damned fiends in hell, and did really imagine myself to be at the head and foremost of a crew of traitorous and rebellious spirits going to judgment. Such was the power of unbelief, hardness of heart against Christ, and despair, that I thought I heard my sweet dear Jesus, even Jesus himself, often saying to me, (Matt. xxiii. 33,) "How can you escape the damnation of hell?"

And in the midst of these wrestlings with my spiritual enemies I wanted not vexation and trouble from fellow-creatures, whose vain lives and untoward dispositions vexed my soul and doubled my anguish. Ah! little did I think that Satan had such instruments to beset and dog me at the heels, so soon as I discovered my revolt from him, and stepped out of his enslaved kingdom. Nor was I thus exercised only now and then, for it measured me day by day. This added fresh weight to my sorrows, and made my inward anguish the more intolerable. I remember once, when I was most grievously provoked in this manner, the Lord broke in upon me with that sweet Scripture, (Heb. xii. 3,) "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds." O! This was a reviving word. It came with mighty power, and hath ever since at times shone before me. This then was my daily company, and the best comforter I had under those dismal circumstances! Those, who one would have thought should have endeavoured to administer some relief to me, or at least might have forborne to add sorrow to him whom the Lord had wounded, (for my case might have been read in my very countenance, and any one might see that the hand of God pressed me sore; what else could mean those sobs and sighs, those tears and groans, those ghastly looks and trembling joints?) proved the continual renewers of my dolours, and of friends became tormentors. "O!" thought I, "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!" But the natural man discerns not the things that be of God, because they are spiritually discerned; so that as I was forced to cry out with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of death!" (Rom. vii. 24.) So with David to lament and say, "Woe is me, that I dwell in Meshec and sojourn in the tents of Kedar!"

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but out of them all the Lord will deliver him."

And whilst Satan and his instruments thus roared on the one hand,

my own corruptions raged as much on the other, that I was just like the troubled sea, continually casting up mire and dirt. Thus was I tossed up and down by the enemies of my soul, that I could neither sit nor lie, nor go at ease or quiet. Sometimes the injections from Satan and blasphemous filth would even distract me, and then the inward impetuous workings of my own corruptions, so that all I could do, was only to stand under the stroke of them.

Yet was I not left without all relief. I had some glimmering hopes and drops of comfort in these dark and desperate plunges, as that in Isaiah lvii. 16: "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth, for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls that I have made." I never tasted more sweetness in any promise in the book of God, or felt nearer approaches of the divine presence; but it would not abide with me; and Isaiah liv. 11, and xxxv. 10, and the whole of Job xxxiii. would give me some encouragement, and draw tears from my eyes. That also in 1 Cor. x. 13, took some hold on me: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man. For this was the conceit I was so strongly possessed with, that none was ever in the like condition. And now I often thought upon Rev. xii. 12: "The devil is come unto you having great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time." This was it that sharpened the edge of my sorrows, banished hope, and encouraged despair; for all this while I walked upon the precipice of eternity, looking every moment when I should launch out into that boundless and bottomless ocean.

(To be continued.)

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“JOURNEYING UNTO THE PLACE OF WHICH THE LORD SAID, ‘I WILL GIVE IT YOU.’”

A PILGRIM and a stranger, I journey on the road,  
 In safety, though in danger, and burden'd with a load;  
 Protected by a Saviour, beloved though unseen,  
 O'ershadow'd by his favour, as all his saints have been.  
 Almost in constant trial, yet I am greatly bless'd  
 When help'd in self-denial to lean upon thy breast;  
 His service is not duty. It is my heart's delight  
 To feel how great his beauty! How sweet is Jesus' light!  
 He loved me when a stranger to him and all that's good,  
 Preserved me when in danger, and bought me with his blood;  
 He covered me when naked with his own righteousness,  
 And when my heart has ached, relieved my distress.  
 His love my soul constrained to tell to those around  
 A little that I gained, when he the wanderer found;  
 'Twas he that made me willing his servant true to be,  
 He gave me needful drilling, and then he set me free.  
 His chastening still is needful to keep me in my place,  
 To teach me to be heedful, and make me prize his grace.  
 I love to feel his unction, and feel his Spirit's power,  
 Producing deep compunction, lest pride should me devour.  
 With lowliness and meekness, I fain would walk below,  
 Acquainted with my weakness, yet Christ my strength to know;  
 Upon my Lord depending, who holds me in his hand,  
 And waiting for his sending for me to Canaan's land.

A. H.

## A COURT-MARTIAL.

My dear Brother,—Through mercy, given me by the God of all our joy and consolation, who has said, "I will rest in my love, and my loving-kindness I will never utterly take from them," (viz., the elect,) I am enabled to answer your kind letter. I trust this will find you and your dear wife and little one well. I am pretty well, and my face, through mercy, is Zionward; but, my brother, I can assure you my wicked heart often causes me to mourn before the Lord in Zion. There is a sweet promise for those who thus mourn in Zion: "They shall be comforted;" and my precious Jesus does sometimes comfort my poor soul by bringing me into his banqueting house, and there giving me to feel afresh that he has loved me, that he does love me, and that he will love me unto the end.

And now, my brother, I shall, as well as my blessed Master gives me grace and wisdom, write on the subject contained in your letter.

In the council chamber of eternity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost held a council, and there decreed to create the world on which we live. The time was fixed upon; for we read: "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven." (Eccles. iii. 1.) Again: "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it that men should fear before him." (Eccles. iii. 14.) So we see that the world was created by God according to his eternal purpose. It was at the same time also determined upon, or decreed, that man should be created and become an inhabitant of this world, and further, that he should be made in the likeness of God, namely, in holiness and uprightness. (Eccles. vii. 29; Gen. i. 26.) But God knew that man would corrupt himself, lose his creature-holiness and uprightness, and so deface the image of God, which he bore. Did God determine to prevent this? No. Not that the decree was the cause of Adam's fall; for had there been no decree, he would have sinned all the same. Adam acted freely in what he did; and though what he did was contrary to God's revealed will, yet it must have been in accordance with his secret will; for were it not so, he never would have suffered the devil to tempt our first parents, and they to yield to his temptation, so as to bring death upon all their offspring. But though I believe it was and is the will of God that sin should be in the world, I do not believe that God is the author of sin; but I believe that the devil is its author, for he is the "father of lies," and we read, "The devil sinneth from the beginning." Now we read in the Bible of Joseph's brethren selling him. In doing this they sinned most grievously; but, at the same time, they were not compelled by God to do so. They acted freely and in accordance with their envious and wicked feelings; and yet they only did the will of God, and what he had afore determined to bring to pass to preserve their lives. Joseph himself ascribes the ordering of it to God, where he says, "For God did send me before you to preserve life." (Gen. xlv. 5, 8.)

Another instance is poor Job. Never was man more tried than he was. Fire and wind came down from heaven; the one destroyed his sheep and servants, the other his sons and daughters; and his very wife told him to "curse God and die." In all this we see the great malice that Satan bears against God's children, and also the malice of those who are of the seed of the serpent. The men who carried off the cattle sinned, (for, "Thou shalt not steal,") both against God and man; for they did it only to satisfy their own wicked hearts. And yet this was the will of God; and Job, looking beyond second causes, said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

(Job i. 21.) Now all this was to try Job: "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." (xxiii. 10.) The devil and his seed meant to destroy Job by what they did, but God meant it for the trying and purging of Job; and Job says, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. (xlii. 5, 6.) And we find after this, that his brethren, sisters, and acquaintance came together to comfort him over all the evil that the Lord God had brought upon him.

We have another instance to the point in Shimei cursing David. To curse our fellow-man is a very great sin. Shimei cursed David, and that too under most painful circumstances; and in doing this, he committed a very great sin, in cursing his king, the Lord's anointed. In 2 Sam. xix. 20, we find Shimei confessing that he sinned in cursing his king; whereas, in xvi. 10, 11, we find that the Lord had bidden him so to do. In this I do not understand God as being the author of sin, neither do I believe he is; for Shimei acted just according to his own wicked feelings, and yet what he did was the will of God.

Another instance is that of Judas, and a most striking one it is. He did what the mind of the Lord had determined should be done. The devil entered into Judas, and he went forth and sold his Master; (not Saviour, mind;) and then betrayed him with a kiss. Afterwards he saw what he had done, and, being filled with horror at the monstrous sin which he had committed, and having a hell burning within, he went forth and hung himself; and we are told he "went to his own place." Where was that? Being an offspring of the devil, without doubt he went to him. Now, in all he did he acted freely to satisfy his lust, and yet he only did what God had afore determined should be done. Let men and moral preachers and blind guides say what they will, this is enough for me: "Thus saith the Lord."\*

Well, my brother, we find sin is in the world and in our hearts, and we know that thousands are daily slain by it, and but for sovereign grace we should be among the number. It is a Bible truth that only they who have, by God's grace, been elected from eternity, can or ever will escape the damnation denounced against all who die in their sins; but the elect will and shall escape, because Christ, their Surety, was made a curse for them. O blessed election! Ah, brother, you and I could have no hope, but for the grace of God in electing us to life through Christ. No election, no salvation. O, precious Jesus, how thou didst love, when thou knewest thou wouldst have to travail through hell and conquer its hosts to save them, (the sheep,) that all their sins would be imputed to thee, and so become thine, that they whom the Father gave thee should not perish! O, my soul, canst thou read of the love of Jesus, and of the sufferings of Jesus, and not weep over thy sins which "nailed him to the accursed tree?"

"O for grace my heart to soften."

I see, by your letter, that the Election has been arraigned and brought before a court-martial, and tried by the enemies of truth and of our blessed Immanuel, at —, upon the following charges, viz.: 1, for being full of prejudice; 2, for being an enemy to order and discipline; 3, for trying to undermine the walls of one Self-will, with a steel spike made in the workshop of Immanuel, for the purpose of testing the foundation of all boasting, proud self-willers; 4, for stating that the carnal mind is enmity against God; and 5, for declaring that "no man

\* We fully believe these statements and this explanation to be both sound and scriptural. They fully express our views on the important point of the divine permission of sin, and are such as we have held and advocated for many years.



cometh unto me (Christ) except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Being found guilty, he was sentenced to be struck off the strength of the regiment of Self-willers, and to have his name pasted on the chapel in Delusion Alley as a dangerous and pestilent fellow. Signed by Captain Doctrine of Devils, approved and confirmed by Colonel Darkness; the sentence to be carried into effect under the direction of Colonel Moralism, commanding the regiment of Crackers at —.

LOVER OF TRUTH. Well, Election, I have read and examined the proceedings of this court of fleshly-religionists, but, before I call upon my brethren to give their opinion of these wicked proceedings, and also before you reply to the five charges, I should much wish you to point out to me some of the blessings which you know to be true and which spring from free, sovereign grace.

ELECTION. My dear son, Lover of Truth, it is with great pleasure I comply with your request, because the sons of God must worship him in spirit and in truth, and how can they do that if they know not the truth, and if it (the truth) has not made them free? But because God has said his sons shall all be taught the truth, therefore I will speak it in love, to the glory of God, who is the Author of eternal life, through Jesus.

1. My name is Election—a name which thousands hate, and for this reason, because I never knew them, and hence they know me not; for were they taught by the Spirit of my Master, they would love me. I am eternal; for I ever was with God and by him. I have been sent forth into this world in mercy to those "who are the called according to God's purpose."

2. Were it not that I, in accordance with the mind and will of God, have embraced in my arms an innumerable multitude out of all nations, not one would or could be saved; for man is dead in sin, and the carnal mind is enmity against God; but, because God has his sons by election, the Holy Spirit is sent forth to quicken, to call, and to make known to them their sonship through Jesus Christ. In the Bible there are many precious truths for the sons of God, and they tell of a rich and eternal cluster of precious fruits, which grow on and spring from the tree of divine, sovereign, invincible, and irresistible grace; and the first I shall mention is *election*. That the Bible is full of this truth is plain, and thousands see it in the letter who still have no part in it; and there are thousands who live in the dead-holes and walls of free-will and dead, worldly religion, who see it in the letter, but who, by a false spirit, (a spirit of darkness,) try to explain it away; but when their spirit is tried by a "Thus saith the Lord," they are found naked, and the mystery is too great for them; they are blind guides leading the blind. Thousands more deny me altogether, and say I am from hell and an offspring of the devil; but there is no truth in this, for they are dead, and so cannot discern the truth: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."

The following are the fruits composing this precious cluster:\* 1. *Election*. Election is an act of distinguishing love; (Deut. vii. 8;) of divine sovereignty, irrespective of any goodness in the objects of it; (Rom. ix. 11-16;) is eternal; (Eph. i. 4; 2 Thess. ii. 13;) is absolute and irrevocable; (Rom. ix. 11; 2 Thess. ii. 16;) is personal, that is, embraces a certain number of persons; (Matt. xx. 23; 2 Tim. ii. 19.) 2. *The covenant of mercy*. (2 Sam. xxiii. 5; Ps. lxxxix. 3, 28; Eph. i. 3, 4; 2 Tim. i. 9; Ezek. xvi. 62.) This covenant is eternal; (2 Sam. xxiii. 5; Ezek.

\* Some of the passages given in this cluster do not appear to us to be very relevant, and we think the writer of the article must have given some wrong references. It would be well if both writers and ministers were more careful in this respect.

xvi. 60; xxxvii. 26; Isa. lv. 3; lxi. 8;) and the blood which cleanseth the sheep is called the "blood of the everlasting covenant." (Heb. xiii. 20.) 3. *The Marriage Union.* (Eph. i. 22, 23; Col. i. 18; Isa. liv. 5.) And this is also eternal. (Hos. ii. 19, 20; Eph. i. 4; iii. 11; iv. 5, 6, 9, 11; 2 Tim. i. 9.) 4. *Effectual Calling.* (Matt. iv. 19; Phil. iii. 14; Heb. iii. 1; ix. 15; Eph. i. 18; 1 Tim. vi. 12; 2 Tim. i. 9; 2 Pet. i. 3, 5, 10; Jude 1; 1 Cor. i. 2; Rom. i. 6; viii. 28, 30.) 5. *Adoption.* (Eph. i. 5; 1 John iii. 1, 2; Gal. iv. 5, 7; Jer. xxxi. 33; xxxii. 38; John i. 12; Rom. viii. 15; ix. 4.) And the church was set apart for it from eternity; in fact, they were sons from then; but this is manifested to them when called by the Holy Ghost. (Eph. i. 5.) 6. *A New Birth.* (John i. 13; iii. 8; 1 John iii. 9; v. 4, 18; James i. 18; 1 Pet. i. 3; 1 Cor. iv. 15; Eph. ii. 10; iv. 24; Col. iii. 10; 2 Cor. v. 17.) 7. *Free Pardon.* (Jer. xxxiii. 8; l. 20; xxxi. 34; Ezek. xxxvi. 24; Mich. vii. 18, 19; Ps. xxxii. 1, 2; Matt. ix. 2; Eph. iv. 32; Col. ii. 13, 14; 1 John ii. 12.) 8. *Holiness.* (Song ii. 10, 13; iv. 7; vi. 9; Eph. v. 27; Ezek. xvi. 14; Ps. xxxii. 1, 2; Rom. iv. 6-8; xi. 16; 1 Cor. 1, 30; vi. 11; 2 Cor. v. 17, 21; Heb. x. 10, 14; 1 John iii. 7, 9; v. 18.) 9. *Saving Faith and Love.* (John xv. 12, 17; Eph. i. 15; Col. i. 4; Titus iii. 15; 1 John iii. 14; iv. 7, 8; v. 1; 2 John 1; 3 John 1.) 10. *The final Perseverance of the Saints.* David believed this; (Ps. xvii. 15; xxxvii. 24; xlvi. 14; xciv. 14; ciii. 17; cxii. 6; cxv. 1, 2.) Job also believed it; (xxxvi. 7;) and Isaiah likewise. (xxvii. 3; xlix. 15; liv. 10; Mal. xiii. 22; John iv. 14; v. 24; x. 28, 29; Rom. v. 17-21; viii. 35-39; 1 Pet. i. 4, 5; 1 John iii. 2; v. 13.) In fact, the Bible is full of this sweet soul-cheering truth; but I shall refer you to no more passages now, as the above are sufficient to prove it. 11. *Eternal glory.* (Rom. ix. 23; 2 Cor. iv. 17; Col. iii. 4; 1 Thess. ii. 12; 2 Tim. ii. 20; 1 Pet. v. 10; Ps. lxxxiv. 11; Rev. xxi. 27; xiv. 3; vii. 9; 1 Pet. i. 3, 5.) John in a vision saw a tree which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month. (Rev. xxii. 2.) Here, too, we have a tree, not in vision as John had, but in reality. That was for the healing of the nations, some of all nations; and, my brother, have not you and I at times been brought into the garden of the Lord, and heard the dear Lord say, "Now eat, O beloved?" Has not faith been given, so that at times we "have sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to our taste?" And the more we have eaten of the divine fruit, the more we have longed for it, and cried out in the language of the spouse, "I am sick of love."

And now I have pointed out to you some of the precious fruits of the tree of grace. Are these fruits sweet to your taste as honey and the honeycomb? If they are, the Lord has brought you into his banqueting-house, and his banner over you is love, even everlasting love.

LOVER OF TRUTH.—I am persuaded and feel, Election, that these are truths of God, and that no other will satisfy the child of God, whose eyes and heart the Lord has opened to attend to the things which he speaks.

ELECTION.—I will now, Lover of Truth, give you a brief answer to the five charges preferred against me by my enemies:

1. Prejudiced I am, I must acknowledge; but it is only against that which is the offspring of the devil, and has his mark upon it.

2. That I am an enemy to order and discipline, I deny. But I most willingly confess I am an enemy to all creature conversions, creature perfections, commands of, "Man, do this and do that; man, believe; man, repent, and you shall be saved, when the power of the Holy Ghost is set at naught;" for it is said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." And it is "not of him that runneth, nor of him that willeth, but of God that showeth mercy."

3. "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." I confess I have already, and do now, and will to the end of time, undermine the wall of self-will, and destroy it, so that it shall not have dominion over the elect sons and daughters; because they are "vessels afore prepared to glory;" therefore my steel spike shall undermine and throw to the ground all Self-will, so that he shall not reign in them. But with those whom the God of this world has blinded, I have nothing to do. Their walls will stand, and they will build upon them with chaff, hay, and stubble, by which they hope to get to heaven. But the wind of God's wrath will sweep them to the flames of vengeance, and they, with their man-made religion, shall burn for ever. This will be the portion of all who die at enmity to the truth of grace. But I sometimes get among the mountains of self-willers; and when I do, they make a mighty stir. Drums beat, bugles sound, self-willers' banners fly in the air; "To arms!" they cry; "an enemy is in the camp!" "Forward! forward!" is the command from their god and commander-in-chief. So there comes a mighty charge; then a loud roll of great guns; then follow the shots. Now, these guns are invented by the devil, and cast in the foundry of hell, for the purpose of defeating election. But not a shot tells; or they are but wind. (Natural wind.) Then comes a mighty charge from spearmen, having their spears dipped in the poison of the malice of hell, and steeled with malice in the workshop of the devil. But they miss their mark. Election cannot be spiritually seen by any person without the "faith of God's elect." I have stood thousands of battles, but never yet lost one, and never shall. Perhaps you ask why I go among them. Only to recapture, from the arms of their Diana, those of whom it is said, "They shall come," for the "counsel of my Master shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure."

4. That the carnal mind hates God is a truth which God himself declares. He says, "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually;" (Gen. vi. 5); for he "drinketh iniquity like water." (Job xv. 16.) "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." (Ps. lviii. 3.) "The heart is subtle;" (Prov. vii. 10;) it studieth destruction;" (Prov. xxiv. 2;) it is "full of evil, and madness is in their heart." (Eccles. ix. 3.) "Their heart will work iniquity, to practise hypocrisy, and to utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry; (elect;) and he will cause the drink of the thirsty (elect) to fail." (Isa. xxxii. 6.) "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) "O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things?" (Matt. xii. 34.) See Rom. i. 21—32.

5. That the sinner who cometh to Christ must be drawn, or "made willing in the day of God's power," is true; for we read: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 8.) Here the creature is passive, like Lazarus in the grave, until the word is spoken, "Lazarus, come forth;" "Loose him and let him go;" and the dead sinner can no more come to God until this heavenly wind (the Spirit) breathe into him the breath of life and new-create him, than he can stay the winds in their course. No; there must be a pouring out of the Holy Ghost; (Zech. xii. 10;) there must be a convincing of sin, a stripping naked, a being laid low in the dust, a cry of, "Lost! lost! lost! Lord, save, or I perish!" There must be a revealing of the Son before a man will come to him; (Matt. xi. 25—27;) and only those come who have been given. (John vi. 37.) There must be a quickening, (John vi. 63,) and that quickening is from above. (John vi. 65.) Therefore the natural man cannot come; (1 Cor.

ii. 14;) and Christ, upon whom the keys of the kingdom have been hung, in God's eternal purpose, openeth to whom he will. (Rev. *iii.* 7.) Those come to whom God gives a new heart, (Jer. *xxiv.* 7,) and who are drawn; (Jer. *xxxii.* 3;) and those drawn ones are God's people, and he is their God. (Jer. *xxxii.* 38—40.) And when the Lord openeth the heart, or giveth a new heart, it must and will attend to the things which accompany salvation, and cannot and will not before.

Now, my dear Lover of Truth, I have answered the charges; and, since thou lovest the truth, thou wilt love what I have said; for to thee has been revealed the mystery of salvation, and the truths of the everlasting gospel. I speak that which is of heavenly birth, and not the doctrine of devils, as these enemies of my blessed Immanuel affirm; and, depend upon it, God will come forth and cut off all false shepherds and their flocks of goats; for they shall not eat at my Master's table; but the sheep (elect) shall, for they all shall have on the wedding-garment that is given them by Christ, according to eternal agreement between the Father and Christ and the Holy Ghost. It is true, they have tried me by a court of members composed of error and darkness; therefore they shall, all that do not belong to election, have error for food here, since they love to feed on wind, and in the world to come darkness, eternal darkness, because they hated light here. But all sheep who may be seduced by them, these I must bring to their Shepherd; and this is done through the Holy Ghost; and that Spirit shall search them out, and bring them to feed in the green pastures of everlasting love, and lead them beside the still waters of electing predestinating mercy. For not one of these little ones can perish: "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me;" and I have redeemed them; I have ransomed them; and therefore "every one found written in the book shall be delivered."

*(To be continued.)*

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### ARE THESE THE TOILS THY PEOPLE KNOW, WHILE IN THIS WILDERNESS BELOW?

My dear Mary,—I am really ashamed, when I look at the date of your last, to observe how long it has lain by unobserved. I have no apology to make, but barely to say it has not been in my power to write: You are not the only one thus shamefully served; but the few to whom I have been in the habit of writing, once or twice in the course of the year, have not heard from me for a great length of time; and really I have thought it would never be in my power to write to any one again about the best things, and that, however dear I might find them to me, they would all turn their backs upon me, esteem me a very outcast and worse than nothing; for I thought the Lord was making me manifest as an awful hypocrite.

I have very often thought of you and the little few whom I believe I can truly say I sincerely regard for the truth's sake at Cranbrook, and have wished I could write and tell you all; but my letters to you have always been so filled with complaints that I have been ashamed to write, as I have had but little else to offer. I feared I should weary you, and that you would be quite tired of hearing from me so often on the old string. However, I am come to this conclusion this evening, to tell you all the worst as well as the best, if the Lord enables me, in as brief a manner as I possibly can.

I believe, my dear friend, that I have long, too long, been nursing

my unbelief, listening to Satan, and dishonouring the Lord; but my unbelief is so strong and prevalent, and Satan so diligent and subtle, and the old man of sin in allegiance with these, all combine to throw me into such a state of confusion and misery that, times out of number, I have looked back for my former evidences, and they have seemed almost obliterated from my memory, such confusion and distraction has my mind been in; and when called to mind, I have canvassed and picked them all over, with many ifs and buts, and have doubted of them all, so that I could draw no comfort nor sensible consolation from that quarter. I have then looked within, to see if I could trace the least evidence of a child of God there; but O no! Quite the reverse, so bad, so vile, so dark, so confused, so much rebellion, so much fretfulness, and so many murmurings, and, what was infinitely worse, no heart to seek the face of the Lord, no good desires, no submission to the dispensations of the Lord. Fresh contracted guilt has been on my conscience, and the Lord apparently revealed himself to me as an angry God, out of Christ, and in a broken covenant. Satan has catechised me with, "Where is now thy God?" and I answered, from the feelings of my soul, "My hope is perished from the Lord." "Ah!" said he, "thy spots (for I had many) are not the spots of God's elect." Ah! I readily closed in with this, for I verily thought so too; and I answered, "The Lord has shut up his tender bowels of compassion from me; he will be gracious no more. I shall fall by the hands of my enemies." And then he set before me what an awful death I should die, that my children would be brought to poverty and be very outcasts, my husband also, and all this for my sins; and with all this a hot furnace of outward persecution was heated, and I can say, seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated before for me, and I was cast into it, bound hand and foot, and under a dreadful sense of the slavish fear of man; and no common dispensation was it that procured all this to me. I can truly say, for this last year and a half this text has been my own the greater part of the time: "Without were fightings, and within were fears."

I think you will say I have been giving you a long list of blackness indeed, and perhaps wish to know how I got on under all this. Why, Mary G. did not get on at all. Her strength and confidence in herself were all gone; she felt the force of her enemies without and within, but no power to stand against them; she felt her own bondage, misery, shame, and confusion, but no faith to put these to flight. I knew there was a fulness of grace and mercy, and everything a poor sinner needeth, in Christ Jesus, but I had no confidence of my interest in his precious promises, therefore could not plead them. I knew he was able to save to the uttermost, but I doubted his willingness. Amidst all this I was obliged to go to Lewes, and there I heard Mr. Vinall, from these words: "I know thy works. Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."

Eastbourne, Nov. 5th, 1823.

M. GRACE.

## I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDINGS; I WILL LOVE THEM FREELY.

Peace from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied to my dear Fellow-Traveller in the Path of Life (Mary Grace).

I am addressing a letter of inquiry to you, my dear sister, concerning your state, not knowing whether you are still with your harp on the willows, sitting by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping while you remember Zion, while your enemies are exulting over you by requiring of you one of Zion's songs, the sad complaint of your heart being, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me;" or whether the feet of the messengers, shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, have passed over the mountains of your unbelief, and proclaimed unto you, "Thy God reigneth," raising your soul to a joyful hope and patient expectation of again seeing your faithful God in Christ Jesus, and once more tasting the joys of his salvation; or, again, whether this hath actually taken place, your soul, after your long captivity, being restored, and you planted again in your own land. Perhaps you are even now at your Lord's blessed feet, amazed at his condescension, adoring him for his unspeakable mercy, mourning over your past baseness, ingratitude, and perverseness; abhorring your sins and yourself, yet rejoicing that sovereign, electing love hath registered your name in the Lamb's book of life! I am persuaded this will be, if it is not now, your happy state; and while the testimony of the blessed Spirit is felt, you will walk in the light of his comfortable presence, and be able to look back and see how you have been preserved and upheld while walking in darkness and through the shadow of death. You will see your path so narrow that you have been within a hair's breadth of falling into this evil, or stumbling into that error; and though, as Bunyan expressively remarks, you were more subject to fear then, yet have you now a clearer view of the dangers you have passed, and are convinced that nothing less than the arm of Omnipotence could have caused you to hold on your way; and you will offer the sacrifice of praise, as one that is alive from the dead. Should you not yet have been brought to this place, you will possibly ask why I believe you will witness such things. I answer, that it is because of the similarity there is between the travail of your soul and that of my own; and that after your enjoying such peace and consolation, through the precious sin-atonement sacrifice of our great Redeemer, you, like me, have painfully witnessed such a death-like winter of coldness, darkness, hardness of heart, barrenness of soul, unbelief, and slavish fear, with every other evil that assaults the soul, when the Lord is pleased to leave us to let us see and feel what is in us, that I cannot but expect, as you have drunk of the bitter, you will also partake of the sweet; that as you have experienced a winter, you shall also participate in the spring, when "the rain is over and gone, when the flowers appear on the earth, when the time of singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

I have often thought that I should never again rejoice in the hope of the glory of God on this side eternity; that my sins had separated me from the Lord, and had so grieved the Holy Spirit that he would never, till the hour of death, remove the burden of guilt from my conscience, and fill me with joy and peace in believing, but that I should go to the gates of the grave in that miserable state; but the Lord hath restored my backsliding heart, and caused his banished one to return, so that my soul hath magnified the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. These things induce me to believe it will be so with you; but, above all, the absolute promise of our covenant God, that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," forbids me to think that he will forsake the work of his own hands, or leave you till he hath crowned the work begun in your soul with eternal glory:

"The work which his goodness began  
The arm of his strength will complete;  
His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet."

I have heard from Mr. C. that Mr. G. has suffered the loss of those divine communications which he was indulged with for a considerable time after his deliverance, and after many trials and much darkness hath been "holpen with a little help;" being favoured with some sweet visits and tokens for good. I rejoice to hear it. May the Lord enable him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and cause him to know that there hath no temptation happened unto him, but such as is common to the real children of God; that the same afflictions are more or less accomplished in all the brethren, and that his God will with every temptation or trial make a way for his escape. I can truly sympathise with him, for of all characters, I feel the compassion, tenderness, and pity of my soul drawn out towards those who are weaned from the breast and drawn from the milk; who, from the sweetest enjoyment of pardon, peace, love, and communion with their merciful Redeemer, the Bridegroom of their souls, are, in conformity to the Captain of their salvation, led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; for I well remember how amazing and distressing this change was to me, and therefore can form some idea of their fears and apprehensions. I have no doubt you feel the same sympathy, and I apprehend Mr. G. and yourself are more suitable companions now than when he was triumphing in the heights of Zion, and you were crying, "My leanness, my leanness!" God hath now so tempered your spirits that you can walk together as heirs of the grace of life. May you be enabled to hold up his hands, and instrumentally to strengthen his feeble knees, and thus perform the part of a mother in Israel.

I hope soon to be favoured with a letter from you, for though I often feel very unwilling to write, yet I shall not be unwilling to receive. On the contrary, I anxiously expect to hear of your state, as one that looketh for good tidings from a far country. I call this a letter of inquiry, because I am a stranger to your present situation;

for Mr. C. refuses to inform me concerning you until I had written; so you see you are under no obligation to me for this scrawl, as necessity was laid upon me.

I beg you will present my love to all friends at Eastbourne and Pevensey, in which I am joined by my husband.

I remain, in the best of bonds, Yours in the Truth,

Pell Green, Dec. 16th, 1823.

ANN KEMP.

[The above letter was written to the first Mrs. Grace, of Brighton, in reply to one from her given in the preceding page.—ED.]

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## I LOVE THE LORD, BECAUSE HE HATH HEARD MY VOICE AND MY SUPPLICATIONS.

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My dear Brother in Christ,—Our dear Lord knows how desirous I was for you to give me your address and ask me to write, for I had asked it of him in prayer that morning before you left us; but I feel my weakness, not having written half a dozen letters these eight years until the last few months. I long to tell you how good the Lord has been to me, one of the vilest of the vile. Since you baptized me, I think, if I am not deceived, that I have had much of his presence and tasted much of his love, whose love is better than wine. O I do desire to thank, and bless, and praise his holy name for ever bringing you here to speak in his holy name, for it was a feasting time to my soul. I think I shall ever remember hearing you on Thursday evening. I wish I could tell you what I felt, but I cannot; I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. I could have sat till midnight, and was sorry to see you look at your watch. I was so drawn from all worldly things that I did not wish to come down to them again. I was afraid, however, of thinking more of you than I ought, for I knew I had been guilty of that before; for when Mr. T. left us I sank in my feelings, and felt very wretched. I thought all my religion had gone with him, and Satan harassed me sore. He kept telling me that I was deceived, and that I had deceived Mr. T.; and many times I thought of writing to him, for he spoke very encouragingly to me. I was miserable until those words came: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help found;" and these: "I will heal their backslidings, and love them freely."

O how good the Lord is to such a poor, desponding, backsliding creature as I. My joy has been as great since I was baptized as my sorrow before, and the Bible appears quite another book. I see such a beauty in it. The Psalms are *very* precious. Ps. cxvi. is very suitable: "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications."

On Saturday evening I called to see one of the members, and we had a little conversation on better things. I felt it do me good; and coming home, there were so many sweet passages came into my mind that my heart was drawn out in love to the dear Redeemer. I had such a view of him suffering on the cross for me, putting away my sin by the sacrifice of himself that I said, "Why was it so, Lord,



that thou shouldst choose such a wretch as I?" And he said, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." O how my heart burned with love to him, to think that while thousands were left to perish, I was a sinner saved. Yea, I felt that I was. And then Elizabeth's and Mary's song came so sweet, I could say it feelingly from my heart. I saw and felt more beauty in that chapter than I have done out of many a sermon; so you see how good the Lord is to me, for I got nothing on Sunday under Mr. E., but it came on Saturday evening.

My heart's desire is to the Lord that he will keep all those out of the pulpit whom he has not sent, and bring a faithful man that would be instant in season and out of season. I love to sit hearing when it says "Echo" within, when I can have some feeling, but it is not always so; for sometimes I get no benefit, but feel to get hard, and dead, and cold, and I would rather go five miles another way than hear some.

Mr. R. desires to be remembered to you. He said he had a great wish to speak to you on Monday evening after the service, and tell you how you described his ins and outs, and he said I was to tell you that his wife was very fond of those words, "Who can tell?"

And now may the Lord keep you and me nearer to his precious self, who alone is able to keep us from falling. May we be enabled to lean upon him and to rest in him, for there is no rest out of Christ.

This is the earnest prayer of an unworthy worm.

Liverpool, Feb. 21, 1850.

M. C.

## Obituary.

### PHEBE, WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM FERRIS, BAPTIST MINISTER, CLACK, WILTSHIRE.

THE subject of this notice was made to feel her state as a sinner before God when about 18 years of age. Her convictions were so severe that she feared to go to bed, and her father used to sit up with her, trying to console her by reading to her the word of God, and telling her that the Lord saved sinners.

She subsequently became a close searcher into the truths of the gospel, and saw clearly the blessed doctrines of grace, in due time receiving drops and sips from the ocean of eternal love sufficient to constrain her heart to assemble with the people of God at all opportunities, which she esteemed a great privilege up to the time of her death. The ordinance of believers' baptism was laid upon her mind; but fear and timidity kept her from attending to it while exercised about it; but she told the Lord that she would run in the way of his commandments when he had enlarged her heart.

Soon after this, the Lord was pleased in love and faithfulness to afflict her, so that she had great soul distress, so great that she said, "I shall be damned!" But God saves wretched sinners in such a way as to make them know that they are saved by grace; for he

now most sweetly delivered her soul, shone upon her, and made her face to shine. Indeed, to use her own language, "The promises came in showers." She experienced a full deliverance, when about 25 years of age, under a sermon by Mr. Kilson, from Deut. xxxiii. 27: "The eternal God is thy refuge." The blessed Remembrancer reminded her of her vow to the Lord, as above, and the Lord's people, too, who heard her speak of it at the time, also reminded her. She accordingly went forth to declare to the world her love for Jesus.

After this, she was again afflicted, and prevented attending the means of God's house; but the Lord sweetly indulged her at home, especially in reading the "Gospel Standard" and Mr. Philpot's sermons, one especially, entitled "Winter afore Harvest." She often spoke of it, it was so blessed to her soul. Again the Lord afflicted her with a disease that never left her till death put an end to her sufferings. A cancer formed in her breast, which, with other diseases, made her sufferings very great. Doctors were applied to and means used for the removal of it, but everything failed. A few extracts from her letters may be of service to some of the Lord's dear family. In May, 1857, she writes thus:

"I find continually my need of him who, I trust, has upheld me till now. I feel I have no helper but God. There is no one can help me out of the trials which befall me. I have earnest groanings and pantings after him that is able to hold me up in every affliction that awaits me. O that I could trust him more and more, and cast my every care upon him; but, alas! I feel so weak I am obliged to beg and struggle with God to take my burden, myself, and all, and hush me into a calm, which is such a desirable frame to be in."

June, 1858, she writes:

"I feel very low in mind and weak in body. I should be pleased, were it the Lord's will, to enjoy better health, but especially to be feeding on the bread of life, which is so strengthening to the weary soul. I hope I have found it in times past, and I have a 'Who can tell?' springing up that I shall again. Therefore may I wait the Lord's pleasure. 'Though he tarry, wait,' is the admonition. One ray of light is worth waiting a whole lifetime for, because its worth is unspeakable, and it is given freely to the poor and needy. I feel just that poor and needy person, very poor, and altogether destitute of what I wish to have. I would be holy as God is holy, and adorn the doctrine of the meek and lowly Jesus in all I say and do. I would also speak well of his name, because he intercedes for unworthy me, at least I hope so, or he would not so many times have spoken peace to my troubled breast; and his peace is not the peace of this world. I must say that God is worth trusting, having found him a prayer-hearing and answering God in the greatest trials. I have always found him present in trouble, and I trust he will yet be gracious and merciful."

Dec. 15th:

"I find it is not in my power to do anything. Unless the Lord makes it known, I cannot tell of his goodness and tender mercies towards me. I certainly wish to extol him for giving me strength of body and mind more than I expected. I still feel I am a poor, destitute, helpless creature; but I have a hope that I have strength and every needful blessing treasured up in Jesus, who has at times enabled me to rejoice in him as my salvation, and given me a firm persuasion that I shall one day be with him. Then I shall not miss husband or children, but be swallowed up in the love of him who has redeemed me and clothed me with his righteousness, that I should not be found wanting in that day when he will number up his jewels. I must confess I do not feel worthy of the honour the Lord confers upon his people, and yet no-

thing short of the knowledge of it applied to my soul will give me real satisfaction."

Nov. 1st, 1860, (to her husband):

"I hope you will be helped on Sunday, and all through your engagements. We feel at times to want more than help. It is like one that not only needs leading and guiding, but we are so weak and helpless that, unless the Lord does *all* for us, we cannot lift ourselves up in the least degree. I suppose you feel fettered, as Sunday is so near. Perhaps when it comes it will be sweet and pleasant to speak of the mercies of the Lord and his loving-kindness to his people. May you feel joyful in him, and be enabled to extol his great name, so that both speaker and hearers may rejoice together."

Oct. 15th, 1861:

"O that I could more and more extol his great name, that has done such great things for us! He is continually making us see that his name is faithful, that his arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear; for he has heard and answered, and we have proved it; therefore let us tell it to others, for their encouragement and the honour of his name; for is he not a God worthy of praises and adoration from every member of his living family, let them be ever so poor and unworthy in their own feelings? It is my daily grief that I so much dishonour him by doubting his love and mercy to me, the least of the least. I often think there cannot be one so little as myself, but just now I cannot think I am not one that shall reign with him in glory above, when this mortal shall have put on immortality. I feel it a solemn thought to think I must one day give up the ghost."

Oct. 18th, 1861:

"By close examination we find the root of the matter is implanted, which makes all right; and by the implantation of grace we find out our own wrongs, such as the natural man cannot conceive, neither can he know them, unless enlightened by the Spirit. Although we are often cutting ourselves off, and fearing we are not taught aright, we cannot say we are strangers to the things of the Lord; but we lack power to exalt the Lord in us. We can do so in others, and point out their feelings by our own, and yet fear we are not right. O how frail we are, and full of confusion! . . . . I wish to see the Lord's hand in everything, and I wish to give him the whole glory for both his temporal and spiritual mercies; but I so often feel I dare not claim his kind and watchful care through my own deathly feelings."

April 18th, 1862:

"I am so depressed I can hardly bear my feelings. It seems as though I should never know another happy hour. I cannot feel at home here. Do beg of the Lord to give me resignation to this trying dispensation, as it is so to me. I cannot feel reconciled to it. If it were the Lord's will, he could make me comfortable in so small a place; but it seems to be a rod for me, and I fear the Lord will leave me to it, so that I shall evermore be miserable until my end. I cannot help myself out of it any more than I can create health of body. My breast is much as it has been."

This dark cloud passed away; and on Sept. 19th, 1862, being the last letter she ever wrote, she says:

"The Lord's ways are not our ways. I am rather better in some respects, but to-day my breast is more painful; likewise my back is very bad; but the Lord has been good in giving me pretty comfortable nights lately, not overburdened with pain. I hope, if it be his will, he will continue the favour, though I so fear it may come on worse. I do not feel cast down, as has been the case. I hope the Lord has showed me that, although my path is a very trying one, it is a right one, and will end in everlasting life. That "everlasting life" was once very sweet to me, and I hope it holds good now to me, a poor creature, while on earth. I mostly have little else but doubts and fears concerning my title to that happy place. Still, when by faith I can realise

my inheritance, it is very great; but what must it be to be in the enjoyment of it? We cannot know while we have this clog of mortality; therefore we must die to know what is prepared for them that love him. About five months ago, I thought I should never know another happy hour; but that cloud has passed away, and many more clouds, and the time is approaching when there will be no more clouds to darken my mind, when all will be joy and peace. There will be no night there. O for more and continual faith to trust him, till it shall be his pleasure to call me home. I must now leave off, as the position I am in (writing in bed) gives me much pain."

She sank often in doubts and fears, but the Lord always proved to be her strength and present help in trouble, blessing her with many sweet tokens of his love, by applying his word to her heart. Her afflictions of body and family trials often made her exclaim, "O what should I do, had I not a God to go to in these trying dispensations!"

She was confined to her bed the last nine months of her life, at which time the Lord dealt very graciously with her. That which she feared all her days, namely, the hour of death, was now taken away, so that she could look forward to it without dismay. Her other breast now became affected, and her pain and sufferings were intense. The pain from both breasts, mingled with pains from other diseases, made it almost more than she could bear, so that she often greatly feared she should be left to rebel against God; but joys, blessings, and manifestations of Christ to her soul often lifted her above the pains, and kept under the rebellious feelings. As her sufferings became greater and greater, so also did her patience become greater and greater; so that it was a pleasure to attend on her. She was now kept continually above doubts and fears, often requesting her attendants to read to her some hymn; but she would not have the gloomy ones read, for she said, "I am above them now;" and the Lord kept bringing some precious word with comfort and consolation to her heart, mercifully sustaining her until her happy soul left her frail, weakened body, to be for ever with her God, April 26th, 1863, aged 55.

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." Poor, doubting child of grace, "at evening time it shall be light."

J. D.

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EVERY one takes care of his own; the silly hen, how doth she bustle and bestir herself to gather her brood under her wing when the kite appears! No care like that which nature teacheth. How much more will God, who is the Father of such dispositions in his creatures, stir up his whole strength to defend his children! "He said, They are my people; so he became their Saviour." (Isa. lxxiii. 8.) As if God had said, Shall I sit still with my hand in my bosom, while my own people are thus misused before my face? I cannot bear it. The mother, as she sits in her house, hears one shriek, and knows the voice, cries out, "O, it is my child!" Away she throws all, and runs to him. Thus God takes the alarm of his children's cry: "I have heard Ephraim bemoaning himself," saith the Lord. His cry pierced his ear, and his ear affected his bowels, and his bowels called up his power to the rescue of him.—*Gurnall*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Continued from p. 228.)

IN our July No. we attempted to unfold, from the word of God, the glorious truth of the *Personality* of the Holy Ghost, and intimated, at the conclusion of that Paper, our hope and intention to pursue the same subject in a subsequent Article. This promise we shall now, therefore, with God's help and blessing, attempt to redeem.

Ever since we have been led into the truth as it is in Jesus, and more especially since we have been called to speak and write somewhat largely in his blessed name, we have seen and felt the necessity of three things to make us able ministers of the New Testament; 1. A spiritual understanding of the things of the Spirit of God; (1 Cor. ii. 10-16; Eph. i. 17, 18;) 2. A gracious experience of their power; (1 Cor. ii. 4, 5; iv. 20;) 3. A door of utterance to open our mouths boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel. (Col. iv. 3; Eph. vi. 19.) Without divine teaching and the wisdom which cometh from above, no man can clearly "show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth;" (2 Tim. ii. 15;) nor can he "take forth the precious from the vile," and so be as God's mouth. (Jer. xv. 19.) But in no instance and for no work is this spiritual knowledge, this gracious experience, and this heavenly gift of utterance more needed than when the servants of God have to handle and unfold such deep and mysterious truths as the blessed Trinity, the Sonship of Christ, the Person and work of the Holy Ghost,—subjects so important, and yet so profound, that one wrong word or one confused expression may open a door for error, wound or perplex the children of God, strengthen the hands of the enemies of truth, and lay a train for the temptations of Satan. We need, therefore, the prayers of the children of God before whom our Papers on these deep and mysterious subjects come, that we may be led into all truth; and kept from all error, and be specially favoured with that "anointing which teacheth of all things, and is truth, and is no lie." (1 John ii. 27.) Thus to be blessed and favoured has been and is our earnest desire; and not only so, but in laying what we hope the Lord has taught us of his precious truth before the church of God, we have sought, with the Preacher, "to find out acceptable words, that what is written might be upright, even words of truth." (Eccles. xii. 10.) And as many are watching for our halting, who would gladly seize upon some expression from our pen to make us an offender for a word, we have endeavoured at the same time to use "sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil to say of us." (Titus ii. 8.) However, then, we may have failed, our aim and study have been, on the one hand, to write acceptably to the saints of God, and on the other, to leave no room for any, whether friend or foe, to take any just exception to our language, either on the ground of obscurity of thought or error of expression.\*

\* Exception, we understand, has been taken to our using the word "Agent" in reference to the Holy Ghost, as if the expression necessarily implied sub-

We intimated in our July No. that we had not exhausted our scriptural arguments in proof of the *Personality* of the Holy Ghost. And amongst other convincing scriptural testimonies to prove that the blessed Spirit is not an emanation, a breath, an influence, or an operation, but a divine *Person* in the Godhead, we adduced a variety of *personal* actions, such as sealing, witnessing, &c., which none but a Person, a real living Person, could perform.

7. Under this class, then, of proof we may range another scriptural testimony—that he can be *grieved*: “And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” (Eph. iv. 30.) Can we grieve a breath, an influence, an emanation? Have these passing things a heart to grieve? An unkind husband grieves a loving wife; an undutiful son grieves a fond parent; an untoward member of a church grieves a faithful pastor. In these too frequent cases, it is not the love that is grieved, but the loving person by whom the affection is so deeply felt, and out of whose heart the wounded love so tenderly flows. So when we are bidden not to grieve the Holy Spirit, it is He as a *Person* in the Godhead whom we are not to grieve. There is no personal feeling, no tender heart, no holy jealousy, no bowels of compassion in a breath, an influence, a passing operation. We might as well say that we grieve the air when we shut it out of our houses, or grieve the rain when we keep it from falling on our bodies, or grieve the fire when we leave its warmth, as that we grieve the Spirit by neglecting his admonitions, if he be only a fleeting breath, a descending influence, or a warm emanation. But when we view him as a distinct *Person* in the Godhead, and possessing in himself as such, independent of all covenant relationships, all the goodness, all the love, all the mercy, pity, and compassion of God, this act of faith upon him as a divine Person gives us a special feeling towards him which we could not have to a breath or an emanation, and makes us fear to grieve him.

ordination or inferiority. In a note in our May No. (page 158) we expressly guarded against any such ungrounded exception by explaining the meaning of the word “Agent” as “one who acts.” We repeat it, therefore, again, that the word “Agent” literally and truly means “one who acts,” and therefore necessarily implies a *person*, for a *thing* cannot act. It is a slight variation of the participle of the Latin word “*ago*,” “I act;” “*agens*,” “acting;” like our “do,” “doing;” “I do,” or “I am doing;” “I act,” or “I am acting.” “Why do you act so?” “Why are you acting so?” Where is the difference? If there be any, it requires a microscope to find it out. Even the word agent, as applied to an Irish agent, has the meaning of acting and personal acting too. He is the man who acts. It is not his writs, nor his levies, nor his law papers, nor his leases and contracts which act. *He* acts, and is therefore an agent. His noble employer does not act. He lives probably at Paris, or in London, and knows nothing of his Irish estates, except to get all the rent he can from them. His agent does the work, and it is because he so acts that he is called an agent. That he acts for a landlord, a superior in rank, and therefore occupies a subordinate position, is a mere accidental circumstance, and has nothing whatever to do with the true and real meaning of the word. Let us have, then, no more of this cavilling about the word “Agent.” An Agent is a person, not a breath or an emanation; and in the case of the Holy Spirit a divine Person in the Trinity, and therefore co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Son, for in Godhead there can be neither superiority nor inferiority, supremacy or subordination.

The love of a fond wife is dear to an affectionate husband. But the love is not the wife; and to grieve the love is a distinct thing from grieving the loving woman. The *woman* feels. *She* is "grieved in spirit;" (Isa. liv. 6;) but her love cannot feel as distinct from herself. If "a wife of youth" and "forsaken," (Isa. liv. 6,) according to the Lord's own figure, it is *she*, the feeling, living, loving woman who is grieved. Her tears, her sighs, her midnight weeping, her noon-day sobbing, are but marks and signs of her inward grief. The whole woman feels, and feels as a woman. Now apply this argument to grieving the Spirit, and see how it bears on his divine personality. To grieve him is to grieve a *Person*, not an influence, or an operation, or some emanation from God.

But, perhaps, if you are a caviller, you will say, "Can God be grieved? How carnal is your figure about a woman being grieved by an unkind or unfaithful husband, as if God could feel grief, as you represent this mourning wife to feel! Would not grief imply some imperfection in the Almighty, and represent him as subject to feelings and passions just as we are?" As to our figure, let it be only what we intend—a figure. We certainly do not mean to convey by it that the blessed Spirit is grieved just as a poor, sinful, mortal woman is grieved. But as the Scripture bids us not to grieve the Holy Spirit, we believe, from God's own unerring word, that he can be grieved. We cannot explain *how*. All we contend for is that He can be grieved, and that this feeling ascribed to him proves that he is a *Person*, not a thing—not an influence, or an emanation. But if you ask the question, as if the very inquiry implied the negative, "Can God grieve?" we reply, "Can God *love*?" This none can deny, with the Bible open on the table. But is not love a feeling? Can God be *angry*? Yes, for he is "angry with the wicked every day," (Ps. vii. 11;) and the church says, "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." (Isa. xii. 1.) And thou, O caviller, who art barking at God's truth, and denying that he can be grieved because Deity, thou sayest, cannot feel, may one day find, to thy eternal dismay, that the feeling, or passion, if thou likest so to call it, of anger against his rebellious foes, as well as of grief towards his disobedient children, may dwell in the bosom of God. And can he not be "*jealous*," for is he not "a jealous God?" (Exod. xx. 5;) and if a jealous God, does not the feeling of jealousy dwell in his bosom? In the same way, then, and judging from the light of the same testimony, the Holy Spirit, as God, can be grieved. We cannot, indeed, explain how these feelings of love, anger, jealousy, grief, &c., exist in the bosom of God, or how fully to reconcile them with his immutability. But this God of feelings is the God of the Bible; not a god of the ancient Epicureans or Stoics, (Acts xvii. 18,) above, and therefore without all feeling; nor a Hindoo deity, some Indra or Seeva sitting impassive on Mount Meru's snowy height.\* The God of the Bible

\* Mount Meru is an icy mountain top in the Himalayah range, whence the Ganges springs, and in the Hindoo mythology, the paradise of their gods. The Ganges, according to the poetic Hindoo mythology, sprang from the

loves and hates; (Mal. i. 2, 3; Rom. ix. 13;) pities and repents; (Ps. ciii. 13; Exod. xxxii. 14; 1 Sam. xv. 11;) is jealous and revengeth; (Nahum i. 2;) is grieved and provoked; (Ps. lxxviii. 40;) is turned to be his people's enemy, and fights against them; and yet in all their affliction he is afflicted. (Isa. lxiii. 9, 10.) This is Bible language; and therefore "sound speech that cannot be condemned;" yes, sound divinity, gracious theology; for in so speaking, we speak "as the oracles of God," and "in doctrine show uncorruptness." (Titus iii. 7, 8; 1 Pet. iv. 11.) But if we reject the testimony which God has thus given of himself as possessing certain feelings, either because we cannot comprehend so deep a mystery or cannot reconcile it with our preconceived notions that such, as we think, human feelings must necessarily clash with the perfection and immutability of the Divine nature, what must be the certain result? To set up a god of our own conception or imagination, modelled and framed according to a scheme of our own mind, as distinct from the God of the Bible. But you will perhaps still urge, "Do not the feelings which you ascribe to God of repenting, being grieved, &c., lower our ideas of his infinite perfection? Do they not represent him as a mutable, changeable being?" "Which you ascribe," do you say? We do not ascribe; it is the Bible which describes. We follow the Bible, and use Bible words. It is not our ascription, but the Bible's description. Doth this offend you? But, perhaps, you are muddling your mind by confounding the pure feelings of the infinitely holy God with the impure feelings of poor, fallen man. Separate all idea of infirmity from God's love, pity, grief, &c., and you will see how you have, unconsciously perhaps, been mingling natural conceptions with spiritual apprehensions.

But to pursue the subject for a moment further. What sort of God would that be who felt neither love nor mercy; was never pleased, and never vexed; whom nothing could provoke to anger, not even the most daring blasphemies; and nothing move to pity, not even the most dreadful sufferings or the deepest afflictions of his own children? Such a God as this might be a stone god or a wooden god; but be he who or what he might, he would not be the God of the Bible, the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ; for a God without feeling would be a God without love; and this most certainly would not be the God who "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.) This is, indeed, rather a digression from our subject; but it may help, with God's

sweat that started from Seeva's forehead, when the goddess Parvati put her hand on his eyes on the top of Mount Meru:

"A moment and the dread eclipse was ended;  
 But, at the thought of nature thus suspended,  
 The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,  
 The Ganges thence upon the world descended,  
 The holy river, the redeeming flood.  
 None hath seen its secret fountain;  
 But on the top of Meru mountain,  
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
 In light and clouds it hath its mortal birth."—SOUTHEY.



blessing, to relieve the mind of some who have puzzled themselves over the problem, how the Holy Spirit can be grieved or vexed.

8. But the Holy Ghost is said in Scripture to be *resisted*; and this implies also that he is a *Person*, and not a mere *influence*. Let us endeavour to open this point a little more fully. The martyr Stephen charged this sin of resisting the Holy Ghost upon the members of the Jewish council: "Ye stiffnecked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye." (Acts vii. 51.) This then is our argument, that if they and their fathers resisted the Holy Ghost, they must have resisted him as a Person in the Godhead, and not as an influence. Let us work this question out. If we say then that the Holy Spirit is but an influence which God puts forth, and is not an actual living Person, what must be the necessary consequence, if he can be effectually resisted? for the council most certainly effectually resisted him when they gnashed upon Stephen with their teeth, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him. That divine influences may be effectually resisted. But what is this necessary conclusion? Arminianism to the very height! for it would prove that spiritual influences can be effectually resisted,\* which is thorough Arminian doctrine. But now view the Holy Ghost as a Person, and then you will see in a moment that men may and do resist a Person, who could not resist an influence. A figure perhaps may make this point somewhat clearer. A mob collects together for some political object. The people become excited by some mob orator, and matters wear an aspect threatening to the public peace. The magistrate appears and begs the people to disperse. They resist. But what do they resist? The magistrate or his influence? The magistrate surely—the *person* of the magistrate, not his *influence* over their minds; for if his influence prevailed over their minds, they would obey him and disperse. We do not say that, in natural things, an influence may not be effectually resisted, as in the figure there may be an effectual resistance in the minds of the people to the natural influence of the magistrate; but not so in divine. But now suppose the mob becomes riotous, and blood is shed; and suppose that the rioters are afterwards tried in a court of justice for not immediately dispersing after the Riot Act was read. *Why* are they punished, if found guilty? For resisting the *influence* of the magistrate, or for resisting the *person* of the magistrate? The law knows nothing of the magistrate's influence, but a great deal of the magistrate's person. The magistrate might not appear on the scene at all, and yet, from the general weight of his character, might exert an influence at a

\* The carnal mind, as being enmity against God, always resists the Spirit; and therefore in that sense he may be resisted in his influences; but as He always overcomes this resistance in God's people by giving them a new heart and a new spirit, he is never, in the case of a child of God, effectually resisted. Toplady, therefore, if we mistake not, and other good men as well as sound divines have objected to the use of the expression "irresistible" influences of the blessed Spirit, and have preferred the term "invincible," on this simple ground, that his influences may be resisted, though not effectually; and are therefore rather "invincible" than "irresistible."

distance, or from being thought to be near at hand. But the law knows nothing of such an unseen influence. It looks to the *person* of the magistrate, and to the authority which he, as a state person, exerts and administers. Now apply this figure to resisting the Holy Ghost, and see how he is resisted as a Person, and not as an influence. How did the Jewish council resist the Holy Ghost? In a similar way as that whereby a riotous mob resists a magistrate. They resisted his Person. But how could they resist his Person? They did not see him as a Person, they did not know him as a Person. No; but they resisted him in his word, his testimony, his authority. But how could they do that? By disbelieving, disobeying, spurning his authority, and opposing his testimony; especially as speaking first in the prophets, and then in the words and miracles of the blessed Lord, whom they had just crucified. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." (Acts vii. 52.) It was not then the secret and sacred influence of the blessed Spirit upon their hearts which they resisted, for that neither did He put forth, nor did they feel, but it was his *Person* and authority as testifying to the Son of God by the prophets, and by the miracles, death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord. (Acts v. 30-32; Rom. i. 4.) Thus to resist, and that effectually, the Holy Ghost in his Person and his testimony, was their sin, their condemnation, and their ruin.

9. But as a further argument under the same class of proof—*personal* actions, the Holy Ghost is said also to *have a temple in which he dwells*. "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) Now compare with this passage another testimony of the blessed Spirit: "And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." (2 Cor. vi. 16.) In one testimony, the body of the believer is called "the temple of the Holy Ghost;" in the other, the believer is said to be "the temple of the living God." But it may be said that this may only mean an influence of God, called the Holy Ghost. We have nothing to do with what a text *may* mean; what we have to do with is what a text *does* mean and *must* mean. Does not a temple imply a habitation of and for God? There may be an influence, and a divine influence too, felt in a temple, as David saw and felt the power and glory of God in the sanctuary. But the temple was not built for the *influence* to inhabit, but for the *Person* of Him from whom the influence comes. What saw Isaiah in the temple? The LORD, or his influence? "In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." (Isa. vi. 1.) It was the Lord whom he saw, and the influence that he felt. "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the

King, the LORD of hosts." (Isa. vi. 5.) And how prayed Solomon at the dedication of the temple? "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have built!" "Now therefore arise, O LORD God, into thy resting place, thou, and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests, O LORD God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness." (2 Chron. vi. 18, 41.) A temple, all must admit, is the house of God. "But Solomon built him a house." (Acts vii. 47.) But who ever built a house for an influence, or a breath, a virtue, an emanation, or an operation? A house is built for a person or persons to inhabit. So a temple presumes the habitation of God, and of God there in Person. God is worshipped in his temple only as dwelling there. "The Lord is in his holy temple." (Ps. xi. 4; Hab. ii. 20.) This made Moses say, "He is my God, and I will prepare him a habitation." (Exod. xv. 2.) And David, "I will worship toward thy holy temple." (Ps. cxxxviii. 2.) "Worship God," said the angel to John. (Rev. xix. 10.) But you cannot and must not worship an influence. You may and should worship the Holy Ghost as a Person in the Godhead; but if he were only an influence, such worship would be idolatry. In fact, the root of idolatry was the worship of God's perfections and attributes, under outward and visible representations, instead of worshipping God himself, "in spirit and in truth." Take away, then, the Person of the Holy Ghost, and reduce his divine personality to an influence, or an emanation from God and nothing more, and he has neither temple nor worship, cannot be served without disobedience, or adored without idolatry.

10. One argument more under nearly the same class of proof will bring to a conclusion this part of our subject. The *sin against the Holy Ghost* is the clearest possible testimony that he is a divine *Person*. As all language is necessarily imperfect, and often assumes the character of metaphor and figure, we speak sometimes figuratively of sinning against conviction, or of sinning against light and love, &c. It might, therefore, be argued from such and similar expressions, that the sin against the Holy Ghost does not necessarily imply that he is a Person, as we may sin against an influence, as well as against a Person. But if we once begin to press figurative expressions into our service to overthrow by them grand scriptural truths, we may soon make the whole Bible a figure, and push the God of the Bible out of his own book, as those have done who explain the creation and fall of man, as revealed in the book of Genesis, to be a figurative representation, and that the whole is—a myth. Casting aside, then, the figurative meaning of sinning against a thing, and taking the expression in the full strength of its real signification, sin to be sin must be committed against a Person, and that Person, God. If there were no God, there could be no sin; and if that God had not spoken to the sons of men, and given a law from his own mouth, there could have been no sin; for sin is the transgression of the law,\*

\* It should have been rendered "transgression of law," not "*the law*," or rather "iniquity," for there is no mention of, or allusion to, the law of Moses in

(1 John iii. 4,) whether of the law of Moses, or the law of Christ. All will admit that sin is against God, and against God as a Person: "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." (Ps. li. 4.) When, then, we speak of sinning against light or love, we do not mean that we sin against light that is able to punish, or against love that is able to destroy; but against him who is both light and love. Look into your own conscience when guilt lies hard and heavy upon it, and you will both see and feel that *this* is the load, *this* the pang, that you have sinned *against God*—not against an *influence*, but against the very *Person* of the Almighty. The sin, then, against the Holy Ghost must be against the Person of the Holy Ghost. But assume for a moment that the blessed Spirit is not a Person in the Godhead, but a transient influence put forth by God, then which must be the greater sin,—to sin against God's influence, or to sin against God himself? You must allow that God is greater than his influence; as the Son of God was certainly greater than the virtue which went out of him and healed the diseased woman. But why should the sin against the Holy Ghost be greater than the sin against God, if the Holy Ghost be only an influence or an emanation from God? And we know that it is greater, nay, the greatest of all sins and absolutely unpardonable; for the Lord himself declares: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." According to the Lord's own testimony, then, "All *manner* of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men;" and, therefore, blasphemy against God; but to blaspheme the Person of God must be a greater sin than to blaspheme the influence of God, if the Holy Spirit be only an influence from God. The very greatness of the sin, therefore, establishes the greatness as well as proves the reality of his Person.

Such are a few of the Scriptural arguments whereby we establish the heavenly doctrine of the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost. But however strong these arguments are, we may observe that the

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the original. The whole verse might be, and indeed should have been rendered thus: "Every one who committeth sin committeth also iniquity; for sin is iniquity," or lawlessness"—a breach of law. The same word occurs, 1 Cor. ix. 21, and is thus rendered in our admirable translation: "To them that are without law, as without law, (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without law." But here again, our translators have rather missed the apostle's meaning by using the words, "but under *the* law to Christ." It should be "under law" (or "in law," without the article) "to Christ;" that is, though to them that are without law (*i.e.* the Gentiles) I became as without law, still I was not a lawless one—an iniquitous wretch who throws all law aside. No; I was under law (or "in law," in the very heart and arms of law,) "the law of liberty" and love, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," "to Christ," as living under the constraining influence of his love. Thus, this passage, (1 Cor. ix. 21,) which has been so often brought forward to prove that believers are under the law as a rule proves the exact contrary, and establishes that though they are not under *the* law, they are not without law—the perfect law of liberty and love. John's testimony which we have already quoted (1 John iii. 4) is exactly to the same purport.

weight of their testimony is due not only to their quality, but to their quantity. There is in them what is sometimes called "cumulative evidence;" that is, they form collectively a mass of evidence heaped together, and all bearing on one point. It is not, therefore, upon one or two isolated texts, (though one "Thus saith the LORD" would be sufficient,) that we rest our faith in the Deity and Personality of the blessed Spirit, but on a vast number and variety of testimonies from different quarters, all converging to one point. This is the special privilege, and this the distinguishing beauty and glory of truth that, as in a good cause in a court of law every successive witness confirms the testimony of the preceding, so the more that the evidence for the grand distinguishing doctrines of revelation is examined, the closer the inquiry, the more searching the interrogatory, the more clearly it shines, and the more strongly and firmly it is established. So it is with the Deity and Sonship of our blessed Lord; so it is with the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost. Witnesses without number lift up their voice in the fullest unison, and the sweetest harmony, and their united anthem is, "Glory to thee, O God the Father; glory to thee, O God the Son; and glory to thee, O God the Holy Ghost."

11. But to the believing child of God, who has felt any measure of the light, life, and power of the blessed Spirit in his heart, there is a proof more convincing and more confirming than even these solid Scripture testimonies, with all the weight of their united cumulative evidence,—*the communion* which he has felt with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; for as "grace" is the especial gift of the Lord Jesus Christ, and "love" the especial gift of God, so "communion" is the especial gift of the Holy Ghost. We need not quote our proof. The well-known text, 2 Cor. xiii. 14, will recur immediately to the mind. But "communion," or "fellowship," for the meaning of the two words is just the same, as the expression in the original is identical, must be with a Person. We cannot commune with an influence, a breath, or an emanation. David, indeed, says: "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still;" (Ps. iv. 4;) but this is only because he figuratively personifies the heart, that is, represents and treats it as a person, who can speak and be spoken unto, as in the words: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." But laying aside all mere figurative language, communion, real communion, can only be with a *Person*, for it necessarily implies two parties, one who speaks and another who answers. Surely, when the apostle says, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ," (1 John i. 3,) it must be admitted that the Father and the Son are Persons, not names or influences, and that this fellowship implies mutual converse. If, then, there be fellowship with the Father as a Person, and fellowship with his Son Jesus Christ as a Person, there will be fellowship with the Holy Ghost as a Person. But communion or fellowship implies, as we have already shown, mutual intercourse, converse, delight.

“ With him sweet converse I maintain ;  
 Great as he is, I dare be free.  
 I tell him all my grief and pain ;  
 And he reveals his heart to me.”

As, then, the blessed Spirit, as a divine Person in the Godhead, bends down, so to speak, over the soul to teach, to comfort, to soften, to sanctify it, and the soul looks up to him with adoring reverence, living faith, and tender love, receiving what he communicates, believing what he reveals, and feeling what he inspires, *there* there is the fullest evidence which can be afforded in this time state of his Deity and distinct Personality. Can we have faith but *in* a Person? We may believe an influence, but we cannot believe *in* an influence. The two things are quite distinct. We may believe the wind, that is, believe there is such a thing as wind, for we feel it blow on our faces; but we do not believe *in* the wind, as if it were a Person who sent itself, and, so to speak, blew itself. So we believe the influence of the blessed Spirit from feeling it; but we do not believe *in* the influence, as if it were a Person, and possessed a personal existence. But we do believe *in* the Holy Ghost, for faith confides in him as a Person in the Godhead; and by this faith only have we any communion with him. An influence is felt and gone; but a person abides and remains. So it is with *hope*. You cannot hope in an influence, though you can hope in Him who sends and gives the influence. Do we hope in the rain, or in Him who sends the rain? If we hoped in the rain, the hope would fail when the rain failed—the very time when the hope was most wanted. But if we hope in Him who sends the rain, the hope will abide, whether the rain fall or fail. So with *love*. We cannot love an influence, though we may love to feel the influence. But we love the Person of the Holy Ghost, who communicates the influence. That there is “the love of the Spirit,” the Scripture plainly declares: “I beseech you, for the love of the Spirit.” (Rom. xv. 30.) Now, whether we understand by “the love of the Spirit” his love to us, or our love to him, either interpretation will prove his Personality. If the Spirit love us, he must love us as a Person, for an influence or an emanation cannot love; and if we love him, we must love him as a Person, not as an influence. Do we not love God as a Person, and love his dear Son as a Person? Then must we not love the blessed Spirit as a Person? A spiritual influence is a blessed thing, and though not precisely a scriptural word, it has a scriptural meaning; for the word “influence” properly means “an inflowing;” and thus corresponds to the expression “shed abroad,” (Rom. v. 5,) and “poured out,” (Isa. xlv. 3.) But we cannot worship an influence as we worship God; and therefore those who deny the Personality of the Holy Ghost cannot and do not pray to him, and censure those who do. Such can never say or sing the sweet words:

“ Blest Spirit of truth, eternal God,” &c.

But this the believer can do with all his heart, and with the full testimony of an approving conscience. He can and does adore the

Spirit, worship the Spirit, pray to the Spirit; and as he feels his sacred operations and heavenly influences descending on his breast, he can and does have communion with the Spirit as a divine and distinct Person in the ever-blessed Trinity.

O, ye erroneous men, who deny this grand and glorious truth of the Deity and Personality of the blessed Spirit, how ye sin against God! how ye sin against your own souls! What will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from afar? Who will teach you, who will comfort you, who will support you on the bed of death? Not the influence, when you deny the Person of him who sends the influence. But the believer has both—both the Person and the influence; the Holy Ghost and his operations; the blessed Spirit and his communications; the Comforter and his consolations; the Teacher and his instructions; the Testifier and his testimonies; the Interceder and his intercessions; the Advocate and his pleadings; the Spirit of truth and his leadings; the divine Sealer and his heavenly sealings. By his gifts he knows the Giver; by his graces he loves their Author; and by his fellowship he has union and communion with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three distinct Persons in One glorious undivided Godhead.

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“AS COLD WATER TO A THIRSTY SOUL, SO IS GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.”—PROV. XXV. 25.

WHEN the poor frame, with heat oppress'd,  
Is parch'd, and nature sinks with pain,  
How sweet to cool the fev'rish breast,  
Allay the thirst, and strength regain.  
The fountain's limpid stream revives,  
Its generous influence pleasure gives,  
The faint and weary it relieves.

But far more welcome to the soul,  
(Cast down with fear, and doubt, and dread;  
When swelling waves of trouble roll,  
And hope and joy alike are dead,)  
Is the glad news the Spirit gives,  
Of God's salvation, love, and peace,  
And soul-reviving streams of grace.

The world can ne'er divine the bliss  
That floods the contrite, pardon'd soul;  
When faith is given to feel the peace,  
And grace assumes supreme control.  
This open fountain ever flows,  
And diminution never knows.  
The needy drink and drown their woes.

T. A. D.

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VERY sure I am, that if my church were to be sifted, and He whose eyes are as a flame of fire were to come in our midst, to separate the precious from the vile, there would be more than I can calculate like those of whom Jesus spake: “From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.”—*Dr. Hawker.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1863.

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

## A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809.)

(Continued from page 267.)

Yet Satan prevailed and got ground upon me daily. He still followed me with his terrifying fiery darts without intermission; but whatever I did, read, heard, thought, spoke, touched, or looked upon, was presently wrested and empoisoned with blasphemous temptations. If I heard but the least noise, or any one talking, I was forced to stop my ears, or presently some blasphemous thought would dart into my mind and wound my soul; but they rushed upon me with the most urgent and dreadful impetuosity when I was engaged in duty, prayer, reading, especially, and the reason thereof I have sometimes thought was because Satan apprehended that to be the most likely means to extricate me out of my entanglements. Hearing the word, singing of psalms, (that noble employment!) and meditation—when I was engaged in these spiritual and divine exercises, as in one or other I was always, the blasphemous ideas and vile fictions about the most holy, for ever blessed and adored Trinity would strangely possess my mind and distract my thoughts.

Yea, with such a horrible, monstrous conceit and injection did Satan one night fill my imagination that I could neither sit, nor stand, nor go; but was just as one (possessed by him) tossing up and down in a distracted amazedness, rolling and tumbling for horror and anguish of spirit. My legs even sank under me, and being all over in a sweat, as though I had just been in a bath, (through excess of dread and terror,) I fell into a strange and fearful trembling, thinking no less than that I had sinned the unpardonable sin, and had been guilty of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. O the gloomy, dismal, fearful apprehensions I was under! I stood quivering upon the brink of the infernal pit, looking when hell would claim her own.

Whereupon the next day I immediately had recourse to Mr. Howe's "Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls," (amongst which number I now accounted myself,) wherein is given some satisfactory account about that dreadful sin; but O how inconceivably did it revive me when I was made hereby to understand that I had not been guilty of it! only by the way I would observe



with what infernal cruelty Satan doth rack poor inexperienced souls when God a little loosens his chains. Into what an intricate maze of horror and confuscd distractions was I here plunged !

“But,” says Mr. Howe, “for them who have not committed it, (meaning the unpardonable sin) and who are consequently capable of benefit by what should be made known about it, there is therefore enough made known for their real use and benefit. It will first be of real use to many such to know their danger of running into it, &c. It may secondly be of great use to others that are afflicted with very torturing fears lest they have committed it, to know that they have not, and they have enough also to satisfy themselves in the case, for that very fear, with its usual concomitants in such afflicted minds, is an argument to them that they have not. Whilst they find in themselves any value of divine favour, any dread of his wrath, any disposition to consider the state of their souls, with any thoughts or design of turning to God, they have reason to conclude God hath hitherto kept them out of that fearful gulf, and is yet in the way and in treaty with them; for since we are not sufficient to think anything that is good of ourselves, it is much more reasonable to ascribe any such thought or agitation of the spirit to him than to ourselves, and to account that he is yet at work with us, at least in the way of common grace; though when our thoughts drive towards a conclusion against ourselves that we have committed that sin, and towards despair thereupon, we are to apprehend a mixture of temptation in them, which we are concerned earnestly to watch and pray against; and yet even such temptation is an argument of such a one not having committed that sin; for such as the devil may apprehend more likely to have committed it, he will be the less apt to trouble with such thoughts, not knowing what the issue of that unquietness may prove, and apprehending it may occasion their escaping quite out of his snare.”

None but those who know the terrors of the Lord, and have felt themselves the intolerableness of a wounded conscience, and the strange agonies of desperation can imagine what lightsome refreshment sprang into my dark and dolorous heart at the reading of these lines, which before was possessed with trembling, and drowned in despair. O the craftiness and cruelty with which Satan torments a hopeless heart and racks a wounded spirit, whilst unacquainted with his depths and subtlety! O then it is that he represents to the eye of the awakened conscience every mote as a molehill, every molehill as a mountain, and the least sin too great to be forgiven. O how were all my former sins now set in order before me, with their killing aggravations and circumstances, ready every moment to sink me into hell! I now read in the book of my terrified conscience, with a trembling soul, the former wilful provocations of my life, the innumerable swarms of detestable thoughts which alway revelled in my heart without control, and all this against light and knowledge, checks of conscience, admonitions of friends, convictions and strivings of the Spirit, woings, entreaties and beseechings of ministers, warnings and invitations from the

word, yea, the stream and current of a religious education. "O," says I, "had they been sins of ignorance, I should not have so much feared the refusal of pardon! But, alas! Did I not know, with a full conviction, that every time I committed them I broke God's law, incurred his wrath, and ran against the light and interdicts of conscience, which stood in my way like an armed man?" This now was the cutting aggravation of my sins, for which I thought none could parallel them; they were all along committed against light and knowledge; nay, which is a thousand times worse, did I not sometimes sin with that bold and daring folly (as though possessed with the devil) as to say within myself, the more grossly and heinously I now sin, the more will God's grace be magnified in pardoning me hereafter? The very top of presumption, beyond which a man cannot go! I wonder not now that I was filled with such horror and astonishment at the serious review of these things, but much rather wonder at unparallelable grace, that I suffered not the vengeance of eternal fire.

Now under this dreadful amazement of soul, arising from the guilt of my former works of darkness brought home upon me, I would re-examine the account of John Bunyan, and consider and compare my case with his. I saw the sins that he was guilty of in the days of his unregeneracy were many, and of a crimson dye; but that which would still strike cold to my heart and forbid me to take any encouragement therefrom was that his were committed in ignorance, as himself confesseth, and he was destitute of that light and knowledge and strivings of the Spirit, counsel of faithful and godly friends, holy and religious education and examples, as I had enjoyed from my very cradle! O! I saw his sins were nothing, nothing to mine. "Besides," says I, "he lived many a year after, and proved eminently serviceable to the church of Christ, brought much glory to God, and discovered a tender concern for the welfare of immortal souls; but as for me, wretch! I am ready every moment to drop into the grave! O that I had but turned to God sooner, and not thus deferred it and put it off, and run it to such a desperate hazard! I have wretchedly misspent the flower of my days in the bitter ways of sin and folly, wasted my health and precious time in the forlorn drudgery of Satan, till I could almost sin no longer. What service can God now possibly receive from me? What glory?" Then that sweet place, (Rom. xi. 6,) glanced upon my soul: "If by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace."

And as I thought his sins, so also his temptations, fears, terrors, assaults from Satan, were nothing comparable to mine! Now the grasshopper became a burden, and even the forethought of the least hurry of worldly business was ready to sink me into the ground, so weak and languishing that I could scarce go up stairs and down, through continual sighs and groans.

Thus I went on for a long time in unspeakable anguish of mind, with a conscience parched with a sense of divine wrath, and a soul all inflamed! And methought the Lord had set a mark upon me, as upon Cain, even continual fear and trembling, and I was become

a Magor Missabib, a terror to myself and to all about me. I feared God would make me an extraordinary example of his justice and judgment to the world, and that I should die a spectacle of his wrath and vengeance for a warning to all wilful and presumptuous sinners. And here again behold the unweariable malice of the enemy of souls. When by the incessant agonies of my bleeding soul, and the fiery darts of that wicked one, my spirits were quite gone, and my flesh consumed, I should lay down my head but the least moment upon my arm to preserve almost expiring nature, do you think this relentless tormentor would tolerate it? No, by no means. "What!" says he, "is this a time to roll yourself upon your slothful bed, and say, Soul, take thine ease?" O the marvellous workings and agitations of spirit I perpetually endured! But sometimes that word would be brought to my mind, "He that believeth shall not make haste." (Isa. xxviii. 16.)

Now as to relief from reading I could get none, for Satan so filled my black imagination with blasphemous ideas and horrid conceptions of God and the ever-blessed Jesus, that every word I read, instead of comforting me, would seize me with fresh horror, and throw me, as it were, into a new agony of spirit. Thus was I hewed and hacked by Satan and my own intestine lusts, often crying out with the deepest anguish, (as I find many poor souls have done before me, and I am afraid will do so, though unreasonably, still,) that no case was ever like mine. And thus whilst Satan was permitted to keep me in ignorance, he held me in unimaginable torments.

Now when, by the violence of my corruptions and temptations, all former experiences (though so marvellously powerful and miraculously gracious) were perfectly obliterated, or disowned and disbelieved, so that now I concluded myself no other than in a natural state, and upon whom had never passed a saving change; I say, when I did here long, and wish, and cry, "O that I had but a new heart, a new nature! O that I could but get into a state of grace!" "Why, what then?" said Satan, "suppose you should, if but one of these thoughts should pass through your mind between that time and your dying hour, (and there is no doubt of that,) then all will be lost again, and your case will be more deplorable and hopeless than ever." This, this was still the cutting thought, and added such an accent to my misery, to think that these blasphemous thoughts and such strength of corruptions were utterly inconsistent with a state of grace; and yet that I should never be freed from them, I thought it was impossible it should ever be better with me than it was, but I must inevitably perish in that dreadful condition. O the exquisite anguish of a despairing conscience! O the inward agonies and convulsions of soul, at the doleful apprehension of eternal condemnation! How often did I think I heard the Lord giving commission to Satan concerning me, saying, "Hang on his chains for ever."

All this while I thought there was but a moment, as it were, between me and that awful tribunal, still followed with temptations and new horrors of mind, like the waves and billows of the sea.

But in such distress as I was, there is worse to succeed. Low

enough, the Lord knows, was I already sunk; but this insatiable tyrant would never willingly give out till he had dragged me to the lowest hell. "This enemy of ours," says Luther, "will give us no breathing, no time of rest." The ephah of my sorrow was not yet filled up, so unwearied is he in his pursuit of such as are plucked as firebrands out of the burning.

Now I am fallen into the heat of the engagement, and am come into the very powder-plot of hell. Satan had all this while been making his advances, and laying his soul-murdering mines and stratagems, facilitating his approaches, and preparing for a general storm. He had woefully wounded and weakened my faith, desperately enraged and exasperated my corruptions, and brought me to the very gates of death; "and now," says Satan, "I will follow home the stroke, and the day is mine."

Wherefore now to ply the advantage, and put his hellish projects in execution, he gave me a most sore and deadly blow, which at once had like to have proved the irrecoverable ruin of body and soul, had not Christ sustained me with everlasting arms. Ah! The Lord sat in the heavens, and had him in derision; and it was this. When I was in the depth of my temptations, and that very time overset with the resistless violence of my corruptions, I happened to meet with a book of Dr. Scott's, which at first I readily caught at, hoping therein to find some support and comfort to my oppressed spirit. But indeed it was to me as salt rubbed in a fresh wound; it proved a biting corrosive to my bleeding soul; enraged the smart, and doubled the horror of my already wounded, terrified conscience.

"There are," says Dr. Scott, "some men who believe themselves to be converted, merely because they have run through all the stages of passion, in the new road of artificial conversion, which some modern authors have found out; for according as the work of conversion hath been described by some modern authors, it is wholly placed in so many different passions. For, first, a man must pass under the discipline of the law, and the spirit of bondage; that is, he must be frightened into a sense of his lost and undone condition; and in this sense he must grieve bitterly for his sins, as the cause of his ruin and perdition; and this is what they call conviction and compunction. From hence he must proceed into the evangelical state, the entrance of which is contrition or humiliation, which consists in an ingenuous sorrow for sin, proceeding from a passionate sense of God's love and goodness; and then, having acted over all these mournful passions, he embraces and lays hold on Christ, which is the concluding scene, and is altogether made up of joy and exultation; and so the work of conversion is finished. Now though I deny not but to the conversion of an habitual sinner it is indispensably necessary that he should be convinced of his danger, and deeply affected with sorrow and remorse for his folly and wickedness; yet neither do I doubt but that by the help of a melancholy fancy, attended with soft and easy passions, a man may perform all these parts of conversion, and yet be never the better for it; for many times these passions are only the necessary effects of a diseased fancy, and are altogether as

mechanical as the beating of our pulse and the circulation of our blood. And here you may observe, in the modern stories of our religious melancholians, that they commonly pass out of one passion into another, without any reasoning or discourse. Now they are in the depth of grief and despair; by and by upon the pinnacle of joy and assurance; and yet they are the same men, neither better nor worse, when they do despair as when they are assured, and consequently have no more reason to be assured now than they had when they were encompassed with all the horrors of desperation; for the only reason why a man hath to be assured of God's favour is, his likeness and conformity to him, which is that alone which endears us to God, and entitles us to the promise of his favour; and yet, though these men do not pretend to be better or more God-like now that they are assured than they were when they despaired, yet their hearts are overwhelmed with floods of sensitive joy, and they are strangely comforted, they know not how or wherefore; and though when they were in despair they thought on these promises and motives of comfort that now ravish and transport them, and had every whit as much reason to lay claim to them too, yet then they lay like cakes of ice at their hearts, without affording them the least gleam of warmth or comfort, which is a plain evidence that both their joys and sorrows are the products of bodily temper. And this kind of conversion doth commonly begin and end with some languishing distemper of the body, in which the fancy is over-clouded, and the motion of the blood and spirits retarded by the prevalence of black and melancholy humours. The generality of men being ignorant of the power of melancholy, and the frame and structure of their own bodies, if their fancies are but tintured with religion, they will be apt to attribute every extraordinary emotion they feel to the immediate influence of the Spirit of God, and to account that to be grace and inspiration which is the mere necessary effect of matter and motion."

(To be continued.)

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It is great refreshment to have a friend, to whom one may declare one's misery, were it only to receive pity from his hands; (Job xvi. 14;) but in Christ, looked upon by faith, there is a power as well as pity to help, be the affliction and burden what it will be, (Heb. v. 2,) and how great soever.—*Dorney.*

TRUE humility allows self and self-holiness no share in the business. It finds self an enemy to its own salvation, a rebel and a deceiver, a fool and perverse, and wayward and guilty altogether. When the poor soul is brought here, it is happy. Christ can only be seen here. Sin is rightly seen here, exceedingly sinful. The man seems a mass of guilt, rebellion, and helplessness; and here it is that Christ is rightly viewed. How precious that blood that can by itself alone cleanse such guilt, and remove it for ever! How precious that righteousness that, without any works of the man's own, can render him most just, acceptable, and glorious, in the eye of God's justice and holiness for ever! How wonderful, glorious, and mighty the operations of that Spirit that can subdue such iniquities, and soften, comfort, and enlarge a heart so hard, miserable, and enslaved!—*Hardy.*

## A COURT-MARTIAL.

*(Continued from page 273.)*

LOVER OF TRUTH.—I am satisfied with what you have written about election, for I see you speak according to "Thus saith the Lord." There is another reason why I am satisfied. It was by your instrumentality I was delivered and rescued from the jaws of that great Diana of free-will and fleshly religion, creature-perfection, letter-preaching, duty-faith preaching, and gospel-offerers. You well know that I was a great advocate for all these, and worshipped at all their shrines; that their grasp of me was so strong and firm that had you not come forth and with that key of yours unlocked my prison-door, and had not the Holy Ghost infused light into my soul and brought me out of my loathsome dungeon, there I should have still lain, and have now been found crying, "Great is the Diana of free-will boasters;" and in the end I must have been damned, when the walls of this house should fall down. These gods of falsehood courted my favour; they opened to me their chapels to preach in; and O how I sometimes laboured to become a fisher of men! But I had a wrong hook and worse bait. I never fished in season, and I caught not because the fish were dead; and hence all was nothing but a deception. Yet some cried, "Lo here," and "Lo there;" but it was all of no use, for all were dead, dead; like the valley of dry bones, very dry. And yet I laboured to satisfy these false gods; but they were never filled, but still cried, "Give, give." But you know, Election, that I never dared say much against you, though I never could see my way clear to love you with all my heart. And yet I saw you were of an ancient family and noble birth; yea, an offspring of God, and as old as the eternal hills; and though I could not feel interested in you by covenant love, yet there was that beauty about you that often led me to take the field against your enemies. I could not bear to see them brandishing their swords of worldly wisdom, and at times loading their artillery brim-full with grape, canister, chain, and shell; yea, red-hot shot, heated in the furnace of hell, with a full determination that with one volley they would sweep away and destroy you from the face of the earth. But they failed; for many of their guns were dismounted, others spiked, and others deserted; and even those men who stood by the guns that were left took a wrong elevation; and so, with all their Satanic armament, false equipments, and implacable maliciousness, they could not drive you from the field of action; and you still live, and laugh at their puny efforts. As I was enabled, I used to bring some of the great guns of heaven into the field against them, such as, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish;" "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate;" "Them he also called;" "Them he also justified;" "Them he also glorified;" (Rom. viii. 30); "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;" "For that that is determined shall be done;" (Dan. xi. 36); "For the counsel of the Lord standeth sure, and he will do all his pleasure;" "I lay down my life for the sheep;" "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;" "He shall justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities;" "And he bare the sins of many;" "I create the fruit of the lips;" "The Lord has wrought all our works in us;" "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that it should be holy and without blemish;" and she is "sealed unto the day of redemption;" and she "shall come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon her head." This was a powerful battery, one against which they could not stand. Hence they often said it was an enemy's battery, and not one of love. But there was another battery: "But the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked

shall understand;" (Dan. xii. 10;) "God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie;" (2 Thess. ii. 11;) "Who were before of old ordained to this condemnation;" (Jude 4;) "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" (Rev. xiii. 8;) "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost;" (2 Cor. iv. 3;) "But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not, and shall utterly perish in their own corruption;" (2 Peter ii. 12;) "These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, for he is the Lord of lords and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful." (Rev. xvii. 14.) This second battery so heated their human nature that sometimes it got so hot with malice from hell, you would have thought it would burn up all before it; but these furious flames could not consume blessed Election. There were other batteries of which I made use, as my Master gave me strength; and I could see, in a measure, that these guns were of the very best metal, and could never be damaged, because they were cast in the foundry of God's eternal purpose; for "he maketh one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour." Ah! blessed Election! I shall never forget the night thou camest to me; it was when I was encountering the enemy Self-will. Our subject was sanctification. Up to this night my mind had always been in favour of progressive sanctification; but here, all of a sudden, I was led to say that, if I was the Lord's, I was as holy from eternity as I am now or ever shall be, through and in my Head, Christ Jesus. This set the camp of free-willers all in motion. All stormed against me and what I had said. Some said it was the doctrine of devils; others, it came from hell. Yet I stood to what I had said. I thought to myself, as I left the meeting, I might be wrong. Home I went, and I searched the holy Book, to see if that would bear me out in what I had said; and, finding it did, I came out from among them. And I am plainly led by the Holy Spirit and God's word, I trust, to see that progressive sanctification is not the doctrine of the Bible; for I find that old Adam-nature in me is no better now than it was sixteen years ago, when I hope the dear Lord first called me when I was in China. But, as God gives me grace, I am enabled by it to resist and conquer nature; and when God withholds grace, nature brings me into bondage, in feeling and experience. I believe a man in Christ is a new creature, and holy through Christ's righteousness being transferred to and put upon him. He has a new heart, and that heart cannot sin. We are sinners, I know; that is, in the old man, and here we daily sin; but the new man sinneth not, because it is born of God. I have to mourn over sin in the old man, and often to walk in darkness on account of sin; yet, being in Christ, and he being my Head, in whom I sometimes feel I am complete, I believe God looks upon me through my precious Jesus; and, since I am in him and he is in the Father, I am and must be holiness in him, the Vine; for if the root is holy, so are the branches. Yes; for Jesus's righteousness, being imputed to me, becomes mine by the faith of God which the Holy Ghost raises up in my soul to enable me to take hold of it. And God, looking upon me through Jesus, sees in me the righteousness of his dear Son, and in this comeliness I stand complete. O sweet truth—complete in him, Jesus! Ah! That night was the time of love to my soul; for the Holy Spirit came with power, and broke down the wall of free-will in my heart, that which I had so many years been daubing and patching up; and since that time the Lord has enabled me not only to see but to feel the sweetness and the preciousness of the heavenly doctrines of covenant grace.

**ELECTION.**—The set time to favour one of Zion's stones was come; and I was commissioned by Emmanuel to visit thee at that time, in that place, and under the circumstances which took place, to set thee at liberty, so that, by the teaching of the Spirit, thou mayest become more acquainted with the law of faith in Zion, that thou mightest more fully know that thou wast a stone ordained by God to fill a place in the heavenly temple above.

**LOVER OF TRUTH.**—It was here, blessed Election, that my Redeemer showed himself strong to save. Here he pleaded my cause; here he led me into the blooming fields of the land of grace, and said, "Eat, O friend; drink, O beloved." And, therefore, "I will declare in Zion the work of the Lord my God;" (Jer. li. 10;) and by grace I can sing and praise with those of old: "Praise the Lord of hosts, O my soul; for the Lord is good, for his mercy endureth for ever;" (Jer. xxxiii. 11;) for he hath brought my soul out of captivity, and "hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." He will cause me to walk by the rivers of (living) waters in a straight way, and keep me as a shepherd doth his flock, (Jer. xxxi. 9, 10,) since with loving-kindness he hath drawn me. But, Election, men often say, "Is there no hope for those who have not been elected?"

**ELECTION.**—No; for "He (God) hath mercy on whom he will have mercy."

**LOVER OF TRUTH.**—But some say, "Why have mercy on one, and not on another?"

**ELECTION.**—The answer from the Bible to such is, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight;" "And who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?" God is debtor to no man; for all have corrupted their way; but every man is a debtor to God; and no man can pay his debt, for he has nothing to pay with. And since all are debtors, Jesus became surety for some, and not for all. And hence the elect are saved through Christ paying their debt, in bearing their sins in his own body on the tree; and so God does no wrong to the non-elect in leaving them to be cast into prison, even the prison of hell, for their debt.

**LOVER OF TRUTH.**—I see, Election, by this our friendly conversation that we have had together, that these carnal men have acted very wrong and sinfully in trying you. But enemies enough you will always have, whilst sin lives and reigns in the hearts of those who love the creature more than the Creator; and I am not surprised at their proceedings, since darkness is their head and leader. And I feel confident that these despisers shall wonder and gnash their teeth some day (if grace do not prevent) when they shall see God's elect family on the right hand, standing in the righteousness of their Saviour, whilst they are on the left, standing in the garment of their own manufacturing. Election, you must pardon me for running away from the court and their proceedings. I have been so delighted with our sweet interview that I have been drawn away into the flowery fields of everlasting mercy and love. But bear with me. There is a little more I wish to say before I call upon my brethren to trace out the end of those wicked men from the word of eternal truth. I have often heard men exhorting dead sinners to believe, to repent, to give their hearts to God, and to come now, for Christ is inviting them to him; and they say, "If you do not come now, you may never have another opportunity;" and much more suchlike; and these men are held in great esteem for their wisdom, piety, and love. But I am fully convinced this is not Bible truth, because faith is the gift of God, repentance is the gift of God, prayer is the gift of God, and a new heart is the gift of God; and these are covenant blessings, and none get them but those on whom Christ bestows them.



**ELECTION.**—You are right, Lover of Truth, in saying that faith, repentance, prayer, a new heart, &c., are God's gifts. Now, such men as you speak of you find described in the word of God under various names and characters, such as "building with untempered mortar;" "having a zeal without knowledge;" that is, not having the wisdom which cometh down from above, which maketh wise unto salvation, which wisdom is Christ Jesus. These are "wells without water," but they have abundance from the cistern of self; hence, "they speak evil of those things which they know not." They are "wandering stars," murmurers against grace. They are false shepherds, who do not enter in by Christ, but climb up some other way. They are not watchmen whom God has set upon the walls of Zion, for they "divine lies." They "seduce the sons of God;" and "prophecy out of their own hearts, saying, Thus saith the Lord, when the Lord speaketh not by them." "They hunt the souls of God's people," and "would save those whom God will not save." (Ezek. xiii. 18, 19.) "They make the heart of God's people sad," and cry, "Peace, peace," to those to whom God gives no peace. They make no difference between the clean and unclean. "They push with side and shoulder," and the horns of freewill, until at last some of the sheep themselves get a horn-wound. They also foul the pure waters of free sovereign grace with the waters from the fountain of deluded self, and give God's children often hay and stubble, instead of green grass from the field of electing love and the sweet meadows of sovereign mercy. Now, all these walk in and by the light of their own fire, and in sparks of their own kindling. (Isa. 1. 11.) Wicked men even went so far as to take some of God's chosen ones and cast them into a furnace of fire, which they had kindled for the purpose of putting to death these Electionists, as they thought. But mark the result: God saw all, and I believe ordered all for his own glory. Nevertheless, his anger was kindled against these wicked men; for, whilst the Son of God was with his brethren in the flames, the Lord turned the flames upon his and their enemies, and they fell down dead. How true it is, that he that toucheth them toucheth the apple of God's eye. God "out of Christ is a consuming fire;" and God will also confound and destroy all Babel-builders, and burn them and their work; and because they are sensual, having not the Spirit, "they shall lie down in sorrow." "And all the (elect) trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree" of deception. Abimelech exalted himself to such a degree by murder, pride, deception, and flattery, that he became a high tree to reign for a while over the trees of the forest. But yet he could not change his nature; he still remained a bramble, sharp and cutting, wounding many even to death; but when this bramble was wounded to death, according to the curse in Judges ix. 20, even then he still retained his pride, and could not bear the thought, even in the pangs of death, that it should be said, A woman brought down this high tree, king Abimelech. Thus will God bring down every high tree which is not of his own hand's planting. And I "have exalted the low tree," (the poor and needy in Zion,) and "have dried up the green tree." (You often see, dear Lover of Truth, a mighty storm of wind sweep across the country. It gets among the green trees of the forest; with power it takes hold upon them. You see them plucked up by the roots, and in a short time after being thus plucked up by the breath of God, you look upon them; but their greenness is gone, their leaves are withered and dried up. So will a wind come forth from God, even a burning wind of wrath, and dry up and consume these seemingly green trees, but which, when proved by a, "Thus saith the Lord," are found only to be fleshly; and the leaves of a fleshly religion can no more benefit a man than those

leaves which Adam and Eve sewed together to cover their nakedness.)—“And have made the dry” (the elect, who feel they have no springs in themselves, but that Christ is a spring of living waters to them and in them) “tree to flourish. I the Lord have spoken and have done it.” (Ezek. xvii. 24.) So you see these brought down, dried up trees are no other than the tares which our Saviour spoke of, which “shall be bound in bundles” and “cast into outer darkness,” where “their smoke shall ascend up for ever,” whilst “the worm of God’s wrath shall feed on them.” (Job xxiv. 20.) God will be glorified even in their destruction. Thus I have pointed out to you some of the marks and characters of the end of such men from the word of God.

LOVER OF TRUTH.—I am much obliged to you, Election, for this; for it all helps to confirm me in the truth of the gospel, and that these men do not preach a “Yea and Amen” gospel, but a “Yea and Nay” one, which I see is no gospel.

(*To be continued.*)

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### HEAVEN.

“The former things are passed away.”—REV. xxi. 4.

We often think of heavenly joys,  
 How bright those courts above,  
 Where all is perfect blessedness,  
 And happiness, and love.  
 But would we choose the brightest view,  
 Dismissing every fear?  
 ’Tis written in those blessed words,  
 “No sin shall enter there.”

We think of crowns that never fade,  
 Of beauteous robes that shine,  
 Of harps of praise that never cease  
 Of joys that are divine.  
 When once those blessings we receive,  
 Their loss we need not fear,  
 ’Tis writ on heaven’s entrance gates,  
 “No death shall enter here.”

With sorrows here we oft are bow’d,  
 The pleasures of our heart,  
 Our richest, purest, earthly joys,  
 Our best-loved friends depart.  
 But, O! what bliss the thought doth give,  
 “They are but gone before;  
 They wait us in that better land;  
 No sorrow there in store.”

Lord, we are thine. Thy might and strength,  
 Thy wisdom be our guide.  
 Strangers and pilgrims, here may we  
 Still in thy love abide.  
 Grace thou canst give ’midst trials here,  
 And these shall make us meet  
 To join that happy, heavenly choir  
 Who worship at thy feet.

VERITAS.

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TAKE heed that the inside and the outside be alike, and both conformable to the word of his grace. Labour to be like the living creatures in Ezekiel’s vision, whose appearances and themselves were one.—*Bunyan.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

My dear kind Friends,—I feel constrained to trouble you once more, as I could not rest satisfied till I had satisfied you that your truly kind and welcome present arrived safe. I can say with truth, that when it came it almost overcame me. My heart was filled with gratitude to God, and warm affections towards you, and I was forced to shout out, with the language of David, and say, "O Lord my God, now I know that thou favourest me."

And what can I say to you, my dear friends? I can only thank you, which I do from my soul, and I rejoice that my heavenly Father has said it, that whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Therefore, what you have lent to the Lord, and so kindly given to me, my God has promised to repay; and I have not the least doubt but he will. I pray my Father that he may grant you a large interest, when my head shall rest amongst the clods of the valley. I admire your generosity. You and Mrs. R. were almost my first friends, and you have continued to be my friends for more than 12 years; while others, who had manifested almost unbounded esteem, have abandoned me, and cast me off as an out-cast, unworthy their further correspondence. I often feel my mind very much oppressed at what could be the reason of so great and unexpected a change. After 10 years' experience of esteem and affection, almost unbounded, to abandon me all at once, has often filled me with distress and surprise; and I fear sometimes that I must have done something or said something that caused so great a change. Troubles and distresses have been my lot; but I must say I never had anything that so affected my mind before. But, alas! What is man? "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." You may tell my friends, if you see them, how much they have disappointed their poor old friend. I felt persuaded the kindness and affection manifested towards me would have lasted my life.

I notice your kind wishes to see me next May or June, and should my heavenly Father spare me, and I should feel as well then as, I bless my God, I do just now, I do think I shall venture; for my desires to see you are more than I can express.

As the Lord has permitted me to enter upon another new year, O that my Father may be pleased to make it a more propitious one than that just gone by; but if it should be a thorny path, I bless my God I expect soon to reach that blessed land where thorns will never grow; and I am often looking and longing, hoping and waiting, to hear my blessed and glorious Christ say to me, "Come up hither!"

I meant to have filled my paper, but what I used to delight in has become a task, for I am become a poor, old, shiftless, useless old man. My mind is not calm, my heart is not warm, my soul is not happy, my harp is on the willows, and my way hedged up; yet I would say with the man of God, Nehemiah, "Shall such a man as I flee?" for I know it will be better by and by.

I observe from your letter that you had some proofs of the awful-

ness of the times. We have had several sad fires about us. I anticipate that ruin will be this wicked nation's lot. The people about us are a little calm; but oppression makes thousands almost mad, and tens of thousands sad. How many thousands are anticipating good from our new ministry! \* O that they may not be disappointed! But one satisfaction to my mind is this, the Lord omnipotent reigneth; and as he has promised never to leave me, I pray him to enable me to leave my all with him.

I hope these lines will meet you and my kind friend Mrs. R. well, happy, and prosperous in body and soul; and though it is a hundred to one whether I shall ever see you any more in the flesh, I expect hereafter to meet you before the throne of our glorious Jesus, where all our song will be, "To him who loved us, and died for us." While he lives we cannot die, and while he stands we cannot fall. That God may bless you both is the prayer of

Yours truly obliged,

Sudbury, Jan. 7, 1831.

D. HERBERT.

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### AN INVITATION.

Dear Sir,—Do not be hurt at my framing these lines, as I have been the means of your coming to Newhaven, yet a poor, insignificant being; but when I got up this morning, taking the lower room, hope began to beam forth with sweet remembrance of that glory you set forth, after proving that whom the Lord calls, them he justifies, and whom he justifies, them he glorifies. Just as my soul was on the tiptoe, you finished your discourse, saying, "Heaven! What is it?"

"That holy, happy place,  
Where sin no more defiles!"

That being the sweet language of a departed wife, tears of gratitude flowed sweetly. We being encumbered with sin that defiles,

"Hope there's none for such as we,  
Only in Gethsemane."

I began to tell the Lord what glory he will bring to himself, till I found my soul giving him such glory, such love, that I found it good to be there. Then feeling for you in coming to this place, I said, "O that I might hear the same language again, finding a sweetness with poor, lost, debased sinners, and their condescending Lord, till I could say, 'Lord, be mouth and wisdom to my dear friend;'" and believing what my spirit sought for would be granted, I pen these lines, to strengthen the weak hands. Forgive such freedom, for I am very bold in addressing you; but these things make one bold.

Another thing I must not omit. The first time you called on me I felt very glad; and you found yourself open, telling me that when you were travelling to Bourne the day before, just after you passed the last gate, all at once you found the blessed presence of the Lord with you, and that under the same influence you preached at

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\* The Reform ministry, under Earl Grey, then just come into power.

Bourne. I found the spot of ground was just on the borders of Newhaven. I said to myself, "This is a prelude to his preaching in Newhaven;" but I said nothing to any one. But my daughter hinted such a thing to you, thinking there were some of these poor, helpless souls in this place. The next time you came, I hinted it to you on conditions. You passed your word, and I accepted it; and so, in the most unlikely place, amongst a people that are the greatest enemies, is a way opened.

Don't you wonder? I don't. It is the very path I have trodden all my days. So don't you reason about it, but trust in the Lord. It is a bed to stretch on, the length and breadth can no man get at. I have been trying, but am lost in admiration and praise. I told S. C. your desire was that praying souls might pray on your behalf. He answered, "Pray I cannot, but my desire is, the Lord may be with him." So you see you have great helpers, that can only groan and mourn out their desires.

But I must bring home these things to yourself, in stating the effects of life, the blessed Spirit being the author of short prayers, groaning prayers, and mourning prayers, as in Egypt. The Lord came down to deliver them, being prayers of his own inditing. O if it were not for such prayers, where should we be? Prayer is the great prop of the nation. The prayers of those who feel they cannot pray are the only prayers the Lord regardeth. As soon as a poor soul has a thought rise up of his being something, he is near a fall. A humbling nearness I ever found, when the most debased. If I am suffered to be a little uniform, what a poor, dry stick! If I appear before God in my true colours, and by reason of my infirmity am debased, and dare not address the blessed Lord, only with smiting on my breast, with, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," then has come such assurance of a gracious God, that peace in believing has settled all disputes.

So now by these lines, if you can understand my bad writing, you will be able to judge that your coming to Newhaven is from the Lord, to preach deliverance to a debtor, a captive, a lost man, a sinner; and the poor are to have such gospel preached to them. It will make their souls sing again, and they will groan out to the Lord, "Send these things again;" and who is to know what the good of your coming may be? Since I saw you last, it has been heavy on my spirit, finding the same was heavy on you; and this is a prelude to freedom.

Give my love to Mrs. G. and family; but do not show these lines to any one, as it will be proved by experience.

Newhaven, May 1st, 1838.

H. YOUNG.

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HE that cannot see his enemy, how can he ward off the blow he sends? One seeing prophet leads a whole army of blind men whither he pleaseth. The imperfect knowledge saints have here is Satan's advantage against them; he often takes them on the blind side. How easily then may he, with a parcel of good words, carry the blind soul out of his way, who knows not a step of the right!—*Gurnall*.

## Obituary.

### JOSEPH COOPER.

JOSEPH COOPER was born Aug. 20th, 1788, and died May 13th, 1863.

His parents, Francis and Mary Cooper, were for many years members at the Particular Baptist Chapel,\* Oakham. His father, who was one of the deacons of that church, was a man of prayer, one who watched carefully over his family, and exercised a strict restraint upon them to preserve them, as far as he could, against all outward evil; more so, indeed, than was at all agreeable to young persons, and having the effect of making them desirous of getting from home into service, which Joseph, therefore, did at the early age of 13. When in service, the effect of his parents' care and watchfulness became, however, in the kind providence of God, visible in preserving him from those gross and open sins into which so many youths fall, especially of his age and station, such as swearing, drinking, card-playing, and other vile abominations, the temptations to which he was enabled to resist by a secret power that he did not then understand. In his last year of farmer's service, at Mr. Tampion's, at Burley, near Oakham, he was very much exercised about the state of his soul, so that he used to retire into the plantations on the farm, with Burder's Sermons and Watts's Hymn book, and try to pray as well as he could.

Joseph and the young woman who afterwards became his wife lived together in service at Mr. Tampion's, who left the farm at Burley at Lady Day, 1813, when they were married, and, by permission of Joseph's parents, went to live in the same house with them, near Oakham, and with them stately attended the same place of worship for many years. About the time of his marriage, he read Bunyan's "Visions of Hell and Heaven," which made a great impression upon him, and led him very earnestly to call upon the Lord to make known to him whether he was right or wrong in his sight. About the same time he had a dream, in which he seemed to have a sight of the damned in the bottomless pit, but felt himself mercifully delivered from it. He was kept for some time at this period labouring for life; till one evening, in a little prayer-meeting held in his father's house, a sermon of Cennick's was read, towards the conclusion of which a burst of light came in upon him, in which the Person and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ was most powerfully revealed unto him. Speaking of this afterwards, he has been heard to say, "I had heard of Christ, and had read much of him, but had never seen or felt the Godhead, glory, and beauty of the Lord shine forth as it did then." After this, the Scriptures became an unsealed book to him, and he seemed to read them with new eyes. The mighty works and miracles of Jesus shone into his soul, and all things became new; the love of Christ filled his heart. "If ever to

\* This is quite a distinct chapel and cause from that at Providence Chapel, Oakham; and though formerly a place of truth, has for many years become quite sunk into the general profession of the day.

my feelings," he used to say, "perfect love did cast out fear, it was at that time. I felt as if I could follow Jesus through floods and flames; sweet peace flowed into my soul. I lay down in peace, I slept in peace, I awoke in peace, being surrounded with a sensible feeling of the presence of God. In this state I abode for some months, but afterwards felt a gradual decline of those sweet blessings; but yet was not left quite alone. Soon after this," he says, "I saw the ordinance of believers' baptism, as set forth by our blessed Lord, and felt a desire to follow him in it. I went, therefore, before the Baptist church at Oakham, and told my case, when I was cordially received into church fellowship, and was baptized by the then minister, Mr. Joseph Belcher. When Mr. Belcher's ministry at Oakham was over, he was succeeded by a minister from whom I could receive no spiritual benefit, and the hymns and the scriptures read were what I principally fed upon. This minister was followed by Mr. Hinners, from whose ministry I received spiritual edification, and then again went on my way rejoicing for a season. After Mr. H.'s dismissal, his successor, according to my hearing, preached an unsound doctrine, and, according to my feelings, was not sent of God to preach.

"About this time, Mr. Tiptaft came to Oakham to preach, and a regular service commenced at what was then called the Factory,\* now Providence Chapel, and myself and four or five others, not being able to hear our own preacher, separated from our usual place of worship. I felt it at the time to be a great trial to leave the people, but finding, by the blessing of the Lord, the truth preached at the Factory blessed to my soul, I was enabled to separate myself entirely from a ministry that I could no longer receive; and as I found that the pure doctrine of sovereign grace alone, as held forth by the preaching at the Factory, confirming to my soul in the great truths of the everlasting gospel, I continued to hear at no other place. It was a considerable time, however, before a church was formed at Providence Chapel, and I was not amongst the first that formed it; but after a time I felt desirous to join it, and having been already baptized, after I had been before the minister, Mr. P., and the members, I was received; and I now feel, as a dying man, that I have reason to bless the Lord for being permitted to join the church at Oakham, formed under the ministry of Mr. P. But still, since I have been a member of the church there, I have known much trial and darkness of mind, and have been brought so low in soul feeling as even to doubt whether I had any part or lot in the matter; the great accuser of the brethren following me all the day with these words: 'Twice dead, plucked up by the roots;' 'To whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever;' but the Lord, who knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, broke the snare and set my soul again at liberty; to whom be glory and honour, thanksgiving and praise for it. Under the special influence and operation of the blessed Spirit, through the word preached by Mr. P. and

\* It was so called as having been originally built and used for a silk factory. But the manufacture not succeeding it was sold, and a part made into a chapel.

others who occupied the pulpit at Oakham in his absence, I became more and more confirmed and established in the great and leading truths of the gospel of the grace of God. At the time that Miss Tinsley (afterwards the late Mrs. Clack\*) came to live at Mr. Healy's, and I had conversation and communion with her on the things of God, I was led to feel that I possessed poetical gifts. I composed, therefore, several hymns, my mind at that time being very much taken up with those thoughts, even day and night; and in the two or three years following, I increased the number of them greatly; but feeling that they come very short of that power and divine unction which attended the hymn writers of earlier days, I have no wish that any of them should be printed, but that they should be preserved for my own family, and for the perusal of such of the lovers of truth to whom I was known as would like to see them."

Here the account he has given of himself, and which was taken down from his lips, ends, and the rest is supplied by a friend, a member of the same church, almost his next-door neighbour, who had known him the greater part of his life.

He lived as a married man 14 years as a lodger in his father's house, working as a labourer and shepherd for his livelihood; his family consisting of a son and daughter. The latter lived to be a woman and died of consumption, a witness to the power of God's grace, with a good hope of eternal life. He was naturally of a very gentle, kind disposition, and was highly esteemed by all who had to do with him. Even all his neighbours who disagreed with him in religion respected him as a man, his walk in life being so consistent with his religious profession, that no one ever could or did say of him, "There goes an Antinomian."† For the last fifty years of his life he was a diligent and studious reader of the word of God, and having a penetrating mind he had a great knowledge of the letter of the Scriptures, as well as a sweet experimental acquaintance with their power. He was also a reader of sound authors, and found their writings much to his soul's profit. In both public and private prayer he was simple, earnest, solemn, warm-hearted, reverential and scriptural. In church matters he was careful and tender not to wound unnecessarily, yet firm against evil, and ready to encourage that which was good. Were he alive, I feel he would not permit so much to be said in his favour; but after a 37 years' intimate knowledge of him, I feel it would be easy to say more and wrong to say less, and there are many living witnesses who would freely testify to the truth of what has been here said. All who knew him will allow that our little church at Oakham has lost, to use our dear minister's own words, "a chief pillar;" and it will be a great mercy and favour if the God and Father of all our mercies, who caused so many graces, in heart, lip, and life, to shine forth in

\* Her obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard," May, June, July, 1857.

† The old rector of Ashwell, now deceased, used to say of him, "Joseph Cooper is the best man in the parish." How good it is when a godly, consistent life extorts such praise from the lips of the very enemies of truth!



our departed brother, would kindly drop some of them upon others of us that are still left behind in the wilderness.

Taking him all in all we do not expect to look upon his like again, for he was indeed a man of a thousand for a Christian spirit and a godly life. But with all this he was no Pharisee, for I believe no man amongst us felt more the deep need of an interest in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He had a real hearty love to the word of truth, both written and preached, to the ministers of truth, especially to his own dear minister, and to the people of truth whether in the church or not.

For some length of time, however, it was perceptible that his health was declining, to which he was not himself insensible and sweetly resigned; but he was still able within two months of his decease diligently to attend (for he was no passive idler, but diligent in business) to the management of his four-cow cottage.\* About that time, however, he was seized with a violent pain from inflammation in his left eye, which for some time was unceasing, night and day, and neither medical remedies nor all the attentions that he received could relieve him. At this time the enemy seemed to push hard against him, to bring him into darkness; but the blessed Lord appeared for him and enabled him to resist Satan with the words, "Thou hast nothing to do with me; the Lord Jesus Christ has purchased me with his own precious blood." After this trial and deliverance he had much sweet meditation in his waking hours in the night, upon the Psalms in particular; but afterwards, when the writer of these particulars called upon him from day to day, he was frequently quite silent on spiritual matters; and then again, at other times, he was wonderfully alive and at liberty, and, enjoying perfect possession of memory and intellect, brought forth many sweet things, both from the Scriptures and from his own experience. It now became generally known amongst the friends that he was confined to his bed with a sickness that seemed to be for death, and many of them from Oakham and the neighbouring villages, united with him in church fellowship, visited him. Generally he was sweetly at liberty in speaking to them; and when some were deeply affected at seeing and hearing him, he would say

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\* That is, a cottage with a small amount of grass and arable land attached, supposed to be sufficient to maintain four cows,—a kind of tenure now unhappily going out, and thus gradually extinguishing one of the most honest and hard-working part of our agricultural population. All who know what this class of men is, these sturdy, hardy sons of toil, so clean in their homes, so frugal in their habits, whose daughters make the best household servants, and their sons the most industrious workers in the field; all who prize this very bone and sinew of agricultural England must deeply regret to see this link between the large farmer and the poor labourer gradually being severed by the absorption of their small tenures into more extensive holdings. It may be good for the land, but it is bad for society; it may suit the landlord, who has fewer cottages to repair, but it is death to the cottager; it may please the large farmer to add field to field, but crushes out the most valuable part of the parish, leaving little else but two or three large agriculturists and a host of pauperised labourers. Of this true English yeomanry, Cooper was, independent of his religion, a truly worthy and noble type.—ED.

to them, "Don't break my heart with weeping;" and addressing some in particular, he reminded them that from their age they could not be long before they followed him, he himself being quite willing to depart to be with the Lord. His readiness in quoting the Scriptures and hymns surprised them; so that he might be said to be quite a preacher on his death-bed, although he was not tempted to presume to be so when in health. But darkness again awaited him, and on one occasion he was sunk so low as to say, "he felt the Lord had forgotten to be gracious;" but light again appeared, and he was enabled to say in reply to the inquiry, "Do you feel blest?" "All right. It is finished. Glory, glory! I had a sweet glimpse this morning." This was on Tuesday, the 12th of May. He was thought to be dying that night, but it did not prove so. On the following morning, early, he was again questioned, "I hope you are happy?" He replied, "Conflict, conflict, but some sweet helps." At this time he was evidently dying; and it was said to him, "A few hours more, my dear friend, and your trouble will be over." He answered, "I hope so;" and departed in about an hour after that time.

About a fortnight before his death, the pain from his eye ceased, but his stomach refused to act, which produced repeated sickness, reducing him very fast. He also suffered much pain in the stomach, up to the very last. On the evenings of the 10th and 11th, he engaged in prayer before taking leave of his family for the night, and, considering his exhausted state, with surprising energy; and on the 12th, after being raised up on his bed, he very audibly pronounced, though in dying weakness, to his family and others in the room, "May the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob bless you all."

He was clearly sinking for death for the period of six weeks, in the first four weeks of which he felt much blessed in his soul with uninterrupted joy and peace; but with greatly increased bodily weakness, clouds and darkness more frequently came on. In the former state he would frequently make use of expressions like this: "There is a kind angel at the gate, to let poor pilgrims in. I am sinking fast. I shall soon be free from this body of sin and death," at that time little thinking of the darkness that awaited him and of the sinking feelings he would have before the end. But even amidst his latter conflicts, the enemy, seemingly, could never bring him into the fear of death, or give death any sting to him; for he seemed to have had a deliverance given him that held him up from such tormenting apprehensions, though he would express a measure of impatience: "How long, dear Lord, how long? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Strengthen me, O Lord, to endure to the end patiently. Thou knowest what I need;" and the like. He had great pain of body to the very last, which, with the pushes of the enemy, made his last passage feelingly narrow and not joyful, as might have been expected from such a character. It seemed as if the ship, though safely brought into the desired haven, had to endure storms and heavy waves in the few last days of the voyage. His granddaughter, Sarah Cooper, put down the following from what he said at different times: "I shall go home,

sweet home, rest for the weary, and I am daily looking for the Lord Jesus to come and fetch me home." Just before this he said, "I do not wish to live another day, if the Lord's will." A friend asked him, if it was well. He said, "I feel that well of water springing up into everlasting life." May 6th, he said, "Lord, help me. Lord, strengthen me. Lord, take me." He was low in mind, but friends coming in and reading hymns cheered him. To another friend he said, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." May 7th: To another friend he said, "I love to recount *his* mighty acts. I shall speak to the honour of *his* name

" With my last labouring breath,  
And, dying, clasp him in my arms,  
The antidote of death."

May 10th: "Come, Lord Jesus. Do come, my Beloved, and release me." When asked how he was, he said, "Just on the verge, longing to be gone."

We subjoin several letters received from friends and fellow-members who visited him on his death bed :

My dear Friend,—I felt inclined to write this morning, and finish the papers respecting our dear departed friend and brother, Joseph Cooper. His last days and death, though most blessed, were a most instructive lesson. "How hardly shall even the righteous enter the kingdom!" His bodily sufferings and his occasional darkness being great, (indeed he knew what it was to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death,) still he had most blessed seasons of heavenly life and light, and was enabled to say many things to different persons which will not be quickly forgotten. I feel as if half the parish, and that the best half, were gone. The place seems desolate without him; but it is useless to mourn and lament. There is not a doubt that he was gathered as a sheaf of corn fully ripe, and we must soon follow him. What a mercy will it be should we be likewise found ready, prepared by the blessed Spirit, as I feel he was, for eternal glory! We shall have a solemn meeting to-day; three of our dear friends laid in the grave, and all, I trust, in a sure and certain hope of everlasting life. As our dear friend Mr. T. says, "What a mercy, at the last, to be well laid in the grave!" What a bauble is all the rest, but especially mere temporal things! But enough of this; I must not preach to the preacher.

Ashwell, Sunday morning, 6 o'clock,  
May 17th, 1863.

R. H.

My dear Friend,—Yesterday afternoon, we went to see our dear friend, Joseph Cooper. Mr. Healy well describes his state to be "like the sun setting in his full glory." He is like a dying patriarch, telling forth the love and loveliness of his Lord, on which sacred theme he delights to dwell. He said, "I am not come to a mount burning with fire. I feel no terrors; the curse and sting of death are gone; I am come to Mount Zion," &c. Words could not convey to you the heavenly sweetness with which he went through the whole of Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. "All my sins pardoned, my infirmities compassionated and soothed by Christ's dying love, healed by the good Physician." Love to his Lord, gratitude to his friends, and zeal for God's glory shone forth in him. He is like one waiting for his Lord, his loins girt with truth and his lamp burning brightly. On taking an affectionate leave of each of us, he said to my dear sister, "I should have liked to see you in church communion. It is good to be gathered with the Lord's people here below. There are two others," he said, "that I desire much to see." He takes only a spoonful of liquid now and then, and such has been the case for a week, and no food passes from the stomach. His strength gradually goes, his voice weakens. His state is perfect peace. I am sure you will praise the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Oakharn, May 8th.

Yours very affectionately,  
A. F. P.

I should have said that Mr. Healy read to Joseph, on Tuesday, your piece on the Holy Spirit. He paused at intervals, when the dear old man entered most fully into it, and spoke of the Spirit's first work and its carrying on in his soul with the greatest clearness; and on going in the next morning, he continued or resumed the subject, and went into it very far better, Mr. H. said, than he could have done. His mind and memory seem remarkably clear. He only wants to leave the clod of sinful clay.

After his death, the same friend thus writes:

My dear Friend,—I wrote to you the day after my last interview with him, which was about a week before his death. I told you in it some things he said which were very sweet, and I felt that he was in a very blessed and peaceful state; and in that state he had been, Mrs. H. said, for a week, and though as weak as an infant, and taking only a little brandy and water from a teaspoon, yet he was ready and never wearied in telling to the several friends who called how good and gracious the Lord had been through all his dealings with him, and how exceedingly precious he then felt him to his soul. He said, immediately after greeting us, with great fervour, "O! I do love the Lord!" and all he said bore evident marks of that overflowing of his heart. He said, and I felt it was powerfully so, "I have perfect peace."

Yours very affectionately,

Oakham, May 20th, 1863.

A. F. P.

My dear Friend,—According to promise, I will try to give you some little account of my last visit to our dear departed friend, Joseph Cooper, on the 6th of May. It was a very blessed day with him, indeed. He said, "I have no fear of death. O, no! Bless his name, he has borne away the sting of death for me. Death is a welcome visitant to me. I am waiting his time." I said, "You remind me of the hymn we were singing:

'There is a land of pure delight.'

Ah! he said,

"Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.'

And he repeated the whole hymn without missing a word, with much fervour and feeling. When he had finished, he took up the words of Paul: "What mean ye to break my heart? I am not only willing to go bound to Jerusalem, (and he lifted up his hand, and said with emotion,) but to die in the name of the Lord Jesus." I felt, indeed, that his soul was full to the brim with like precious faith. His cruise of oil kept running. He went through the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. He said, "I believe she saw Christ, for she marked the ascent by which he went to his throne. She saw the way, and when she returned to her country, she told them that one half of the wisdom and glory of Solomon had not been told her; so one half of the preciousness, wisdom, and glory of Christ could never be told." With his parting blessing, we parted. My heart was soft and broken. This is indeed, I felt, like seeing a saint of God at heaven's gate, ready to enter in.

Yours in much Christian love,

May 22nd, 1863.

R. H., JUN.

As a friend and the pastor for many years of the late Joseph Cooper, I must bear my testimony to the truth of all that has been here said of him. An attack of illness confining me for some weeks to the house unhappily prevented me seeing him in his last illness; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that he was daily visited by two of his and my friends and fellow-members, who had walked with him in Christian union and communion for many years, and who were, therefore, eye and ear witnesses both of his sufferings (chiefly bodily, though most acute) and consolations. He was buried by my friend and brother, Mr. Godwin, in the cemetery, at Oakham, amidst the tears of the friends and members who assembled themselves to

pay their last tribute to his memory. It is sad to lose our valued members, but it is sweet to find them not only supported and blessed on their dying bed, but to be able to look back upon their walk and conversation as without a visible blot, and thus leaving behind so fragrant a memory as will ever attend our recollection of Joseph Cooper.

Stamford, Sept. 2nd, 1863.

J. C. P.

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## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Is it consistent with the church order laid down by the apostles in the Scriptures of truth, to allow women to vote in the church? In so doing, are they not exercising an authority which is not allowed them by the apostle in 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35, and 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12?

### ANSWER.

We do not see any inconsistency with church order, as laid down in the word of truth, in allowing women to vote in church matters. On such and similar points, where we have no positive directions, we must be guided by the analogy of faith; (Rom. xii. 6;) and this does not seem opposed to such a practice. Let us try it by this rule. To speak in the church is forbidden to women as putting them into a prominent position, unsuitable to the natural modesty and retiring habits of the sex. It stands, therefore, on the same ground with their having the head covered during divine worship. The reason why women in public worship should have their heads covered is because the contrary practice would be uncomely and unnatural: "Judge in yourselves; is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered? Doth not even nature itself teach, that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering." (1 Cor. xi. 13, 14, 15.) So, arguing by analogy, it is uncomely and unnatural that a woman, forgetting the modesty and silence becoming her sex, should let her voice be heard in the church, assuming to herself the position of a teacher, or even taking a part in those disputes which so often arise. Men, generally speaking, have greater command of their feelings, if not of their tongues, than women; but whether so or not, all must see at a glance how unbecoming in a church would be the authoritative voice of a woman teacher, or the shrill tones of a woman brawler. We see, then, in nature as well as in grace, sufficient reason why women should observe a modest, quiet silence.

But there is nothing uncomely or unbecoming in a woman's giving a silent vote. To hold up the hand, when called upon, in modesty and silence, has nothing in it uncomely, nothing obviously contrary to nature or grace.

And what a state of things it would be if women were debarred from voting in church matters. Say that the pulpit is become vacant, and a pastor is proposed to the church for acceptance. Shall the women, whose souls are to be fed or starved as well as the

men's, have no vote in this most important matter? The women usually form the larger and sometimes the better part of the church. Some are mothers in Israel, women of good experience and sound judgment, far more able to decide such a point than some of the younger male members, who are often easily led away by gifts and abilities, and look more to the word than the power. Are a few, then, by a small majority, to overrule and override the experience and judgment of these gracious, well-taught women, and to fix over them a pastor who shall be the grief of their souls? But to put this point to the test, let us assume that a church consists of 100 members. Of these no less than 60 we may safely set down as women. Then 40 remain to judge the important question of the pastorate. Of these 10 or 15 oppose, and the other 30 or 25 support the proposition. It is therefore carried, and thus 25 persons, and some of them mere boys, may have settled a pastor over a church of 100 members, and a minister over a congregation of 500. The same argument applies to church membership. All the judgment, knowledge, experience, discernment, and faithfulness of perhaps the best taught members of the church are to be set aside and counted for nought, if women are to have no vote. They may not lift hand or foot in the important point whom they are to walk with in church-fellowship, and who is fit or not fit for church-membership. What is this but to make them absolute ciphers? To be consistent, the next thing should be that they should not attend church-meetings at all, and have no more to do with the affairs of the church than if they were seats and cushions, instead of living members of the mystical body of Christ.

We are quite averse to any woman speaking in the church, as that is positively prohibited by the word of God; but even there we can see no objection to her suggesting to a male member to speak for her what she may desire to name to the church. Suppose, for instance, a candidate for baptism be known to any female member to have acted inconsistently. May she not name it through the deacon or any male member to the church? Again, some important point is about to be decided wrongly through a mis-statement which a word from a female member might clear up or remove. May she not quietly mention this to the deacon to name it to the church, and if called upon, herself quietly and modestly explain it? Thus the very rule of silence itself which, after all, seems rather to prohibit preaching than talking, cannot be made absolute, as there may be a time to speak as well as to keep silence; for to be silent when the Lord's glory and the church's peace and welfare are at stake would be bad indeed.

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Dear Sir,—Will you please answer the following question through the "Gospel Standard?" Is it in accordance with the order of a Strict Baptist Church, if the brother of a member come forward as a candidate for baptism to join the church, to allow him the privilege of choosing whether his brother, who is a member, be present or not? And if the brother-member wish to be present, is it right

for the church to wish him not, or should they not leave it with the brother-member?

I hope you will feel led to answer this question, as several are interested in it.

A MEMBER.

ANSWER.

We cannot see the least objection to the brother of a member being present when his brother after the flesh comes forward as a candidate for baptism; nor have we ever heard of an instance like the above where it was objected to. Most churches have a rule about the husband or wife not being present, and we think there is sound wisdom in it, as we may naturally suppose the presence of so near and close a friend might hamper the tongue, or produce confusion in the mind, or lay a restraint upon that full liberty of communication of the Lord's dealings which the church might wish to hear, and yet might be kept back through that fear of man which bringeth a snare. Many husbands and wives cannot talk freely on spiritual matters to each other. When, then, they come before the church and tell out any peculiar temptations or deliverances that they have passed through, if their partner in life were present, the first thing afterwards might be, "Why, you never told me that. You can tell the church, but you could not tell me. Where is your confidence in me?" To avoid all this and other things which are equally obvious, most churches have wisely ruled that the husband or wife should not be present. But none of these arguments apply to a brother in the flesh, or very slightly; and therefore we think that no church should arbitrarily interfere and exclude the brother from being present, but should leave it entirely to his own choice and discretion. It might gladden and cheer a brother's heart to hear the gracious dealings of the Lord with one so near by flesh and blood.

Sir,—May I ask the favour of an explanation from you of Gen. iv. 16, 17?

The apparent contradiction, the son of the *first man* going into the land of Nod and marrying a wife, is often made a stumbling-block by infidels to those who reverence the Scriptures.

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

If a "Constant Reader" will but read carefully Gen. iv. 16, 17, he will find, we think, no contradiction real or apparent. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch; and he builded a city, and he called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch." (Gen. iv. 16, 17.) The sacred text does not say that Cain found a woman in the land of Nod whom he made his wife, but that he had a wife in the land of Nod, by whom he had a son. Of course the solution of the apparent difficulty is that he married her *before* he went into the land of Nod. And who was this wife? A daughter of Adam and Eve whose name is not mentioned. Do we not read that "Adam

begat sons and daughters?" (Gen. v. 4.) And may we not well suppose that one of these daughters might be old enough to be Cain's wife before he slew Abel? For we read, "And in process of time, it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground," &c. (Gen. iv. 3.) It would appear, therefore, that neither Cain nor Abel was very young at the time of Abel's martyrdom; and there might have been several daughters born before that time. But say that there was one only. Then why could not she have been Cain's wife? But you will say, "Why, then, Cain must have married his own sister." Yes, surely. And whom else could he have married if there were but one man and one woman on the earth? "But how shocking!" Yes, it certainly is, according to our views. But can you explain how any of Adam's sons could marry at all unless it were their own sisters? It was then permissible, for there was no other way of marriage for that generation; but, of course, in the next generation cousins might marry, and then the necessity for brothers and sisters to marry would cease. Thus, we do not consider the objection of any weight or importance; and if infidels have no stronger argument than this they had better hold their tongue.

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*"THOU KNEWEST MY PATH."*

"Thou knewest my path," Lord, when I was thy foe,  
And madly ran the road to endless woe;  
Thine eye was then upon me, for my good,  
And thou didst bid me live, when in my blood.

"Thou knewest my path," when "I was warn'd to flee  
From wrath to come," but could no refuge see,  
Till Jesus was revealed, the hiding-place  
Of all the elected, ransom'd, quicken'd race.

"Thou knewest my path," when, overwhelm'd with care,  
I sank in spirit into sad despair;  
When, "Go, ye cursed," almost turn'd my brain,  
And doom'd I felt to everlasting pain.

"Thou knewest my path," when thou didst with me meet,  
And brought me once more to the mercy-seat;  
Pleading the blood which was for sinners shed,  
And begging life from him who once was dead.

"Thou knewest my path," when, overcome with love,  
My heart, and soul, and mind were all above;  
When wonder and amazement fill'd my breast,  
I felt the earnest of eternal rest.

"Thou knewest my path," which now is much perplex'd,  
And with life's many cares I'm sorely vex'd;  
But, Lord, thy name is "Wonderful," I see—  
And thou wilt still do wondrously for me.

Sept. 20th, 1862.

A. H.

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O WHAT provision is there in the Scriptures for our peace and comfort! Precious promises! They are of more value to a guilty sinner than worlds of the richest mines.—*Charles.*



## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Continued from p. 292.)

THUS far have we endeavoured, with the Lord's help and blessing, to open from the word of God the glorious, the sublime mystery of the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost; and we trust that our readers have felt with us that it is "a doctrine according to godliness;" for we cannot but here express our firm conviction that the more these heavenly truths are examined by the light of the divine testimony, the more brightly do they shine, and the more that they are seen and felt to harmonise with the experience of the saints of God, the more powerfully are they commended to their conscience and the more warmly embraced by their affections. This, indeed, is the peculiar character and blessedness of divine truth, that it will bear the strictest examination. It is not like error which shrinks from the light of day—slinking off, like the owl or the bat, out of the bright rays of the sun into some dark hole, where it "may make its nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under its shadow." Truth, on the contrary, courts inquiry; and, like the eagle, can look on the sun with unshrinking, unblenched eye. But that Truth might thus shine forth before the eyes of his people in all its heavenly lustre, it has pleased the God of all grace to store it up in his holy word; for heavenly mysteries do not, for the most part, lie on the surface of the Scripture, but rather, like the gold and silver to which they are often compared, are laid up deep in its bosom. Such was Job's testimony: "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. As for the earth, out of it cometh bread; and under it is turned up as it were fire. The stones of it are the place of sapphires; and it hath dust of gold." (Job xxviii. 1, 5, 6.) The Holy Ghost, therefore, by the pen of Solomon, gives this counsel to all who would desire to be made wise unto salvation: "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." (Prov. ii. 1-6.) As, then, pursuing such wise counsel, we are enabled to search the Scriptures with a reverent mind and a prayerful spirit, and as the precious truths stored up in them are from time to time revealed to our spiritual understanding and embraced by our believing heart, light, life, and power attend the testimony, and these heavenly mysteries become the food of the soul. The Trinity, the glorious Person and finished work of the Son of God, the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, and similar divine truths which are the very foundation of our most holy faith, are not then barren speculations or dry doctrines, articles of a creed, or furniture of a well-stocked brain, all of which they may be and indeed often are in the hands of graceless professors; but are vital

realities, animating as with heavenly life every member of the new man, strengthening faith, confirming hope, reviving love, renewing patience, drawing out prayer, and feeding the secret springs of humility, brokenness, and contrition. As a proof of the truth of this assertion, take away out of the word and out of the heart the love of God the Father, the Person and work of God the Son, and the teaching and testimony of God the Holy Ghost, and what or where is all our religion, what or where all our experience? A nightmare dream, a mere confused mass of tumultuous feelings or wild and vague thoughts, tossing themselves here and there without end or object, guide or guard, but of no more real worth or value as regards salvation than the restless heavings of the Atlantic ocean. Truth, divine truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, is the food of the soul. But take this truth away, and not only has our soul no food, but our faith no foundation or object, our hope no anchor or anchorage, and our love no source in present grace or consummation in future glory. Christians, therefore, and especially Christian ministers, cannot be too jealous over God's truth, or too determined enemies to all error; nor can they be too earnest to experience its power in their heart, to proclaim its blessedness with their lips, and manifest its effects in their life.

But we now approach a part of our subject in which we need special wisdom, that we may speak according to the oracles of God and in harmony with the work and witness of the blessed Spirit in the heart. We mean the "Covenant Offices" of the Holy Ghost, which, according to the title of our present Meditations, we propose now to consider.

These Covenant Offices are intimately connected with, and indeed flow from his Deity and Personality; for if he had not been a Divine Person in the Godhead, he would not and indeed could not have taken a part in the Covenant of Grace. We have used the expression "Covenant Offices." It may be as well, then, before we proceed any further, to define the meaning which we attach to the term.

In all our attempts to set forth truth, clearness of thought and of statement has been with us a leading object, for we know well that if our own mind be confused, we shall but confuse the minds of others, and if when we bring the sheep to the drinking place, we muddy the waters with our feet, we shall but spoil the sweetness of their draught. (Ezek. xxxiv. 19.) Let us endeavour, then, not only to make straight paths for our own feet, but so to cast up the King's highway that we may take up every stumbling-block out of the way of God's people. (Heb. xii. 13; Isa. lvii. 14.) By the "Covenant," then, we mean that solemn compact which was entered into between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost on behalf of the elect; and by the word "Offices" we understand the whole of that part of this sacred compact which the Holy Ghost undertook to perform. There is nothing in the word itself, as some have imagined, to imply subordination or inferiority. It signifies literally a particular charge,

trust, duty, or employment conferred for some public or beneficial end, as "the Priest's office;" (Exod. xxviii. 1; xxxi. 10; Luke i. 8;) the office of an Apostle; (Rom. xi. 13;) of a Bishop or Overseer; (1 Tim. iii. 1;) of a Deacon, (1 Tim. iii. 10,) of a Treasurer; (Neh. xiii. 13.) There is then no impropriety in using the word to express the several parts which the Son and the blessed Spirit undertook in the covenant of grace. As Persons in the Trinity they were equal; as covenanting Parties they were equal; and if in infinite condescension they undertook to communicate unutterable favours and blessings to the church, do these kind offices, so freely, so graciously and voluntarily undertaken, destroy or diminish that original equality in which they from all eternity subsisted in the perfections and glory of the Divine Essence? No more than Christ's office as a servant diminished or destroyed his equality as a Son: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Zech. xiii. 7.) "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. (Phil. ii. 5, 6, 7.) The word "Office," then, as applied to the covenant work of the Spirit, is simply expressive of what he undertook to perform by way of stipulated engagement, and sets forth, under one comprehensive term, the whole of his gracious pledgings and performances on behalf of the election of grace.

But let us for a few moments direct our thoughts to the Covenant of grace itself, as a clearer light may be cast thereby on the offices connected with that covenant. To an enlightened understanding and a believing heart, there is in the covenant itself—in the fact of it and in the provisions of it, something singularly beautiful and blessed. That there should have been a covenant at all; that the three Persons in the sacred Godhead should have condescended to enter into a solemn compact on behalf of fallen, ruined, guilty man, may well fill our minds with holy wonder and admiration. That thoughts of peace, that movements of love, that purposes of grace should occupy the mind and have a seat in the bosom of the Three-One God to any part of the human race, and that these counsels of peace should not only engage the thoughts, but be unalterably fixed and as if determinately embodied in a solemn compact uttered by word and confirmed by oath; before a mystery so deep and yet so high we pause as in the contemplation of an ocean of wisdom, grace, mercy, and love, as profound as Deity and as boundless as eternity. But how firm a foundation was thus laid for the salvation of the church. No room was allowed for contingencies; no place left for accidents or uncertainties; but the whole of her being and well-being was at once and for ever secured by solid compact and fixed by absolute decree.

In this "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," (2 Sam. xxiii. 5,) the Holy Ghost, as a divine Person in the Godhead, undertook to sanctify the objects of the Father's eternal choice and

of the Son's redeeming blood. And let us not forget that to sanctify was as needful, as indispensable for the church's salvation as to redeem. For O! how low was she foreseen as sunk in the Adam fall! The image of God, in which she was created, how defaced and as if blotted out! Death spreading itself with fatal effect over her every mental and bodily faculty; sin, like a hideous leprosy, infecting her to the very heart's core; a thousand base lusts plunging her deeper and deeper into a sea of guilt and crime; enmity against God boiling up in waves of ceaseless rebellion; Satan tyrannising over her with cruel sway, sometimes drawing and sometimes driving, but by one or the other dragging her without hope or help towards the brink of the bottomless pit. Hear that bold blasphemer; see that drunken, raving prostitute; look at that murderer with his blood-red hand stealing off from his mangled victim; or, if you shrink from such sounds and such sights, picture to your imagination the vilest wretch, man or woman, that ever disgraced human nature, and you see in that portrait the features of the church as implicated in the Adam fall, and sunk into original and actual transgression. What a work, then, was undertaken by that most gracious and condescending Spirit, who solemnly pledged himself, in the eternal covenant, to sanctify such wretches, and to fit and frame them to be partakers of holiness, and live for ever in God's spotless presence. And yet without this sanctification where were redemption? That removed only a part of the fall. By it sin was put away, a full and complete atonement made, a glorious righteousness brought in, and the persons of the elect reconciled to God. But God in his Trinity of Persons and Unity of Essence is essentially holy: "Ye shall be holy; for I, the LORD your God, am holy." (Lev. xix. 2.) Heaven is not only a high, but a holy place. (Isa. lvii. 15.) Holy are its employments, holy its enjoyments. Holy angels there minister, whose unceasing cry is, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." (Isa. vi. 3.) How then can unholy sinners, even though redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, enter into that holy place into which "there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie?" (Rev. xxi. 27.) It were easier for the wolf to dwell with the lamb and the leopard to lie down with the kid than for ungodly sinners, unwashed, unregenerated, unsanctified, to dwell for ever before the throne of God and of the Lamb. But O, the wonders of covenant wisdom, covenant grace, and covenant love! Sinners, the vilest sinners, the worst of wretches, the basest of mortals, can and will enter through the gates into the holy city; for, having enumerated some of the vilest crimes which stain human nature and sink it below the beasts that perish, the apostle adds, "And such were (not "are") some of you." But, though ye were all this, what are ye now? "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) Then to be sanctified is as needful, as indispensable as to be justified.

We are thus brought to look a little more closely into that work

of the Spirit upon the heart of the people of God which is expressed by the term sanctification.

But it may help our Meditations on this important point and cast a clearer light on our present subject, if we define and explain the meaning of the term and more especially the Scriptural use of it before we advance further into the Spirit's work.

To sanctify means primarily to separate or set apart for holy uses; thus dedicating and consecrating them to the special service of God. Thus Aaron and his sons were sanctified, or set apart, in a solemn manner for the service of the tabernacle; (Lev. viii. 30;) and so was the tabernacle, and the altar, and all the vessels of the sanctuary. (Exod. xxx. 26-36.) In a similar way the church was sanctified or set apart in Christ, when she was chosen in him, that she might be holy and without blame before God. (Eph. i. 3, 4.) This is the radical source of all her holiness, as the apostle argues: "If the root be holy, so are the branches." (Rom. xi. 16.) The elect are therefore said to be "sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Jesus Christ, and called;" (Jude 1;) that is, sanctified or set apart by the Father in eternity, preserved in Jesus Christ amidst the ruins of the fall and during their state of unregeneracy, and at the appointed season called. Being thus chosen and set apart in Christ before the foundation of the world, the Adam fall, though being in his loins, they fell in and with him, did not destroy their eternal union with the Lord Jesus Christ, nor sever them as unclean from being still members of his mystical body; for though the church fell in Adam as her federal head in time, she did not fall out of Christ, her Covenant Head in eternity, nor out of the arms or heart of a Triune God. (Deut. xxxiii. 27; Jer. xxix. 11.) The will of God, which had determined her salvation, and the original decree, which had sanctified and set her apart to be the bride of Jesus, still remained in all their full force and unbroken integrity, and secured her safety amidst all the floods of sin which broke in upon her through the fall, by giving her an indissoluble union with the glorious Person of the Son of God.

It is rather a digression from the point immediately in hand, but as we wish to put the "Covenant Offices" of the blessed Spirit on a sure and scriptural foundation, and as the subject is even by some good men not clearly understood, or at least not always clearly stated, we shall endeavour to trace out from the word of truth the sanctification of the church, both in its cause and effect, in its source and in its streams.

Sanctification is often, then, confined by ministers and writers to the work of the blessed Spirit upon the soul, whereby he internally sanctifies the people of God, and makes them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. This is certainly one scriptural meaning of the term "sanctification;" but this limitation of the signification of the expression is not in strict accordance with the word of God. It has there a much wider range and a much more extensive bearing, as we shall now hope to show.

Sanctification, then, as a scriptural term, refers to each Person

in the Godhead; for as each Person in the Trinity has a part in the church's salvation, so each Person has a part also in the church's sanctification. Let us never forget that, as in the blessed Trinity there is a Unity of Essence, though a distinctness of Person, so in all their works, whether of creation or grace, there is a oneness of purpose and of operation whereby that Unity is ever manifested. We cannot wonder, therefore, that in the sanctification of the church each Person of the sacred Trinity is engaged in this fruit of eternal wisdom, boundless grace, and infinite love.

1. The moving cause of the sanctification of the church is *the Will* of the Father, which determined both the *end* and the *means*; the *end* being the salvation of the church and her perfect conformity to the glorified humanity of Jesus, and the *means* being Redemption by the Son and sanctification by the Holy Ghost: "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. x. 10.) And again: "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." (1 Thess. iv. 3.) This will of God is *sovereign*, (Dan. iv. 35; Eph. i. 11,) *free*, (Isa. xl. 13, 14,) *immutable*, (1 Sam. xv. 29; James i. 17,) *irresistible*, (Rom. ix. 19,) and *effectual*. (Isa. xliii. 13, xli. 10.) In pursuance, therefore, of this sovereign will, God the Father sanctified or set apart the church, chose her in Christ, blessed her with all spiritual blessings in him, and made her accepted in the Beloved. (Eph. i. 3-6; Jude 1.)

2. But the Son of God, his own co-equal and co-eternal Son, has also a share, and a most important and blessed share in the sanctification of the church. The will of the Father, we have just pointed out, determined both the end and the means. The end was the perfect sanctification and eternal glorification of the church; the means was two-fold, corresponding to the Person and work of the Son, and the Person and work of the Holy Ghost, and called for by her pressing and most miserable exigencies. The Son was to redeem her by his blood shedding and sacrifice, and the Spirit to sanctify her by his grace.

As involved in the Adam fall, the persons of the elect were defiled by sin; their nature also became polluted; and as born into the world they make themselves vile and abominable by actual transgression. They need, therefore, to be washed from their sins, that this defilement of their persons, of their nature, and of their works may be removed out of the sight of God. This mighty, this efficacious work none but the Son of God could do. And that he might do it, and by doing it finish the work which the Father gave him to do, he took the body which God had prepared for him: "Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me; in burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come, (in the volume of the book it is written of me,) to do thy will, O God." (Heb. x. 5, 6, 7.) This will of God was, as we have seen, the sanctification of the church. To do this will the Lord Jesus offered as a sacrifice for sin the prepared body, (that is, his human nature, including body and soul,) and thus sanctified the church by his one offering: "Then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.

He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. x. 9, 10.) Thus the sanctification of the church was accomplished and effected by the offering of the body of Christ once for all. In his priestly office, therefore, and by the sacrifice which he offered when he offered up himself, the Lord Jesus was the sanctifier of his people, (Heb. ii. 11,) and was "of God made sanctification to them." (1 Cor. i. 30.)

By this sanctification of the elect through the one offering of Christ several things were effected, of the deepest importance to their present and eternal interest. 1. All their sins were expiated and atoned for, and thus cancelled, blotted out, and forgiven: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood;" (Rev. i. 5;) "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. i. 14.) 2. Their persons were reconciled and brought near unto God: "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unreprouable in his sight." (Col. i. 21, 22.) 3. They were consecrated and dedicated to God by virtue of his one offering, so that the church, like Israel of old, became "holiness unto the Lord." (Jer. ii. 3.) 4. They were redeemed from the curse of the law, which being removed, a way was made for every spiritual blessing: "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; that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." (Gal. iii. 13, 14.) 5. By his resurrection from the dead and his entering into heaven, to be there the great High Priest over the house of God, he became a head of influence to his people, and thus communicates to them of his own holiness. As a brief summary of the sanctification of the church by the Son of God, we may lay it down from the word of God that he took part of the flesh of the children; (Heb. ii. 14;) bare their sins in his own body on the tree; (1 Peter ii. 24;) made atonement for their transgressions, and expiated all their crimes by being made the propitiation for their sins; (1 John ii. 2; Rom. iii. 25;) shed his precious blood and laid down his life on their behalf; (John x. 15; 1 Peter i. 19;) reconciled their persons when they were enemies and aliens unto his heavenly Father; (Rom. v. 9; Col. i. 21;) offered himself a sacrifice for their offences; (Heb. ix. 14, 26-28;) and washed away all their iniquities in the fountain opened in one day for all sin and uncleanness. (Zech. xiii. 1.) Thus "by one offering he perfected for ever them that are sanctified;" (Heb. x. 14;) and by virtue of that one offering they are "complete in him," without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; holy in his holiness, comely in his comeliness, and perfect in his perfections. (Song iv. 7; Ezek. xvi. 14; Eph. v. 27; Col. ii. 10; Jude 24; Rev. xiv. 5.)

We have rather wandered from our subject, and now it is too late to return to it in our present Article; but we hope, with the Lord's help and blessing, to resume it in our next No.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

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

A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL  
INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809.)

(Continued from page 298.)

But no more of this uncomfortable discourse, for Satan had like to have made use of it to my everlasting sorrow. This had been the last blow of the battle, and I utterly overcome thereby, had I not been upheld by Omnipotent Love; for being at this present reduced to a languishing condition of body by my soul afflictions, and the Spirit of God in my conversion working upon me in a more powerful and immediate way than ordinary, I straightway concluded (as Satan would have me) that it was even so with me, and that all that I had passed through was nothing else but the mere result of bodily passions and a train of fanciful imaginations and chimeras of the brain. O, who can conceive the terrors of those days but myself! When Satan had once prevailed upon me to believe that there was no true ground-work or foundation, but had gone all along upon fancies and delusions, he blew me up and down by every blast of temptation at his pleasure. "O!" says I, (and groaned in spirit,) "have I been quite out of the road all this while, and am now to set out for my journey, when the sun of my life is just set? Ah! What can I do? What course shall I take?" Here was I lost in an abyss of distractions. O the endless windings and turnings of that old serpent! when God knows (and I am now indubitably assured, triumphantly above all doubt) that they were the mighty footsteps and goings forth of his own most glorious Spirit upon my soul; but this I could by no means then believe, but took the word of the father of lies.

Wherefore down I sank, deep indeed into the horrid and dismal gulph of despair, encompassed with nothing but darkness and death. I now looked down into that dreadful abyss of infernal spirits, and saw the endless maze and labyrinth of the damned's torments, the perpetual revolutions of their inconceivable misery, without any intermission or mitigation, all horror, confusion, and distraction; in the utmost region of which fearful chaos, in the fiercest flashings of that burning Tophet, in the lowest dungeon, in the bottomless pit, where is blackness and darkness for ever, I thought I beheld (by



way of anticipation) my wretched, forsaken soul hurried up and down by insulting fiends in an eternal circle of anguish and woe, inclosed and shut up, without any hope or possibility of ever coming out, and had nothing but the confused howlings and screeches and gnashings, the hideous, incessant bannings and blasphemies of despairing, tormented souls continually sounding in my ears, and the flames of hell before my eyes. "O!" I roared out, in the bitterness of my spirit, as one unable to wrestle with the terrors of the Almighty, "now I may pray, but (pointing downwards) there will be no room for prayer, and it is but a very little while and then I shall make one among those damned ghosts." The Lord knows, at this time I had almost as little hope of salvation, or any comfort whatsoever, as those who are eternally shut up in the pit! I looked upon myself as a gone creature, gone to all eternity. I counted every sermon I heard my last, every time I saw a faithful minister of Christ my last, every day my last. "This," says I, "may be the evening of my day of visitation; and O!" thought I, "where are the everlasting habitations prepared for my soul?" O the agonies and pangs, the griping tortures, the despairing sighings, the pining groans, the throes of conscience, the hopeless tears; the doleful, bitter outcries and fearful expectations of wrath, which continually beset me round, and took up their dwellings within me! O the ghastliness, the anguish, the frightful thoughts and strange languishings which seized and possessed me whilst I was thus rent and torn with the fiery flaming arrows of God and poison-ful darts of the devil! I stood hovering over the abyss of a dreadful eternity, looking every moment to be engulfed! Often did I now send up these words to heaven, with strong cries and piercing ejaculations, "O that it might yet be the accepted time! that it might yet be the day of salvation!" O the hideous roaring of my tormented conscience! O the pitiful groanings of my wounded spirit! O the sorrowful sighings of my despairing heart! I thought, as sure as I had a living soul, it would be damned to all eternity. My watery eyes from morning to night, my pale cheeks, my aghast looks, my weak and trembling joints, spoke out to all the unfeigned depth of my spiritual dolours.

Now would these scriptures pierce me through: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." (Prov. i. 24, 26, 28.) And Isa. i. 15, Jer. ii. 17, 19, and iv. 18; and then that in Jer. iv. 14; the 13th and latter end of the 27th would melt me into tears.

Once, having been harassed by the devil all the day long, I sat down at night, and taking the Bible into my hand, I cast my eyes upon Jer. xv. 1: "Then said the Lord, Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be towards this people. Cast them out of my sight, and let them go forth." This was a cutting word to me, the Lord knows. Methought God meant me, as if he had said, "I will hearken to no terms, I cannot be reconciled to him, my

soul abhors him, cast him out of my sight." And I think the very next morning I had that flaming place fastened upon me: "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and make his power known, endure with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction." (Rom. ix. 23.) So worried was I by this hellish tiger, that whenever I got me any book to see if by searching I might find some good word of hope, he presently suggested to me that my increasing knowledge would but increase my sorrow, and that every sermon I heard would aggravate my approaching damnation. One time coming home from sermon, I eagerly grasped the Bible in my hand, and with many tears passionately cried out, "O! What! Must I be lost everlastingly with this book in my hand, which so plainly discovers to me the way of life? Must I go to hell by the gates of heaven?" And here Mr. Howe's "Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls" was of unspeakable use to me. I blessed God that ever that book came to my hands. It proved a mighty preservative of hope, and kept me from giving over and lying down in utter despair.

And whilst I was thus conflicting with the terrors of God, ah! how I spurned at this world, both of its favours and frowns, and made no more account of men than grasshoppers. The world now looked in its native dress and true colours. But, O! How despicable it appeared! How vain, empty, and utterly unfit to answer the necessities and satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit. Wherefore still I went on, continually ruminating upon my sad condition. Restlessness, deep thoughtfulness, continual heaviness, anxiety and solicitude of soul, attended me wherever I went and whatever I did. Thoughts of my state lay down with me and rose with me, and accompanied me all the day long. And here, whilst I was in the midst of these storms and tempests, the Lord kept me from falling on those dangerous rocks, upon which thousands split and are lost for ever. "Under trouble of conscience," says Dr. Owen, "they will fix on something that cannot cure their disease, but only make them forget that they are sick. They turn aside to creature diversions and worldly enjoyments, as Saul to music, and Cain to building a city. 'They make death,' says worthy Dr. Howe, 'their cure of pain, and to avoid the fear of hell, leap into it.'" But I bless God it was not so with me under my extremities. So far from that, and so exceeding tender was my conscience, that I would not allow things lawful in themselves and innocent by any means in the least to be a diversion from my distress. I knew this must be issued between God and me. "Lord," thought I, "to whom can I go but unto thee? Thou only hast the words of eternal life." As Reuben cried, "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?" So did I now cry, "The love of God is not, Christ is not, and I, whither shall I cause my sorrow to go?" Nothing, nothing could stand me in his stead, nothing could supply the place of a Redeemer, or compensate for the loss of divine love. Wherefore to God, with the neglect of all carnal supports, made I all my application. I went to him by prayer again and again, that he might have no rest. "Thou, Lord, hast wounded," said I, "and thou alone canst heal.

This made Spira to cry out, when his friends sought to relieve him by physic, and other means, and helps of nature, "Alas, poor men! How far wide are you. Do you think this disease is to be cured by potions? Believe me, there must be another manner of medicine. It is neither plaister nor drugs that can help a fainting soul cast down with a sense of sin and wrath of God; it is only Christ that must be the physician, and the gospel the soul's antidote."

"O! In this conflict alone," says a great divine, "and woful wound of conscience, no electuary of pearl or precious balm, no Bezoar's stone or unicorn's horn, or the most exquisite extraction that alchemy or art itself can create, can any whit or at all revive, ease, or assuage. Heaven and earth, men and angels, friends and physic, gold and silver, pleasure and preferments, favour of princes, nay, the utmost possibility of the whole creation must let this alone for ever. An almighty hand and infinite skill must take this in hand, or else never any cure or recovery in this world, or the world to come. It is only the hand of the Holy Ghost, by the blood of that blessed Lamb Jesus Christ, the holy and the righteous, that can bind up such a bruise. It is Christ, Christ, and nothing but Christ that can comfort in this confusion of spirit."

This now I was sensible of, so I gave myself unto prayer; never so well as when alone at prayer. I was much in secret wrestlings with God. Wherever I went, and whatever I did, still my soul was earnestly pleading it at the throne of grace; always in a praying frame, though still I feared I was destitute of faith. And though, through carnal fear, and shame, and bashfulness, heightened by Satan's temptations, I could never unbosom myself in my distress to any one, yet by the assistance of the Spirit of grace and supplication, I had that humble freedom and holy boldness given me in secret prayer, that thereby I have often eased my weary soul in her bitterest agonies. Invaluable mercy! Hither had I recourse continually, from whence Satan's most desperate assaults could never drive me. Yet sometimes my thoughts were so distracted and spirits quite gone, my prayers mixed with such unbelief, hardness of heart, and a world of imperfections, that I should have little heart or strength for a set prayer.

Much about this time I heard that a blessed minister of Christ, with whom I had formerly some acquaintance, was in town. Overjoyed at the news, I resolved immediately to go and make known my condition to him; but, alas! when I came into his presence, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could not utter one word to him; and so home I came as full of anguish, and horror, and dissatisfaction as I went. However, I got up early the next morning, and to him I went again, but to as little purpose, for I was tonguetied, and could by no means declare my mind. The truth is, my case was so strange, uncouth, and horrid, and my temptations of that prodigious blasphemous nature, that the one I could not express, the other I dared not declare, and therefore it was utterly impossible I should ever receive any verbal satisfaction about them; and so I took leave of him, as never to see him more till he should come

with Christ and his heavenly train to triumph in my just condemnation.

I had not gone, I think, above a week or a fortnight in the bitterness of my soul, when I bought Mr. Marshall's "Gospel Mystery of Sanctification;" and turning it over very eagerly, I lighted on a place where thus he writes: "You are to be fully persuaded of the all-sufficiency of Christ, for the salvation of yourself and all that believe in him, that his blood cleanses from all sin. (1 John i. 7.) Though our sins be ever so great and horrible, and continued in ever so long, yet he is able to deliver us from this body of death, and mortify our corruptions, be they ever so strong. We find in Scripture that abominably wicked persons have been saved by him. (1 Cor. vi. 9-11.) Such as have sinned against the light of nature, as the heathen; and the light of Scripture, as the Jews. Such as have denied Christ, as Peter; and persecuted him, as Paul. The devil fills some with horrid, filthy, blasphemous thoughts, on purpose that they may think their sins too great to be forgiven, though commonly such thoughts are the least of the sins of those who are pestered with them; and rather the devil's sins than theirs, because they are hurried into them sore against their wills. But if their hearts be somewhat polluted by them, Christ testifies that 'all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.'" (Matt. xii. 31.) I laid down the book, and was filled with such joy and consolation as I cannot report. Now I thought there might be some hope for me, and that my sins were pardonable; for still I concluded myself out of Christ, and in an unjustified state. O! I was sure that my sins and temptations could never consist with a state of grace; but horrid as they were, I have since found it to be otherwise, for I was all the while a true member of Christ Jesus, though then, with tears, I often said, I was sure it was impossible. But, inasmuch as these temptations haunted me still, though not attended with that horror and amazement of spirit, by reason of guilt, yet seeing they annoyed me as much as ever, I began to question all again, and to cry out after my wonted manner, "None was ever in my case; none so horridly wicked as I." O the weeping and wailing, and wringing of hands, the bitter agonies, the extreme anguish, the dread, and terror, and amazement of spirit which these blasphemous motions would put me into! What twitches, and shootings, and tremblings would every blasphemous thought cause even in my outward man. Neither were they any whit abated when I lay me down to rest. Sleep, I had none; slumberings were all I had for months together; for I may safely affirm that for four months at the least, I had not one wink of that sound, undisturbed sleep I was wont to enjoy in the days of my unregeneracy. (Let not any hereupon fancy the commands of Christ to be harsh and grievous, or take up a prejudice against his ways, as melancholy and unpleasant; for in my most desperate plunges I was so far from envying that I pitied the most prosperous sinner, and oft professed I would not change my bitterest tears for his loudest laughter. Now if the darkest night in the Christian life be so hopeful, what, then, is

the morning of God's return to the soul, and what is the noon of glory?) And at these times Satan was most outrageous, taking his advantage from my utter inability to resist; filling me, as I have said, with blasphemous ideas and tormenting fictions. But the wrath of devils shall praise God, and the remainder thereof he will restrain.

Now matters were come to that pass that it was not possible my afflictions should any longer be either dissembled or concealed; for my countenance was so changed and the visage of my face so altered that if I met any of my former acquaintance in the streets, they did not know me. Now I was become the subject of my friends' and neighbours' talk; and what ailed me, and what was the matter with me, was every one's inquiry. Some thought me possessed with deep melancholy; others, not much looking after the cause, took me to be in a deep consumption; others, again, said I was the very picture of death. But I found that all agreed in this, that I was not far from eternity. Now I was so far driven from Christ, and such a wretched estrangement was there between him and my soul (through the impetuous, incessant violence of my temptations) that I was as if I had never known him, or had any experience of those mighty transactions with him. Ah! This was Satan's main drift and principal design, to drive me from Christ, because he knew the further I was from Christ, the weaker I should be. My heart was even shut up against Christ, and so exceedingly hard that if I would have given a world for a truly penitent tear I could not shed one. No love, no breathings after Christ could I find within me. Nay, so far was it from that, that whenever I met with the very name of Christ, my dear and only Saviour, I would endeavour, if possible, to shun and pass it by; though sometimes I should have this impressed upon my spirit, "He must save you, if ever you are saved." And as for the blessed Spirit, so filled was my imagination with blasphemous filth, that I could never endure to look into the Acts of the Apostles, because so much mention was there made of the Holy Ghost. O! Whither, whither would Satan run us, were his power as boundless as his malice? Nay, to that degree did he prevail upon me, that, misjudging my state and misconstruing an expression of Dr. Owen's, where he says, "This selfish earnestness, at first to be thrusting our hands into the sides of Christ, is that which God will pardon in many, but accepts in none;" I say, taking this in a wrong sense, I prayed earnestly to God to pardon me for ever reaching out to Christ; poor soul, really thinking that it was high presumption in me to pretend to lay hold on Christ so soon after my abominable life; and when I had mourned, abased myself, judged, accused, condemned myself a little longer, then I would look to Christ. But my dear Lord Jesus, as soon as he appeared to me (which was not long after), both convinced me of my folly and graciously pardoned me.

Now by this time my body was brought to a very skeleton, through the terrors of the Lord that beset me round, and his arrows that stuck fast in my soul; so that at the latter end of August, 1706, I was forced into the country, to revive and recover almost expiring

nature. But the chief end I had in my eye was to have recourse to some spiritual physician for a cordial for my fainting soul; "for the spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" And therefore I went to a certain minister under whom I was educated, and with whom I thought I could use the most freedom. Before I went, I set down on paper some of the dismal circumstances I was then under, (particularly that of blasphemous thoughts, as also that I was wholly at a loss and uncertainty about my state, and could get no sure footing for my soul,) which the next morning, being Sabbath day, I gave to him. But to little purpose, for not the one half of my case was told him, neither could I by any means unbosom myself to him; so perplexed and intricate were my circumstances. Whatever I told him, I had some secret reserves in my own breast that would not out; and whatever he replied to me, I could easily except against it or evade it; as when in answer to my being afflicted with horrid blasphemous injections, he took me by the hand, and said, "Do not despair. These are the devil's sins, not yours. Do not despair;" and withal said, that he had many in the church under his care who had been sorely assaulted with these blasphemous thoughts, and the Lord had delivered them from them; and so he hoped he would me. Whereupon, this precious man of God immediately had recourse to his study, and pitched upon those words: "And a man shall be a hidingplace from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." From which words he made a very suitable, affectionate, and excellent discourse. But then Satan would soon start that faith-killing objection in my mind, that mine were of a quite different nature, and far more abominable than ever past through the heart of man; and if persons did but know them they would utterly abhor me. O! It is a fearful thing and cuts to the very heart, when we cannot be persuaded but that our case is singular, and that none were ever in the like plight; wherefore still the sore continued festering inwardly. "Divert your thoughts," says he, "to anything that is lawful, and the devil will be weary of suggesting, when he sees you do not mind him. You cannot please him more than to be cast down. He hath obtained a great end if he can but tire out your spirits. Be cheerful; but above all, believe in Christ, act faith on Christ." But I, alas! was like the lame man at the pool of Bethesda. He might as well have bid me pluck down a star, I thought, or drink up the ocean, as believe in Christ. I was far enough from that in my own apprehensions. I had no inclination to him, no love for him. My heart was as dead as a stone, quite bolted and barred against any motion Christward. Though I was driven to the most pressing extremity, I could not discover to myself the exercise of saving grace. I could not believe, nor could I repent. And here I asked one the meaning of those words of Paul: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha," thinking no less than that that dreadful curse belonged to me; for my heart (through the continual iteration of temptation) was almost (I tremble to say it) hardened against Christ.

Thus did the Lord withdraw himself, and leave me for awhile to the terrors of an invisible conflict, to make me sensible of my own weakness, to abate my pride, and to make me look to the Rock that is higher than I. O how did all the powers of darkness combine to destroy my new-born soul, and to crush it in its infant state! But O! admirable display of Christ's glorious power, infinite wisdom, and matchless love, to preserve and keep alive such a spark of grace, in an overflowing deluge of corruption and sin, and roaring tempests of infernal assaults, till he changed the storm into a pacific calm. For now comes the comfortable dawn, after this long, black, tempestuous, and (to my then thinking) everlasting night. As a great divine well observes, "The lowest degree of humiliation under God's mighty hand is the nearest step to rising and extraordinary exultation of spirit; the extremest darkness of spiritual desertion is wont to go immediately before the glorious sunrise of heavenly light, and unutterable lightness of soul."

The very morning I returned out of the country, being September 2nd, by a sudden accident in the street I was awakened out of my sleep about two o'clock, and methought I saw the heavens opened before me. Whereupon I instantly raised up myself in a most strong and fervent ejaculation to Christ, and said, "Lord, grant me thy Spirit and the free use of thy word," which, as I have said, I could not look into but every word would be presently wrested from me, and my mind possessed with filth and blasphemy. I was also much in prayer to God on this account the day before, which it pleased the Lord graciously to answer; but in so eminent a manner as was incredible above all expectation. I found no help come for the present; but a day or two after I came home, as I was looking in the Bible, remembering my earnest and important request, I lighted on John xv. 1-5: "I am the true vine," &c. It may be at another time I might have read these words fifty times over, and have felt no more power, nor tasted more sweetness in them than in any other scripture. But now the time, the set time was come, and precious words they were to my soul. No tongue can tell, no heart can think what ravishing comfort and lightsome gladness they brought with them. O what a change was there in a moment! It seemed to me like a second conversion! In an instant my former experiences were brought to mind, by which I was made to see that that great and blessed work of faith was wrought in my heart by the Spirit of God, though now it was obscured and weakened by manifold corruptions and temptations; and I began to muse on former manifestations, and to call to mind the days of the right hand of the Most High with inexpressible joy! I was made to see that I had been enabled from above, willingly and cheerfully, absolutely and unreservedly, to give up myself to Christ, and to trust in him for all salvation. I found the further unbelief prevailed the more corruption got ground. It is true faith must purify the heart. I saw that as God in sovereign grace had snatched me as a brand out of the burning, and drawn me to his Son, so I must continually depend upon him for fresh supplies, and that if he left me to myself I could not stand a mo-

ment. O! I saw and heartily acknowledged that all my sufficiency was of Christ, and all of grace from first to last. And from this very day I was never seized with such agonies and hideous terrors.

Yet still I had my ebbings and my flowings, and sometimes the dark as well as the bright side of the cloud, more than intimating that I was not yet out of the reach of temptation, nor beyond the devil's gun-shot. However, my soul was rising out of its depths, and God was setting my feet upon a rock and establishing my goings.

And now came flocking into my mind sundry scriptures with heavenly life and power, as: "Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;" "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." These with some others were set home upon my heart by the Holy Ghost with much assurance and comfort.

Thus I continued for some time without any remarkable alteration, and then I began to give way again to my former doleful despondency, for now this manifestation began to disappear, corruptions reassaulted me with renewed and redoubled vigour, and Satan began afresh to storm my soul with showers of his envenomed darts, so that I cried as those of old, "I know not what to do; but my eyes are upon thee."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## A COURT-MARTIAL.

*(Concluded from page 303.)*

**ELECTION.**—We will now try to trace out from God's word some of the marks of these men who tried you, and also their end and punishment. The first will be Colonel Darkness. I call upon you, my brother Mr. Investigation, to declare before this court of inquiry what you know of Colonel Darkness and his followers.

**INVESTIGATION.**—I shall speak freely for my blessed Emmanuel and his cause; and I here declare that darkness in the Bible means confusion; and truly this man Darkness, since he is in command, commands a body who are sitting and walking in gross darkness and under the mist of confusion. And it also means a want of spiritual light; and that they have not this is evident, for had they had it, they would not have spoken against Election as they have done. It means also great sin, or impurity, and slavery to the devil; and no doubt this description will well suit these men, for they must be carnal, sold under sin. Mr. Darkness, then, and his followers, being slaves to the devil, cannot have any spiritual light, for they are blinded by the god of this world. A woe is pronounced against all them "that call good evil," (and that this applies to Mr. Darkness and his followers there can be no doubt, since election is a good thing, but they call it evil,) "and put darkness for light." (Isa. v. 20.) "Their ways are profane;" (Jer. xxiii. 11;) "Their way shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness; they shall be driven on, and fall therein, for I will bring evil upon them." (Jer. xxiii. 12.) Look at the figure here,—"slippery ways in the darkness." It is very bad travelling even in darkness itself, but when the way is both dark and slippery it is still worse; and the way of all flesh-pleasures is a slippery way, a dark way, a fearful way, a way to death, yea, death itself. And it is said they "shall be driven on and fall therein." Well, it appears to me that Mr. Darkness is one of the "rulers of darkness of this



world;" (Eph. vi. 12;) and the kingdom to which he belongs is full of darkness." (Rev. xvi. 10.) And it is said, "The fool walketh in darkness." (Eccles. ii. 14.) Again, we find it said, "The wicked shall be silent in darkness" (1 Sam. ii. 9) and "chased out of the world." (Job xviii. 18.) "He shall not depart out of darkness," neither here nor hereafter, for "he departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness." (Eccles. vi. 4.) "And they shall be driven to darkness." (Isa. viii. 22.) "The Lord revengeth and is furious; he reserveth wrath for his enemies," and "darkness shall pursue his enemies." (Nahum i. 2, 8.) And whither will it pursue them? Even to death, and after death; for all lovers of darkness "shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. viii. 12.)

LOVER OF TRUTH.—I call upon you, my brother Mr. End-of-the-Law, to declare what you know about Colonel Moralism and his followers.

END-OF-THE-LAW.—Most willingly will I do so, for truth's sake. I believe that Col. Moralism and his followers put morality in the place of a new heart, and by their so-called good works expect to gain the favour of God. But for this they have no proof from the Bible; for we read, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" and works of any kind before a new heart is given are only sin, every one of them. They are a dead sacrifice. Therefore I believe that morality never leads to God. We read in the Bible of a man who pretended to be a prophet; and this he did, perhaps, because he was the son of a prophet; and he in his presumption could go so far as to declare to the people that the Lord had spoken by him. Hear what he says: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, saying, I have broken the yoke of the king of Babylon." (Jer. xxviii. 2.) But we find "the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah the prophet, Go and tell Hananiah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, The Lord hath not sent thee, but thou makest this people to trust in a lie. Therefore thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will cast thee from off the face of the earth; this year thou shalt die;" and we find, according to the word of the Lord, "he died the same year, in the seventh month." Here we have a man who in his presumption pretended to be a prophet; and to establish himself in the hearts of the people he must have been a professor of religion, and also a moral man, but he was dead in sin; for when he came to be tried by the touchstone of truth, with a "Thus saith the Lord," it was found the Lord had not sent him or spoken by him; and for his bold, daring presumption he is told the Lord would cut him from off the face of the earth, so that he should deceive the people no more with a "Thus saith the Lord," or cause them to trust in a lie. Here, in my humble judgment, we have a true character of Col. Moralism and his followers set forth or described, and the end of moralism; for all, whatever their character or profession may be, if they have not the Spirit of God, they are none of his; and hence they shall lie down in sorrow, and their lamp shall be put out in darkness. We have a man spoken of in Numbers xxii. whose name was Balaam, who I believe in heart was an enemy both to God and to his chosen people; but his enmity was restrained by Him who ruleth and overruleth all for his own glory and the good of his chosen people; and yet even this man was a professor of religion, and, for aught I can see to the contrary, might have been as good a moral man as Col. Moralism. For it is said of him that he went not as at other times to seek enchantments, (Num. xxiv.,) and that his eyes were opened, and the Spirit of God came upon him. He foretold great and glorious things; yea, it is said the Lord came to him. He saw the great blessings of God's elect. (xxiii. 20.) He declared God had not seen iniquity in Jacob, neither had he seen perverseness in Israel. He foretells the coming of Jesus. (xxiv. 17-19.) He also confessed his sin before the Lord, (xxii. 34,) yes,

and even desired to die the death of the righteous, and that his latter end might be like his. But was it so? No, no; for this was all natural; for, though his eyes were opened and the Spirit was given him, he never had a new heart given him; and, whatever a man may have, if he never has a new heart, he is not one of the elect; for to every one of these God does give a new heart. Well; we find that the end of this man was not as he desired, for he fell by the sword of those whom he had blessed. (Num. xxxi. 8; Josh. xiii. 22.) And so I believe Mr. Moralism and his followers have not the quickening Spirit of God; for, had they, they would not finally rail against election. Balaam did not, though he had not even a part in it; for he says, "Lo, the people shall dwell alone;" (Num. xxiii. 9;) and God's elect people do dwell alone. They are tried and condemned by all carnal moralists, universalists, Arminians, free-willers; in short, they are a stone for all to kick at. And yet they live; yes, "Because I live, they shall live also;" because as lively stones they are by eternal election built upon Christ Jesus, the head Corner-stone of this eternal building, and cemented to him by everlasting love. And hence I say, let a man have whatever he may, if he dies without a new heart freely given him by God, and that according to an eternal purpose, he never can be saved. The pharisees, too, were moralists; for Jesus says of them, "Ye are they which justify yourselves before men." (Luke xvi. 15.) But in Matt. xxiii. there are a number of woes pronounced upon them. He calls them "hypocrites;" for he says they did all they could to prevent the chosen from entering into the kingdom of heaven. They "devoured widows' houses;" they made "long prayers." Christ calls them "fools," "blind guides." He compares them to "whited sepulchres," and says to them, "Fill ye up the measure of your fathers;" (Matt. xxiii. 32;) "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" These, like Mr. Moralism and his followers, thought to climb to heaven by the ladder of morality; but they were thrust down to hell; and if predestinating grace and electing love do not prevent, Mr. Moralism and his followers will fill up a measure of iniquity which will sink them beneath the wrath of God for ever.

**LOVER OF TRUTH.**—Mr. Prove-all-Things, you are called upon to speak what you know about Captain Doctrine-of-Devils and his followers.

**PROVE-ALL-THINGS.**—I have known this sect now for some hundreds of years, and have always found their captain and themselves most bitter, malignant enemies of my Master and his truths, and also of his followers. And we read in the Bible of "false doctrines" and also of "doctrines of devils." Devil in the Bible means one who is an accuser, a deceiver, liar, persecutor; (Rev. ii. 10;) and wicked men. (John vi. 70.) The devil is an accuser, a deceiver, a liar, an adversary; and I think these appellations will with propriety apply to Captain Doctrine-of-Devils and his deluded followers. For they are accusers, deceivers, persecutors, and adversaries to God and his truth Election. That this man is one who holds false doctrines I am fully persuaded; for this reason because he hates election. Christ Jesus taught this truth; but they said of him, "He hath a devil." And there is not one of the apostles but taught the same truth; and from the beginning of the Bible to the end of it I find it plainly set forth. The 2nd Epistle of John begins and ends with election; and this is "the doctrine of Christ." This man hath not election, and consequently hath not God; and since he hath neither, he must have a false doctrine and a false Christ. And we read, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine." (2 Tim. iv. 3.) This man professes to know God; but God can be known only by election; therefore he knows nothing of "the faith of God's elect," or of that "eternal life which God promised before the world began." Therefore he hath "the doctrine of devils," for he holds and teaches lies. Having

his "conscience seared," he is perverse, "destitute of the truth," a "boaster," "proud," "highminded," "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;" (2 Tim. iii. 5;) "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," (2 Tim. iii. 7,) because his eyes are blinded by the God of this world; and the word says, "such are reprobate concerning the faith." (2 Tim. iii. 8.) Well, "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. xiv. 12.) We read also that "the beast was taken, and with him the false prophets; these both were cast alive into a lake of fire;" (Rev. xix. 20;) and this will be the end of all who have the beast's mark upon them, and not the mark of the man "with an inkhorn by his side." This man is Christ Jesus, and those marked by him have eternal life given them in him (Christ) before the world began; and they shall never come into condemnation.

Mr. Shall-Come, what have you to say against this dreadful man, Mr. Adjutant Both-Ways?

SHALL-COME.—He is one of very long standing in the world, and a very great enemy to Jesus, my Master; and he will turn any way to curry favour, since Christ is to him a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence—for a gin, and for a snare; (Isa. viii. 14;) and I think of all men this sort of men are the very worst enemies the church has. They can be free-willers to day; to-morrow the wind changes, and, like a weather-cock, they change with it. Here we have them electionists to-day; the wind changes again, and then we have them like "the sow that was washed, wallowing in the mire" of all that is an abomination in the sight of God. Now, the sow was washed; but it had the same heart, the same nature—not a new heart, for washing did not change the heart. For as soon as it was loose it plunged into all the filth it came across. So these both-ways men have no new heart; yet they make a profession of religion. They are washed; that is, there is a change outwardly, but none in. The heart is the same; therefore these men are dangerous; for they are cunning, crafty, deceitful, our enemies, and the most bitter enemies to God and his truth. From such we must turn away. Such men are deceived and deceivers. Jeremiah gives us a description of such when he says, "And they will deceive every one his neighbour, and will not speak the truth." (Jer. ix. 5.) Such are not "valiant for the truth upon earth, for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord." (Jer. ix. 3.) Then we are to "believe them not, though they speak fair words unto thee," (Jer. xii. 6,) because their fair words are "but the kisses of an enemy;" (Pov. xxvii. 6;) yea, a snare to entrap, so that they may wound the souls of God's elect; yea, not only wound, but "deceive the very elect, if it were possible." Now, all deceived and deceivers who receive the mark of the beast and worship him (Rev. xiv. 11) "shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God;" and, further, they "shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xiv. 10.)

LOVER OF TRUTH.—We have left now Mr. Lieutenant No-Grace, Mr. Lieutenant Crafty, and Ensigns Self-Will and Unstable. Now, I believe these are equally culpable with the former, and no doubt rejoiced in heart when they heard Election had been arrested and was to be tried. But with how much greater joy would they receive the order to be members on his court-martial! But the joy of the wicked is only like the crackling of thorns under a pot. And do we not see this passage fulfilled daily: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed?" For I have not the least repugnance in saying, so far as I can see, that these men are the seed of the old serpent, for we see that very enmity manifested in their proceedings on this court-martial.

Mr. Saved-by-Grace, you are requested to come forward and state what you know about Mr. No-Grace and his followers.

**SAVED-BY-GRACE.**—I have been long acquainted with this people, and have always found them to be setters forth of great errors; namely, that all may come, that all may be saved, for God loves all and would have all saved; which I know to be false, for God does not love all: "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." That God does not love all is plain from his word. But Mr. No-Grace has invented and found out a new ladder to scale the Mount Zion, as he thinks; and I suppose some night, when he thinks it convenient so to do, he will make the bold attempt to take heaven by storm; but I humbly conceive that, as his ladder is of an earthly construction, its model being conceived in the brain of man, and manufactured in the great workshop of universal salvation, it is a rotten one; and, though some men by appearance seem by it to climb very near heaven, yet it very often turns out that the nearer they seem to heaven the greater is their fall. Some such I have seen and known myself, and at this moment, whilst I am writing, they are sinking deeper and deeper. And I must tell Mr. No-Grace that, though he may seem to shine in the robes of the sons of Zion, yet, since he loves not grace, he is only a painted hypocrite; and, if grace arrest him not, his portion and that of his followers must be in the place of eternal torment. "For by grace are ye (the elect) saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.)

Mr. Prove-all-Things, will you kindly tell us what you know of this Mr. Crafty and his followers?

**PROVE-ALL-THINGS.**—This Mr. Crafty is one who has formed an alliance with Mr. No-Grace, and they no doubt agree well together. But, with all his crafty counsel against the people of God, they must and shall outlive it, and reach the land of peace. And, though Mr. Crafty may imagine that by his cunning craft and devilish inventions he too shall reach the land of peace, he will find himself, I fear, sadly disappointed at the end, since the wisdom of man is only foolishness in the sight of God; for Job says, "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise." (Job v. 12.) David says of these crafty deceivers, "They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones." (Ps. lxxxiii. 3.) But such shall be "as the stubble before the wind;" (Ps. lxxxiii. 13;) for crafty deceivers have never been hidden by God in the ark, Jesus Christ; and so, as the old world perished who were without the ark, so shall all crafty deceivers, whilst the hidden ones of God by election shall float upon the living waters of God's grace; for they are hid in Christ their ark, shut in by God's eternal love. Therefore grace shall float them home to glory, to be for ever with their Lord.

Mr. Discernment, will you kindly tell us something about Mr. Self-Will, which you know to be true?

**DISCERNMENT.**—Most gladly will I. Mr. Self-Will, then, to my knowledge, both he and his crew are most bitter enemies to God and his elect. Self-Will is one who hardens himself by his iniquities. He sits in darkness; he encompasses himself about with sparks of death. He inflames himself with his idol self under every green tree; he boasts in his own glory, which is his shame, and so he lays up wrath against the day of wrath for himself. Self waits not for the Lord; he wants no call, and so destruction opens to receive this mighty self. Self cannot always judge what is wrong, because the things of the Spirit are foolishness unto him. He cannot judge right, because he is carnal, sold under sin, dead to eternal realities; so he is thrust out, and shall be finally thrust out, into hell; he shall weep and wail for the loss of self for ever. Self is one who can cleanse himself with "Do, do." Hence he belongs not to the hidden ones whom God cleanses. Self despises the blood of the everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure, to all the elect. These self-willers

glory in self, and so deceive themselves, being full of falsehood, blind, dead, and brutish; and, having not the truth, they hide themselves under the cloak of falsehood. But it is a cloak made up of a spider's web, which can never cover their nakedness. Hence their doings shall all be brought to light. Self thinks he can go to the Lord and leave when he likes. Hence he can be found one night at a meeting, another at a theatre; sometimes, by accident, as he says, he can take a drop too much, at another time he can be found in the dancing-room. He is not very nice about a few lies to answer his own turn. And too much of this so-called religion I have seen in my time; but it is not religion, but devilism; for I am sure such are the willing captives of the devil. But with all this they bind themselves under a curse to destroy Election; but for the very want of Election they are deceived, and because they have him not they think to take his life, so as to prevent others from entering the kingdom of heaven. But the Lord shall laugh them all to scorn. Self thinks itself sufficient to achieve great things. Hence he becomes a preacher, and a mighty figure, too, he makes; and of a truth he converts many, but only to be "tenfold more the children of hell than they were before;" for they are only brought to bow at the shrine of self in another form; and so self, dressed in the garb of a saint, becomes their god. And O what zeal they have for their god. Late and early they labour for him. And such a great heart has mighty self that it would bring all, save all, and deliver all. But Mr. Self-Will and his followers shall know some day that the triumphing of the wicked (namely, all self-willers) is short, and "the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment;" (Job xx. 5); "He shall perish for ever like his own dung;" (Ver. 7); and "God shall cast the fury of his wrath upon him;" (Ver. 23); "And his goods (all the goods which self has manufactured) shall flow away in the day of his wrath. This is the portion of a wicked (self-willed) man from God." (Ver. 28, 29.)

Well, Mr. Penetration, what have you to say about Mr. Unstable and his party?

PENETRATION.—I know this fellow and those who belong to him to be deadly enemies to Election and God. His heart is not fixed, trusting in God. He is not like the stars which fall not, being fixed, but falls here and there; changeable, restless, impelled on to destruction by malice against the truth. And yet at times he can speak in praise of Election, but only in order the better to deceive. He will be anything and everything, if he can but cause men to cast in their lot with him. Truly he is a wandering star, for he is unstable in all his ways. He is one of those who "grope in the dark without light; and he (God) maketh them stagger (margin, wander) like a drunken man." (Job xii. 25.) He is one who "speaks wickedly for God, and talks deceitfully for him." (Job xiii. 7.) He laughs the upright man of integrity and truth to scorn; he is one who is "ashamed of the Lord;" his sacrifice is an abomination to God, a stink in his nostrils; he is as "unstable as water." He is a raiser of false reports, "an unrighteous witness;" he is "an unruly and vain talker;" being "a double-minded man, (he) is unstable in all his ways;" (James i. 8); for his tongue is "set on fire of hell," and his wisdom is "earthly, sensual, devilish." He is one who "brings in damnable heresies," "whose damnation slumbereth not;" and, without grace, himself and his party must be lost, lost for ever.

Well, here is our dear brother Fear-Not. Let us hear what he has to say for our Master and his heavenly cause.

FEAR-NOT.—My dear Lover of Truth, you have heard all that has been said of these wicked men, and therefore I shall say but little at this time. But I have this much to say, that from my very heart I believe them all to be setters forth of strange doctrines and damnable heresies, contrary to the word of my Master. For my Master says of the

elect, "They shall come," "They are mine," "and shall be mine;" "I give unto them eternal life;" "I will be their God, they shall be my people;" "I lay down my life for the sheep;" "He gave his life a ransom for many;" "I pray not for the world, but for those whom thou hast given me out of the world. Thine they were, and thou gavest them me;" "That he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him;" "I have chosen you," "and ordained you." This is plain truth from the Bible; and, since these men preach and teach contrary to "Thus saith the Lord," and their followers love to have it so, they together will lie down in sorrow, unless they belong to the Good Shepherd.

LOVER OF TRUTH.—So far as my heavenly Master has enabled me to see, I believe the things which these wicked men preach and teach are not taught by God; but the devil is the author of them, for he is the "father of lies" and of all errors; and these men, being blinded by him, are perfectly at his will to lead them to do what he pleases, by the permission of God; for even the devil is under the Lord, and so he can only do what God chooses to allow him, and so with those he reigns over. I believe that election is a stone of stumbling to many; and it is said, "He (Jesus) is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel." And did they not say when Christ preached the blessed doctrine of grace, "He hath a devil?" Yes; and so they say of those who hold the truths which Jesus taught. "My sheep hear my voice;" "but ye are not of my sheep." "To you (my sheep) it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." But these men-pleasers have their reward, the praise of men here; but they will not, they cannot, have the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," at the last day; for they are slaves to the devil. And, as I love the truth, I quite agree with what my brethren have said about these wicked men. For, if man is not saved by sovereign grace, he is not saved at all, and cannot be saved, but must perish in his sins. And none are saved but those who have had grace given to them in Christ from eternity, and that according to the eternal purpose of God the Father, which he purposed in Christ Jesus, who is the Head of his body the church, who from eternity have been given him in the purpose of the Father, and who by him, according to that purpose, have been saved from all eternity. And these are they who are chosen, called, and faithful; and their song will be, "To him that hath redeemed us from all iniquity, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, be glory for ever and ever."

My brother, it is written, "For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. xi. 19.) "There must be heresies." Then we must expect them and be on the look out for them. And what a mercy, my brother, that by the Holy Ghost we are enabled to see them, and not only to see them, but, by grace given, we are enabled also to fly from them.

O brother, what a day we live in! What show, what working for the conversion of the world! Truth, my brother, is fallen in the streets; error abounds on every side. Well, the elect do still obtain for all this, and the rest are blinded. O what a mercy that God should condescend to pluck me out of it! O that I could love him more! O that I could live more to him! O that sin were more overcome by the grace of God working in me that which is pleasing in his sight. Praise our God that even sin by and by shall not have any more dominion over us; for with the body we shall lay it down, and never see it more. And even now by grace we often overcome. Yes, yes, I thank God, to him be the praise, that election does not make me sin. No, I want to love him more, to hate sin more, to sin less; and by grace I can and do live down many a proud freewiller. But no thanks to me for it; for the love of Christ constrains me. O the riches of grace! Bless the dear Lord for it!

My brother, what a mighty passage is that where it says, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your day, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." (Acts xiii. 41.) Now, the work here spoken of is still going on, and will go on; and these despisers of blessed Election cannot prevent it. They may murmur at the truth; but the wheels of truth shall keep still going round and round until every elect soul shall be brought home to glory.

Well, my brother, I have said much, but I trust only the truth; and I still say that if these die with enmity in their hearts, it matters not what their profession may be, I say they will and must be lost. There is but one way to heaven, for Christ is "the way, the truth, and the life." Yes, all the elect, through him as their way, shall arrive safe in glory.

I must now close; and may the God of all grace lead us higher still, and keep us in the truth, and make us bold for the truth; and may we go on from strength to strength until we appear in Zion before the Lord.

I remain, Your loving Brother in the Lord our Righteousness,

JOHN ROWDEN,

Murree Hills, India, July 27, 1860.

Sergt. H.M.'s 98th Reg.

### THE JEWELS OF THE REDEEMER'S CROWN.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day, when I make up my jewels."—MAJ. iii. 17.

HAIL, sacred day, that shall declare  
The jewels of the Son of God;  
Design'd to deck his crown, they were  
Chosen of old, and bought with blood.

To make salvation free and full,  
Mary adorns Christ's diadem;  
Her crimson stains are white as wool;  
She shines a bright distinguish'd gem.

Manasseh, too, through sovereign grace,  
Was not in Satan's den to lie;  
But in this crown to fill a place,  
And raise the Saviour's triumph high.

There David shines without a stain;  
Uriah's blood can ne'er be known;  
For like a millstone in the main  
Are David's black transgressions thrown.

Rahab, the harlot, that fair stone,  
Sank not in Tophet's endless flame;  
When Jesus conquer'd for his own,  
His coronet contain'd her name.

The dying thief, behold him too,  
This matchless diadem adorn;  
A pearl of no inferior hue,  
Though from the gloomy gibbet torn.

No wanting gem, no absent stone,  
Shall e'er be seen when Christ appears,  
Each, in his place, about his crown,  
Shall beam and shine to endless years.

## AND THEY SAT DOWN AT THY FEET.

Dear Christian Friends,—I was very pleased to receive those interesting accounts you so kindly sent me. Many thanks. It is sweet to read and hear of the various dealings and means our heavenly Father makes use of to bring his beloved children to his dear feet, leading them by a way they knew not. O how we find each other loving to sit at his feet. When we find him, everything else becomes vanity indeed. Having called us to be his witnesses, we have to fight continually with this vain world; and it is a good fight, for we are “conquerors through him that loved us.” Having tasted that he is gracious, he sends us forth with our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; but it is a mighty warfare. “We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” This strikes me as a wonderful verse. We need the whole armour of God; nothing less than “Christ in us the hope of glory.” How often he tells us to fear not; but evidently the fears are to arise, that we may know more and more of our weakness, and prove him, by happy experience, to be our strength, our life, our hope, our all. Then we remember that he has promised never to leave nor forsake us. I sincerely hope your dear wife will soon know what it is to realise again this blessed truth. Mrs. H.’s Christian regards.

Yours in the Spirit,

Brighton, Sept. 24th, 1860.

A. G.

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 I DIE DAILY.

My dear Friend and Brother,—The bearer is my faithful brother, Mr. Wright, who is also one of our deacons; with whom you may freely speak of the grace that is in Christ Jesus, if you feel your heart so disposed. Alas! for me. I feel often no heart for anything good, and then writing is my hardest task. So children must be enticed to obedience by sugar-plums. A true and bold venture upon Christ is above nature. To live as a Christian, I find I must die daily. But this dying work is puzzling work to all my reasoning powers. I go on much as usual. I preach as well as I can, and bad is the best. I would not speak ill of my Master; but I do not, I cannot exalt him sufficiently. I would see a long way before me if I could; but it pleases the Lord to keep me moping about in the dark, and that makes me feel that I am not fit to preach. I have sometimes a holiday and a sunny day; but I am apt to make too much of the day and the sunshine, and too little of him who grants these unmerited favours. In bodily health I am much better than I was when I saw you last; but in soul health much worse; not so much from fiery and active lusts as from the deadly nightshade that grows in and about the walls of my mud cottage, producing stupefaction, forgetfulness, hardness of heart, and a train of other evils. I think I can guess at Paul’s meaning: “O wretched man that I am!



who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Thus I could keep on grumbling all my letter through:

" O when will God my joy complete,  
And make an end of sin ?  
When shall we view the land and meet  
No Canaanite therein ?"

I hope your little cause will prove to be the cause of God indeed, and that many of the purchase of Immanuel's blood may have to bless God for his mercy in directing one and another of his own faithful servants to preach his most holy and precious gospel in N. God help you, my brother, to maintain a firm stand. And may God keep all his real children that are with you from fleshly and angry contentions. O what a sweet place is a throne of grace, with a peaceable conscience and the approbation of God! But the fire of fleshly contention will bring the Father's rod upon his children, and his frown is as death.

My best love to Mr. R. and to William. Tell William to study well the last three verses of Prov. iv. My love to Mrs. B. and daughter, and others. Mercy and peace be with them and with you.

Ever yours,

London, Sept. 5th, 1835.

H. FOWLER.

## Obituary.

### MRS. SMITH, OF BRIGHTON.

The accompanying notes, which were penned down by Mr. W. Maydwell, at the time he visited the late Mrs. Smith, may perhaps be thought worthy of a place in your periodical.

Mrs. Smith was my wife's sister. For many years she had a respect for those whom she believed to be the children of God, yet we never could trace anything like divine life, saving this kindness to any suffering saint; nor do we believe she ever knew what the evil of sin consisted of until after she was assured her affliction was decidedly fatal. This was five months previous to her death. She then began to feel the solemnity of her position; from that time the Lord began to deepen conviction. Now her distress was very great and the anguish of her soul bitter. I was, at her request, a constant visitor, and latterly a very frequent one; but making no memorandum of what passed at the time of those visits, I can only speak in a general way of a few things which occur to my mind. It was very observable how the Lord knocked from under her one prop after another, to each of which, as is customary, she clung tenaciously, until she learned by experience what the Saviour meant by the counsel given to the pharisees: "But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice," and was indeed brought to see and feel that "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth," so that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Thus she felt the "fearful" estate of "falling into the hands of the living God;" and until he, of his abundant mercy, begat her to a

living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, her distress was very great. At length this hope was given her through grace; yet was it often tried, and in her feelings removed as a tree and "perished," as she feared, "from the Lord." The following is an instance. On taking my leave of her one Saturday, she said, "I cannot help hoping, my dear S., but it will be all right at last, after all." I expressed myself glad at hearing her say so. The next Monday I found her very low and desponding. I reminded her of what she had expressed the previous Saturday. She replied, "Yes, I felt a hope then, but that is dead and buried long ago." I asked her if she remembered reading that "the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever;" and, "except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it will bring forth much fruit." She looked up quickly and said, it was very singular I should express myself as I did, and it seemed to revive her hope again.

Her hope seemed, from time to time, to be more abundant, and the trial of her faith and hope also, through Satan's temptations, which begat a despondency that at times amounted in her feelings to despair of mercy. But the God of hope maintained it in the principle. On one occasion I asked her if he was come. "No," she replied, "but I am waiting." I said, "You will not wait in vain, I believe." On hearing this, she looked up, and, with much feeling, said, "If the Lord Jesus does come to me, it will be marvellous mercy; marvellous mercy!" She repeated these words, with increasing loudness several times, so that the room rang again, adding, "It will be marvellous mercy; not that I have any feeling of it now, but it will be marvellous mercy if ever he comes to me, a vile wretch like me!"

At another time I found her very low, and her complaint very bitter, saying she had no hope, and death close at hand. I asked her if she believed the Bible to be true. "Yes." "Do you believe that this text is a truth or a lie: 'He will satisfy the longing soul?'" "Truth!" she replied. "And this: 'He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him,'" and some others of similar import. "They are true, and cannot fail." "Then," I added, "if these scriptures are true, how is it possible you can perish?" Looking thoughtfully a moment, she said, "I cannot see how I can perish, and yet I cannot see how I can be saved."

On another occasion she drew me to her, and, putting her arms around my neck, said, "I return you a thousand thanks, my dear S., for all your kindness to me; but you will have an ample recompense for all your trouble if you know that I am gone right at last." "Yes," I replied, "indeed I shall."

As she approached her end, she was blessed with a stronger hope, which was evidenced by a more patient waiting for the Lord. Then again the delay she met with caused greater distress, as she saw her end approaching nigher. On the day of her deliverance, I saw a change indeed. Her countenance was radiant with joy and peace. "So he is come," I said. With an inexpressible look of beaming

joy she replied, "Yes! but——" "But, what?" I said. She replied, "I fear." I proceeded: "Did I not hear that you said you had found the fatted calf?" She quickly replied, "Yes; and so I did, and have been feasting upon it!" I answered, "What you found him then, he is now:

" ' What thou hast found him at thy best,  
He's at thy *worst* the same;  
He in his love will ever rest;  
Thy Husband holds his claim.' "

Nodding assent, and with a most happy and brightened countenance, she replied, "Ah! to be sure he is." I asked her if she remembered telling me I should have ample recompense for my trouble if I knew she went right at last. Looking up, she quickly replied, "Yes." I added, "I have my pay now." "And so have I, too," she quickly rejoined, looking round upon each person in the room with a look of triumphant joy. I then took my leave of her.

Neither myself nor others who witnessed her appearance that day can ever efface from the memory the more than earthly appearance of that death-stricken countenance, which, after the ransomed soul had fled, retained, as if stamped by what it had enjoyed, the indescribable expression of happiness, joy, and peace, which had lit it up.

I knew Mrs. Smith for nearly 30 years; and perhaps one instance will bespeak her feelings towards those who fear God, and convey more to you than I can by words. She lived as lady's maid in a part of the same family that my wife lived in, and they often met at one house or the other. When the servants would have cards about, my wife usually spent her time in her own room, except at meals, when she met with them at the table. It sometimes happened, when she went down to supper, that they had been so busy at cards as not to observe the hour, and the person whose place it was to get supper ready would say to her when she entered the room, "Mrs. S., will you take my hand, while I get supper ready?" Mrs. Smith would always be ready with a reply: "O don't ask my sister. I should never think of doing so."

I thought these additional items might not be uninteresting to you, and if you deem them or part of them likely to encourage any of your readers, pray use them. The Lord bless his own testimony to his own people. So prays, Yours truly in him,

Brighton, July 16th, 1863.

G. W. STEDMAN.

#### THE NOTES REFERRED TO ABOVE.

In visiting Mrs. Smith, I noticed in her, from the first, a particular honesty. She made no claim to any spiritual attainment, but would always say she was sure the great work of spiritual regeneration had never been begun in her soul. She would speak in terms of the greatest self-condemnation for having sat so long under so faithful a ministry of the truth, and yet never having received it, in its divine power, into her own heart. She used to say she at times felt under it a little of what she desired to find, and knew she must find, if ever she was saved; but she was conscious she had not yet realised it in her own experience.

For some time after I began to visit her, she had always the same tale to tell, when questioned as to her state: "O I am so dark, and as dead and insensible as a stone!" She would bitterly complain of this; but if the question were put: "Have you then no desire after Christ?" she would always reply, with some feeling, "O yes; that is what I want." From the first I felt my own heart drawn out in love towards her, and usually found sensible help in speaking to her. Often did I go cold and dead in my own soul, as if I had nothing to communicate; but generally found a most sweet and sensible change during the visit, as I had such a feeling, notwithstanding all her complaints of insensibility and death, that *the Lord was there*, though at times I certainly was tried as to my hope for her, by not being able to perceive any difference in her state. I should have been glad to have seen a little more of what the Lord speaks of in the gospel: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" but this is the Lord's own work, which he accomplishes in his own due time and way, and which we cannot hasten; and he did accomplish it in her at last. The following Notes of Conversations with her were put down about this time when the Lord appeared to be deepening the work in her heart, which roused, as usual, the opposition of the enemy:

*Dec. 22.*—On asking her whether she had more hope, she replied, "O! I am farther off than ever. I cannot tell you what I have suffered since you were here. It seemed as if some one told me I was a deceiver, that I had deceived myself, and also the Lord's people, and even his ministers. I have been in a dreadful state. On Sunday morning I was feeling a desire for the Lord to give me some word to think upon during the day, when it seemed as if said to me, 'O you deceiver! You have been deceiving every one, and even the Lord's own servants. There is even Mr. G. you have been trying to make think well of you,'" &c. She seemed much distressed. Thinking that it was the work of the enemy, I read to her the account of Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him; and I referred also to what is said of the Lord in Ps. cix. 31, as "standing at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those who condemn his soul." Upon this she said, "How kind and watchful is the Lord over his own!" as if the remarks had been attended with a little reviving hope. On coming to that part in Zech. iii. where Joshua is represented as standing before the Lord clothed in filthy garments, she said, "Ah! filthy am I indeed!"

*Dec. 26.*—She expressed much desire to be released from her present suffering condition; but added, "I fear I am wrong in this." On inquiring if she had not a little secret hope at the bottom, she said, "O, as I lie here I know what I *ought* to feel! How sad it is! I cannot find the love to the Lord I want to feel; but she added with much feeling, "there is none on earth I love more." I said, "You can say, I think, with the apostle, you love the Lord's appearing? If so, he says there is a crown of glory for you as well as for *him*. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,

which the Lord will give me at that day, and not to me only but to all those who love his appearing." She replied, "O! I do love his appearing indeed. It is what I want."

Dec. 29.—She was very weak to-day, and expressed herself as having many fears how it would be with her at death. She said, "Christ is all I want. As dear Mr. Hart says,

"Christ only I seek;  
Wait for him alway," &c.

Dec. 31.—She was exceedingly low and sinking to-day, both in mind and body, and said in a most desponding way, "That which I feared has come upon me. I am lost!" Then she described how she had been cut down in consequence of a visit from Mr. G., in which he had spoken very faithfully to her, telling her that unless the Lord manifested his love to her soul she must be lost. These words appeared to have sunk into her heart and occasioned her great distress. I sank myself also in spirit for her, more, I think, than ever before. I felt greatly my own ignorance and need of divine teaching what to say to her, and did not find any sensible help till I engaged in prayer with her; but, in the course of the exercise, my heart was much melted and drawn out to plead that the Lord Jesus would be pleased to glorify his own great name in her salvation, not for anything in us, but solely for his own great name's sake. She seemed to have felt something also during the prayer, for she spoke afterwards as if she was almost raised to a hope that the Lord was coming. After I left her, my heart was exceedingly melted and drawn out with many earnest cries on her behalf, with a feeling of near access to the Lord and much sweet peace; which again revived my hope for her.

Jan. 2, 1863.—She appeared much the same, both in mind and body. She said, "I am still dark as midnight. I can hardly think; I am so stupefied by medicine; but the Lord knows the groanings of my heart." I reminded her of what she told me she had felt during my last prayer with her. At this she seemed to brighten up a little, and said, "Yes, I did feel then, as I never felt in any prayer before, such a lively, cheerful feeling, as if the Lord was coming;" and she added, "I do not know how it is, I have such an impression the Lord will answer your prayers."

Jan. 3.—There was no marked change in her state to-day, but I thought I could perceive more hopefulness in her spirit, though she seemed herself afraid of acknowledging an increase of hope. She said, alluding to the near approach of death, "What a solemn thing it is! How can I rest without knowing that my sins are forgiven?" I was encouraged to-day, as I had been before, by seeing what an understanding she appeared to have that the whole work must be the Lord's, and that the creature could not help her. She said, referring to what she had felt the other day during my prayer, "It was as if something said within, 'When the Lord does this for you, you must not ascribe it to Mr. M. You must give the Lord all the glory.'"

Jan. 10.—I had not been able to see her for a week, and I thought I could perceive a marked change, both as regards her bodily and

spiritual state. Her countenance bespoke the near approach of death, but she had found a supporting hope. I never before heard her speak so cheerily in the language of decided hope. She said, "The Lord has softened me down to-day in a way I never felt before. All through this illness I have been so hard; and what condemnation did this softening bring, that I should lie here so cold and dead and yet the Lord be so gracious and merciful. It has increased my desire after Christ, and I do feel a hope he is beginning to teach me things I have never yet known. O! I hope I am not getting too strong, too confident; but as, after having been so long so hopeless and wretched, I now feel this hope, I cannot help speaking as I do. I never before could feel there was any hope for me; and now, perhaps, that cruel enemy will come and rob me of it; but why should I expect it otherwise, such a vile sinner as I am? I know the work must be tried. O! If the Lord does come, how loud I shall sing."

*Jan. 16.*—She was too weak to speak much to-day, and indeed seemed sinking fast; but she said, "I have *hope*, but not *joy*;" and indeed there appeared both hope and love in her spirit. She spoke hopefully of the blessed meeting there would be above with those loved in the spirit here below. The nurse also said that in the night she had spoken of Christ as altogether lovely, adding that there was nothing in this world she desired but the enjoyment of his love.

After this, she sank again exceedingly low, and a night or two before her death said, "I am dying. I have no hope to rest my soul upon." On the following night she was overheard repeating the hymns 4, 99, and 101 of Hart, which seemed made helpful to her.

The morning of the day before she died, she was in much conflict, and kept crying, "Lord, come! O do come!" many times together. Then, after awhile, she broke out, "My dear Redeemer!" her face beaming with joy. The nurse noticing this, which with her was unusual language of appropriation, made a remark to that effect. "Yes," she replied, "I *can* so now, for *he is come!* O! He is come!" And, full of rapture, she cried out, "O that this tongue could utter the glory I now see." She clapped her hands, saying, "Now, now; why not now?" as if anxious to depart immediately. Then turning to those around her, she said, "O let us all rejoice together, for I have found the fatted calf." She appeared so full of joy that she did not seem to know whether she was alive or dead, still on earth or already in heaven, and said, "Am I dead?" The nurse replied, "No, my dear; you are not dead, but you soon will be." Upon which she cried, her face shining with joy, "O how delightful. I shall then be in that happy place." After this she was overheard saying, "No, never!" as if rejecting some insinuation of the enemy; adding, "You fox, you arch fox; but you are a conquered enemy." She then became restless, and wished to be moved. The nurse moved her, and on laying her back again, she clasped her hands over her head, and expired without a struggle, on Saturday morning, January 24th.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Continued from p. 324.)

IN our last Number we attempted to define, and explain from the word of truth the gospel mystery of sanctification, and to show that so rich and heavenly a blessing is not limited to the work of the Holy Ghost on the hearts of the people of God, but that it includes and embraces their sanctification before time by the original and eternal Will of God the Father, and their sanctification in time by the Offering of the body of Jesus Christ, his dear Son, once for all. And we may here remark that there is a peculiar blessedness in this view of the sanctification of the church of Christ by the Will of the Father, and by the Work of the Son, that not only does it lay a firm and broad foundation for her sanctification by the Spirit, but that this branch of her sanctification is thus already in itself completely and absolutely perfect. Nor indeed, as being an accomplished work of God, can it be otherwise, for "He is the rock; his work is perfect." (Deut. xxxii. 4.) This sanctification, therefore, of the people of God, as distinct from the work of the Holy Ghost upon their heart, is already in itself fully and entirely complete; for the Will of the Father is absolute, and the Work of the Son is a finished work. In this sense, then, the church of Christ is now and for ever perfectly holy, for she is "complete in Christ," (Col. ii. 10,) "accepted in the Beloved," (Eph. i. 6,) and stands before God all fair and without spot. (Song iv. 7.) We well know, indeed, how bitterly and angrily this view of sanctification has ever been opposed by legalists, and all those children of the bondwoman who hate that glorious comeliness which the Lord has put upon his bride; (Ezek. xvi. 14;) nor are we unaware of the reproaches which "the ignorance of foolish men," (1 Peter ii. 15,) has cast both upon the doctrine itself, and upon those who hold and teach it, as if it were fraught with the most dangerous consequences, and were the very high road to licentiousness. They have argued against it, as if we intended thereby to supersede sanctification by the Spirit, and to employ it as a kind of substitute for that individual and personal holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord; and which they insinuate that we hate and shun as laying a restraint on our lusts. But this is one of those stumbling blocks, over which blind and obstinate men stumble to their own perdition; for so far from this sanctification of the church by the Father and the Son superseding sanctification by the Spirit, it lays, on the contrary, the only firm and solid foundation for it, for it ensures the spiritual and personal sanctification of every member of the mystical body of Christ, as they are successively brought into a time state, by unalterably securing their interest in the covenant work and offices of the Holy Ghost, and in those gracious operations whereby he makes them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. It also casts a glorious light upon the economy\* of grace; that

\* The word "economy" means literally, "the management of a house, or household," and as the church is the house of God, (Heb. iii. 6,) the term is applied to the order of God's dealings with the church.

is, the order of the divine procedure in the dispensation of grace to his church; for "God is not the author of confusion," (1 Cor. xiv. 33,) but as in nature, so in grace, of the most perfect order in all his arrangements. In the economy of grace, then, the same divine order rules and reigns as in the personal subsistence of the Three Persons in the Godhead. The order of that subsistence is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In the everlasting Covenant, in all its provisions and all its blessings, the same order prevails; and therefore rules and reigns in the great Covenant blessing, Sanctification. The blessing is an orderly blessing, and, as such, in all its steps moves onward according to the order of the Persons in the Godhead. The Father is first; therefore the sanctification of the Church by his eternal Will is first. The Son is second; therefore her sanctification by his one Offering is second. The Holy Ghost is third; therefore the sanctification of the church by his efficacious grace is third. And yet, though the Persons of the Trinity are distinct, their eternal Essence is but One; so in this work of sanctification a glorious Unity of will and work pervades the whole. As, too, the Persons, though distinct, are equal, and the order of their subsistence does not affect the equality of their eternal Being, so the work of sanctification, as participated in by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is equal, and if equal, equally complete. This is already true, as we have shown, as regards the work of the Father, and of the Son, and will be equally true as regards the work of the Holy Ghost, for his sanctifying work on the souls and bodies of the saints will, in the resurrection morn, be as perfect as the absolute Will of the Father, and the finished Work of the Son.

This glorious mystery of the sanctification of the Church, though written as with a ray of light in the word of truth, has been so obscured by the advocates of a legal and fleshly holiness, that we have felt desirous to lay before our spiritual readers what has been opened to our mind on this subject as a part of the divine counsel. These points of heavenly truth we admit, are deep, and may, therefore, be considered by some of our readers mysterious and obscure, and by others neither instructive nor edifying; but we believe, on the contrary, that it will ever be found that deep truths, like deep rivers, are full of fruitfulness in proportion to their depth. How deep the mystery of the Trinity! But in its very depth lies its blessedness. How deep the mystery of the eternal Sonship of our Lord! But in its depths what treasures of ineffable glory are laid up! How deep the mystery of the Incarnation! But what streams of superabounding grace are ever springing and rising out of its bosom, swelling in an ample and healing tide over all the aboundings of sin. Marvel not, then, that deep is the mystery of sanctification; for it will be found, if we are favoured with a spiritual apprehension of it, that in its very depth lies much of its blessedness.

Having, then, laid this firm foundation for the sanctification of the church by the blessed Spirit, we are now brought back to our original subject, the covenant offices of the Holy Ghost; for as it is his special office to sanctify, by his divine operations, the people of



the Father's choice and of the Son's redeeming blood, the term will include the greater part of his efficacious work upon the soul. But to arrange our Meditations on this subject with some measure of that clearness which is so desirable on points of such deep importance, we will consider,

i. The *necessity*;

ii. The *nature* of this sanctification by his effectual grace.

i. Its necessity lies, 1. in the essential holiness of God. 2. In the fallen state of man.

1. God is essentially holy; so much so, that holiness is his very nature, the very perfection and glory of his Being. He, therefore, swears by his holiness as if it were himself, for "because he could swear by no greater he swore by himself." (Heb. vi. 13.) "Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." (Ps. lxxxix. 35.) So essentially is he holy, and so bright a lustre does it reflect on all his other infinite perfections, that he is said to be "glorious in holiness;" (Exod. xv. 11;) and as possessing it eternally in himself, and so the fountain of it to angels and men, "there is none holy as the Lord," (1 Sam. ii. 2,) and "he only is holy;" (Rev. xv. 4;) for in him only is it underived, all communicated holiness from him as the Supreme Fountain being but the shadow of what in him is a self-existent substance.

Because God is thus essentially holy, he requires that his people should be holy too. (Lev. xx. 26.) And what he requires he makes: "I am the Lord which sanctify you." (Lev. xx. 8.) Indeed, there is not a single attribute or perfection of the Lord God of Israel so continually brought forth, or so urgently insisted on in the word of truth as his holiness. We need scarcely prove this; but let the following testimonies suffice in addition to those already adduced: "But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel;" "Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy." (Ps. xcix. 5.) And again: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy." (Isa. lvii. 15.) So in that touching prayer of our gracious Lord: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me." (John xvii. 11.)

We do not wish to make minute distinctions, or may fail in clearly communicating our own thoughts, but we seem to see a difference between the purity of God, the righteousness of God, and the holiness of God; and as this distinction has a bearing on our subject, we shall drop a few words upon it. God is pure, eternally and infinitely pure, "for he is of purer eyes than to behold evil;" (Hab. i. 13;) so pure that the stars, so bright and glorious in our eyes, "are not pure in his sight;" (Job xxv. 5;) and his very "angels he chargeth with folly." (Job iv. 18.) John, therefore, says: "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 every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." (1 John iii. 2, 3.) But this his eternal and essential purity consists rather in the

infinite perfection and spotlessness of his nature than in the spirituality of his being. But the holiness of God is intimately connected with his being a Spirit, for "God is a Spirit." (John iv. 24.) When, then, we approach the Majesty of heaven, and seek to realise, with solemn awe and trembling reverence, his glorious perfections, a view of his holiness is ever intimately connected with a believing persuasion that he is a Spirit, and, as such, requires spiritual worship. In a similar way, his righteousness may be mentally distinguished from both his purity and his holiness as having peculiar respect to his justice, the integrity and righteousness of all his ways, words, and works, and that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." (Gen. xviii. 25.) Our Lord, therefore, addressed him: "O righteous Father," (John xvii. 25,) as well as "Holy Father,"—righteous in the uprightness of his character, holy in the spirituality of his Being. Thus, as infinitely pure, he is perfectly spotless; as infinitely righteous, he is perfectly just; as infinitely holy, he is the very Spirit of holiness.

But to show that these are not mere barren speculations, or unfounded distinctions, let us now see the peculiar bearing which this view of the holiness of God has on our subject, the sanctification of the Spirit, and trace out how and why, in the economy of grace, this sanctification so peculiarly belongs to the Holy Ghost as his covenant office. We have just shown that the holiness of God is intimately connected with his eternal, underived existence as a Spirit. How appropriate, then, to the Holy Spirit, as a Person in the Godhead, is that Covenant Office that he should communicate of his holiness to the people of God; for holiness being in itself essentially a spiritual thing, it may be communicated by his divine operations and spiritual influences. We are, therefore, said to be made "partakers of the divine nature;" (2 Pet. i. 4;) that is, of that part of the divine nature which is communicable; for omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, &c., are not communicable to a finite creature such as man. But holiness, as a part of the divine nature, is communicable; and thus, when the Holy Spirit breathes, infuses, and communicates spiritual life to the soul, in that life imparted is the very holiness of God. We read accordingly: "But he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." (Heb. xii. 10.) In being made partakers, therefore, of the divine nature, we are made partakers of the holiness of that nature, and this is nothing less than "his holiness," the very holiness of God. In regeneration we are born of the Spirit, (John iii. 5,) and as "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," there is a communication of the spirit by the Spirit. We may illustrate this by the case of Elijah and Elisha. Before Elijah was taken up to heaven by a whirlwind, "he said unto Elisha, What shall I do for thee before I be taken away from thee? And Elisha said, Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." This request was granted, and so visibly that when the sons of the prophets saw him they said, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." (2 Kings ii. 9, 15.) Here there was a communication by the Holy Ghost of the spirit of Elijah to Elisha. We wish it to be observed

that we use this merely as an illustration; but in a similar way there is a communication of the holiness of God to the soul by the Holy Ghost when he communicates to it divine life. The new man of grace, therefore, is said to be "created after God;" that is, after the image of God, "in righteousness and true holiness,"—true holiness, as distinct from all legal or fleshly holiness. (Eph. iv. 24.) It is "a new creation," (2 Cor. v. 17,) as the word may be literally rendered, and not an alteration or amelioration of the old man. By the communication, therefore, of this new spirit, we are made spiritual men as distinct from all natural men; (1 Cor. ii. 14, 15;) and as there is but "one body and one Spirit," (Eph. iv. 4,) and "by this one Spirit we are all baptized into one body," (1 Cor. xii. 13,) there is a blessed oneness of spirit among the family of God; and what is more blessed still, by the gift and communication of this spirit we enjoy union and communion with the Lord himself; for "he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.)

2. From these considerations we may now, perhaps, more clearly see how the doctrine which we are thus seeking to establish distinguishes the work of regeneration and sanctification from all the works of the creature, and all the vain attempts of man to furbish up nature and pass it off for grace. Our Lord, indeed, at once and for ever, decided the whole matter in those pointed and pregnant words: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" (John iii. 6;) for by that decisive declaration he set apart the flesh and the spirit as wide asunder as he will one day separate the sheep from the goats, and declared them by his authoritative voice to be radically and essentially distinct. All, then, that is born of the flesh, be it what it may, however educated, polished, refined; however drawn out, made up, or twisted into shape; however adorned within, decorated without, improved by adventitious circumstances, or disguised by ornamental additions, is, and ever will remain flesh still. It is like everything else which earth produces. No manipulation of art can change the original nature of the raw material. It is still wool, or flax, or cotton, and no process of manufacture, no hackling, or drawing, or twisting, or spinning, or weaving, or bleaching, or surfacing can turn cotton into flax, or wool into silk. So let men-made preachers and the whole assembled corps of creature religionists do what they may, and toil night and day to transmute flesh into spirit, let them work at it from the cradle to the grave to fit it for heaven, after all their labours to wash the Ethiopian white and rub the spots out of the leopard, nature will and ever must be nature still, and flesh flesh still, and cannot, therefore, by any possibility, enter the kingdom of God.

We see, therefore, how deeply the necessity of sanctification by the work of the Holy Ghost is laid in the state of man through the fall; that not only his nature is defiled and polluted to the very core by sin original and actual, but that there is in him an absolute incapability to understand, embrace, or enjoy spiritual things, according to that well-known testimony: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; nei-

ther can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) The necessity, then, of regeneration, which is the commencement of sanctification, lies not only in the sinfulness of man, but in the state of spiritual death whereby he is as unable to live, breathe, and act Godward as the corpse in the graveyard is unable to leave the silent tomb and move among the busy haunts of men. But enough has been said of the *necessity* of sanctification. We can know but little of the word of God and little of our own hearts if we need proof of a fact which meets us at every turn. The vileness of our nature, the utter depravity and thorough deathliness of our carnal heart are so daily and hourly forced upon us, almost whether we will see and feel them or not, that they are as much a matter of our spiritual sense and apprehension as we should see the blood and garbage of a slaughter-house, or smell the death taint of a corpse in the coffin. Suppose a man is born without eyes, or like the man in the Gospel of John, (ix. 1,) is born blind. He has a natural incapacity of sight. No arguments, no biddings, entreaties, threats, warnings, promises, can make him see. But let a miracle be wrought; let the Lord touch the eyes with his divine hand; he sees at once. A new capacity is given; and though he cannot explain how or why he sees, he can still say, with the blind man, in face of all objectors and all objections, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." (John ix. 25.) And here we may admire for a few moments the grace, the wisdom, and the power of God. How rich his grace to raise up poor, fallen man into the spiritual participation of his own holiness, without which he could not have enjoyed the eternal bliss of his presence! How adorable his wisdom to devise a way whereby, in a manner perfectly consistent with all his glorious perfections, this holiness of his nature could be imparted! How infinite his power to remove every obstruction to the execution of his sovereign will and of the communication of the divine nature, to fit and qualify a worm of earth to enjoy communion with the God of heaven! And does not our doctrine of sanctification afford the fullest answer to those sons of earth who would fain libel us with the imputation that we reject or despise what they call personal holiness? So far from this being the case, we assert, on the contrary, that sanctification by the eternal Will of the Father and the finished Work of the Son, not merely lays the only sure foundation for sanctification by the Spirit, but that our view of this latter branch of sanctification outshines theirs as much as the bright sun the feeblest star. Their sanctification, at the best, is but human nature modified, improved, and ameliorated; but our doctrine declares that the sanctification for which we contend is the very holiness of God himself breathed into the soul, and that the new man of grace is as holy as God is holy, for it is that holy thing, that incorruptible seed which cannot sin, because it is born of God. (1 John iii. 9.) Which of these views is the more scriptural, which more full of divine wisdom, power, and grace, which brings more glory to God and blessedness to men, let the spiritual judge. "Try the

spirits whether they are of God," and discern, ye Christian men, between the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.

ii. But we now pass on to inquire into the *nature* of the Spirit's sanctification; and here, at the very threshold, we are met by our Lord's own words: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 8.) The breathing of the Holy Ghost on the soul, whereby he quickens it into spiritual life, is compared by our Lord to the blowing of the wind. In this movement of the wind, as brought forward by our blessed Lord, there is something known, and there is something unknown. Unknown are its origin and end, "whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Known are its present effects: "Thou hearest the sound thereof." Its sound is heard; its force is felt; but all beyond is a mystery. So in the gracious operations of the blessed Spirit in the heart, who can tell, when first brought under his divine power and influence, whence comes his quickening breath, why was he thus divinely wrought upon? or who can see or discover into what an exceeding and eternal weight of glory these beginnings of grace will eventually issue? But the sound is heard, for the word of the living God, whereby he quickens and begets the soul into divine life, sounds an alarm in the inmost depths of conscience, and is heard echoing through every secret chamber of the soul. This is "the voice of the Lord," which is "powerful," yea, that voice which is "full of majesty." This is "the voice of the Lord which shaketh the wilderness;" (Ps. xxix. 4, 8;) and it cries aloud, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." (Eph. v. 14.) Thus light and life ever attend the first operations of the blessed Spirit in the heart,—light shining into and illuminating the dark chambers of imagery, and life quickening the soul which before was dead in trespasses and sins. That light attends the operations of the blessed Spirit on the soul is most manifest both from Scripture and experience: "The entrance of thy words giveth light." (Ps. cxix. 130.) Paul, therefore, was sent to the Gentiles, to turn them from darkness to light; (Acts xxvi. 18;) and the same apostle, addressing the Ephesian believers, says, "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." (Eph. v. 8.) How else could we see the kingdom of God, which we are said by implication to do, when we are born again? (John iii. 3;) or how else could there be any manifestation to our soul of eternal and divine realities, as the apostle speaks? "But all things that are reprov'd (or "discovered," margin) are made manifest by the light; for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." (Eph. v. 13.) Do we not also read: "For with thee is the fountain of life?" Here is the source of all divine life; but it adds, "In thy light shall we see light." (Ps. xxxvi. 9.) Thus light and life ever accompany, and, indeed, are the necessary and invariable consequences of regenerating grace in the vessels of mercy. By light we see; by life we feel. The illuminating beams of the Spirit light up God's word, which now

becomes "a lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path;" (Ps. cxix. 105;) and what that light reveals the heart believes, for the power of God, attending the application of the word, raises up faith in the soul to credit God's testimony. As, then, the word is made "life and spirit" to the soul, (John vi. 63,) the solemn things which the blessed Spirit by it reveals to faith become firm realities, which seize and take possession of its inmost being. No more now trifling with religion; no more dallying with sin; no more song and jest; no more formality and lip-service; no more making a covenant with death, and being at agreement with hell; no more putting far away the evil day; for the day is now come, that great day, so that none is like unto it, even the time of Jacob's trouble. (Jer. xxx. 7.) Under, then, this entrance of divine light and life, the hitherto unseen, unfelt being of God is revealed to the soul; (Heb. xi. 6;) and now the surroundings of his awful and universal presence with the inmost searchings of his heart-penetrating eye; (Ps. cxxxix. 1-3;) his inflexible justice in a fiery law which goes from his right hand to condemn all who are under it; (Deut. xxxiii. 2;) his immutability, so that he is in one mind and none can turn him; (Job xxiii. 13;) his dreadful anger against sin and the sinner, which burns to the lowest hell; (Deut. xxxii. 22;) the impossibility of escaping out of his hand; (Ps. cxxxix. 7-12; Jer. xxiii. 23, 24;) the utter inability of man to deliver himself from the yoke of his transgressions which are wreathed about his neck, (Lam. i. 14,) or to make satisfaction and atonement for them, (Job ix. 30-33; Ps. xlix. 7-9;—these and similar exercises and troubles spring up in the heart, and form the subject of continual thought and meditation. This is the work of *convincing* of sin, as the Lord spake: "And when he is come, he will reprove (margin "convince," the world of sin." (John xvi. 8.) Thus he wrought on the day of Pentecost, when so many were "pricked" (or rather "pierced") "in their heart," until they cried aloud in their distress, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (Acts ii. 37.) So smote he the publican in the temple; the woman who was a sinner, and would fain have wept her soul away at Jesus' feet; the thief on the cross; the jailer at Philippi; the incestuous Corinthian; and one no less than that signal vessel of mercy, Saul of Tarsus, thrust he through with his two-edged sword, as he pierced him even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, when in the pride of self-righteousness and the madness of persecution he approached Damascus gate. We by no means wish or even dare to set up a certain standard, or say that all the quickened family of God are equally exercised as we have here described, but we cannot understand how there can be the communications of divine light and life, and nothing seen and felt. How can we flee from the wrath to come if there be no sight or sense of that wrath, or how beg for mercy, if no guilt lie hard and heavy on the conscience?

But we now pass on to another covenant office of the blessed Spirit. The same gracious Teacher communicates to the soul, thus convinced of sin, the spirit of grace and supplications: "Behold he

prayeth," was the word of the Lord to Ananias to convince him that this dreaded persecutor had been quickened by the Spirit. And what a mercy it is for the quickened soul that the blessed Spirit thus helps his sinking, trembling spirit, puts life and energy into his cries and sighs, holds him up and keeps him steadfast at the throne, and thus enables him to persevere with his earnest suings for mercy, mingles faith with his petitions, and himself most graciously and kindly intercedes within him and for him with groanings which cannot be uttered. (Rom. viii. 26.) This is "praying with the spirit," (1 Cor. xiv. 15,) and "in the Holy Ghost." (Jude 20.) This is pouring out the heart before God, (Ps. lxii. 8,) pouring out the soul before the Lord; (1 Sam. i. 15;) and by this free discharge of the contents of an almost bursting heart, sensible relief is given to the burdened spirit. By this special mark, the convictions of a quickened soul are distinguished from the pangs of guilt and remorse which are sometimes aroused in the natural conscience. Cain said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," but there was neither repentance nor prayer in his heart; "for he went out from the presence of the Lord"—the very presence which the living soul is seeking to reach and be found in, and into which the Spirit brings him. (Eph. ii. 18; Gen. iv. 13, 16.) Saul was "sore distressed," when God answered him, "neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets," but he goes to the witch of Endor, and in the end falls upon his own sword. (1 Sam. xxix. 6, 8; xxxi. 4.) Judas repented himself of his accursed treachery, but went and hanged himself. (Matt. xxvii. 3, 5.) No prayer, no supplication was in either of their hearts. So it is prophesied that men shall gnaw their tongues for pain, and yet shall blaspheme the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and not repent of their deeds. (Rev. xvi. 10, 11.) But the elect cry day and night unto God; (Luke xviii. 7;) and their prayers, perfumed with the incense of their all-prevailing Intercessor at the right hand of the Father, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. (Rev. viii. 3, 4; Rom. viii. 34; James v. 4.)

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THERE is nothing so abides with us as what we receive from God; and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things is because they are content with what comes from men's mouths, without searching and kneeling before God, to know of him the truth of things. Things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting house—though old in themselves, yet new to us.—*Bunyan.*

WHAT is Jordau, that I should wash in it? What is the preaching, that I should attend on it, where I hear nothing but what I knew before? What are these beggarly elements of water, and bread, and wine? Are not these the reasonings of a soul that forgets who appoints these? Didst thou remember two commands, thou wouldst not question what the command is. What though it be clay, let Christ use it, and it shall open the eyes, though in itself more like to put them out. Hadst thou thine eye on God, thou wouldst silence thy carnal reason with this: It is God sends me to such a duty; whatever he saith unto me, I will do it, though he should send me to draw wine out of the pots filled with water.—*Gurnall.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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DECEMBER, 1863.

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

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A MIRROR OF MERCY; OR, A WONDERFUL  
INSTANCE OF VICTORIOUS GRACE.

(First Printed in the year 1809.)

(Concluded from page 333.)

The Lord now seeing it impossible I should hold out long in this pining, withering condition, both in my inward and outward man, towards the latter end of September, in infinite mercy, directed me to that first great reviving cordial for my fainting soul, "Gurnall's Christian in Complete Armour." A little before this book, by God's good providence, came to my hand, I had several encouraging scriptures fastened upon my mind. One night coming down from family prayer, I took my Bible into my hand and lighted on Isa. xxix. 17: "Is it not yet a very little while and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest?" That is, thought I presently, the Lord means that my soul, which is now as parched ground, and a habitation of dragons, shall ere long be made like the garden of God. And that, too, in Ezek. xxxvi. 33. All which to me strongly suggested the approaching joy and prosperity of my soul, the truth whereof appeared in the issue; for presently upon it the Lord cast this book of Mr. Gurnall's into my hand, a book well worth its weight in gold, so sweetly and amply doth he handle all manner of temptations, each page filled with such heavenly treasure, precious observations, and rich experiences, so plain and intelligible, and withal so moving and affecting, that I could seldom look into it with a dry eye. To mention every particular that exactly answered my case, filled me with comfort, ravished my heart, and caused me to weep for exceeding joy, were to transcribe almost the book itself. O! I have reason eternally to adore the infinite love and wisdom of God for ever putting that book into my hands! It was hither that I would come home from sermon with a hungry soul and take my fill; for, alas! my case was so singular, and so vastly different from God's ordinary dealings with souls in our day, that either through the want of being experimentally acquainted with the hidden wiles and methods of Satan, or feelingly exercised with the workings of corruption, or through the withdrawalment of the Spirit, or something, there was no likelihood of my ever receiving relief from the pulpit. My disease and malady were extraordinary, and



therefore required a more than common hand or ordinary method to work the cure. O with what greediness and delight did I feed upon it, night and day! Never was rain more welcome to the parched, gasping earth, or water brook to panting hart, than this heavenly store of gospel encouragements and sweet experiences to my scorched soul.

All that winter long it set me hungering and thirsting, panting and breathing after God and Christ. O what tenderness of heart, what melting and relenting, what weeping for sin! Now no day passed me wherein my face was not covered with tears, sweet freedom and enlargement of heart in confessing and bemoaning of sin, and kindly dissolvings! What prizing God's favour, what love to Christ's members and such as look like the followers of the Lamb; yea, what earnest and affectionate out-goings of soul wherever I observed the gracious impressions of the Divine Spirit! What redeeming of time! Now I thought much of the least minute that was not spent in reading, writing, praying, or meditating on the things of another world, grudging even my time for meat and sleep, especially the latter, really accounting what time was consumed therein entirely lost. What compassion to souls, to precious souls! What pleading with them and yearning towards them, though Satan, together with my own carnal shame and unreasonable bashfulness, would never admit me fully to discover the workings of my heart. What mourning over them and praying for them! I knew by experience the moving, melancholy condition they were in who are without Christ in the world, but being just come out of that fearful state, I could not but lament them, and many times have been more importunate at the throne of grace on their accounts than my own. Every thought of them became a wish or a prayer, and every look made my bowels to roll within me. I pitied them as one who knew the terrors of the Lord, and the dismal horror of their unfeared condition, and what an awful, dreadful thing it is for a never-dying soul to be finally lost and gone for ever!

Now I began to draw nigh to God with some pleasure, and accounted it sweeter to me than my appointed food. Now my hands that hung down were lifted up, and my feeble knees gathered strength. But though it was sensible, it was also gradual, and I met with continual rubs and pull-backs in the way from Satan and my own corruptions. The state of my soul, from this time to the end of the year, consisted not so much in enjoying of Christ and solacing myself in his dear embraces, as in hungering for him and inquiring after him. O! Now my soul even fainted for God, the living God! Ah! How should I have triumphed to have had but one smile from his face! My soul was now continually putting forth itself in boundless desires and inexpressible reaches! Now I knew what it was to pray, and to pour out my soul as water. My soul was now filled with expectation, and waited for the Lord, more than they which watch for the morning. My eye was upon Christ, as the handmaid upon her mistress. O! Now I cried, "Give me Christ (a comfortable assurance of his being mine) or else I die!" I

rose up early, and sat up late, and gave God no rest. I thought I saw God in everything. No occurrence whatsoever but led me to him that was the dearly beloved of my soul. If I heard but the least sound of the instruments of music, presently my soul was carried up, as though I were amidst the melody of heaven, and heard those joyful creatures singing their harmonious tunes of hallelujah. I was as if the veil of flesh was drawn, and my spirit had been present with the invisible world.

One Sabbath day, as I was deeply musing upon my intricate condition, I took my Bible, and met with these words: "I know the thoughts that I think towards you; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." (Jer. xxix. 11.) O what a word was this! Who is able to conceive its sweet intimations? As though the Lord had said to me, "My thoughts are not your thoughts; you think of nothing but discouragement and confusion, and that, after all, your spiritual adversaries will be too hard for you. But I know what I have resolved and determined concerning you; even at length to send you a most glorious deliverance, and my counsel shall stand."

Thus I went on for six or seven weeks, in the strength and encouragement that was given me by reading Mr. Gurnall, from Christ, for from him received I all this while my scriptural supplies in a secret and unspeakable manner, as the members from the head, and as the branch from the vine. This man of God laid the foundation (if I may so express it) of my after liberty. But to free me fully from my horrid temptations, and to extricate me clear out of all my entanglements, Christ reserved to accomplish by the writings of those peerless and precious servants of his, Robert Bolton and William Whately. The Lord would never suffer those books to come within my view, which effectually treated of the subtle and dreadful depths of Satan, and other experimental passages and soul secrets of combating and wrestling Christians, till I had first in a most sharp and trying manner thoroughly passed through all myself, that so at last I might receive the most sound and lasting comfort. But when once the set time was come, God sent them in abundance and spared not,—Bolton, Whately, incomparable Hall, with others, the very flower and choicest of his servants; so excellently versed in all intricate points and experimental passages of practical divinity, admirably adapted to my perplexed circumstances, and the practical wants and thirstings of my soul. Whilst Mr. Bolton laid open the tricks and devices of that old serpent, Mr. Whately would sweetly encourage me against the restless assaults and furious rebellions of my own corruptions. And these two books came with the more grateful sweetness, because they were sent me as a remarkable answer to prayer.

One afternoon I walked up and down longing to be delivered from company, that with all freedom I might empty my soul into the bosom of Christ. Ah! How plentifully could I have wept and poured out my soul as water! How big was my heart with godly sorrow! I was brimful of inexpressible desires, inward wishes, sighs, and cravings, piercing heaven, as I went along the streets, with

sudden and reiterated ejaculations, strong cries, and unutterable groanings. These were darts shot into heaven, thick and threefold, without the notice and observation of the company I was in; nay, were not at that time so strong and perceptible to my own sense and apprehension as they have been since in remembrance. These inward, hidden, passionate workings of soul ascended the clouds, and rang aloud in God's ears, though I scarcely opened my lips. The Spirit himself made intercession for me with groanings that could not be uttered! And though I could not distinctly express at that time the thing I so vehemently longed for, yet he that searcheth the heart knew what was the mind of the Spirit. O the pangs of affection that were now springing after Christ! My soul's desire after holiness and grace flamed forth in such fervent requests and exhortations as could bear no denial, but even breaks for the longing it hath to it. It was my Beloved I sought, and nothing could serve me but He. I must have Christ, none but Christ. All the riches, and honours, and pleasures of the world were now become as tasteless as the white of an egg. Ah! What could they do for a poor deserted soul, ready to die at the absence of her Beloved? Could they procure it one look of a sin-pardoning God? Could they satisfy the craving of an immortal spirit, or screen from divine wrath? Or still an accusing conscience, or allay the grief of a wounded spirit? Alas! they can do no such thing. Would they assist me in my conflicts with sin and Satan, and death and hell, and at last enable me to overcome? It was this that I wanted, and this I knew only he could accomplish. Therefore it was Christ, and nothing but Christ, that could answer the exigencies of my distressed case. He, he alone, could still the clamours and assuage the longings of my sin-sick, love-sick soul! In him I saw an overflowing fountain, an unexhausted fulness of all supplies; wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and all that I could either want or desire; for it hath pleased the Father that in Christ should all fulness dwell.

Well, in about a week afterwards, the Lord put it into my heart to get the aforementioned books. When I looked into them I could hardly contain to think how I had all this while been imposed upon by the devil! No sooner did I begin to read, than I presently found such a world of my own experience that one would have thought they had copied out of my very heart; but especially Mr. Bolton, that rare workman, that admirable labourer in the Lord's vineyard, who having himself been most terribly afflicted with the very same temptations, so detected and discovered Satan's wiles as gave me present relief. I there, by God's assistance, instantly got me the antidote for every temptation. There I found that man of God, that one of a thousand, taught in the kingdom of heaven, trained in the school of various temptations and spiritual conflicts, inward trials and afflictions of soul. I say, there I found him to my endless comfort, tracing and pursuing that old serpent through all his methods, devices, and depths. An absolute freedom from them is not to be expected in this life, which is to be a warfare, every inch of it.

And now there came nothing but heaps of mercy, floods of comfort, heavens of joy, grace, and glory; one manifestation upon the back of another, even almost a continued and uninterrupted sunshine. Now the Lord Jesus began to return to my soul, with the refreshing beams of his wonted smiles, after my sore and terrible wrestlings with the powers of darkness. And now methought I heard Christ saying to me, as to his church of old, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

But before I proceed, I would distinctly and particularly set down in what manner the Lord Jesus was pleased, in the abundance of his grace, totally to deliver me from blasphemous thoughts, and so accomplished that in and upon me which I thought and often said was utterly impossible; for this was the difficulty which lay still in my way, and which I looked upon as wholly insurmountable. I thought that at some certain instant of time I must at once, and in a moment, be totally and finally rid of these thoughts, so as not to have the least touch or spice of them more to eternity. Out of this false and ungrounded supposition, or rather crafty delusion of the devil, that the least tincture or symptom of any such thoughts was utterly incompatible with a state of grace: "Now," says I, "this is flatly impossible ever to be so delivered from them." But now observe how Christ goes to work to dissolve this work of the devil. He first of all makes it clearly to appear to me, by an irresistible work of his Spirit, that there had been a thorough and universal change wrought upon my soul at such a time, and that I was then infallibly united unto himself, and ingrafted into that true vine, which being once done, I was sufficiently assured I could never be separated from him; whereupon it naturally followed, and plainly appeared to me, that these blasphemous thoughts, whether purely from Satan, or purely from my own heart, or partly from both, or however they came, were not at all inconsistent with a pardoned, justified, regenerate state; nay, were themselves a convincing argument that the Lord had been at work with my spirit; because, till such a time (being the time when I was first awakened) I was in peace and quiet, like other men that are secure and dead in their sins, and had none of these violent hurries, impetuous motions, and strange assaults. This was the first step the Lord took with me, viz., to convince me that they were incident to a pardoned state.

But as for my corruptions, my radicated inveterate corruptions, they are alive and vigorous still. This Pharaoh will not so easily quit his vassal. I am put to dispute every inch of my ground, and must never look to pass a day without the bitterest conflicts; and though the victory be sure, the combat is terrible, and I shall be saved at last as by fire. They have received from Christ their mortal wound, and lie gasping under his conquering grace; but yet sometimes they gather strength, and with their dying struggles sorely shock me. I am led sometimes an unwilling captive, and hurried into sins against a sweet Jesus, which makes me to cry, "O that my eyes were fountains, and my cheeks channels that shall never be dried."

Now the season of the year coming about in which that merciful design of electing, redeeming, everlasting love was first made known to me, when the Lord would no longer have me ignorant and unacquainted what intentions of grace were lodged in his heart from all eternity, but began gloriously to display and manifest himself to me in the face of his dear Son, and clearly to unfold the gracious purposes of his heart by many tokens and pledges, familiar intimations, and amazing assurances of his special and peculiar love; I say, I began now to meditate and to call to mind my then experiences of his boundless grace, and narrowly to review and ponder upon his primary wonderful dealings with my soul, and to run over in my mind again and again the blessed footsteps and marvellous workings of the Holy Ghost in my conversion, that at length I could very distinctly remember and reflect upon this and the other operation and manifestation of the Spirit, together with its particular place, time, and circumstance, whereby I grew wonderfully confirmed in all my former comforts and experiences, and was infinitely assured that they were from the Spirit of God, and no delusion; for, alas! I could now easily remember how in *this*, and *that*, and *every* corner, I grasped my dear Jesus in the arms of my faith; how familiarly I conversed with him, as a man with his friend; how sweetly he kissed me with the kisses of his lips, and made me even sick of love. I could now say, "*This* was the day, *this* the happy hour, and *this* the very seat in which I was converted to Christ, and from off which my body was, as it were, by the mighty energetical workings of the Spirit, and with a kind of irresistible power and holy violence, constrained to reach out to heaven. *This* the Bible that so much affected me, *that* the scripture that so melted my heart, and dissolved me all into tears, and produced such plain proofs of an inward, real, hearty repentance. *This* the sentence which carried me to Christ, and filled me with ineffable joy. I could now remember what a strange alteration was presently caused even in my outward man; how just before I was dead in sin, and almost dead in nature too; and how strangely I revived and came to life again at the happy report and glad tidings of a Christ and a pardon. O what did I then see and feel! What thoughts did possess and fill my soul! O the torrent of unspeakable and soul-inebriating joy that springs from the application of the blood of Jesus! New spirits sprang into my eyes, new blood into my cheeks, fresh sprightliness into my countenance, new life into my heart, just as if I were afresh ushered into the world again, and thereupon enjoyed such a sensible degree of health and vivacity of spirit that I was scarce ever more vigorous and lively in all my life. And then I thought on Job xxxiii. 25: "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth." I could now say, "*There* was I such a morning filled with joy unspeakable and glorious. In *such* a churchyard had I such a sweet glimpse of eternal glory, and foretaste of the resurrection to come, that ere I was aware my soul was made like the chariots of Amminadib. *That* morning was I filled with the Holy Ghost, and had many glorious interviews with Jesus; such sights of the in-

visible world as were ready to ravish away my very soul from me. In *that* company's warehouse did Christ shine in upon my soul so sweetly and strongly as was ready to overwhelm me. *That* is the very place in which the Spirit gave the turn to all the powers of my soul. In *such* a field was I quite sick of love for Christ, and longed every step I took to be caught up in the clouds to be with him; frequent flashes of immortal light, like lightning, glanced upon my soul." All that day I was in the very suburbs of glory, even in one continued rapturous ecstasy of joy and exultation. O the effusions, emanations, illapses, the strong, pure, unmixed, quickening influences of the Comforter which immediately followed upon my union and implantation into Christ! O, ocean of pure and ever-springing joy, one drop of which so infinitely surpasseth all the fugitive pleasures of sin! I was filled with an inconceivable amazement and thoughts of admiration, and had as much joy and glory, Christ and heaven as this poor weak tabernacle could bear.

Pause here, O my soul, and in a divine ecstasy conceive, if thou canst, what it will be to be for ever gazing on the beatific glory of his unveiled face, when but one glance from his eyes doth now overwhelm thee with such unutterable and insupportable ravishments! and if the first-fruits and foretastes be so exquisitely sweet, O what will the harvest be! And these very prelibations of heaven were at the same time mixed with inward wrestlings against my corrupt affections and assaults from Satan, who envied this my anticipation of glory, and my mind fled from all appearance of evil.

What meltings of heart, yearnings of bowels, passionate wishes, and workings of affection toward precious souls, as I passed by every one, being just come out of that most dreadful state! This is the shop in which I saw and felt things unutterable, and spake to Christ many times as it were face to face, where I so often sang with ravishment of spirit, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend!" O what joy like to the joy of a justified sinner! These divine springings and inward raptures my unregenerate soul knew nothing of. I could now remember the awful and mysterious manner of the Spirit's moving upon the face of my soul, what new and strange conceptions and ideas I had of things, what uncouth goings I felt upon my mind all the while he was transforming and changing my heart, how irresistibly, yet gently, he bowed and inclined my will, and made me cry out from the very bottom of my soul, as one quite overcome with such excess of love, "My Lord and my God!" I could now remember what hungerings and cravings I felt in my new-born soul after Christ, his righteousness and likeness, just like the gnawings of an empty stomach, so that a prayer morning and evening would nothing satisfy me, but only serve to whet and in eager my appetite, and, like oil cast upon a flame, did but augment my longings; wherefore, I was for praying always in every place, whatever I was about, or whoever was with me; for none could hinder these secret and sweet out-goings of soul to the Lord Jesus. What a strange, unusual light continually rayed in upon me when the Holy Ghost first vouchsafed to take up his residence and

inhabitation in my soul, that for a month or six weeks I lived involved in secret raptures and enjoyed a heaven upon earth! O that golden spot and pearl of my life, those winning, Christ-endearing seasons! This was a time of love indeed. With what delight did I sit down under the shadow of my Beloved; and how sweet was his fruit to my taste! He daily brought me into his banquet-house, and there his banner over me was love. His left hand was always under my head, and his right hand did embrace me. O! Had any one in these days inquired of me and asked, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" with what melting admiration could I have assured them from my own inward experience that he was "the chiefest of ten thousands, and altogether lovely." And all this now comes infinitely short of what I have inwardly felt in my very heart of the grace of God and the comforts of his Spirit, yea, are nothing to those near and blessed approaches which Jesus hath sometimes made to my soul.

But it is not for the Christian to wear his crown in this life. Though I was now in the mount I must down into the vale again, and there be afresh set upon by my spiritual adversaries, especially that which lurks in my bosom; that were it not that the Lord upholds me with a strong hand, I should be amazed, confounded, and utterly despair. How often have I read and heard of poor souls crying out of their deadness and distraction, of the coldness of their love, the weakness of their faith, and the like, as though such things were inconsistent with a state of grace, and themselves were the vilest of wretches, hypocrites, and to have their portion with the damned. But, ah! What would they think of themselves, how would they take on and shiver into nothing almost at the very appearance and apprehension of those dreadful encounters with Satan and the body of death which I continually sustain. And yet, thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for I do infinitely triumph in him, and know that to me there is no condemnation. I am sure, I am infinitely sure, that all my sins, though of so crimson a dye, are fully pardoned, and for ever done away in the blood of that spotless Lamb.

And now, for the glory of God and further edification and establishment of my own soul, I acquainted a minister, (whose ministry I experienced to be singularly accompanied with the divine presence) with my desire to walk in all the ordinances and appointments of Christ, according to the order of the gospel, in communion with that church of Christ under his care; and having given some satisfying account of God's dealings with my soul, I was accordingly received into fellowship with them.

Thus I have declared my afflictions of soul, and also the end of the Lord, and we see the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy! O that none would ever despair for my sake, for the aggravated guilt of their numberless sins, the fiercest temptations, or the most strong corruptions.

And now I am concerned for nothing so much as that God may have the glory of his grace. Blessed be God, my inquiry now is

not, "What shall I do to be saved?" But, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" I know not what to say, I am so infinitely beholden to free grace. God hath shown such love to me as former ages never heard of! O! It hath lengths, and breadths, and heights, and depths, which will never be fathomed to eternity. I am even astonished and overwhelmed at the apprehension of it; and seeing I can never express its dimensions, I would wonder, and adore, and bless for ever. I now set the crown upon Christ's head, and give him the glory of all my enjoyments. "Not unto me, Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the glory. For it is by thy grace I am what I am. I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me; and the life I now live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved me, and given himself for me." And was thy love to me indeed so warm, sweet Jesus, as to give thy life for me, thine enemy? O! Immortal love. Ah! that I were with thee to sing thee endless hallelujahs for the endearing wonders of thy dying love. Lord, I long to be once in my happy eternity, that I may do nothing but love and praise thee for ever.

Now worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and honour, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen.

[What a remarkable experience; and how beautifully, eloquently, and almost sublimely expressed, with great force of language and flow of expression! But it was written from the heart, and bears the unmistakable stamp of the blessed Spirit both in grace and gifts. The book from which it is taken was printed in 1709; but the name of the writer is not given.—ED.]

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*"LET THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH PRAISE HIM."*—  
Ps. lxi.

O! PRAISE him, ye angels, who dwell in his light;  
Praise Jesus-Jehovah, the Father's delight;  
In whose glorious presence you ever shall be.

O! Praise him who ransom'd such sinners as we.

O! Praise him, ye spirits in perfection bless'd,  
Who through him and by him and in him now rest;  
Who loved him on earth, and now always see  
That precious Redeemer who suffer'd for me.

O! Praise him, ye saints who in him believe,  
And out of his fulness are bless'd to receive;  
Soon over Jordan's cold stream you shall be,  
With him who once suffer'd and died for me.

O! Praise him, my soul, with glad, solemn sound,  
Who has promised that grace over sin shall abound;  
Whose blood and obedience are still all my plea.

O! Praise him who ransom'd such sinners as we.

Sept. 4, 1862.

A. H.

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WHEN Christ is nothing but an empty grave, and he himself is away, yet weeping for the want of him (without care of angels or apostles, when the Beloved himself is gone) is somewhat of Christ; yea, he sendeth before him a messenger, to tell that the King himself is coming, as in a great summer drought, little drops go before the great shower, to make good the report that the earth shall be refreshed.—*Rutherford*.



## “ I WILL MENTION THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD.”

THE above portion has been a sweet morsel to my soul. When I look back, and am enabled to see how the Lord has led and watched over me ever since I had a being, I feel astonished at his loving-kindness to such an unworthy worm. I am sure that nothing but pure mercy could have borne with me so long. Like the rest of the children of men, I have gone astray from the womb, speaking lies. When I think of where I have been, and where I should have gone had not grace prevented and stopped me in my wild career, how excellent is God's loving-kindness!

I cannot boast of being born of religious parents. No; not one of my relations, so far as I am aware, ever knew the Lord; but, on the contrary, all are following the ways of sin and death with greediness. What a mercy that I should be plucked as a brand from the burning! I have nothing of my own to boast of.

It is now, as near as I can recollect, about 14 years since the Lord stopped me in my mad career. But I have doubted the reality of the work of grace in my heart, because I have not experienced such a law work as some of the people of God speak of; but I humbly hope that I do know a little of the leadings of the blessed Spirit in my soul. The first portion of God's word that I can remember as arresting my conscience, is that spoken by our Lord in Luke x. 41, 42: “ And Jesus answered, and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.” That clause in the passage, “ One thing is needful,” never shall I forget how that stuck to me from day to day. It thrilled through my soul wherever I went. I was led to see, under the working of it, that I was a sinner in heart, lip, and life; and this grew upon me from day to day. I remember my Sunday-school teacher, about this time, asking me what I thought about Pharaoh. I told him I felt the same sort of heart within me, but that I desired to be kept from acting that which I found within. He said I had a very bad opinion of myself. And I may say that this has grown upon me ever since.

I was next led to see that I needed mercy. I thought at first that I must do something to merit this mercy at the hand of God; but, blessed be God, he showed me, by painful experience, that I could not merit anything at his hand. I remember God's law being brought to my conscience in its spirituality, when I was thinking of doing something in the matter of my salvation. It completely cut me off; and I believe I have learned, by heart-felt experience, the truth of the apostle's words: “ Not of works, lest any man should boast.” The Lord had blest me with a tender conscience, so that it was my sincere desire to keep from sin; but O what sin could I see within, which no one but God and myself knew of! And how to get delivered from a sense of guilt and condemnation, I at this time knew not.

I attended the Church of England at this time, and sat under a man who was considered a great minister of the gospel, a Mr.—. I think that, in some respects, he was a clever man; but I never remember him showing how a law-condemned sinner is brought to a sense of pardon and justification in his own conscience. He would preach salvation by grace as a doctrine, but he still stuck to a something that the sinner must and could do. O how my soul has been hampered under that man; for I was trying, with all my might, to get peace. I tried to believe and take God at his word, but I could not touch it. It was too far off. But, blessed be God, when the word came, then, as one said, "Thy word was found, and I did eat it, and it was the joy and rejoicing of my heart." This word was made a special blessing to my soul at this time: "He that hath the Son hath life." I felt this was enough; for I really felt such a sweetness and blessedness to attend the word, such a blessed union to the Lord Jesus Christ as the way, the truth, and the life, that I shall never forget. O, when God the Spirit seals the word upon the heart, it completely sets the soul free. I would rather have one single testimony from God than all the fancied evidences that can be scraped together by all the mere professors in the world.

God's word, after this, became a particular treasure to my soul. O the precious moments that I have had in private, while perusing that Book of all books, the precious word of God! There seemed to be something for me wherever I turned to in its sacred pages. And thus I went on, in this way, for some time. I sometimes think that I was like a child dandled upon the knee. I felt really indulged by the blessed God. I thought I could give up anything, and suffer anything for his dear sake; but a change took place; and I have lived to prove the truth of our Lord's words, that it is "through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom."

I now began to have some discernment of the truth of God by experience, and I could no longer sit under the above-named Mr.—, because what he preached and what I had experienced were so contrary to each other. I wish to give him all the credit I can. He was very kind to me, and so were the people connected with him generally; but there was a great lack of the truth as experienced by God's dear people. I was made acquainted, by a friend of mine, with a Baptist minister in B. I was in his company, and his conversation was so agreeable to what I had felt that I felt united to him, and I was determined to hear him at his chapel. So I went, in course of time, and it really was a feasting time to my soul. The preaching I heard at this chapel felt like preaching. There was really a tracing out of the work of God the Spirit upon the heart. I was still connected with the church, though I kept going to the Baptist chapel. Mr.— called me up about it; and I never shall forget how he stamped and walked about in his study at what I said. I told him that his preaching was not what I once thought it to be. He was one of those men who would preach truth to a certain extent, and then upset it all. Such, I am sure, is not preaching the gospel; and I should like to persuade every soul that has heard

and learned of the Father to come out, because I am sure there can be no real happiness in staying. But I stopped as long as I could in the church. I know it is a hard thing to break off, for I had some great friends, and I stood in need of friends; for I had begun in business, and had no means of my own. And how my religion has been tried since! I have thought, at times, my heart has bled under what I have had to go through. The "Gospel Standard" has been a precious morsel to my soul to this day, and I do bless God that I ever met with that publication. I met with the "Standard" before I left the church, and I felt united to the writers in it, and pray God to continue, if it be his blessed will, to own and bless its contents to the souls of his people. But O what strugglings I had when I thought of leaving the church! I thought everybody would turn against me, and what little connection I had got in my business would leave me; and it did seem so ungrateful to turn my back upon my friends; but the more I went amongst the people at the chapel, and heard them, the more I was united to them. I heard Mr. H., of B., speak on the ordinances of a gospel church, according to the New Testament, and I felt fully convinced that such was not the case with the Church of England. I accordingly gave in my experience before the church, and was received and baptized in November, about eight years since; and I do bless God that I was brought to know the truth so young, as I am only now about 30 years of age. But, as I said before, I have lived to know that the way to the kingdom is not as some make it out, a beautiful path, strewed with flowers; but, as the prophet said, "A way that they know not." It is a maze of trial and tribulation; but, blessed be God, it is a right way after all, and I feel, at times, I would not have it altered upon any account. I have proved in the way of grace God's loving-kindness, and I have proved the same in his providence towards me. I have again and again thought that I was at the far end. I have been so held in temporals that I have thought the Lord had forsaken me. I have seen ruin stare me in the face, and could see nothing else before me, unless the Lord was in an especial manner to interfere. I once thought that I could bear anything, if the Lord would only give me a sense of his pardoning love; but when left to myself to grapple with the trial, O how my flesh has kicked against it! But when the Lord has broken in upon my heart, all is right. I am sure that there is a needs be for all the trials that we are called to pass through, for they humble our hearts, and make Christ more precious unto us. I would not have one thing altered if I had it in my power.

May God bless these few remarks to his people. Amen.

R. M.

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MANY rest below stairs in the temple of God; they like not to go turning upwards. Nor do I believe that all who bid fair for ascending to the middle chamber get up to the highest stories, to his stories in the heavens. Many in churches who *seem to be* turned from nature to grace have not the grace to go up turning still, but rest in that show of things, and so die below a share in the highest chambers.—*Bunyan*.

## Obituary.

### FRANK GRANT, OF COLD OVERTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

I HERE wish to relate a few things respecting my dear departed husband.

From his own testimony, he had convictions from a child, but he said they were only natural; yet there were many little things that he never forgot, as once, when about 10 years of age, he took a turnip out of a field. Before he got home he became very terrified about it, and in the evening of the same day he heard some men coming from that way, and he thought they were coming to take him to prison. He therefore hid himself until he perceived they were gone by. Although he believed no person saw him, yet his conscience accused him, and he was led from that time to know that God's eye saw everything, and that, he said, kept him from doing many little things which he saw others of his own age do.

He was naturally of a quiet disposition, had a tender conscience, and always had a mean opinion of himself.

He has told me he believed that the Lord quickened his soul when he was about the age of 21, as he then began to feel anxious about his state before God, and became a great reader both of the Scriptures and of many different authors, which, he said, enlightened his judgment. But I have many times heard him say that at that time he believed he had great light, but very little life, as he could not get the sweet experience his soul longed after; but he said he had that faith given him which kept him firm against all enemies and persecutions.

He suffered much in his mind, at times, for the truth's sake, for many years. He was not known to me at that time, nor until several years afterwards, so that I am able to say much less of the Lord's dealings with him than I might otherwise have done; but some friends who knew him in the early years of his call by grace, and who were joined in church fellowship with him, have much admired how powerfully divine grace kept him firm to the truth and hearing of the gospel, although it might have cost him the loss of all things. I have heard him say, many times, when he looked back on his past life he could not tell what he had been about, as it only appeared to him like a dream; but he as frequently said how very merciful the Lord had been to him, having brought him through very many trials and difficulties, and given him strength equal to his day; for which he desired to be thankful.

He was always a strict observer of the hand of Providence in all things, and did not like to undertake anything when he could not see his way clearly.

He regularly attended Providence Chapel, Oakham, for many years, and in 1853 he became a member; for which I have heard him many times thank God, because, as he said, it brought him more amongst the Lord's people, which had been a great comfort to

him, for some of them he dearly loved; but he often regretted that he could not be more like them.

In July, 1862, he had a severe illness; but after a few weeks he partially recovered, though he was never so well in health afterwards as formerly. At that time he was very dark in his soul, and used to say, "O! If I should be lost at last, after making a profession for so many years! Death stares me in the face, and I cannot feel my interest in that precious Saviour! O what will become of me? How shall I stand the trying hour?" And he would often say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." There were a few words in the "Gospel Standard" for April, about Mr. Scott, the commentator, which tried him very much. He said, "If a man like Mr. Scott had such fears, what will become of me? O that word 'eternity!' It brings such solemn thoughts to my mind."

He was very fond of Mr. Bourne's letters, and often found much comfort in reading them; but as the winter came, which used to be his best time for reading, his health began to decline, and reading brought on such a peculiar sensation at the heart that he could only read for a very short time, which he regretted very much, as he was much in the house.

The last time he was at Oakham Chapel was on the 22nd of March. Mr. P.'s text was Ps. ix. 18: "The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." He appeared to hear that day with much pleasure, and, at times, the discourse was a comfort to him even to the last, for he frequently spoke of it as such.

From the 14th of April he daily grew weaker, but was much tried in his soul, and would say, "O Lord, appear for me! I want a manifestation of thy pardoning love!" And sometimes he would say, "I do believe the dear Lord will appear for me before he takes me away. Yes, yes! I believe he will."

On the 26th of April he was taken much worse, and suffered greatly in both body and soul. He said, "This is a conflict indeed!" About midnight he said, "My dear, I feel a little better. The Lord has appeared for me, and has given me such a sweet promise, that it has done my soul good. He tells me Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin; yes, from all sin." I said, "It has eased your body as well as your soul." He replied, "Yes, it has; bless his dear name; and I believe I shall have more to tell you yet before I am taken away. I am not afraid to die now; but for your comfort and all the friends, I wish to tell you what the dear Lord does for me. O that precious blood!"

On the 27th he was very anxious to see all his dear children, but was so very ill he feared he should not live to see them, some of them being at a distance; but begged of the Lord, if it were consistent with his divine will, to permit him to see them all once more. They all came, and he saw them with much composure of mind, and thanked God for his kindness, and prayed earnestly for

them all. After that, he suffered much, and said he feared the night coming, as the enemy tried him so much.

On the 28th he had a sore conflict again with the enemy; "but," he said, "he will not conquer. No, no! O that precious blood that washes away all sin! Bless his dear name! Honours crown his brow for ever!

" 'Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.' "

Sometimes, when he felt the pain coming, he would say, "Pray for me! O pray for me, that I do not blaspheme against that holy name. I am afraid of myself, I am such a wicked creature!" A friend came in to see him, to whom he was very much attached, and he was delighted to tell her what a sweet promise the dear Lord had given him, and his countenance brightened with joy when he spoke of it; but the pain came, and then he could not speak to any one.

He had a desire to see a friend with whom he wished to leave his worldly affairs; and after telling him his mind, he said, "Now I have done with all these things;" and he never mentioned them afterwards. He seemed quite resigned to the Lord's will, and would often repeat:

" Amidst the sorrows of the way,  
Lord Jesus, teach my soul to pray."

There were many of the hymns he was fond of, the 105th particularly. It was read to him several times. It seemed a comfort to him. He said, "He cannot pass by; he will bring me safe through."

On the 29th he said, "I am still in the flesh. O Lord, will it please thee to pardon me and take me to thyself? O give me patience to wait thy time. Thou knowest what is best for me." Three of his daughters, who were in situations, were obliged to take their leave of him. He said, "O my dear children, may the blessing of God rest upon you, and may he ever be your guide and guard, and keep you from the evils of this present world; but, above all, may it please him to bring you right at last, that we may all meet again in heaven. O my dear children, be obedient and dutiful, that you may be honourable members of society; and remember, my dears, this, the earnest request of your dying father!"

After that, a friend or two called to see him. He was very calm, and spoke of the blood of Christ, how it supported him under all his afflictions. He then became very much exhausted; but about 9 o'clock, after dozing a short time, he began to bless and praise God for his goodness and mercy to him all his days; how he had fed him and clothed him, and kept him from his youth up until now, and had not left him in a dying hour. "No! no! He shall have all the praise. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.' Yes, yes! Bless his dear name!" I said to him, "I am afraid, my dear, you will make yourself bad with talking so much." He then lifted up his hands, and said, "O my dear wife! The Lord has opened my mouth, and if I do not speak of his loving-kindness and mercy to

me. the very stones will cry out against me." He kept blessing and praising God for some time, and then said, "If some people heard me, they would say I was mad; but no, no! I know what I am saying. I feel there is a reality in true religion, and I have lived to prove it. Yes, yes! It is not mere notions that will do in a dying hour. O that suffering Lamb of God, that shed his precious blood for a sinful worm like me!"

After saying so much, he was very restless, and about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 30th he was very ill, and we all thought he was going fast, and would never speak again; but he gradually revived, and about 4 o'clock had a little to drink, and said, "It has been a hard conflict. I thought I was going; but the Lord knows best. My times are in his hands," &c. About 5 o'clock he raised himself up a little, and began to sing,

" Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear."

He said, "Yes, yes; and he *will* appear!" He repeated it several times, and seemed for a time in an ecstasy of joy. After a little time his pains came on more violently. It was quite distressing to see him for more than 20 hours, with very little intermission. He would frequently say, "Help, help! O keep me, keep me, dear Lord, that I do not sin against thee!"

On May 2nd he was a little easier. He said, "O my dear wife, and my dear children, how good the Lord is to me!" I said, "You know the needy shall not always be forgotten." He said, "No, and the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. And, my dears, what can go beyond the uttermost?" He talked very much to his children, and begged of them never to think lightly of God's word, nor make a mock of religion. "Remember," he said, "it is a solemn thing to die and come before a holy God. I shall soon leave you all. O my dears, you will think of my words when my head is laid in the dust."

On May 3rd he repeated: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." I said, "Do you feel those arms to support you?" He said, "I do, I do." I read Ps. lxxxvi. He then said, "I do see so much in that psalm! Bless the Lord, there is no other name."

May 4th he said, "The enemy tries me much. I am so tempted." I said, "Job was tempted." "Yes," he said, "but the Lord kept him and set a hedge about him." I said, "He is the same God now, and I believe he will keep you." He said, "O yes, bless his dear name. I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." At another time I said, "My dear, I feel we shall soon be parted." He replied with a sweet smile, "Yes, but we shall meet again, and no parting there." He then said, "You will have many things to try you when I am gone, but you have a God to go to. He has brought me through many troubles and has promised me he will never leave me, but will perfect that which concerneth me. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever,"

On May 5th he was in much pain, and said, "O! It is hard work! It makes me sweat!" I said, "Yes, my dear, and Christ sweat great drops of blood." He then said, "Yes, down to the ground, or it could not have reached *me*. O that precious blood, that dear Saviour!

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine.  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"

On May 6th he was very low and prayed for patience. One of his daughters said, "O my dear father, you *are* patient!" He then said, "O my rebellious, wicked heart! But the Lord is kind to me in the midst of my rebellion. He has conquered; he will save." At another time he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

On May 7th he was very calm and composed. He said, "There is death in the bed." To some of his children he said, "I shall die; but I am not afraid. The sting of death is taken away, and I wish to tell you all how kind and good the Lord has been to me. Yes, he has done all things well. I leave it as a testimony, not only for your sakes, but that all may be satisfied; for there are many who have had their eyes on me for years."

On May 8th he dozed a little at times. When awake he earnestly prayed that God would bless and keep each and all of us and lead us in the right way. To the children he said, "My dears, seek him in your youth. It is an awful thing to have a name to live, and be dead." A little after this I asked him if he felt Christ's presence. He said, "Not quite as I could wish; but all will be well. Yes, yes! Bless him, bless him!" And then, without a sigh or a struggle, just as the clock struck one, he fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a widow and eight children to lament the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. His age was 62.

#### ANN GRANT.

[This is the third member that we have lost in a few months. We deeply feel our loss, especially as this month's wrapper adds a fourth to their number; but we have the unspeakable satisfaction to know that they died as they lived, in the fear and love of God, and that he was with them to the end and in their end.—J. C. P.]

How hard it is to depart from self, from righteous self, and sinful self. I am wounded by sinful self, that I might flee from righteous self and sinful self also, and cast anchor only within the vail.—*Dorney*.

BUT some will say, "After all this, I have backslidden." So have I; but the return of a backslider is as much the work of God as that which went before. It is he that visits our sin of backsliding with the rod, according to his word; and whilst this rod is on us, he says, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity;" thou hast fallen from thy first love; thou hast fallen from the power that kept thee lively in thy profession; and not only so, but, what is still worse, thou hast fallen by thine iniquity into heart-idolatry, or into some besetting sin. But the mercy of this backslidden Israelite is, that God has made him sensible he is fallen, and given him to feel the evil thereof; and also that he puts words in his mouth, in order to his return: "Take with you words and turn to the Lord. Say unto him, Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously; so will we render the calves of our lips."—*Beeman*.



## MEDITATIONS ON THE PERSON, WORK, AND COVENANT OFFICES OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

(Concluded from p. 356.)

THE glorious truths connected with the Deity, Personality, and Covenant Offices of the blessed Spirit, which have thus far engaged our thoughts and employed our pen, are in themselves so deep and yet so full, and in their application to the experience of the living family of God so varied and yet so comprehensive, that the nearer we approach the close of our Meditations upon them the more sensibly do we feel the vastness and difficulty of the subject which we have undertaken to consider, and our own inability to unfold it in any way becoming its divine blessedness. But as we are already in sight of the goal, for with this Number we shall close our present Meditations, we feel that we must not now halt in our course, but, with such ability as the Lord may give, still speed our way onward, sustained by the hope that we are so running, not as uncertainly, but, with His gracious help whom we are seeking to honour, may win the coveted prize—the high privilege of bringing some glory to God and communicating some profit to his people.

But as we approach the terminus of our labours we are pressed also by another consideration—the difficulty of crowding into our remaining narrow compass what still remains before us of the gracious operations of the blessed Spirit upon the hearts of the saints of God.

Some of these we have already considered, and broke off rather abruptly in our last Number, whilst contemplating his divine operation as a *Spirit of grace and supplications*. And O how deeply indebted are we to this most holy and blessed Spirit for this part of his covenant work; for how true are the words of the apostle, “We know not what we should pray for as we ought.” (Rom. viii. 26.) How often do we find and feel this to be our case. Darkness covers our mind; ignorance pervades our soul; unbelief vexes our spirit; guilt troubles our conscience; a crowd of evil imaginations, or foolish or worse than foolish wanderings distract our thoughts; Satan hurls in thick and fast his fiery darts; a dense cloud is spread over the mercy seat; infidelity whispers its vile suggestions, till, amidst all this rabble rout, such confusion and bondage prevail that words seem idle breath, and prayer to the God of heaven but empty mockery. In this scene of confusion and distraction, when all seems going to the wreck, how kind, how gracious is it in the blessed Spirit to come, as it were, to the rescue of the poor bewildered saint, and to teach him how to pray and what to pray for. He is therefore said “to help our infirmities,” for these evils of which we have been speaking are not wilful, deliberate sins, but wretched infirmities of the flesh. He helps, then, our infirmities by subduing the power and prevalence of unbelief; by commanding in the mind a solemn calm; by rebuking and chasing away Satan and his fiery darts; by awing the soul with a reverential sense of the power and presence of God; by presenting Jesus before our eyes as the Mediator at the right hand of the Father; by raising up and drawing forth faith upon

his Person and work, blood and righteousness; and, above all, by himself interceding for us and in us "with groanings which cannot be uttered." When the soul is favoured thus to pray, its petitions are a spiritual sacrifice, and its cries enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, for "He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." (Rom. viii. 27; James v. 4; 1 Peter ii. 5.)

3. Another covenant office of the blessed Spirit is to work *repentance* in the heart of the child of God. Our blessed Lord, when he ascended up on high, received gifts for men. (Ps. lxxviii. 18; Eph. iv. 8.) Now the main gift which he received was "the promise of the Holy Ghost," (Acts ii. 33,) which he sheds abroad in the heart of his people. Being, therefore, "exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins," (Acts v. 31,) by shedding abroad the Spirit he gives repentance, for his gracious operations break, soften, and melt the heart. He thus fulfils the promise: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.) This "new spirit" is a broken spirit, a soft, tender spirit, and is therefore called "a heart of flesh," as opposed "to the heart of stone," the rocky, obdurate, unfeeling, impenitent heart of one dead in sin, or dead in a profession. And how is this soft, penitent heart communicated? "I will put my Spirit within you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 27.) The same divine truth is set forth in that gracious promise to which we have already referred: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me 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." (Zech. xii. 10.) But what is the immediate effect of the pouring out of the Spirit of grace and supplications? A looking to him whom they have pierced, a mourning for him as one mourneth for an only son, and a being in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. This is evangelical repentance, as distinguished from legal; godly sorrow working repentance to salvation not to be repented of, as distinct from the sorrow of the world which worketh death.

These two kinds of repentance are to be carefully distinguished from each other, though they are often sadly confounded. Cain, Esau, Saul, Ahab, Judas all repented; but their repentance was the remorse of natural conscience, not the godly sorrow of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. They trembled before God as an angry Judge, were not melted into contrition before him as a forgiving Father. They neither hated their sins nor forsook them, loved holiness nor sought it. Cain went out from the presence of the Lord; Esau plotted Jacob's death; Saul consulted the witch of Endor; Ahab put honest Micaiah into prison; and Judas hanged himself. How different from this forced and false repentance of a reprobate is

the repentance of a child of God—that true repentance for sin, that godly sorrow, that holy mourning which flows from the Spirit's gracious operations. This does not spring from a sense of the wrath of God in a broken law, but of his mercy in a blessed gospel; from a view by faith of the sufferings of Christ in the garden and on the cross; from a manifestation of pardoning love; and is always attended with self-loathing and self-aborrence, with deep and unreserved confession of sin and forsaking it, with most hearty, sincere, and earnest petitions to be kept from all evil, and a holy longing to live to the praise and glory of God.

4. But as the Lord's people are for the most part a poor and afflicted people, and the entrance into the kingdom of heaven is through much tribulation, another covenant office of the blessed Spirit is to *comfort* the family of God. Our gracious Lord, therefore, in that heavenly discourse in which he sought to console his sorrowing disciples on the eve of his own sufferings and death, promised to send them, after his departure, the Spirit of truth as a Comforter: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not; neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." (John xiv. 16, 17.) And again: "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." (John xv. 26.)

As our divine Lord so graciously unfolded to his mourning disciples who this Comforter should be, what he should be to them, and what he would do in and for them, we will devote a few moments' consideration to the words which then fell from his lips, as they have so important a bearing on the point which we are now considering. The very name, then, by which the Lord called him, "the Comforter," shows at once what he is to the church of God, and that he is sent to comfort afflicted saints. He was to be "*another* Comforter," therefore distinct from, or he could not be another, and yet equal to the Comforter whose bodily presence they were about to lose, or he could not fill his place, or be to the disciples what their Lord and Master had been.\* Nor would he ever leave them, or withdraw from them his spiritual, as their Lord was about to withdraw his bodily presence, but would "*abide* with them for ever." Nay, more, he was "*to dwell* with them, and be *in* them." Thus though they would lose the unspeakable happiness of having their dear Lord and Master continually in their midst; though they would no more see his face in the flesh, no longer witness

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\* How clear and striking a testimony did the Lord thus give to those two points which we have considered in our previous Meditations—the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost. To comfort the disciples as Jesus had comforted them, he must be equal to Jesus, or he could not take his place. If the Son, therefore, be God, the Holy Ghost must be God. But he was to be another Comforter, therefore distinct from Jesus; and must comfort them as a Person, for an influence may comfort, but it must be a Person to be a Comforter.

his marvellous works, or hear his gracious words; though they would sustain the seemingly irreparable bereavement of his daily company, of his wise and affectionate counsel, and of his ever-shielding power, without which they would be but as sheep among wolves, yet all would be made up to them by the indwelling presence and unutterable consolations of the promised Comforter. Nor would they even lose the best part of their Master's presence, or even be deprived of their wonted sight of Him whom they loved; for he adds, "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.) He himself would come to them; not indeed in his bodily, but in his spiritual presence—in the manifestation of his love, in the personal abode which he would make in their hearts. The world should see him no more. It had seen only his bodily form, and that it hated and despised. No eyes had it to behold his glory as the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It only saw the poor, despised Nazarene—the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who, in its eyes, had neither form nor comeliness. When, then, he went up on high to sit down at the right hand of the Father, the world saw him no more. Its last look of him was on the cross, when it said by the mouth of its representatives, in mocking scorn: "He saved others; himself he cannot save; if he be the King of Israel, let him come now down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him; for he said, I am the Son of God." (Matt. xxvii. 42, 43.) The next sight the world will have of him will be in judgment, when thousands and tens of thousands will call on the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and bide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. But he promised that his disciples should see him by his personal manifestations, as from time to time he should reveal himself to their souls.

But they and they only? Have *we* no interest in these gracious promises? Is there *now* no Comforter for *us*? Does Jesus never come to us? Do we never see him by the eye of faith and in the light of his own manifestations? Does he not still live? Is he not still "our life?" (Col. iii. 4.) Is he not still at the right hand of the Father? And does not the promise still hold good, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" The faith, the hope, and the love which deal with these promises, which are sustained by them and spring out of them, form the very life and power, cream and marrow, unction and savour of all our religion, unless we have a name to live and are dead.

5. Connected, then, with these promises of the Lord on the eve of his sufferings and death, are also other covenant offices of the blessed Spirit. Thus he is to "*glorify*" Jesus, according to the promise: "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." (John xvi. 14.) He glorifies Jesus by taking of the things which are his and showing them to the soul; for as everything which belongs to Jesus is unspcakably glorious, whatever he

makes known of him shines forth in all the reflection of his glory. Thus he takes of his glory as the *eternal and only-begotten Son of God*, reveals and manifests it to the soul as a most blessed and essential truth, shines on the various passages of holy writ which speak of it, illuminates the eyes of the understanding to see their meaning, bears them home upon the heart to believe their sure testimony, and seals them on the conscience with an invincible energy to feel their weight and power, so that we cry out in faith, "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the king of Israel." (John i. 49.)

He also takes of his eternal *Deity* as one with the Father and the Holy Ghost in the glorious Trinity, and holding up his divine Person to the eye of faith, bows the soul down with softening, humbling, dissolving power to worship and adore him as verily and truly God over all, blessed for ever.

He takes also of his sacred and *suffering humanity*, reveals it to the soul in all its purity and holiness as the body prepared for him by the Father, and which he assumed into union with his divine Person when, under the sacred overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, he took part of the flesh and blood of the children in the Virgin's womb. He discovers to the believing heart the perfection of that nature; its intimate and indissoluble union with the Person of the Son of God; how in and by it he obeyed the law which we had broken, bare its curse, endured its penalty, and by his sacrifice, blood-shedding, and death reconciled us unto God.

He shows also to the eye of faith the glorious Person of Jesus as *Immanuel, God with us*, as the Mediator, the only Mediator between God and men. He anoints the eyes of the understanding to see him equal with the Father in his eternal Deity, and yet allied to man in his sacred humanity, and thus a most suitable and all-sufficient Daysman who can lay his hand upon them both. (Job ix. 33.) He shows him to the eye of faith as sitting on his throne of grace as the great High Priest over the house of God, interceding for and sympathising with his dear people, bearing their names deeply cut on his heart and worn on his shoulder, and thus their all-prevailing Advocate with the Father. He thus inspires them with holy boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for them through the veil, that is to say, his flesh, melting away and dissolving their guilty doubts and fears by bringing them to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. (Heb. x. 19, 20; xii. 24.) He thus takes of that precious blood, applies it to and sprinkles it upon the guilty conscience of the approaching worshipper, and thus purges it from guilt, filth, and dead works to serve the living God. (Heb. ix. 14.) He shows the trembling child of grace how this great High Priest, having put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, is gone up on high, there to present within the veil the merit of that precious blood which he shed here below for ruined sinners. He thus strengthens and encourages the timid believer to look unto and hang upon this once suffering but now glorified High Priest; and as he trusts in his name and confides in his

blood and righteousness, rests on his heavenly grace and cleaves to his risen power, light, life, and feeling, liberty and love descend into his breast as if borne upon the wings of the descending Dove, enabling him to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

6. Thus it is also that the blessed Spirit takes of the *dying love* of Jesus, reveals and makes it known to the soul with a divine unction and power, and sheds it abroad in the heart of the saint of God. He thus communicates to him the strongest and noblest of all feelings, the warmest and most enduring of all affections, and the surest and most unailing of all motives, constraining him by the sweetest and most powerful of all constraints to live to his glory, as the apostle so forcibly urges: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.)

7. He also breathes into the soul at the same time and by the same divine power and influence *love to the brethren*; for when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, (Rom. v. 5,) it invariably produces love to God's children, as John, himself so full of this loving spirit, so plainly declares: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him." (1 John v. 1.) Love to the brethren is, indeed, a choice and unailing fruit of the Spirit; (Gal. v. 22;) a proof of divine teaching; (1 Thess. iv. 9;) an evidence of the new birth; (1 John iii. 14; iv. 7;) an abiding in the light; (1 John ii. 10;) a fulfilling of the law; (Gal. v. 14; 1 Tim. i. 5;) and a keeping of the new commandment of our most gracious Lord. (John xiii. 34.) Who, then, but the Holy Ghost can put us into personal possession of a grace like this?

8. He takes also of the *promises of Christ*, for they are "all Yea and Amen in him," (2 Cor. i. 20,) and applies them to the heart of the poor, tried, tempted, exercised family of God, to comfort them in trouble, to support them in the furnace of tribulation, to deliver them out of temptation, to cheer their fainting spirits on the bed of sickness and languishing, and bear them up as on angels' wings in the very prospect of death and eternity.

9. He takes also of the *ordinances of Christ*—Baptism and the Lord's Supper, sets their truth and divine institution before our eyes, opens to us their nature and obligation, their object and intention, shows us the Lord's precept and example in them, and constrains us, not as a matter of hard bondage or legal duty, but by the sweet constraints of heavenly love to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in all obedience to his revealed will and word. He thus leads into the ordinances, not forces; (Rom. viii. 14;) draws, not drives; (Song i. 4; Jer. xxxi. 3;) enlarges and persuades, not shuts up and drags; (Gen. ix. 27, *margin*;) is a Spirit of liberty, not of bondage; (2 Cor. iii. 17;) is "a Spirit of wisdom and understanding, a Spirit of counsel and might, a Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord," to guide, admonish, and instruct the living family of God; for the same

Spirit which rested on Jesus without measure rests on his people in measure, dividing to every man severally as he will. (Isa. xi. 2; 1 Cor. xii. 11.) The ordinances of God's house are thus, by the light of his teaching and the life of his revelation, seen and felt to be not carnal duties, or immaterial observances, obsolete relics of a past dispensation, as some now consider them, mere toys for children but far too low and legal for advanced believers; but, on the contrary, are viewed by the enlightened eye as spiritual institutions, and the obedience rendered to them as serving God in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. (Rom. vii. 6.)

10. As connected with this spiritual obedience, the blessed Spirit takes also of the *precepts of the gospel*, shows their beautiful and harmonious connection with the promises, removing from them all trace of legality and hard service; shines upon them with rays and beams of heavenly light; commends them to our conscience as glorifying to God, and the only path of obedience in which we can safely, happily, and holily walk in the church and in the world, as well as in all the varied relationships of life. He teaches us also the danger of neglecting or slighting the preceptive part of the word of truth; shows us that it is as much a part of inspired Scripture as the doctrinal or experimental portions, and bears the same impress of a divine revelation of the mind and will of God; brings to our mind and memory the many sad slips and falls we have made, and the guilt we have brought on our own consciences from disregarding or breaking the wise and holy precepts of the gospel; discovers the grace which shines through, and the liberty which is to be found in them; (Ps. cxix. 32, 45;) gives us to see the awfully hardened state of those preachers and professors who despise them, and effectually separates us in heart and spirit from their secret and their assembly. (Gen. xlix. 6.) He grants us also to see that the same power which enables us to believe enables us to obey; that the misery of disobedience is as great, or greater than the misery of unbelief; and that as there is a divine sweetness in trusting the promise, so there is a divine sweetness in performing the precept.

11. He also *plants and maintains in living exercise the fear of God* in the breast; makes and keeps the conscience alive and tender; shows the evil of sin, and gives grace to flee from it; discovers and breaks to pieces the snares of Satan; imparts honesty, uprightness, and godly sincerity; tries the reins and searches the inmost spirit.

12. He *opens also the ear* to receive instruction, and listen to the voice of the heavenly Shepherd; sanctifies the lip, and guides the tongue when to speak and when to keep silence; unlocks the hand to minister to the necessities of the saints; bends the knee in the chamber, in the family, and in the house of prayer; and guides the feet into the ways of truth and peace. Thus, is there a good thought in our heart? the blessed Spirit gives it; a good desire in our soul? he inspires it; a good word in our lips? he dictates it; a good work in our hands? he performs it. We are the clay and he the Potter; and what we are in grace we only are as the work of his hand. (Isa. lxiv. 8.) All our spiritual and experimental knowledge

be it small or great; all our faith, be it weak or strong; all our hope, be it slender or firm; all our love, be it little or much, all, all are his gift and work. In a word, from him is all our fruit found, and in him all our fresh springs are. (Hosea xiv. 8; Ps. lxxxvii. 7.) Not that we mean he is all this to us and all this in us to the exclusion of the Father and the Son. On the contrary, it is by his indwelling in us that the Father dwelleth in us: "No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." (1 John iv. 12, 13.) And what is true of the Father is true of the Son, for he also dwelleth in us by the Spirit: "And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." (1 John iii. 24.)

13. But there is one peculiar feature of this most holy and blessed Teacher and Comforter which the Lord mentioned to his disciples, that is very noteworthy: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." (John xvi. 13.) "He shall not speak of himself." There is something peculiarly gracious in this feature of the Holy Spirit—that, if we may use the expression, he does not glorify himself by speaking of himself in the same direct, personal manner as the Father and the Son speak of themselves. Thus the Father speaks of himself all through the word; and the Son speaks of himself in scripture after scripture; but the Holy Ghost, though he speaks in the Scripture, for by his divine inspiration the whole was written, yet does not speak of himself in a positive, direct manner, nor call upon us in a clear, personal way to believe in, worship, and adore him. But his office and work are to testify to our conscience and bear witness to our spirit of both the Father and the Son. Thus as a Spirit of adoption he enables the soul to cry, "Abba, Father," and so testifies of the Father. As a Spirit of revelation he manifests to the soul the glorious Person of Christ, and thus testifies to the Son. But he does not in a personal manner manifest himself, or testify of himself. How, then, do we know him? By his operations, his influences, his teachings, his consolations, his sealings, his softening, melting, humbling, watering, enlarging, opening, liberating, strengthening, and enabling. The Lord therefore said to his disciples, "But ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." (John xiv. 17.) Thus we know his indwelling by the light he gives to see our evidences clear and bright; by the life which he diffuses into the soul, to renew and revive our drooping graces; by the submission which he imparts in affliction and tribulation to the sovereign will of God; by the meekness which he bestows under the chastening rod; by the gracious confidence which he will not suffer us to cast away; by the holy boldness which he grants before the enemies of truth; by the zeal which he kindles in the heart for the truth as it is in Jesus, and for the glory of God; by the suitable words which he brings to the



mind in defence of the gospel; and by the power which he gives to speak them forth with an authority which silences, if it does not convince the adversary. Thus, though the blessed Spirit does not speak of himself, he makes himself effectually known by his indwelling power and grace. O blessed Teacher, holy Comforter, gracious Intercessor, and heavenly Witness, come and take up thine abode in our heart; there reveal and form Jesus, the hope of glory; there shed abroad the love of God; there bear thy divine testimony to our sonship; there cry, "Abba, Father;" there teach and sanctify and bless, that we and all our readers in whom thou hast wrought thy work of grace may be "filled with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xv. 13.) And O that he would fill us as if with heavenly dew and impregnate with holy unction these Meditations on his Person and Offices, which we have put forth in his blessed name, that they may instruct and edify, strengthen, encourage, and comfort that part of the living family of God into whose hands they may come.

14. Here we would willingly pause, but we feel that we cannot close our Meditations on the Covenant Offices of the blessed Spirit without briefly naming one of great importance to the church of Christ, and one which at this present day we seem especially to need—his raising up and qualifying, equipping and sending forth living *servants of Christ* to be pastors after his own heart, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. This is expressly mentioned amongst the gifts which the risen Son of God received and gave to his body, the church: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Eph. iv. 11, 12.)

When we look around and see how the Lord is taking one and another of his aged servants home, and laying others aside by sickness or infirmity, how suitable the prayer that the Lord of the harvest would raise up labourers and send them into the harvest, for truly the harvest is great and the labourers few. Gloomy indeed is the present prospect, and dark the cloud that seems to be hanging over the churches. Pastors are continually being removed, and no men of sufficient gifts or grace seem raised up to take the charge of the widowed churches, much less to become permanently fixed over new and rising causes. But we cannot enlarge on this subject, though we have had many thoughts upon it, and may some day give them utterance, for our page warns us to come to a close.

Here then, for the present, we conclude our Meditations; and may the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Israel's Tri-une Jehovah, rest upon them, and rest upon us, and upon all who, with us, desire to walk in his fear and live to his glory. Amen.

THE EDITOR.

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It is easier to keep out an invader than to expel him, being entered; to keep down a rebel, and prevent his rising, than conquer him when he is up.—*Coles.*

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